

HENRY DARGER -

"THE REALMS OF
THE UNREAL"

Microsystems, Inc.

VOLUME 11

UNBOUND

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VOLUME H, ENH.

THE RAVAGING FURY OF THE WAR

BIGGER BATTLES THAN EVER

UNUSUAL EXPERIENCES OF THE VIVIAN GIRL PRINCESS.

HORRORS OF OTHER GREAT WARDISTERS.

-VOLUME

CHAPTER ONE.

CHAPTER ONE.

EXPERIENCES OF VIOLET AND HER SISTERS DURING THE FRIGHTFUL
BATTLE OF MINA KONIDA ON THE MOUNTAINS NEAR N. N. N.

Violet alone on a spying expedition stole her way through the early
March darkness that brooded over the street of one of the enemy en-
campments. Her eyes cautiously searched the shadows intently watching
clipped tightly the automatic in the side pocket of her gray uniform
coat. The silence was ominous made all the more so by the wild sounds that
came from various other parts of the Mandelstian encampments, outside
of where Christian Arabians the day before had been "mopping" up on all
suspecting Mandelstian patrol scouts. A great battle was threatening. Now
and again Violet heard the spangling to ports of rifles through the
darkness and the thin whispering stream of men whose bodies met the
laden slugs of death. Her face was very grim. Even Christian soldiers
under cover of darkness could shoot with impunity blaming the darkness of
the night if their mutterings did not yield any one whose death might become
an international incident. Violet was something from the untimely hour at which
she had made Minna a hot season that past year moved on swiftly never to return.

It was nine o'clock at night and she had been over an hour in reaching
this dismal company street where she was to meet her sister Jennie Vivian.
And she saw a strange red glare in the sky which seemed to her an
open doorway to an ugly looking tent. Here she knew she was to find her
sister. The reader may know by now that Violet and her sisters were
brave and adventurous, and as no one else knew how to do it they
and even Penrod had engaged themselves to take part in a dangerous
mission. Tim also had accepted to go with them and the exact nature of the
mission he was to learn from Violet and her sisters within the very few
hours; when he met them there. Violet herself reached the open door
of the ugly tent just as Tim came up. He and she peered in and discovered that
it entered a house by means of a door and that beyond was thick darkness.

There was no sound nothing to indicate a living presence not a sign of
her sister or Penrod. Violet drew out her gun, hesitated for an instant
and then followed by Tim stepped stepped silently ahead through the door. She
had taken a few steps forward when she and Tim paused as his foot touched
something soft on the floor. Carefully he drew a flashlight from his pocket.

The white disc of light gleamed upon a dead soldier. He was uniformed
as a Mandelstian but his feet were a Christian. Rayonets had ripped his
body to shreds. Violet's heart hammered with more excitement than Tim's did.

This she realized explained why there was no one at the designated secret
meeting place. Evidently the spy rendezvous had been discovered by the enemy
and whether Jennie or Penrod had been captured or had escaped was a question
that she could not attempt to answer and she felt saddened and off at mid.

Tim himself swung around as he heard a very slight sound behind Violet.

The light in his hand gleamed upon a tanned face with a square topped
hat in which blue eyes glittered malignantly upon an upraised hand. A rayonet
swished through the air, and as it did so Tim hurried Violet gently but
suddenly to one side. The hand that held the automatic flashed down caught
the Mandelstian soldier a hard and killing blow on the head with the heavy
barrel. Tim did not dare to fire the gun for there was no telling how
many others might have entered the company street. The man dropped to the
floor of the room as the automatic crashed down again and Violet followed
suit with her heels.

Then Tim turned the beam light on the still figure. He was sure that
this Mandelstian soldier had followed them--it was possible that there
were others who knew that he and Violet, and her sisters were within
the Mandelstian encampments. But he and Violet had come here to meet
Jennie Vivian and her sisters and Penrod--that they make some contact
with the police and his sister's was vital.

Swiftly Tim and Violet left the house. They hurried back toward the far end
of the street moving as silently as possible through the darkness and
muttering prayers for success. Then abruptly he paused
 cautioned Violet and they both ducked into the shadows as they heard the

pattering of swiftly running feet. They both waited tensely, their automatics ready. An instant later a tall figure loomed against the light-gray gray that was the entrance to the dismal street. Tim uttered a startled exclamation as he realized it was a fellow for a foreigner who approached him who was not disguised either. The new arrival drew closer, and Tim alone stepped out of the shadows.

"Wait!" he said sharply in English. The man came to a stilling stop as he recognized what he thought was an American boy within the Glandelinian encampments. "Who are you boy, and what are you an American doing within these camps?" he asked.

"I'm not an American. I'm an Abbiannian boy spy, but I can speak English. I'm Tim O'Connell. You?"

"John O'Connell." The voice was that of a high descent. "We'd better get out of here. The Glandelinians were after me."

"Why?" asked Tim tersely.

"I'm Frank Walter's secretary. The Glandelinians suspected Mr. Walter's of being a spy and sending information to the Christian lines through the Vivian girls."

"They got him then?" demanded Tim.

"Yes. Broke into his house tonight, shot him and ripped the place to pieces with bayonets and set the ruins on fire. It was horrible--ghastly. I managed to escape with his little daughter before she actually knew what happened. The Vivian girls are here at large too and the Glandelinians are looking for them high and low. They raided their headquarters somewhere in this camp but they escaped with their brother."

The customary reverence among the Abbiannians was forgotten in this situation of terror, where all foreigners become allies. Instinctively the man and the boy trusted each other.

"Where is the little girl now?"

"Hidden on the outskirts of the town, but we'll have to get away from here as soon as possible."

Then the man passed at the boy.

"What are you doing here?"

"Scared out of my mind. I'm here and he's sister's!" asked Tim.

"Of course, of course," O'Connell listened for a moment--there was no sound of pursuit.

"The house's windows of them being little girls and possessed, and who hoped to crush wicked Glandelinia and establish a part of the Abbiannian empire in Glandelinia states."

"Well, and one of their sister's came here to meet them," said Tim. "Then I reached the place, found no one there but a dead soldier."

"Did you what please?" asked O'Connell.

"I've got to try and find Penrod and his sister's for Violet & she'll worry terribly," said Tim quietly. He thought rapidly for a moment. "Meanwhile you had better get the little girl. I'll meet you two miles below Glandelinia station, toward the river."

"Right," O'Connell swung around and soon disappeared. Tim stood for a moment watching and listening. Far in the distance the sound of rifle fire continued steadily and more vividly. He signalled to Violet who joined him and they both advanced slowly toward the intersecting company street praying fervently all the while not for themselves but for the safety of her sister's and Penrod. Just as they reached it his foot struck a block of wood and he fell tripping forward on his face bringing Violet down on top of him.

The fall saved their lives for a Glandelinian rifle boomed like a dynamite explosion from somewhere across the company street. They saw the flame of it headed the bullet thud into the wall of a tent behind them. They were up on their feet running in not more than a second. They plunged back down the dark length of the company street it being useless to try and find some further trace of Jennie Vivian and her sister's or Penrod now though Violet was distressed and almost weeping. The Glandelinians were too hot on their trail.

Jennie's orders had been for Tim to come and join her brother and sister's without fail, there to await further orders if he were unable to make contact her and her sister's. His task in this part of the Glandelinian camps, the tone of the communication had left no doubt as to the importance.

Tim and Violet had to get to the left wing of the camp, and perhaps at the same time he might be able to assist O'Connell in getting the little Imperial girl a place of comparative safety until he could get her to the Christian lines. He and Violet rushed on, then slowed their pace as they glided silently in among the shadows at the far end of the company street. Suddenly a loud and clear Glandelinian bugle blared behind them. Glandelinians blew bugles in the same tone as bugles do in the United States Army.

The same in the Abbiannian Army, but the bugles of the Glandelinians have a different sound or tone and are louder. Penrod was grinning and increased his pace holding Violet by the hand as he did so. The Glandelinians were a tipping their hands that they were after them. They had no intention to allow him or Violet to live to report their activities. However his connection with the other P.T. increased and their brother had undoubtedly been brought to their attention, and knowing Violet or Tim couldn't be captured they decided to kill them on the spot. Then a strange sound came from directly ahead. It was the same plaintive plaintive wailing of some thing that sounded like a Chinese flute. Instantly Tim momentarily revived tales he had heard from Penrod of how in Chicago certain Chinese could communicate messages by means of the flute of five notes. No foreigner could understand how, and but few Chinese, for to learn the code one must be an expert in the Chinese classics. Tim didn't understand how it could be sounded within a Glandelinian encampment but there it was. One day for the fun of it he meant to find out. He supposed that the book of changes held some sort of key to the plaintive sounds of the musical instrument. The sound almost unnerved Violet, and she shivered shivered.

That flute was indeed a signal and the proof of it was that the next instant a flute answered over to the left and much closer. The flutists might be friends to him and Violet, or it might be Penrod who may have learned it as he once said, but Tim or Violet couldn't be too sure of that. It was very possible that the flutists or Penrod might have some such method of communicating with their spy agents secure in the knowledge that the Glandelinians wouldn't understand. But with the Tim or Violet had no way of verifying their guess. The players might well be Glandelinians who may understand the notes. He dashed on followed by Violet on hearing the pursuit gathering behind them get underway. He spared a second for a thought of O'Connell, wondering if the brave foreigner would get through. The bugle was answered from dead ahead, then from the left then from the right proof to Tim and Violet, that they were being hemmed in. He gritted his teeth and went forward. But now he and also Violet carried their automatic pistols.

In their hands their muzzles to the fore. A sudden hot wind rose and the bugles shrilled nearer.

There came the sound of heavy soldiers' feet he knew slugging through the dry dust. Commands from some Glandelinian officer rang through the night. They could also hear very excited words from the interior of some tents among which he and Violet passed. He feared to the left wing Violet on to miss contacting what he guessed by the sound to be a Glandelinian encampment patrol. Then they darted back on their original bearings.

There was a high white house to his right. A light glowed at the gate of the house's entrance compound for a moment, then blinked out blown out by the strong wind. Having Violet still by the hand Tim bore more to the right. At a dead turn they crossed a broad encampment thoroughfare, and vanished again among the tents. But a hail of bullets hammered at them just as they disappeared. Had they had ten paces further to go the Glandelinians surely would have got him and Violet. They increased their stride. He was breathing heavily, Violet was not, which showed she could endure running more than he, but he nevertheless felt queerly light and agile too was tempted to turn back.

His conclusions with the foe camp patrol, but Violet decided against such a foolhardy proceeding, and urged him frantically ahead. A bugle blared almost in their faces as they rounded a corner and ran squarely into four Glandelinian soldiers who cursed and swore and even blasphemed. They were Scotchmen by the shape and size of them and both children caught the very vibrant gleam of light on cold steel. With sudden bayonets they waited to be close them crying out to "surround us," but Tim and Violet knew their bayonet stuff. They had even taught it themselves. They didn't even pause. Both Violet and Tim hurried themselves forward.

A bayonet lunged at Tim. The attacker made no sound save that which his heavy feet drew from the ground. The weapon was aimed at Tim's throat, he shot his right hand across his body his own body, striking its palm against the steel blade deflecting the aim so that the savage point slipped past his left side. The impetuous of the assailant carried him directly against Violet after he missed his bayonet thrust, and the little girl struck him twice with swings surety with the muzzle of her automatic to make sure.

Both boys crashed home with telling force to the skull of the assailant. The Glandelinian went down, Tim whistled. The other three Glandelinians were attacking from either side. Ten paces away the blugler was fleeing blowing his bugle frantically as he ran, calling calling for help. Tim stopped suddenly as Violet downed a second man leaving him only two to deal with. The two Glandelinian soldiers estimating their forward speed instinctively had timed to catch the two children as they passed between them. Tim or Violet could have shot them then.

as they stood, but the blanking back of the automatics would have revealed their position in the darkness. The men almost drove their bayonets into each other, but he alkized the blonde in time and halted the reflexed motions. Then they realized nothing whatever for the fatal battle of both children struck again simultaneously--and struck with all the force of their command. The two Glandelinian soldiers fell against each other and their red-tipped bayonets driven deeply into the dust. As they crashed forward the two rifles quivered up and down on the tips. Violet and Tim considered for a brief moment, then taking each rifle along one over their shoulders so that it was behind each and only their weight was against their backs. The shouts and curses of the persecutors were now very close and they were blaming a each other too because the fugitives escaped.

Tim grinned to himself. He knew well that what he and Violet had done would be an excellent excuse in any international chancery to explain their "death" but they didn't plan to lose sleep over that. They must get on. Putting the rifles into position they took up the trail again. Tents were scarcer now proof that they were approaching the end of this part of the encampment. Once out in the open, the Glandelinians would have an excellent opportunity of downing him and Violet with bullets, but they had to take that risk and they prayed harder than ever. They didn't even hesitate. Nevertheless Tim was enjoying himself hugely. He and Violet had at least an equal chance with their desperate persecutors. They were so many he could handle them without trouble, but Violet couldn't. She was too excited and the sounds they couldn't help making drowned out from their ears any he and Violet might have made. The set up to a bux adventure was perfect. Endless excitement excitement was absolutely certain. They ran out into the open as signaling. Perseus was still among the tents. Then he stumbled fell headlong bringing Violet with him whom he still had by the hand and they both fell into a deep gully.

In bottom when they reached it finally was something staggering to rent of water. Water was up to their hips when he first struggled to his feet and helped Violet to rise dripping and almost crying.

He had bumped his head on a stone and it hurt awfully. Tim considered for a moment. The Glandelinians when they reached this spot would believe they had managed somehow to float downstream. Instead the force he turned and slouched his way up stream bringing Violet with him, each walking swiftly keeping within the edge of the stream to hide their foot prints. He and Violet also inspected the rifles they had captured and the automatics too, but the water did not wait them through some reason. Now the important thing was to get clear away. They rounded a bend in the gully just as the Glandelinians reached the place where the two children had fallen. They stopped, stared intently about and then looked down into the gully. Tim almost held his breath as he stood with water whirling and swirling about his hips while Violet stooped, both keeping motionless so as not to be betrayed by their whereabouts.

Slowly commands rang out. The Glandelinian soldiery started up and down stream content with their expectations. Tim and Violet nevertheless waited silently to see if any of those ordered up stream on the off chance they had gone that way would come up close enough to see them. His keen eyes watching the sky line for the first warning shape of his enemies. Five minutes passed and they did not appear to come closer but soon went out of sight. Violet's shout had almost died away with distance down stream.

They then waded across the stream the swirling water rushing up to their shoulders in the center and almost sucking them under. With the greatest difficulty they clambered out on the opposite bank (not bank) both soaked to the skin, with water cascading from their clothing, and shivering about in their shoes.

Then satisfied that they were safe for the time being at last, they started forward bearing to their right to contact with the same railroad line they had crossed in the past. The raid some days before. They were aided in this by the lights of a train pulling into the enemy's camp station from the direction of battle toward Ophelia. All the two children had to do was keep going straight ahead. The lights of the station were a beacon to show them absolutely where they would strike the tracks, but never once did the two brave children grow careless. Their eyes were keenly alert to every thing against the sky, their ears keen for every sound. At the end of an exhausting hour they reached the railroad embankment. Putting they flung themselves down. Finally they heard furtive sounds mere shades of voices. One was the voice of a man, the other that of a frightened little girl.

"O Connel," cried Tim guardedly. His automatic was to the fore ready to spit bullets--at the slightest suspicious sounds if those voices were only prisoners of approaching Glandelinians. Some one gasped.

"Tim O Connel."

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"Yes indeed?" said Tim with relief, recognizing the voice of the American. "This way."

A man and a little girl approached him while Violet and Tim watched warily for fear of other enemies sneaking up behind them. A man appeared taller than usual men appeared through the smoky mark, and then a hand a little childish hand came out grasping that of O Connel. O Connel exclaimed at the cold touch of the automatic. The second figure the size of a nine year old male child like a small ghost beside O Connel. The Irish American spoke meaningly.

"This is the little girl. I'm making myself as possible for her until I can get her safely to the Christian lines. I did not tell her anything about her father's death yet." He spoke in Abbeismian to Tim so the little girl could not understand for he was loath to see the grief that would follow at the news of her father's death. And too Tim was not recon recognized the warning in O Connel's voice. The American had not told the little girl of her father's brutal slaying by the Glandelinians, and Tim gasped under his breath. His own way would have been to tell her at once and get a harsh duty over with. But perhaps this was the best as usually a grief to a little girl would be somewhat difficult to manage, and the little girl too would be buoyed up by anticipation if she did not know the truth--anticipation that she would soon see join her father. Tim and Violet considered her while from the long brown curls she howled under the large girl like hat she wore. He wasn't sure he but he believed she was younger than nine. He put his automatic into his belt to take her hand. It was cold to his touch in spite of the hot weather caused by the distant forest fires.

"I'm scared," she said, and her tone was not steady. "That Mr O Connel is afraid to tell me where something happened to father or not. Something inside tells me that dad has been hurt. There have been whistles against him, stories that he sides with Abbeismian--against Glandelinia. But I'm believing because Mr O Connel wants me to believe and because I have to if I'm to be safe."

Tim only grunted.

"Well we'll have to keep moving," he said shortly. "Toward Ophelia if we can get the relief we're traveling at top speed we should be able to make it before morning and get a train out."

He had instantly resolved to get the little girl out and into the Christian line lines proper before going on with his work. To see her safely out of his danger zone one became a word less agreement between the American and himself. Tim led the way at a rapid rapid walk. Reaching the tracks they stepped briskly along toward Ophelia feeling in the dark for the ties. The little frightened girl did not complain but her breathing was labored within the first half hour. Tim hardened his heart necessarily to sympathy if she were allowed to rest or if the little expedition slowed down to accommodate her the chances of escape from these desperate Glandelinians would be impossible. They might all be killed or be discovered far from any refuge from cover when day broke over the war torn country. And the little girl understood, for she offered no protest and walked steadily on with them, head high, between Tim, Violet and the Foreigner. After an hour had passed her small hand clutched forward at the American's sleeve. She was making a game fight, and Tim had been astonished at himself that he had not in his excitement thought to again offer Violet the aid of his hand. But he had had so many things to think about. He spoke tersely over his shoulder to the American.

"Got any Glandelinian money?"

"About thirty thousand dollars I should say."

"Good. Bribery is often effective in this section of the country." They had definitely left that part of the camp behind them but they were reaching a notion of it that was just as dangerous and yet it still seemed to them as if it was as far as away as the moon. They seemed to be making no progress at all though they were traveling as rapidly with the two girls as they would have been able to travel without them. Tim found he couldn't blame the new little girl for their seeming malice, but he lengthened his stride and stride a little nevertheless. He tightened on his sleeve her only hint that she had discovered his increase in pace and wondered how a boy his size could walk almost faster than the man.

"Say Tim?" protested the soldier who'd negated the "Can't we slow down a bit?"

"The little girls you know."

"The girls after me and my little girl friend here (indicating Violet) and probably you too by now and yet my girl friend comes first" said Tim decisively. "We can't wait time. He'll have to stand up under it."

"But maybe she won't be able to. He's not used to this sort of rough walking."

"Then we'll take turns carrying her. We sure have got to travel if we want to save both little girls, and before all other's Violet comes first in my esteem."

"Don't worry about me," said the little girl spiritedly. "I can keep up as well as you three can."

"Why me before the others?" said Violet. "Every body is our equal despite my rank. Rank put no matter what you esteem if of me or my sisters you will never succeed in spoiling us."

"I had to hear it," said Tim. "More has been done for you and your sisters than anybody else and yet you're more good and unselfish than even I'm some times a little afraid of you and your sisters, Violet. You seem so super natural in goodness."

Violet laughed, and this showed there was high courage in her when she should laugh in such peril. Something clutched at his heart as he caught the note in that laughter. Violet and her sisters only feared sin. You could hold a man in front of any of them, and then she would only gently take it from you and liberate it. As he succeeded here, he allowed himself to think very serious thoughts--of the sort of little girls who would accompany a man and boy who probably would go to the end of the country to stick his nose into deadly danger for the sake of their country's cause. Though Coward in Abbie Annia were found in Germany, yet it never was yet found amongst those of Americans yet, no matter what Nationality they represented, and some how his picture of such little girls fitted not only Violet, but the other little girl who clung to his sleeve and fought her way over the ties.

It must have been close to four o'clock in the morning when they made out the large river between Ophelia and Hamberlane, and walked unhesitatingly out onto the trestle. How indeed they were excellent targets for Glandelinian marks men--and the Glandelinians would certainly be guarding this bridge.

But they could never cross the river at this spot otherwise because though it was not deep its bed was such sort of quicksand that a light weight stick of wood would not take long in disappearing.

"To cross the bridge has to be done. Better be killed by bullets than perish in that miserable way, and too Tim could scarcely believe it when they reached the other side safely. Either the Glandelinians forgot to have the bridge guarded or maybe some of the guards shirked their duty. Then as one of the four swung down to the right and crouched under the embankment as loud voices came to them through the black mark showing evidently that it must be some Glandelinian patrol which were coming toward the bridge, had they been even a minute more on the trestle they would certainly have been challenged. Tim let his breath out explosively then caught and held it when Violet's hand clasped his arm convulsively. He patted the hand. The Glandelinian patrol slowly went passed looking in every direction as if they were themselves afraid of being attacked in the dark. Tim finally whispered the word to go to continue.

They kept below the embankment until they reached the first ten in the largest section of the cities of encampments. From ahead there drifted back to them the clamor of whistles and shrill protesting bells of locomotives. Tim began to shape the plan in his mind very rapidly. With money money or by force the thing could be worked. They skirted the main part of the Glandelinian encampments to avoid the sentries and pickets, the railroad going through the encampments, and they came out beyond the encampment station/ which was however only a very high and long tent. Then Tim drew his three companions close.

"We've got to get out and get through to Ophelia Mr O Connell," he said. "We might wait here for ever for a train. I've got a good plan. That train on the main track is headed for Hamberlane also in possession of a vast part of this enormous Glandelinian army. We'll get to it somehow, uncouple the locomotive and tender, then take possession of the locomotive. We'll high ball out. If we get caught,--well we'll have to risk it, and there's the chance too that we might meet with another train. What do you think?"

"A train pulls into Ophelia from here about two hours from now," objected Mr O Connell promptly. "Unless Glandelinians have drastically changed the schedules, which I don't seem likely because of the conditions of the rail road lines in their possession. We are bound to meet that train even if we get away with you plan. I And heaven only days lad who's going to amongst us operate a locomotive, one of us even know the makings of a railroad engine. Therefore it won't do us any good."

"I'd like to see the rail road engine if my sisters cannot operate or explain all the different parts," said Violet. "If Tim wishes the plan through I'll run it."

The men didn't doubt her word. He had heard of Violet and her sisters and he believed if they would run run the air if it stopped.

"And it will at least put a big distance between us and the foe who are pursuing us," Tim brushed aside of the danger. "The only way they can stop us is by pursuit only slowing up the track ahead of us. When we meet the other train we'll start the locomotive bucking up, jump off and proceed from there."

the best way we know how. We must find a place where we'll not Violet's sisters and brother for Violet believes she knows where they have gone to." The other little girl did not demur, nor did the man protest any further, as being a great boy scout leader Tim was the head of the party now.

Tim again led the way, keeping the train between themselves, and the lights beyond the station. They reached the train followed along its length toward the locomotive.

Behind the tender Tim fiddled noiselessly with the coupling for a moment, came back to whisper to Mr O Connell and Violet;

"All set, be ready for anything. When we start out there'll be as they say in other countries "Hell" to pay."

The American chuckled. The two girls gasped. Time eyes were glowing with excitement in the darkness--which had not yet been lifted or been freed from the endless down pour of rain that had now started. They stood under the cab. Beyond the rearway the Glandelinian engine and fire man were standing in the cab door, looking back as if awaiting signals. Tim went into the caboose with a leap. He had drawn his automatic, and now three muzzles pushed out against the backs of the Glandelinians. Violet herself spoke softly to them.

"Get off this cab instantly my friends to rise the alarm and you're dead," she hissed. "Turn around slowly. I'll operate this engine and if you make a noise we'll kill you both instantly. If it's fair to kill children as you say it's fair to kill you too."

The men froze. They hesitated for a heart breaking moment, and Tim knowing the unusual Glandelinians indifference to death was afraid that one or both of them would cry out a warning and therefore knocked them senseless with the butt of his pistol.

"We have already uncoupled," said Tim to Violet. "You and your sisters do know how to operate engines for often you ran off with one. All we need to do is start going."

Violet took her place at the lever. The cabs wheels squealed as the throttle was opened and the engine sought for traction under the spinning of her huge drivers. The locomotive began to move with her usual loud "choof, choof, choof, choof" and gathered head up head up headway, but the loud choof, choof of its small smoke stack as it aroused Glandelinians from somewhere who noticed the engine pulling off alone. Shots and bullets came from behind them, the bullets hammering onto the cab.

Violet, and the three others knew they were taking chances, but they didn't even look around. The locomotive gathered speed. Tim looked back. Another locomotive was being switched onto the main line not to connect with the train but to start in pursuit and it had a coach attached loaded with armed soldiers. Then that part of the camp was lost in the dark behind them. The cab itself was rocking and rolling from side to side as the speed increased to terrific proportions. Tim led the other little girl into the tender. He took of his coat and made a seat for her on the coal, out of the fire man's way for Mr O Connell was now the fire man. Then he stood watch near the cab with one of the automatics in his hand. The locomotive seemed literally to jump ahead.

Tim looked out of the cab first on one side, then the other, watched for signs of obstructions ahead. But nothing met his gaze except a wall of rain and the smooth track stretching before them. It was now five in the morning and a southeast wind was blowing adding a smoke fog to the rain. Tim hoped it wasn't raining in the forest fire region or otherwise there would be smoke for so fierce and hot were the fires that an all day downpour like cats and dogs would not put it out but only make dense clouds of smoke that would darken the skies over the whole nation. Their escape seemed now to be suicidal, but Tim grinned contentedly.

Satisfied at the moment that everything was running smoothly, Tim dropped back and spoke frankly to Violet who was at the throttle but she sweetly motioned him away saying;

"Tim dear please don't bother me when I'm at the throttle. My mind now must be entirely on my work or we'll be in a crash."

Tim then politely went to the man who spoke frankly to the boy.

"All right me lad dish the dirt. What brought you and the little Princess into such dangerous territory?"

"Frankly I'm one of the heads of the boy and girl scouts, engaged by the brother of these fair princesses on a very special war mission. I won't give you the details of that mission for I won't know anything about them myself any way until I finally reach the Prince and his other sisters. But I do know it is very vital for me and Princess Violet to be present at the meeting they are going to have. Though they left the place where I expected to see them first, do know where they have gone and am going thither. How long have you Americans been out here?"

"Five months and two weeks," said O Connell.

Then you know a lot of what is going on your self. Are you sir a mere refugee or are you in our service."

"I'm not in the service I'm really a refugee but I'd like to see any one dare tell me, don't know what is going on. That is why those glandelinians are so hot after me."

"All right sir spill it."

"Well this territory is a hot bed of war troubles. If there's a big battle in the offing it'll start somewhere soon on the Mic-Whither or Mic-Whi-ther Run grounds. Everything surely is for it, nothing against it and military Glandelinia wants to cut through here to cut through the main territory so the main Glandelinian army can escape from Big Girl Knool, which Emperor Vivian won't let him do. Now the whole world knows that Emperor Vivian is not a retreating man. That trick will Manley do is a puzzle. He wants other generals to do everything for him but does nothing himself. He sends other hat peg grade Glancy but he doesn't come yet. If he comes and strikes here look out. Glancy is a dangerous man. Only the Vivians can lick him."

"No doubt of that said Tim. But supposing they couldn't. Hanson almost got it at Lebanon. Well go on."

"Almost anything may happen even at Emperor Vivian's headquarters" said O Connell. "Of course all Abbissianians are guarding the Emperor as though he were the most precious jewel, but his daughters are in greater peril than he is. I'll tell you violet, and her sisters have to take every conceivable precaution against assassination."

"Why'll thought he was in greater danger than they were."

"The answer seems fairly obvious doesn't it? They don't. The Glandelinians don't want him killed, because they'd rather make him suffer by the deaths of his little brave daughters."

"Is there a chance that an attempt on them will be made?"

Tim knew there had often been a chance for the foe, was more than half certain that was why Prince Penrod wanted him at the council, for him could better than Jack Evans even prevent anything wrong happening to them, but he wanted to learn all he could from O Connell.

"There's always a possibility when the Vivian girls die so much." The American said. "Violet and her sisters are such a peril to the Glandelinian Government and its cause that the Glandelinians are taking no chances. If those little girls are angel possessed as it is said, do you think the angels could save them."

"They have so far why not now." said Tim. "And who in the world besides the nutty Manleys would also wish to kill them."

"The Omarian Glandelinians for one thing. They almost got the Vivian girls on certain occasions, because they couldn't stand their efforts against the Glandelinian cause any longer. And they are not fooled now. And if Emperor Vivian their father becomes victorious all along this immense territory, and his brother Hanson, Vivian decides to push on and step into Mic-Whi-ther run and take over, Glandelinia will be right back where she was in 1912 and chances to even win the war will then be small. Emperor Vivian has plenty of dangerous Glandelinian enemies and so have his daughters."

"But if Glandelinia killed him or the Vivian Girls, Abbissiania would make dreadfully drastic reprisals. I'd shudder for Glandelinia had as she is."

"But Abbissiania is not a revengeful nation."

"Oh no. I agree like this I'll say she is. The destruction of Abbissian is avenged. All destruction is being repaired by Glandelinian soldiers prisoners under the bayonet and lash. And not a cent do they get for the work either and their food is just what they can expect to get. Log house way into the night. Serves them right. He who does treachery must be punished."

The merri can paused for a moment in thought.

"Even though you're quite a bright boy scout me lad, you are overlooking something" he said. "So cleverly are Glandelinian spies that one can't tell the difference from even for a moment in thought. Even this cab may have ears that comprehend English. The Glandelinian Government could secretly hire a good pay some wicked foreigner to assassinate the Vivian Girl princesses or their father, and if that sort of plan was carried out you may rest assured that Glandelinia will not shoulder the blame."

O Connell left it there for Tim to draw his own conclusions. Tim's mind raced over the possibilities.

"Then General Concentinian Aronburg is watching every move that these Glandelinian armies will make with anxious eyes." Went on O Connell. "If Emperor Vivian establishes his strongest military army here his next step will be one of aggression toward Glandelinia. If any one of the Vivian girls will be one of aggression toward Glandelinia. If any one of the Vivian girls princesses dies that will be delayed, delays that will give the Glandelinian armies time to prepare. The Manleys are afraid of the Vivians, Glancy ain't."

Glancy ain't afraid of the devil even. But Concentinian Aronburg is determined to thwart that attempt on Manley's part if possible and had many patrol roles in disguise out watching from what direction General John Quimble Glancy will come from. If he advances Concentinian Aronburg will strike him at Casa de Rosa if possible."

"Why?"

"Concentinian Aronburg no more wishes to let Glancy come near Lebanon than Emperor Vivian does. If Glancy finds a chance to move in with his invincible Glandelinian armies, a battle may result which no one wishes for. The battle may be too severe."

"So far so good. If spies are working on them they'll all face certain execution if caught. My reason why Glancy would like to assassinate the Emperor or the Vivian girls."

"Yes. Because he wishes to get even for the defeat he blames them for at Lebanon. He decided to get Glandelinians to disguise as and pretend to be foreigners, do the assassination and cause the Emperor to be so grief stricken that he'll be discouraged and abandon his attempt upon the Big Girl Knool territory where he has been ever since the titanic struggle there last November."

"Suppose" said Tim slowly "That Glandelinia for all her desire to see the destruction of the Vivian Girls, should herself conspire to hire international spies to have them conspire behind the scenes to assassinate Violet or her sisters in such a way as to lay the blame on Abbissiania in order to have an excuse to advance armies into the middle of Calvernia, or on Glandelinia state in order to spread the war the other way toward the Angelina Gathia, or in order in some way, to force the war progress through Angelina State."

"All I can say to that" said O Connell "Is that Glandelinia vigorously denied all evil intentions toward the Abbissian Emperor or his daughters. Glandelinia even now blames it on Jealous Abbissianians disguised as Glandelinians. And God knows it is not so. One never knows what Glandelinia will do."

Tim was silent for a moment. He knew that in the turbulent maelstrom which whirled through Calvernia the names of Emperor Vivian and Violet and Violet and her sisters and now also Penrod were whispered by those who understood the awful chaotic conditions as "Man and children of Abbissian Holy Destiny." There was true Abbissian blood in their veins, and he dreamed of forcing Glandelinia into exile for Her Treason and re-establishing the old empire there. Therefore any amount of people would be sure that Emperor Vivian or his daughters would not even be harmed.

Tim turned to enter the tender to see how the little rescued girl was getting on. As though his turning had been a signal a frightful scream came from her lips and she started to shriek and cry like a frightened terrified little girl. Violet couldn't turn she had to keep her mind and sight on what she was doing. O Connell had seen to his feet but Tim had leaped past him. A huge Glandelinian soldier was just coming down over the coal, leaping toward the little girl with bayonet fixed in his face in the mark was ghastly, fiendish. Tim took in the situation instantly, knew how it surely had happened. This soldier, somehow had noticed what had happened back at the camp station, and had grabbed the tender as it pulled out. He was a big man palpably a native of Scotland, where they grow them big. He had watched his opportunity and as now preparing to strike a blow for Glandelinia. He had planned to slay the two little girls first, then get the man and boy. Only his turning, her frightened scream and crying had tripped the would be killer up.

O Connell's automatic was the first to go off, it spat flame and bullets. The lead ripped and tore at the brazen uniformed covered chest of the soldier. The man's mouth went ludicrously open. His rifle clattered into the coal which slide back and forth in a strange black ferment with the wild motion of the tender. The Glandelinian soldier fell on his face and slid down in a huddled heap almost at the feet of the little girl. O Connell jumped past the dead man to the top of the coal heap looking back to see whether there were any more Glandelinians on the tender in hiding. But there were none--and but for a stroke of luck the whole passenger list of three children and men and men might now have been dead.

O Connell came back.

"Look the other way" he snapped at the little girl. She turned the other way covering her face with her hands. O Connell dragged the body of the Glandelinian soldier into the cab, dumped it out, watched it strike the steps and bounce into the gloom. He rubbed his hands on his handkerchief, and returned to the little girl. She was standing again at the swaying side of the tender, below the pile of coal looking very sick. As Tim who was closest stared at her, she swayed toward him. His arms encompassed her. He barged against him, her face against his wet shirt.

Well he scarcely blamed this little girl for fainting. "His own heart had gone numb for a split second when he had seen that monster come over the coal. But O Connell's hand had worked automatically, and his bullets had sped through to the mark as his big finger had worked the trigger without command from his numbed brain. He placed the girl back on the coat. The rain in her face would revive her. It was the best he could do. He returned to the cab to see how the incident had affected Violet, but she was still at the throttle as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. A series of sudden explosions sounded from outside. Violet and Tim turned as if they had been shot. Violet's hand moved to the throttle.

"Pockets under the wheels" said O Connell. "Signals to slow down, to prepare to stop."

"Tell Violet to keep moving," said Tim.

"But there may be a barricade around a bend ahead which will wreck us," Violet seems to expect something of the kind."

Tim shrugged. It would do them no good should the engine pile up somewhere. Violet began to slow it down. And now they began to find themselves afraid it would not slow down on time. It was going into a curve at frightful speed, but Violet applied the brakes sending the tracks to help the wheels to grip and hold. It was slowing. The working from side to side was decreasing. The head light bored into the gloom but a short distance. A pile of ties loomed up ahead a few squares across the tracks. But not a soul moved nearby unless there were hidden men beyond it. Now indeed there was nothing to do but stop and back up from a dangerous trap. But one must stop for a moment before one could back up—and while one was stopped, if only for a second, almost anything a nothing might happen.

The crowd gathered halted within twenty feet of the barricade. "Reverse" yelled Tim. He spun backward but it was too late. From both sides of the track nondescript men, all looking like civilians engulfed the locomotive and tender. Violet sat in her place a look of resignation on her pretty face as the men surrounded the cab. Tim peered out, could make out several Glandelinian officers among the attackers—and several officers he set down downed. School Scoodlers with the light of wicked fanaticism in their suspicious cruel eyes. Suddenly two men one on each side of the cab leaped forward for the entrance. Suddenly Violet's guns blazed, and even Tim turned a little sick as the two men fell dead. But before she could fire again men poured into the cab. Tim and O Connell backed against the tender out on tracks ready, each resolved to defend the two little girls to the last. One of the first men in spoke;

"General Manley counsels submission to arrest. Developments late you're charged with the stealing of a locomotive from a train."

"How do you know?" demanded Tim.

"Got the signal in this location by telegraph. You're under arrest."

Manley whose place whom O Connell had seen in evidence.

Tim's heart was in his mouth. Couldn't the crazy attackers see that he and the Irish man were protecting something, indeed hiding something from them? Tim knew how Glandelinian soldiery treated Christian girls and women—just because the Glandelinians hated God so terribly—and his weapons and that of O Connell had already been taken away from them. They could do nothing to protect the two little girls except give their lives in a desperate suicidal hopeless struggle. Tim prayed to God most fervently to allow the possession angels to take care of them. As yet nobody looked inside the tender. Tim didn't know whether this was done through carelessness on the part of the attackers or their belief that only a man or boy too were the only defenders. Or it might be that the Glandelinian officials of General Manley, who must be everywhere amongst these camps as it seemed were maneuvering the masses of attackers to keep them from seeing the two little girls.

Still Tim held his breath and never ceased praying silently to himself. Indeed O Connell did like wise, for he would dare any one to deny the fact that he too was a Catholic, and an Abbeismian citizen though a foreigner before. The end for the little girls might be horrible if Glandelinian history of past reigns of terror repeat itself, and they were taken.

It didn't happen. Instead iron and hand cuffs were brought forth and the boy and man were securely bound—and a hurried into the tender. Tim managed to give a look at the spot where he had last seen Violet, and the other little girl.

They were no where to be seen. Had the enemy crept over the coal as the first man had done, and spirited the two of them away? Or had the little girls tried to escape over the rear of the tender? But that would have been impossible for Violet, who wouldn't desert any one to save herself

whether it was a boy, girl, man or woman.

And the latter thing too he knew was utterly impossible, for the engine was totally surrounded, and had been from the beginning, and too the two little girls could not have got ten away without being seen, and even if this were to be really possible in case miraculously the possession angels helped her, she alone couldn't remain at large in this enemy filled country unless the angel appeared in person and guided her through with a flaming sword in its hand.

This attack was ostensibly by Omarian cavalry. But Tim saw so many infantry like uniforms (Glandelinian cavalry wear different uniforms than their infantry, though hats are the same) beyond the lights furnished by the open furnace door, that he knew infantry commanders were in charge and that many School Scoodlers were also with them. And then he saw where the two little girls had gone. No doubt Violet herself herself had used intelligence. A big pile of clothing in the lower right hand corner of the tender was suspiciously thicker than it had last been. Violet had simply saw her chance and dragging the other girl down with her had crawled under it hiding both herself and her companion, folding them selves into a big ball and still armed were awaiting developments. Tim and O Connell exchanged swift glances. They did not again look toward the big pile of ragged cast off garments. A Glandelinian officer came forward. He was certainly dressed to kill. King George of England would have envied him for his uniform and yet the man was only a lieutenant. Tim could see that by the shoulder straps and the hat. He was dressed as a high lord (maybe he was a high ducky duck)

but there were innumerable things that gave him away when he spoke in halting English first to the Irish man and then in Abbeismian to Tim. He seemed to be in command of the whole troop which used a certain cleverness, was trying to pass as a lieutenant and yet he really was a high general, yet after speaking to Tim when he again addressed the American his speech sounded with a polite hissing intake of breath which none was but a polite Japanese would ever use—a fact among the Japanese known the world over.

This hissing intake of breath meant no doubt "That my humble breath may not blow upon you a foreigner" and was the acme of politeness. Tim knew that the Japanese would have spoken thus to an enemy awaiting the services of a firing squad, but to hear a Glandelinian speak this way was really very astonishing.

"It is with great disappointment" said the Glandelinian general bowing low "that we loyal followers of his Majesty King Proclis of Glandelinia must subside with you especially to the end that you a foreigner will honor us self unselfish by returning under guard to the main encampments at Pass. There the great military court of our great general John Manley, and that is me myself may pass upon your case. You of course will be treated with most kindness being a foreigner but if there is a break for liberty there may be a resolute determination forcing of finding to the end that the honorable one may die instantly of bullets. Though you don't seem to be in the war against us, and am wearing no Christian dog uniform you will have to explain to me there why you are in company of this here a boy whom I see must see me to know so well despite his disguise Timothy Scoveton. Yet you alone may carry with you the hopes that you alone may be able to acquit you self yourself with honor in advance of execution by firing squad as an accomplice to this little spy, who is a Cond Confederate to the Vivian girl Princesses who are so extremely dangerous to the Glandelinian cause."

Tim grinned. He found it easy to grin at this bumptious fool who for all his wickedness presented a nation who knew what it wanted and went for it seeming even to be perfectly willing to give its life and existence to attend their wicked and even if it is to drive itself itself down to the infernal regions. The Glandelinian officials now backed off and looked over their followers. Tim studied the general noticed the strange shaped black hat he wore, the professional look the spectacles gave him and that the decorations of his gray blue uniform was red instead of black as is seen among other Glandelinian officers. It was so utterly silly, but life and death rode with the jest. The general signalled only to two men. Tim's eyes narrowed as he looked at their blazing eyes. They were big stalwart men both beaming the scars of many war battles. Omarians. That they had seen plenty of military service and survived many battles was evident by the way they carried themselves.

They were prouder than a peacock.

"These gentlemen" (Tim wondered where he got the word "Gentlemen") "These gentlemen will see you back to the Glandelinian camp" said the general again drawing in his breath hissing like a snake (in fact a snake is more honorable than him) "But I'll have to find a man to run the locomotive though any one can fire."

Finally he did succeed. In rattling words he gave orders to take Tim and

the foreigner back to the Glandelinian camps. There they were to be turned over to the Glandelinian Military Court or Tribunal for investigation. Tim studied the huge Quarrians. One of them had a beard that literally covered his throat. The other was clean shaven. Both were armed with rifles, pistols and had their bayonets in their chests but had big knives in their belts. Though they were wicked Glandelinian soldiers they were strikingly handsome and did not look at all as fierce as they were. Two Glandelinians dressed like the Engineer and fire man settled in the places recently occupied by the Glandelinians who had been driven off by Tim and O Connel. One look at them and Tim knew they couldn't be forced off under any conditions. They seemed as determined and invincible as an American himself. If himself and all seemed utterly under the thumb of their Glandelinian commanders. The crowd crowd gave ground as the general signalled the engineers to start backing the locomotive.

The wheels spun and the engine got under way as the general leaped off. Tim and the Irishman stepped back and as if by common consent to forestall the Quarrians from doing the same sat down with their backs almost against the pile of stuff under which the two little girls were hiding. Their chains clanked as they sat down. The two Glandelinians stood over them speaking together for a moment. Then the man with the beard deliberately kicked Tim in the side, a terrific wallop. The other Glandelinian did likewise to the American.

Both were spilled on their sides by the blows and before they could do anything the Glandelinians did what it seemed not to occur to the general to do-- went through their pockets thoroughly. Their guards exclaimed with delight with the amount of money they stole from the American. Tim had nothing in his possession. Then as matter of course they fell into an argument as to its proper disposition. O Connel on the point of expostulating that the money was his personal property and that these men would be in serious trouble if they took it, closed his mouth instead, better not let them know he understood Abissinian or they would be suspicious more than ever that he too was a spy.

He did speak to them in English after he managed to sit up again. The terrific kick had almost caved in his ribs, and had left a throbbing pain in his side while Tim was still groaning miserably. When he addressed them in English the Glandelinians only looked at him blankly. Now they spoke freely after asking if both the man and boy understood Glandelinian and were relieving headsakes from one. O Connel told a lie but it seemed he had to.

"If it is known that our prisoners had this money," said one of them. "The officials will demand that we turn it over. It will buy much that we now lack. I do not wish to turn it over again as our officials do not allow robbery of prisoners no matter who they are. What then are we to do?"

Tim listened his breath held tightly in his throat so as to make no sound. The locomotive was again rolling and rocking as it gathered speed backward toward the Glandelinian camps. The other Glandelinian soldier considered for a moment.

"If we were to slay these two Christian Dogs little punishment would come to us, and as for the foreigner we would not cause any trouble with the United States, since they can lay the blame on somebody else. We can say that the man and boy tried to make an escape and we were compelled to shoot them. Then if they ask us about money and papers we can deny knowledge of any such. When the bodies are found who is to say has stripped one of them of every thing of value since they will be found naked any how?"

Tim darted a quick glance at O Connel. The American's face was pale but he bowed his head so that the treacherous Quarrians could not see his palpable give away of the fact that he understood their words.

"You would suggest then," said the bearded man. "That we kill them both?"

"It is obviously the thing to do. It is or, am quite sure that we could do something of the sort else why did he send us instead of other soldiers?"

"Absolutely he did so intend. When shall we kill them?"

"As soon as after we have decided upon the proper division of this money. Plainly or plainly the major portion of it should belong to me, since I had the idea first."

"But I offered the suggestion, which would save us from trouble and will myself say the two to turn my share."

"I shall sir, remove that difficulty by myself slaying the boy--so that you cannot offer such a claim."

Tim looked at O Connel wondering if he dared after all say anything to him in English for he was an Abissinian and the foreigner was not. Tim could speak it having learned it. Then he thought of a lingo which not even a cultured Glandelinian linguist would understand--American slang. But would O Connel get it? Tim doubted it, but it was worth a try. He hoped too if Violet heard she could also understand and make her plans. He tried;

"Say Mr O Connel if I were to be such a nut as to crack down hard on you with a big flock of Hooey dooey poeey in Yankee slang would you get me

and come back with the right answers."

The Glandelinians looked at Tim wonderingly. O Connel cleared his throat. "Shoot the works you big overgrown little Mug de pug," he said. "I'll get you a drift de buff. I was in dr gains great big business office in New York city for five sneers."

"Then get this at a straight the first time. These two big overgrown peak cocks or roosters are planning a bump off of us truly, O Connel and Tim Grovostonia et al. I say we beat the big overgrown buzzards at it. We're in the right and surely it would be a sin not to do it. We have our only dukes but may be we can spread em enough for throat clutching. I can do it even though I'm a boy for boys here usually are as strong as any man. We can hope for two little chickens to help us."

"I'll take the big bimbowith the big growth of how horse hair you take the other gorilla," suggested the American. "Jump hard and fast and give em the whole works. Then we'll scramble the hash of those big bellies in the cab hoping again the little chickens will aid us some how."

"What's the tip off when the show starts?"

"We are passing through some big ten tent city now. We'll spring our crazy looney stuff when we're going good and hot again."

"O kay fall in. We'll have to lean against their big bread baskets to keep em from scragging us."

"I know---gaw what is that spinach sprouting buzzard gawking at?"

Now the eyes of both Glandelinians were on a spot somewhere between Tim and O Connel. Those eyes were bulging so they could have been snapped off with a thumb, as though they had been marbles and their necks were stretched as if they were trying to be hens. Tim and O Connel looked in the direction indicated by their set glances. Right between the two prisoners a tiny well shod foot, with mud on the sole had slipped from under the pile of rags. It belonged to the other little girl, not Violet. The Glandelinians had seen the shoe and the barest fraction of a well turned little girl's ankle. There was a murderous fierce look in their eyes. Tim and O Connel laughed as though at a signal, and looked at their guards. The Glandelinians were arising to their feet. Tim and O Connel tensed themselves.

"No," said Tim. "We dare not miss for good's sake. God please for a good cause and the safety of the little girls aid us we plead. Up we come." The two Glandelinians paused as the two prisoners came to their feet as one. Both prisoners with a snarl like wild beasts lunged to get their hands extended and as far apart as their hand cuffs would permit. Their hands were like tarlons. Tim lost sight of O Connel but his own hands went to the throat of the bearded man--and his smaller body pressed hard against the soldiers' undrawn weapons. Behind them Violet herself scrambled out of the pile of rags followed by the other little girl.

Tim and O Connel both knew that they must make an end swiftly, for the Glandelinian engineer and fire man hearing the racket mumpus, the rattling of their chains, and the noise made by the big Quarrians would come to investigate. They had split seconds in which to do the desperate thing they knew they must, to save their lives and the lives of the two little girls. Tim struck like a thunder-bolt and proved his strength despite his size and age. His hands went to their disappointed objective with a surety which long practice, plus desperation made possible. His side went against the soldiers' weapon, against the pistol in the man's belt on the left leg. The victim too who did not seem to know what hands were for as also fighting tools, spent most precious time clawing for his weapon, while Tim squeezed mercilessly against his throat causing his tongue to protrude. The other little girl swung past Tim, her slim right hand came out as the boy could see from the tail of his eye, and grabbed the pistol. Then she vanished behind him at a call from Violet.

The Glandelinian soldier was a powerful brute, and he acted as if he had no wish to be killed. (Maybe he knew where he would die when he died) Now he clawed for his knives, while thrashing all about the place making so much noise that Tim expected the two other Glandelinians to arrive at any moment. And O Connel O Connel was having plenty of trouble too with the bearded man. Tim as the Glandelinian began to weaken squeezed tighter. O Connel heard a solid thumb behind him, and a faint sigh. It was followed by the falling of a body and the breath rattling heavily through a constricted throat. The thumping sounds he believed was caused by Tim down on the floor of the tender being the head of his adversary against either the hard lumps of coal or the solid wood. The locomotive still rolled and raced on. Still the Glandelinian fire man and engineer had not come to the rescue of their two struggling companions. It was strange unlocked for. The Bearded Glandelinian soldier's feet eyes were rolling in a constricted face but his tongue was not out. His body twisted, writhed and heaved. Out desperation seemed to have given the American the strength of two average man-urmen. He merely

frightened his strangling grip on the throat of the Glandelinian and waited for the man to die.

Then a boyish hand was placed on Connors' shoulder and Tim's voice spoke in his ear. He was amazed at the boy's coolness.

"Never," said Tim, "try to choke a bearded Glandelinian soldier by getting his beard in side your hands. It won't work. You have to get your hands under the beard."

In any other circumstances the thing would have been absurd. But the American in his eagerness to get his man before the Glandelinian could get him had squeezed his beard against his throat--and the beard was very thick and bushy.

"Here," said Tim, "let me show you."

And amidst clanking of chains, Tim pulled the reluctant American from his man and dropped down to take his place. The Glandelinian soldier was a limp.

The American glanced to his left. The second Glandelinian sprawled supine on the floor of the tender, sightless eyes staring into the growing dawn body rolling with the movement of the cab. The American shivered a little. The whole thing was rather awful, but there was one consolation in the slaying which was really a ghastly slaying. If they had not killed the two scoundrels they themselves would have been slain in a cowardly manner, and the two little girls would go through hell to die, or wish for death in the end. Tim rose from the floor, his enemy was now quiet, motionless also save for the movement lent to his limp body by the rolling of the tender. Now Tim remembered the two Glandelinians and whirled to look into the cab. The men stood in the opening between cab and tender, looking in. They had made no move to come to the assistance of their Comrade. And for every good reason too.

Both Violet, and the other little girl a look of determination on their faces beneath a mask of grime and coal dust were covering the Glandelinians. The little girl with the weapon she had snatched from the other Glandelinian while Violet had her own. The other little girl was holding hers in her two hands.

Tim looked hard at the two Glandelinians whose bland faces were so non-committal.

"Well," he said, "how about it. Do you wish to go the way of your two comrades?"

One of the Glandelinians shrugged and answered;

"No thanks if you don't mind, though we could have downed both of you before the little girls covered us with that pistol. But in secret I am not your enemy but a secret agent of Schofield Penrod the Prince of Abbieannia. This other man is--I don't know what, except that he isn't of the Christian side. I shall take you both to the Prince and his sisters. They dwell some slight distance from the right of way, between here and the main Glandelinian encampment."

Tim was suspicious, though the man's excellent Abbieannian manner of speech and accent did much to dispel his doubt.

"You come in too handy my friend," he rejoined, his eyes narrowed. "I can't see how you happen to be right on hand when so badly needed. I don't believe so much in coincidental coincidence when Glandelinians too are distressed as Christians."

"No perhaps not," said the engineer, "but managed coincidence is something different."

"Yes," he said, "well tell me how you do happen to be here."

"It's very simple. Last night Prince Penrod Vivian was in the southern wing of the Glandelinian army to contact a boy and girl the boy whose name is Tim Grovelton, and the girl who is Penrod's sister. The two escaped a Glandelinian trap of death. I presume it is either you yourself or your friend and that girl indicating Violet. Prince Vivian who happens to be my honorable leader, therefore signalled to his agents in the camp by use of a five note flute, telling of your escape, stating that you would surely travel towards Ophelia and perhaps manage to get to the Christian lines proper. His message was passed on from one part of the camp to another and also from town to town, from farm to farm, by the five note flute--and his secret agents merely rallied to the signals. They filtered into every Glandelinian group which might come in contact with you along the line to Ophelia, especially if you were captured. God himself knows as soon as I had the chance I suddenly covered you, captured you and kicked them off the train and brought you to the Prince myself. Simple isn't it?"

Tim grinned at the fully.

"Yes, very simple maybe--to a Glandelinian. To me it sounds blurred complicated. It is true Penrod can do many strange things he learned in a foreign country but where did he learn the five note flute. That is absolutely Xian Chinese."

"There are no secrets among him as the Prince also knew many Chinese and I learned things from them too. He can send messages faster than they can be sent."

In English or other languages over telegraph or telephone lines and rendered into Christian or Glandelinian dialects. My way here we allow I'll find out how my comrade here feels about us, and about Prince Vivian and his lovely sisters. My name is Pagan Henry donia."

Henry donia turned to his comrade, chattered to him so rapidly that Tim scarcely gathered more than that Henry was asking the man where he stood in this case. The second soldier began to tremble, tremble, his lips quivered and he licked them with a sudden dry tongue. Henry's face hardened.

"If I were to throw him off the locomotive now at this speed," he said to Tim, "he would never need worry further about this man. I estimate that that we are making something like seventy miles an hour. Tim shook his head. He preferred to accomplish his ends without bloodshed when ever possible."

"No," he said, "let down and dump him off. A long walk may do him good."

"It would be simpler to strangle him with his neck tie," said Henry donia harshly. "Then he wouldn't be able to carry tales. These Glandelinians are dangerous."

Tim shook his head. Henry donia shrugged, stepped into his place and closed the throttle. The locomotive started to slow down. The two little girls still held their pistols pointed at the trembling soldiers. At Henry's command the other man stood in the door of the cab. The engine had slowed to half its usual speed, then to a quarter. Henry donia suddenly put his foot into the back of the Glandelinian and roughly pushed. The man plunged suddenly out of the cab with a loud scream on his lips. Henry donia grinned at Tim.

"I obeyed you almost to the letter," he said, "but it came to me if the man did ever carry tales he would carry them less rapidly if he had one or two broken legs."

Henry donia seemed entirely unconscious of the heartlessness of what he had done. He merely stepped back and opened his throttle wide again.

Tim spoke to the little girls.

"You might sit in the cab," he said. "It's dry here, and ---" he nodded his head toward the two still Glandelinians. They were not nice to look at. They shuddered, then smiled tremulously. At Violet's request Tim gave her his handkerchief and she began to wipe the smut off her face. He took a seat in the cab and he watched her and the other little girl helplessly. How would all this result for her and especially the other little girl. Would they end by falling into the hands of the enemy? Tim's jaws set tightly. He wouldn't allow it to happen. The locomotive was traveling again at what appeared to be about seventy miles an hour. The American had taken keys from the pockets of one of the dead Glandelinians and both Tim and himself were free again. They or he had retrieved their money too. They heaved great sighs of relief. Death had been very close---and Tim was conscious of the fact that but for the two little girls they might well have been killed. For too how was he to know as a certainty that Henry donia had told him the exact truth. How was he to know that the man whom Henry donia had kicked off might not be Prince Penrod's agent if indeed there were any such, and if Henry donia himself a wily agent of general Hanley?

Tim turned to the girl the little stranger girl and moved forward to thank her.

"You're like a little Abbieannian girl, you have plenty of courage," he said quietly. She looked up at him. He didn't smile, though Violet did.

"I didn't realize what I was doing," she said. "I just found myself doing it as though I was obeying orders from somebody else."

"It still was courage. You saved our lives and the life of the Princess here. And I'm dreadful sorry that we're going back into the foe camp---and and afraid for you."

Her little face set.

"I'm not afraid," she said. "I know in spite of my friend trying to keep it from me for my sake that my father is dead. If he is then I want to do every thing I possibly can to punish and injure who ever killed him."

She might as well have it.

"Yes," said Tim grimly. "He's dead, murdered by Glandelinian soldiers. You'll have to depend on Violet, the man and me. Need I say that we'll stand by you as long as we are able."

"I know that my friends," she retorted, though her eyes filled with tears. Tears when Tim so quietly confirmed her fears by admitting his knowledge of her father's death. "Maybe some day I can thank you very much for what you have done. Now the least I can do is to ease your little trouble as possible. If I'm too much of a burden drop me somewhere and I'll manage to make out somehow."

That was all there was between them in words yet as he shook his head Tim felt that something far more important had been said---without words.

The locomotive stopped just as dawn was breaking. Henry donia waited until they were off, then opened the throttle half way and also eased the locomotive carrying its load to go on its way. For two hours they marched at right angles to the right of way. When they stopped at a small house in a small town that seemed to be deserted, a town which plainly had been ravaged by the "Glandelinian soldiery, and he knocked on the door. It opened to disclose a very princely looking boy--and Penrod bowed smiling to his visitors.

The princely boy thrust out a hand his hand to Tim, even as he stepped aside to allow his visitors to enter though he looked questioningly at O Connel and the other little girl. He lifted his voice and a strange language looking elderly woman came in to whom he barked words in rapid English. Seated at a big table studying something were Violet's sisters who were at first so absorbed in what they were doing that they did not even look up when the three entered. The woman smiled at the three and Tim knew that the little girl would be taken care off here in a motherly fashion. He smiled at the three as they followed Penrod into the room and toward the table.

"Despite your disguise you're Tim Br Oveton my friend," said Violet. "Penrod. It was an abrupt statement, not a question though he eyed the man and the little girl and this time so did Violet's sisters."

"Yes."

"And these two will be O Connel and a little girl refugee with him."

"Yes."

"We've plenty to do," Jim said, "poise herself looking up from her work as Penrod mentioned the boy and man and little girls to chairs." "We will talk later while we eat. My brother got a signal an hour ago that you were coming, and Jennie herself cooked as only the best of cooks can cook it, and it will be along shortly. But we'll be lucky if we can even stay to eat it. In a small hollow back of the town (not night town) we have a score of good fast ponies, the fleetest we could secure by capturing them, to gather together with our riders. We did not wait for saddles. We'll be traveling soon."

Yet Penrod and Violet's sisters looked at O Connel and the little girl thoughtfully. They thought fully an even after Violet herself explained. There was a question in their eyes. It came to Tim and also Violet after all that her sisters or brother knew nothing about either O Connel or the little girl. The man might be a secret agent of some sort and the little girl might not be a refugee. But Tim would have sworn for them both. He felt he simply couldn't be wrong about the man in particular for there was no American found who was for Glandelinia and that if he were other than he seemed to be, he himself would know it. And too if the little girl were all right she would not be with a man who wasn't. That made O Connel okay. Besides Tim had already told O Connel that he himself was working with Violet and her sisters and her brother.

"John O Connel is all right," Jim said. "Are you sure for that matter that you know me?"

"Of course you have been identified by the man whom I sent to engage your service. He was in disguise and watching when you arrived. Besides I'd know you through any disguise and your voice betrays you and therefore I know positively you're Jim."

Seeing however that the little girls still eyed the two others very searchingly Tim and Penrod moved away out of earshot of O Connel.

"Go try and Violet failed to contact you in the street in the southern camp," said Tim. "What in the world happened?"

"We were discovered by the Glandelinians," stated Penrod. "Fortunately Jennie downed one of the men and in the confusion we managed to get away. A fanatical light gleamed for an instant in the eyes of the Prince. 'What does anything matter if we can eventually bring back the old time freedom of California and her sister states from the invasions of old Glandelinia. That is the dream of my heart and those of my sisters Tim--a dream that must be realized if it is God's holy Will, but if not we must be resigned.'"

"And my mission is what?" Demanded Jim.

"In our attempt here to learn some desperate information to guard secretly and protect my sisters, to be sure we'll be successful in our mission. I have sent for you because from my recent adventures with you I know you are clever, dangerous, dangerous to the enemy, may more dangerous than I am, and fearless. As a Glandelinian boy scout in the make up you can remain close to my sisters and guard them from trouble or from death if that threatens. I am as you see again 'Adeldefob.'"

"But as for the ability you have and with all your strange tricks you know

why do you think, a common ordinary boy scout will be able to do more than you, or your own followers?" Asked Jim in evident surprise. "Why in our work, and my sisters will have to depend on me and we are of opposing sides and therefore for a few I cannot do anything suspicious. Glandelinia too knows that all the Glandelinian generals would give anything to see my sisters and associated since they can't be done away with in other methods. As you know my sisters have millions of deadly enemies among the Glandelinian armies in officers alone not counting the armies who do not desire to see them or their fathers and mine too succeed in bringing this wicked war to a speedy close. But my esteemed ancestors were of the Glandelinian Blood--and with all my shrewdness and theirs and your help and the Glandelinian organization of spies here I shall bring this war into a situation that the whole will have to get out or meet disaster it will never be so self-recovering."

Tim felt that Penrod was clinging to a dangerous fantastic dream, and yet his love for him and his sisters was such that the boy scout leader was willing to do every thing in his power to insure success and protect Violet and her sisters. It might be that in so doing he could serve a double purpose, for if Violet and her sisters went through an adventure of this kind he could see them esteemed as more famous than even he was a good brave boy scout indeed because he loved the danger, the zest of conflict. That he had often battled in lost battles did not matter, nor did the pay he received for his services. It was the love of country, of God and the Prince and Princesses and the adventure of it all with them that was the breath of life to him Gveton.

"Your sisters will be guarded to the best of my ability," he said. "But what about them now?"

"There is little danger until we start off," stated Jennie herself just coming in dressed more like a little cook. "We are sure that those who plot against our lives desire to make our deaths very spectacular--something which may prove a cause for our side to lose the war. And remember we have not started anything of our adventures yet."

"You shall be safe through fire and water," said Tim quietly but firmly. Penrod, Jim and Violet and her sisters smiled their mutual understanding. Some servants came in with food. Penrod mentioned the man and the other little girl to chairs and the little girl herself looking much refreshed. Penrod bowed to her with a courtesy that was more like the Chinese do his hands reaching for his sleeves as though he had forgotten that he was not wearing Occidental clothing but a uniform of a famous high ranked Glandelinian boy scout leader.

"Little Jim, full of courage," he said will be sent safely out of this territory and into the Christian lines. With my organization that will be simple. I can have her safely within the Christian lines within two hours and she won't be in danger once. He may get into serious trouble here with us for the Glandelinians are too close on my trail or at least the trail of my sisters if not at me secretly as we have tried to keep it."

The little girl tossed her head. There were spots of bright colors of something in her cheeks as she said somewhat haughtily not knowing he was a Glandelinian prince:

"I'm not going to the Christian lines until my father has been avenged until his murderers have been punished. I'm going with you and the little angel girls you have with you as companions."

Penrod's face hardened severely.

"It's no work of for a little girl of your kind," he said brusquely.

Tim knew that Penrod spoke the truth, that he could get the little girl into the main Christian lines proper, as he had said he could. He wondered why he hesitated.

"Will it be even safe to send her out with only O Connel for company contemplating that he is an American, and Americans are the fiercest of fighters. As we all know from experience?" he tempoized.

"It will be safe," said Penrod. "Trust my men implicitly, and there will be such a small body of them traveling at night, that they can pass unnoticed. If not they are a force sufficiently enough to hold out a regiment in a regiment if not wiping it out. The only trouble is that they will travel in a direct line avoiding all railroads and trails and we won't be able to get word to them until they've reached the Christian lines. You won't mind that Mr O Connel?"

The American shook his head, but he didn't commit himself further than he had already by his silence. He was watching brave little Nell and waited to see what decision should be reached regarding her. And Jim desired was of finding out how matters stood over with them both spoke bravely.

"I don't see why since she knows what she is facing the little girl can't stay with us if your sisters are really angel possessed that might also be a protection for her providing if she is good then to them and friendly."

The little girls face flamed with anger.

"I'm going to the Christian lines" she said. "If I can't travel with you Master Addisob then I'll go my own. I won't be ordered around by any landlinein boy about whether he is good or bad, sides with the Christians or not. I'll leave the decision to Violet or her sisters an v not you." Jim couldn't help grinning as he looked at Penrod.

"What would you say to that Adelaide?" he asked.

"If the matter were entirely in my hands," said the Prince grimly, "knowing the situation as I do, I would send the little Miss out of here and to the Christian lines by force if she refused to go otherwise. I'm not responsible for what may happen to her if she does not go."

"That's the only way I'll go" she snapped.

"Very well," said Pen and he rose to his full height. "I'm not Adeldefob that is my assumed name. These little girls here are my sisters and I'm Prince Schofield Pen and son of Imperorvivan. What do you say to that?"

The little girls face blanched w for she had not know that.

"since you have spoken to me thus, when Heaven knows I know best" he went on
I'm going to punish you and so will my sisters. you're going along with us.
That is the punishment. And you'll have to share our danger as come what may.
and if after all even though you are not dressed as a girl scout, you fail us
you shall be charged with desertion. remember that you may go with us, and
and what happens we wash our hands of all responsibility since you're so reckless
a girl."

Still him offered no objection and the American understood the boys feelings. Both would be pleased to have the girls companionship on the trip through the enemys dangerous territory, but the American couldn't remain within the islandellinium arms when there was a way out offered him--merely to be with her and share her dangers.

"I'll go to the Christian lined" said the American.

The little girl, and even the Pdn women looked at him contemptuously.

"I'm afraid you can't pipped up pussy flatly. "I was only going to have my brother send an expedition to the old christian lines on account 'l little Wells account. If she refuses to go, and Pened decides that she man be main with us and take the chances for her foolishness then you'll have to stay stay too and we'd be afraid to let you go until we know you better. I really can't let any one go now. You must stay. If you're a good man as you are said to be you would any how love your company."

"The American pinned"

"he wouldn't," he shot back?

The party had been eating as they talked, wolfing as you say the food following the lead of Penrod as they had not time to eat. Now they mashed back their chairs. The woman already stood in the doorway, a bundle of belonging in her hands looking away toward the Christiana line. She was ready to vanish, it was time for all to go. Suddenly she turned to Penrod.

"The glandinian soldier y come Prince," she cried. "Many men on ho - ses. I loked
G glandinian soldier y."

the party seeing if the weapons were in good condition moved six swiftly. Penrod having an extra supply armed the little girl leading that the child did not know how to shoot. Then the party moved six swiftly. Penrod led the way out of the place by a rear exit and twisting and turning among the dense red burned burned shrubs they headed in what Tim guessed to be the general direction of direction of the objective point of escape.

"They'll find the remains of food on the table Adeldefob" He muttered.

"They'll count plates and know what's up."

"They'll count plates and
 Panrod shook his head.

"The woman will look after that. When the enemy arrives the house will look as if it has had never been occupied for weeks---like the others here."

"which reminds me" said Jim "what has happened here? There doesn't seem to be a living soul in the place."

"There isn't except us," snapped Penrod. "They were wiped out by the enemy. The
 are unfortunate inhabitants of the place are buried in the deep gulley where
 out horses are waiting."

His statement put an effective damper on the party. They increased their stride as if by common consent. They came at length to the edge of a large gully and looked down into and across the wily long haired ponies used by Glandelinian cavalry were waiting for them. The men were dressed like Ozadians and Scoodles. They were members of the Gemini in disguise. The faces of the men were some of the party were at once looking. Yet the faces especially of Violet and her

sis - a went white - still when they saw what else was to be seen in that awful gully. Graves all of them practice practically hundreds and hundreds of them. Jim wondered if the inhabitants had not been herded in to this gully and shot or cut down without mercy. He put the question to Ben - red!

"No they were not shot," said Pen and shortly. "They were murdered like the glandelinians do it, entrails and all cut out of their bodies. They were believed to have harbored men enemies of the glandelinians."

The party began to move quickly mounted silent in the midst of the sounds which were of significant to the minds of what might happen to them. Penrod took command, and even his sisters offered any protest. The other little girl was ordered to the head of the column which was forming with unusual speed. Very many had hand grenades besides rifles and pistols. O'Connell followed her, then Penrod signalled to Tim and the two rode side by side with violet and her sisters at the columns rear. The party started swiftly up the draw where women at the ready.

I "If it had only been our selves"said Pen nodding with a frown toward the
toward the little girl "We'd have traveled on foot keeping to cover. The girl
makes the calvacade ne. necessary."

"But I protested him" The column was already in readiness. you were going to travel this way before a little bell refused to go into the Christian lines." Penn Penrod grinned tightly.

"Yes," he said. "I know she wouldn't go. I spent some time in American places knew many American little girls where I learned that American girls can't be driven to do even that is wise for them and many go to the ruin or destruction. I did try, though I knew it was a waste of time, but Heaven knows she is alone responsible for what happens to her if it does and not us, but if it is really absolutely necessary that the danger is too great she'll go back even if she has to be a spy or prisoner until she is within the lines. Careless fools got to learn."

The column at the head of which rode little Nell with the ase of a born horse woman instead of a little girl was galloping swiftly up the little Canyon. Her pace was amazingly deceptive, until one looked down to discover that the fleet ponies ran with their stomachs close against the ground, their heads thrust forward, their manes flying (not crying) and that the ground was literally a blur in passing. Jim looked back. The groves were vanishing around a bend in the valley.

A head of him to the accompanying of accompaniment of the spanking of a rifle, a pony suddenly went down as though its legs had been knocked suddenly from under it. The rider plunged to the ground ahead of the animal and sprawled out his head twisted under him at a most signing angle. Little Nell didn't look back, and not mercifully heard the rifle or seen what it had done. Jim and Penrod and eldest and her sisters hurried the dead horse and rider and sped on, Jim still carrying the two rifles which he had managed to dry about the train which by now must have delivered the two landellinian dead to some point of objective. He unslung one rifle and passed it to Pen Penrod. Each weapon carried only the shells now in the chamber but Jim had bullets that would easily fit these rifles even though they wouldn't explode as loud as glendelinian bull to do making a sound like an exploding dynamite stick.

Mounted men appeared on the rim of the valley behind them, then plunged down to begin the grueling chase. Jim edged grimly to waste bullets at that distance. The column sped madly on. The Yank nodded approvingly when Tim told him to place himself directly behind Little Nell, his body would stop any bullet coming from the rear intended for her. Tim looked back again.

The pursuers were spreading out the foremost man carrying a cavalry standard and kneeling the animals into top speed.

"They'll never catch us now except perhaps with an occasional bullet," said Penrod. "My men are all members of the Gemini as you know. They know tricks I have also learned to them which Indians learned. I even know I've learned more tricks than I had a chance to do yet, but I'll soon show one that'll do k fine. That party is the O mai Ozu rian outfit and they hate us like poison."

"Do they want to destroy your good sisters under any conditions?" asked
 "No, they want to destroy only the princesses."

"A wise leader doesn't reveal his plans to any one or every one," said Sam, and additinally, "I do not believe in even my own men knowing too much

Pen had critically. "I do not believe in even my own men knowing too much for one can tell if there is not a secret enemy among them."

"You are right in that," Jim leaned forward to a large pile of
more speed. The little animal answered with alacrity carrying his riders
weight on the back it was nothing. Up ahead little Nell had thrown aside her
little girls hat and her long bobbed hair flew backward in the hazy sun. Jim

could fancy the light of excitement in his dark blue eyes. Again he looked back. The Glandelinians on the rim of the gully, and on the gully floor were now firing in desperation as they pursued. He heard the snapping of bullets past his ears like the stark striking of a drum head with a small hammer. He saw sparks of dust kicked up by bullets which went too close and too low.

Another Christian rider went down, but this time his pony ran on. He was rolled to his back as Tim rode past him. A bullet had struck him in the back of the skull had come out in the middle of his face. Jim was glad that little Nellie, even violet or her sisters had not seen that. It even made the Yank accustomed to all sights of violence in war time a little sick and filled him with renewed anger at the pursuers. The gully curved. There was a ravine branching off.

Ten or twelve of the column suddenly disappeared into that gully, and the American was amazed as he went past it the next moment to discover that the dozen men had vanished completely. He turned and looked his surprise at Penrod and Jim both who grinned.

"The Gemini through my Indian tricks learned them know every nook and cranny of the land. The Glandelinians, they know as much of it as the hen knows the geography of the moon. The Glandelinians can't catch or find them. Good place for a deadly ambushade but we haven't time for that. My men could go into that curving ravine moving on a vine for two minutes and even, couldn't find them. Their very tracks will be rubbed out behind them."

"But we may need all our men," said the American.

"They will be on hand when we need them," said Jim himself enigmatically. Bullets were coming fast enough. The American looked back himself. The Glandelinians were ruining. He paused, whirled his pony, flung rifle to shoulder drew swift bead on the foremost of the pursuers and pressed the trigger with the expert rifleman's care. The rifle crashed with an explosion that made little Nell suddenly look back toward him in excitement. A distant Glandelinian toppled from his pony, sprawled in the dirt. The wide-eyed animal circled back into the pursuing force. Bullets from the Glandelinians increased in volume. Again the American fired the rifle. Again he fired. He fired six shots in all and six Glandelinians bit the dust causing some confused confusion among them for they observed that man was a deadly marksman indeed. Even violet and her sisters were astonished. He reloaded and fired again, until it was empty and then used his pistols and never once as quick as he fired missed a man. He strewn the path with fallen soldiers. The Glandelinians in the foremost rank halted in consternation. Then he looked back to the front and gasped in consternation. Little Nell had vanished from the column ahead as though she had been miraculously erased or vanished into thin air like a spirit. One minute and she had been there galloping in the wind. Now she was gone.

He started to drag his pony to a halt. Penrod snapped at him.

"He's all right. Can't you see that? The him and even my sisters are missing too! I ordered it. They've gone into another ravine to ambush the pursuers if they come this way. If you had not been busy shooting you'd have seen the ravine."

"At the skunks may go after them. This time maybe you're gang can't be able to protect them."

"The pursuers," said Penrod after a moment. "My sisters set out to save them we must keep those devils on our own trail. If they get too close they'll wish they hadn't. I'll use some of my Indian methods of shooting."

The American noticed that three or four of the disguised Gemini had disappeared with the eight little girls and Jim. He looked back to see the pursuers pass the mouth of the ravine without even glancing aside. The Glandelinians had made to learn of a far side of Penrod's style especially this queer game of hide and go seek in which the Gemini thanks to Penrod's training were so adept. The American realized suddenly that he had the cooperation of perhaps the best organization to be found at that moment amongst all Christians an organization better than anything that Glandelinia had yet ever thought to get together. No wonder the Glandelinians were so intent in wiping out Christian child scouts. As long as these child soldiers soldiers rode the soil of Culverina against them, Glandelinia would never conquer even a portion of one of its provinces.

There was much about Penrod that the American and perhaps others didn't know. There would always be much, for no Abbeonnan boy scout of any kind no matter how friendly could tell anything until it was demonstrated in case of necessity. Next time men branched off from the column it happened when for a brief moment, they had dropped the Glandelinians from sight behind them. The Gemini looked back at Penrod for a signal, got it, turned into a ravine and were gone from sight by the time Penrod and the American had breathed the ravine. Now the column was reduced to a mere half dozen men. The Glandelinians seeing only the rear guard, could not know that the column did not reach ahead as numerous as before around the curves of the canyon.

Penrod and his men had selected their best route with great care and cleverness. The American could imagine the savage frustration of the pursuers when they should discover the ruse. And then all at once Penrod and the American rode along—and the Prince was looking at the American. The American was looking at the American strangely.

"Now we take to the open," he said. "I'm a rotten shot! Suppose, merely carry this other Glandelinian rifle and hand it to you when it is next necessary. I can with good aim handle an Abbeonnan rifle but not a Glandelinian as it kicks too strongly with the loud explosion of the cartridge. And listen my friend pray to God that you pony doesn't step into a hole or break his leg for I have much to do with for Abbeonnia and for the care of my sisters and to avenge their sorrows and miseries of the past and could not turn my pony over to you! I would be compelled even against my will most strongly to make my escape with out you."

"I'll get along all right." The American smiled lightly.

Penrod laughed.

"That being understood," here we go," he said.

He whirled his pony to the right putting the animal at the wall of the ravine. The Glandelinians saw the break. Bullets whined whined all about them. The ponies scrambled up, scarcely breathing hard as yet. They were now out on a level plain. The American looked back. Atmospheric conditions were such that the pursuers looked dangerously close close—until he tried to make out details of their uniforms or outlines when he realized that they were barely within possible range—but coming on as before. The Glandelinians banished their doubts. They thought that the two had deliberately broken away to throw off pursuit. They fired furiously taking good aim but the pursued ones were not within range. The two ponies bent to their tasks. Penrod and the American rode with their bodies close along the necks of their animals.

The American glanced back along his pony's rump. As far as the eye could see—though they were less than a minute from the ravine they had left—the whole land seemed to be one level plain with a forest beyond. Even the gully had been lost to view. Penrod laughed.

"What is the greatest Grace of God out here," he said. "And we'll make these Glandelinians look silly before we have finished if your horse or mine doesn't break a leg, or a bullet doesn't get us."

The Glandelinians must have begun to understand something of this too, as though Penrod's words had been wafted back to them on the breeze of their flight, but if so then some of them must have understood English for Penrod spoke in English to his companion. Now bullets began coming low absolutely aimed at the legs of the horses. The American held his breath and prayed fully expecting one or the other animal to fall.

Now and again he paused whirled on a dim, flung his rifle to his shoulder and pressed the trigger—and always when he did this, the leading pursuer toppled from his pony and sprawled on the soil of Glandelinia.

The American aimed for the men. It wasn't their ponies fault that they were being used in a relentless chase with murder and mutilation at the end of it.

Gradually because they held to a straight line, and were not loaded down with equipment as were the Glandelinians, Penrod and the American drew away from away from their pursuers. The Prince was eagerly scanning the way ahead.

"In five minutes we'll lose them entirely entirely," he said.

"And in about that length of time the American gasped looking down into a deep canyon to his left. They had approached the place from the canyons very starting point.

Penrod slid his pony slowly down the incline. The American followed. The desperate pursuers were lost behind them. Their race continued around a turn to the right, another to the left, then a sharp turn that led away to the left again, to follow which was to take them far to the left of the line of pursuit. Then Penrod slowed to a trot, which continued for almost an hour. By this time the two little ponies were wet with sweat, panting. They had been ridden for what to them must have been an eternity. A turn to the right again and the sound of a five flute note broke on their ears loudly and clearly. Penrod listened, and turned to the American.

"You'll be pleased to know," he said "that Jim with that little girl and my sisters took it on himself to make a dash for the Christian camps all alone with them while I will follow eventually later."

"Will he make it?"

"He'll do anything. In case case any one pursuing him won't live to tell it. There are other Glandelinian men who follow with him that do work for violet and her sisters."

"They turned right into a sort of amphitheater filled with

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tents. About the tents were all the ponies and all the men who had no other occupation separated themselves from them along their line of flight. To Penrod a detachment standing at the door of one of the tents was violet and her sisters and the little girl and Jim. Jim explained that violet and her sisters wouldn't go unless Penrod went with them.

"Until to night," said Penrod dismounting, "when we push on to my spying headquarters where, have it located." The rest of the journey to the destined part of the more favorable for camp was made without molestation. The Gemini knew exactly what to do after they had eluded and outwitted their pursuers. The trip was continued by fairly easy stages. They approached the section of the encampments sometime just when it was beginning to get dark and when the camp fires were seen, Penrod gave low voiced commands--and the land swallowed up the Gemini. Penrod, violet and her sisters and little Nell went on foot the boy prince in advance. He led the way in by a circuitous route, but one which he plainly knew very well. Silence deep and impenetrable hung over this large section of the Glandelinian encampments, as though the armies of the enemy were waiting for some something to happen. A small alleyway like a street between the city of tents, narrow and hilly, was flanked by the tall, striped colored tents and at a strangely odoriferous, swallowed them. (My it must have been gun hungry.) Penrod moved without sound. Finally he put his hand back, took that of Violet and Jennie, told his sisters in signal to hold to each other tightly and the other little girl too and led them into the caveous mouth of what appeared to be a black doorway into a hole circus shaped tent.

To their surprise (except Penrod) steps led down--down seemingly without end. Then their feet touched even again. Light suddenly flashed on, after Penrod had closed a door.

They found themselves in a vast room, with small doors giving off from it, which might once have been a throne room. Rich rugs lay on the floor, strange priceless scrolls on the walls; everywhere were teakwood stands and tables and chairs, screens of lacquer, vessels of bronze and gold and porcelain. The little girl Nell gasped, but Penrod and his sisters smiled tightly.

"Here is our home until we find out what is what," Penrod said. "Mildred Jones come forth please."

As he called, (tee hee!) a door opened and the old lady they had left in the burned village where they had first met, entered. Her mouth hung open.

"When an Abbeonnan over on a foreigner loyal," said Penrod. "He or she is loyal to the uttermost. I knew she would be here. Now we have plenty of work to do."

"So you think something may happen right away?" the American himself queried in English.

"One of my most trusted men has gone out to see if he can easily find out what is due to happen or not to happen while we have our secret conference down here. I discovered this place two days ago and so far as I believe only know the where abouts unless we have secret enemies among our followers."

After the American had eaten with the two boys and the little girls Penrod was informed by a code note brought in that his spy had returned. Penrod hastened out; out of the room. Jim and the little girls, and the American talked lightly and usually until he returned.

"An attempt against my poor sisters will surely be made as it is known where down here," Penrod said. "It is unavoidable. So far I have not found out the details of the wicked plot. My man could get no definite lead. You will have to get busy at once. Jim dear."

"Of course," said Jim viciously. "I'm ready."

"I would like to see the 'fun' start too," said the American. "We Americans will use American ways. That will insure success and your sisters will be as safe as they are now."

"Good. I believe it from my experiences with Americans. I wish my armies could fight like American soldiers. The enemy would wish they had not started the war. Now for plans for the frustration of the enemy moving forward for concentration at Linda. Linda. You Tim would instantly be recognized. I myself cannot remain with my sisters or otherwise to them the danger would be doubly great and your effort to save them would be futile. You too Jim have made quite a man for your role through the whole Glandelinian army as a daring boy scout. Your danger too is greater because never before in his life that I know of did a general of high rank ever been forced to surrender to a boy scout as a high Glandelinian ranked a ranked general was forced to surrender to you at the battle of Gun-a-Fee. I am arranging papers for you. You will attend the council with my sisters but not to join in but keep close as possible, as a Glandelinian boy scout offered in full uniform. There will be no many of them at that spot that a note will scarcely be noticed.

After only he noticed. The American himself will stay at some long distance and secretly keep watch on any persons acting suspiciously toward my sisters. My sisters come off safe they'll reward you and so will I." Both Jim and the American nodded in silent agreement their minds already busy planning ahead. And so it happened that on that very fateful morning some morning, when for some unknown celebration among the enemy armies every company street was brilliant with flags and streamers above all of which over every general's headquarters soared the national flag of the wicked rebellion, when the company at tents and houses within the camp were packed with scores of hundreds and thousands of Glandelinian soldiery and also the American, O'Connell went out among the crowd, one as a Glandelinian officer of high rank and Jim as a boy scout serving under the leadership of "Adelsob." Both were determined to keep as close as possible during all the strange ceremony, to Violet and her sisters, who might be recognized despite the disguises they wore. The American himself also knew for he himself had made the main arrangements, that Penrod's men were scattered all through the crowd, with orders to handle expeditiously and surely any one who even spoke ill against violet and her sisters or who suspecting them would interfere with them or try to do them harm in any way possible. Nor would any one of the Glandelinian girls were fatally hurt. However it would nevertheless be the worst for the Glandelinians if it was known, for if Glandelinia could be blamed, the hordes of the American, would pour upon the Glandelinian armies and roll over it as though it never existed at all and would massacre all the Glandelinians who did not escape in cold blooded horror on.

At first violet and her sisters were not to be seen anywhere though it was said they were to go forth amongst the crowd and try to learn what general Manley intended to do. At us slow step followed slow step beginning with the side of the military designate from his headquarters to the place where he was to hold a council with his officials and no one could obtain any view of violet and her sisters anywhere. Tim and the American began to hope that they had wisely changed their minds and had not taken chances of coming here.

Neither of them had not seen the Christian Abbeonnan prince for two hours nor any familiar face that they could have recognized. The little girl Nell had been left in the underground room. Tim and the yank were entirely at their own. The one expected an at any time to feel the feel the authoritative tap on his shoulder but it did not come.

The ceremony always following a move of a high general to hold a council were its way along. The first part of it was a woe woe mixture of wicked Glandelinian ritual, and general Manley wore the uniform that would make you think that every King in the whole world and other worlds combined were far under him. He looked as if the uniform he wore might have cost more money than the richest man in the world could ever build up.

But the last part of it in which general Manley must come une with all his great generals; who had first come out was what Jim feared most the Glandelinian girls would attempt to see and overhear most. He saw seven little children now edging away off near the crowd. The council too was to take place in a great open space in the center of which were two long teakwood tables, fashioned like those used in a great banquet hall and the tables were surrounded by beautifully finished tables chairs made of the same. The top of the table was covered with all sorts of writing material and on the wall not far off behind the tables was a huge map.

This place was chosen by the enemy generals to plan what to do concerning movements upon the Christian lines near Linda. Linda on the Glandelinian.

About these long tables but at some distances were thousands of Glandelinian officers of different ranks, ranks generals and so forth. The American standing at the edge of the crowd knew that thinly dispersed among them were scores of Penrod's secret Service Gemini agents. There was left a vast empty circle between the rim of this mass formation and the tables by which all the officers were to hold council with general Manley. The brave yank knew much of the Glandelinian pageant pageantry the ceremonious adulation that went into all this, even as pruned down as it was by modernity. He knew that when the Glandelinian girls were close to the general too not an eye would be upon him but them. And it came to him in a flash that there was where it would happen.

Here unless he could succeed to stop the occurrence the blood of the brave little princesses might well stain the floor of this great space. Now came a great murmur of sound. Then a hush. Into the circle gathered in the splendid uniform of his great and high commission, the gorgeous light blue uniform coat with the golden decorations came a serious plain looking man his haircut in the fashion of the American way instead of the Glandelinian manner, and wearing horn rimmed spectacles.

His lips and rankel remained dropped behind him at the edge of the circle of fire, the general looking forward alone his face lifted as though he were already studying the blueprint and a profound silence held sway in all the vast gathering. The American seemed to have his head bowed, but he was looking sharply toward Violet and her sisters. He knew that all around the circle were followers of Penrod who also watched while seeming to do a brief homage. Penrod must be watching from somewhere taking his life in his hands as Tim and the Yank was doing, to do so. The Great Glandelinian general reached the first of the nine steps toward the platform on which were the two great long tables. Then to his horror he saw where Violet and her sisters were. In order to hear what might be said, they had gone some distance close out of the throng of Glandelinians, and both Tim and the Yank knew that they would stand out as the best targets a rifle man or a pistol shot could ask for.

The Yank's heart and Tim's almost stopped beating for something had come to him and the boy. If any man now moved to attack Violet and her sisters, the Gemini and others of Penrod's followers could not fire upon those without endangering the lives of hundreds. As though the vast concourse had suddenly realized that, there was a stirring and sighing among them. Now could any one dare for a moment to stop an attacker--for according to Glandelinian rules it was expressly forbidden, on pain of death and torture for any one to approach the big Tribunal room here in this his most dramatic hour.

Violet and her sisters were close to the Hunley stood before one of the tables. He lifted his face again to one of the maps, and two things happened so suddenly that for a few seconds the vast concourse of souls did not realize what was transpiring, at either Tim or the Yank had missed nothing. He was seeing toward Violet and her sisters indeed running as he had never seen before, and seeing with him converging on the figures of Violet and her sisters--four men who might have been of any nationality but surely were not Glandelinians. When the sun struck the face of one he might have been an American or English, or any other nationality. In another light he might have been Japanese or Chinese or Korean--and he with three others were racing toward Violet and her sisters with long knives held high in their right hands.

Tim couldn't reach the others in time and he would have fired but he would have hit the girls. And the American had to increase his speed to heart-bursting proportions to reach his objective in time though he was frightened out of his wits for fear of what might happen to the holy little Princesses. He marvelled at the fact too that general Hunley who must have heard the killers' shouts did not turn or change his attitude to see what was happening and Violet and her sisters couldn't even to save themselves dare draw a knife or pistol of their own to shoot Glandelinians at this spot for then all the others would add to them with bullets for killing or shooting down any one in the general's presence. Out of course Violet and her sisters had always been protected either by friends or by antics of nature itself and more so by their possession of guardian angels. And then knowing there were surely some one to look after them, they depended on it and took it for granted though they prayed hard inwardly for help. They had never had reason to be afraid in any peril. If aid did not come they would take chances to shoot their would-be assassins down and if not escaping then to take the consequences unless some how or other the angels did interfere with the Glandelinian soldiery.

The brave Yank and the assassins, reached the steps at the same time. To have cut across toward the men who had foreign faces would have been to lose them so the Yank first ran straight forward. General Hunley, who was still apparently unconscious of anything untoward happening, swung around, and then hurried himself with the roar of a mad beast at the foremost attacker just as the man went into a tremendous leap, his knife aimed at the back of Angelina.

O Connel with a whispered curse caught the wrist of the knife hand. The impulse of his charge carried them out of reach of the Vivian girls.

O Connel turned his back viciously to the knife man and flipped him over his shoulder. Shoulder with a tremendous up he upheave just as the three others now made for him. He hurled the other into the midst and in falling as the hands had simultaneously came in contact with the marble top of the upper step. O Connel did not need to look at them again. Violet and her sisters vanished with a scream.

Silence even deeper than before hung over all. O Connel as though coming out of a daze looked at Hunley. Hunley had not even glanced his way. The strange ceremony had not even been interrupted and the officials were seated themselves at the table. O Connel on tip-toe cup his hand asked back down the steps and backed to his place. No one seemed to have looked at him. Then he felt a sudden tapping on his left shoulder and heard words proceeded by him in broken English in the tones of breath and in broken English:

"Youse want to see me? I am quietly. There are what ze call them plenty of ze dead soldiers to make that youse call enough in heem my American friend."

His next passed unnoticed, though he looked around for a friendly face--and saw Penrod. He prince looking at him over the shoulder, was edging his way quickly to the rear and ran out of the crowd. As he was in the midst of Glandelinian soldiery not a friend came forward for the 5-imposed American as O Connel faced the Glandelinian military tribunal composed of Scoodists.

He was tried for murder on the charge of killing four Vivian men commissioned to slay the Vivian girls for spying, and the charge but added the hopelessness of the farce all the more apparent and ironical. He was tried for the murder of four Glandelinian agents and with the charge of killing in cold blood two officials on a train and robbing one of them of a sum of money equal to six thousand dollars and of harboring and aiding the escape of the Vivian girl princesses when they had been arrested on that train and also with the charge of stealing the engine and making away with it. He was tried under the name of Timothy Groveton.

"But I am an American and my name is Henry O Connel," he kept telling them.

He could see the amused mockery in the eyes of the court marshals members as they listened to his words. The president told him in English:

"It makes no difference what your name is you killed six Glandelinian soldiers who had been on an important mission. Hunley knew the Vivian girls were coming to spy and hired these agents you slew at his Tribunal to kill them. And the two soldiers you killed on the train were found last night on a railway this morning on the route by which you were known to have entered the city of encampments. As you're a foreigner and not in uniform and supposed to have nothing to do with this war probably on either side, we have a right to charge and condemn you for murder."

"It ain't murder to save the lives of those little girls. You know very well that assassination too is a crime."

"Assassination is perfect in the time of war. Those little brats interfere with our military movements and endanger the lives of many of our soldiers. You being a foreigner without uniform have no right to interfere. You may claim that you being an American will save you providing we may fear you a American government. You're a claim if you try to make one is foolish. I can prove to your government you interfered with our military rights. I can prove to your government you interfered with our military rights without uniform and killed six of my own men to save persons who mean nothing to you. And we are right for we in you in uniform we would only hold you as a war prisoner. But you are charged with murder and no matter what our cause is or no matter whether we like or detest you we nevertheless keep order in our country and see to criminals you are one and will face the firing squad to morrow morning on the charge of murder."

The grim inevitability of the whole thing infuriated O Connel. He knew exactly what was going to happen. He had been marked for the slaughter. Finally came the sentence, pronounced with finality:

"To be shot to death by machine twenty-four hours hence."

And it was only then, while he waited in a Glandelinian prison tent the execution of sentence, that he was visited by one of the Glandelinians,--a man who looked as he looked (wonder if he was the serpent of Eden)

"If you said that 'Scoodist' with an oily smile 'You tell us exactly why you are within the Glandelinian camps, and why you helped to harbor those Vivian girls if it may be possible to secure clemency from his gracious Excellency General John Hunley.'"

O Connel shook his head.

"You talk as if you don't know American. He said.

"You're a fool said the Glandelinian of face."

"You have marked me for killing," said O Connel. "If you were set. If I told who is to kill I would tell you anything or I would give a promise of clemency from you. I'll take with me any secrets I may have."

"There is the truth is the boy about leader Timothy Groveton? He is really the brother of the Vivian girls? Is he an assumed name? He is Adeldefob? Where are they? Where is Violet, and her sisters, and who and where is that kid called little 'Bell'?"

"I know nothing of either about their whereabouts and if I did you'd waste your breath asking me," said O Connel his heart hammering with pleased excitement as these questions proved that his little allies were still alive--uncaptured. A rarely Prince Vivian must know that is happening to him, and would sooner or later to something about it. The Yank only hoped

"That Violet and her sisters are women. Little girl wouldn't would not answer that question. I'm going to see him in this prison tent."

"Why did you kill those men and were going to slay those prisoners?"

O Connel couldn't answer.

"Did one of them suspect and hire you to do it?"

"Why waste your breath?" said O Connel.

The questioner went away after a last question.

"You will have one more chance to answer O Connel," he said.

O Connel grinned.

"The name," he said solemnly bowing low, and hissing as the Glendelinian officer had done, "is Timothy Crovaton--what you people called me anyway--have you forgotten?"

The Scoodler officer did not even have the grace to be concerned at his tongue's betrayal but a ray of his knowledge that an American citizen had been unjustly condemned to death.

"One warning," he repeated.

"Yes? All then, when will I get it?"

"Just before I am shot to death. If your answer is know no then you will die."

"If you tell I can delay the execution until Monday see an appeals lawyer."

"I don't trust you Scoodlers you are all treacherous. That is how you

Glendelinians got that name. There, squeal or not I'll die. Nothing doing."

The Americans don't tell on those who befriended. Do you take me for a crazy

double-crosser? To double cross the Vivian Glendelin is to double cross God."

"All right. But remember to me now. Better change your mind."

Then he was alone. He didn't pace the floor. He was surprised that the Glendelinian officer was gracious enough to give him a package of cigarettes and a box of matches. And he still believed some how that Prince Penrod could find a way to save him. That Violet and her sisters would. He himself had no chance to break away by himself unaided. There was nothing to do but wait developments.

For a night came he slept, and did not dream. Even if there had been no hope he still would have slept untroubled. One died no more harshly by dying untroubled. And he had heard too that those to do good to the Vivian Glendelin do good the same way unto God and good luck is always with them. And if he did die he would be rewarded in Heaven. Any way, for this American had always lived a pious life. As to killing the Glendelinians he did. Rightly? Violet and her sisters must be defended.

Near day-break they came for him, O Connel in uniform with rifles in hand. These rifles he realized were probably the ones which would lead to his death. They took him for a Glendelinian officer. The march began out of the prison tent, to the place of execution. The sun was rising blood-red through a brown sky huge falling to spill its brilliance over the country. O Connel marched without faltering. The expressions on the faces of his guards were as if they were made of wooden dummies as though they had no interest of what was happening--and O Connel's mind raced ahead to that must transpire unless Our Blessed Lord interfered.

He glided down at his breast where a yellow piece of cloth, not white had been pinned to his uniform, over the heart, to serve as an aiming point. He grinned tightly. They reached the grounds of execution. It was surrounded by Glendelinian soldiers save only on the side toward the deadly bullets would travel. O Connel looked around as the grim punishments went forward. If Prince Vivian were to attack here in force, many lives would be lost on both sides before he would be reached. Yet what weapons could be used to save him from execution? He looked for the faces of Violet and her sisters, and was relieved that he could not see them. Far down a company street he saw a long column of horse-riding to the scene--probably mounted high officials to witness his slaying. The firing squad would wait for them. O Connel became impatient to make an end. It wasn't easy to wait to be shot. They now lined up. He was turned to face them. Offered a blind fold which he refused. He knew he would be asked the question again in a low voice and he would refuse to answer. He was not mistaken. A man came forward for a second and he asked a question.

"Will you tell?"

O Connel shook his head, grinned, asked for a cigarette--was now refused.

The questioner stepped aside out of line of fire. The distant horses came on at a thundering gallop. Nobody looked toward them nor paid any attention. The officer in command of the firing squad drew his sabre held it high and commanded.

"Squad, load."

Polts at the shells were placed it into chambers.

"Take a ready."

The left feet of the soldiers shot forward taking the stand for off hand firing. Their brown tan hands gripped the stocks of their weapons tightly their right fingers being on the triggers already tensing.

"At the heart."

Calmly O Connel faced the Glendelinian squad as the rifles rose to their shoulders. It was too late now for any intervention. Every thing seemed a blur and away. Even if Penrod covered the covered the Glendelinian squad with a withering hail of lead thicker than a snow storm, enough bullets would still be loosed to destroy the American. Yet he faced the squad without flinching.

"Take aim."

Now the slightest tensing of the trigger finger would slay him. He braced himself up subconsciously to withstand the shock of eight bullets smashing into his body. But there came an interruption before the officer could give the command to fire. The long calvados or of horse men smashed right and left ahead of the rifles came to a stop and poured in a fire that wiped out every man before they could fire also shouting fiercely into the crowd of Glendelinian soldiers. One of the men carried a stand and a covary banner and on it was the signature of the dangerous well and greatly feared Gemini. All the men who were on the horses were a determined bunch even though they were dressed in gray. But there were a little girls with them which O Connel recognized--that of Violet and her sisters in the lead, and he would not have been sure of that had he not been with the prisoners for several days. For Prince Vivian and his sisters were garbed in the traditional garments of the Gemini. They were thoroughly disguised but he knew them nevertheless. As they drew their horses to a stop the sudden dreadful fire disconcerted the crowd of Glendelinian soldiers, the short machine guns they carried were plainly in evidence.

O Connel with a start recognized a dozen guns among the men more mete for the streets of Chicago as it is now, than within a few camps of Glendelinian within the Christian lines. He grinned inwardly at this evidence of Penrod's "foreign legion" and wondered where the Prince or his followers had got the guns.

Then Penrod like a spirit suddenly appeared.

"Hurry Yank," said the Prince. "You can't hold Glendelinians. Glendelinians very long. But at this horse and mount quickly. Make for my head quarters. Stop for nothing. We'll hold these soldiers as long as we can."

O Connel hesitated.

"And you'll be shot down," he said finally. "I won't go a step without you. I'll take the lead, and you're sisters too. They'll fire on us but we'll have a chance to get away if they don't think to blast us with hand grenades."

Penrod grinned a little, barked something to his men. O Connel was on one of the horses and Violet and her sisters surrounded him. The feel of the reins in his hands was intoxicating. He felt suddenly as though he had come back from the dead. He saw Glendelinians crowding in from the mob of soldiers which had come prepared to witness the execution. The Gemini rifles of theirs menacing the crowd of Glendelinians at a started as Penrod said:

"All set. O Connel took a desperate chance in order to demoralize further, the slow thinking paralyzed Glendelinians. He on his horse toward them turned directly into the column of Glendelinians. A soldier and some others were ridden down the rest scattered. The horses gained speed. The Gemini held their fire and the column galloped along the company street. Now the Glendelinians were firing but the Gemini answered and sixteen Glendelinians fell to the street riddled with bullets. Bullets came toward the rear of the escaping column, and all along the way rifles cracked down on them but to no avail. A bullet struck a tree close by and O Connel was passing biting a huge piece out of it. Blood spurted from O Connel's hand where a liver had all but gone through the palm. Penrod and Violet and her sisters seeing his brave laugh with him.

"Too bad to have to lose some men just for an old rooster like me."

O Connel said to Penrod, and also nodded the same to Violet and her sisters. Penrod glanced at his eye brow.

"Probably it is for sure but it can't be held. War is war and you got to expect it as fights can't come on without losses. I shall pay the families and do pay the families money enough so they'll be happy the rest of their lives. I keep my promise to all men when I asked them to help me against the firing squad and each one of them openly expressed to wish to die in order that you who have done so much for my sisters shall be safe. You are just as good as one of us."

As the group raced up the hill, the young Geronimo of the Chibabolin band said to them but with a trigger-his hand was with glendon linian d' Iren aimed at skill friend and foe alike. O Council said Penrod because a single bullet here would to await them and he was smiling. The father-aid a count the steps and then stand eyes were a little excited--and the little butt of the charge gun glancingly were lowered to get safely to the headquarter steps. O Council saluted the prince and though he had a beard an American General in chief. Then Penrod ushering his sister inside, strode to O Council in excellent English

"But for you, Excellency Maldefco to take a hand in the liberation of a Yankee spy!" the American grinned. "The glandelinians I even if they do not protect you thinking that you are will nevertheless never forgive you." Penrod smiled faintly.

"Yes Sir," said O'Connell instantly remembering his mission in the Glendalishian army "To be attached to your staff as an observer and protector of your sisters until Jack Evans theirown non dion can come back from duty and take care of them once more."

"It shall be done," he said, "though we fear thwarting on every side. However we shall be the honorable American of this. That his life will be saved, and now my Yankee friend hasten along, design to enter the headquarters of the firm, where my brave sisters waits to have words with the brave American Gentleman."

"My sisters have been greatly concerned. As the only representative of their country's government they have done much to stiffen the weak will and have made my best to take the stand and prevent the execution for that you had so bravely if not rashly saved their lives."

"you took more grave chances than we expected."

"My sisters are in a reception room at the end of the hall waiting," he said, as he turned to go through a high door. "When every thing is settled I would like to see you again."

"The negative at the home. Violet said by way of greeting. "I've seen them before but have never been able to become acquainted with them. Put me about you?"

"And that's all, I tell you a little Prince--will it make any difference?"

"... and the first of these is the fact that the

"I am here at the request of your Father the Emperor to see that you and your sisters are safe. He put the responsibility into my hands. I am in fact his body guard. If I fail to protect you, and God knows you deserve protection more than any one else, if I fail I am disgraced--a nobody, re-nounced by my own country--merely a soldier of fortune. As long as I succeed!"

"Because you are of the Divian Ancestral blood, your good father dreams of reestablishing the old Abibianian Empire into glandelinto and oust all other abibians into exile for their wicked rebellion. I hate to say so but, doubt

violet, and her sisters were staring at him: their eyes were very

"Why should I fail? I am a Communist," the biggest step was to get here to reach this army. I saved your lives with the help of Jim Groves. I have a quarter of a million dollars some other and he is very poor. I have a million dollars of currency the enemy out of Alameda Island and bringing back the side of the ship. "O General, showed his shoulders. "who can say."

"I'd rather be in exile myself before I'd see you, full" she said.

"You seem to forget that Court Justice is out of the question within a Glandelinian Army," said O'Connell, "and if you - good Father - and all your host of friends and relatives were again leaving you alone in the world to suffer and so we couldn't bring consideration within a Glandelinia Army. O'Connell, even though it may surely bring forth Vengeance from God above."

They clamped down hands and for the moment ~~stuttered~~ at least the words
a deep pause and then----- it was not mere ineluctance within that
a sum that sent Henry O'Connell into the water with writhing limbs and chattering
bladder that loomed so suddenly around at the w of Violet and I he
sisters in the semi darkness about him in that dark room it was no
light not to plunge headlong into a number of attacking persons, and O'Connell
for all his Irish love of a fight, was not disposed thoughtlessly to jeopardize
his career at auction.

Fall into the midst of the would be assassinations group, half seen by the light of an open window, gnomes leaped, yelling to the little girls to run and save themselves. "Call them no", for he was dimly aware that these goldies meant to murder them behind their backs and his first attention was fixed on a single tall gnomie form dim in the shadows who had been the first to come closest to the little goldies. So long now now as he looked vehemently at this figure in gray, gleaming with such uniform as he had, and only with a carve as the edge sliced skin.

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with a sharp at the top of the head and felt his knee under
the back cloth, skin and belly muscles. There was a strange
sound as if something had set open, an agonized groan burst from his throat
lips and blood rushed sickeningly over O Connell's hands while something like
boiling thick steam rose from the opening. Then through a blur of
clearing sight the American saw a broad bearded face falling away from
him—not the face he had seen before. The next instant he had leaped clear
of the dying man and was slashing at the shadowy forms about him, and instant
of flocking steel, and then the figures were running fleetly from the
room just as Violet and her sister and Penrod with him and several others
appeared and came running forward with pistols and muskets ready for firing.

O Connell and the others of fighting lips, salt his hot blood lashed
to fearful fury, tripped over a wall in the form and fell headlong.
He rose cursing but not loudly, and was aware of Penrod and the little
girl as he ached, panting heavily. Penrod stood near with his own sword in hand.
Four men lay on the floor killed by the yank.

"Come my American friend" Penrod panted in English. "They have fled, but
they will return with other soldiers." "So."

O Connell made no reply. He followed Penrod and Violet and her sisters who
left the building and ran down a winding narrow Company street with the sure
fleet of the familiarity. Once or twice held them until they emerged from
behind a broad striped tent, where a tangle of company grates debouched
upon a broad square in the encampment, vaguely lighted by some 11 camp fires
about which groups of Glandelinian soldiery squabbled and brewed tea and other
foods. Also a mass of unshaven bodies mingled with the odor of many horses. Here
here noticed the man boy and seven girls standing in the shadow made by the
angle of a large tent. The American looked at Penrod, who had seen away and
though he had shamed his sword blood clogged the hilt and the scabbard mouth.

The keen blue eyes took in every detail of the Americans appearance but
the yank did not flinch. In disguise had stood the test too many times for him
to doubt its effectiveness. The guard on the same that above him in height
leanly built, but with broad shoulders and corded sinews men of stature
which gave him a strength out of all proportion to his weight. He was a hard
raven mass of wiry muscles and steel string nerves combining the self trap
co-ordination of a hunter to a fighter with a wild berserk fury result
ing not only from an overflowing nervous energy but also from that he had
seen the Glandelinians do to children. The pistols in his holsters and the
saber at his hip (p) were as much a part of him as his hands.

He wore the Glandelinian boots and the uniform of a Glandelinian officer
still like a real Glandelinian soldier to them. His keen feet were burned
to bronze by the hot Glandelinian summer sun were almost as dark as those of
a Mexican.

"You are surely a well reliable man" said Penrod. "I hope my sisters will
not forget. I will know you wherever we meet again. Now it was best we separate
and go far from this spot for men with bayonets will be seeking them and thou
too for hiding them, but keep them secretly shadowed for protection. Don't live
leave them out of your sight."

And like a shadow he and the little girls glided among the horses and was
gone. O Connell stood silently for an instant one ear cocked back toward the
alley the other absently taking in the sounds of the camp life. Somewhere
thinn thin male voices sang to some harp. Somewhere there came the burst
of profanity marked the progress of a quarrel. O Connell for a moment
breathed deep with contentment, despite the grim hooded figure that stalked
for ever at his shoulder and the recent rage that still seethed in his
veins. For this was the real heart of the Glandelinian camp. Then too he
realized that he still gripped something in his right hand or left rather
and he lifted it discovering it was a length of orange red chain, one of
the many links twisted and broken. He lifted it extended a curious form of
beaten gold somewhat larger than a silver dollar but oval with a thin
round. From that extended another section of chain with a long golden like
key attached.

There was no ornament. He knew he had to on the chain from the neck of
the Glandelinian soldier he had killed in that room but he had no idea as to its
meaning. Slipping it into his uniform coat pocket he strode across the
square walking with the swagger of a Glandelinian officer whose men that ran
natural to him, saving the square he strode down a narrow company
street. It was not long in the morning. A Glandelinian soldier, a thing of war
by Countess and the military marchants in it were extolling the quality of their
goods, food provisions and sweets and also the Green Countess. There was a
single in the realization that he was Penrod O Connell was the first American
ever to set foot in the forbidden Glandelinian domain. He was wondering what
he had come at. He was wishing staking his life against the problem of capturing
on him plan bayonetted and then he had to look at it.

In secret parts of the camp he had heard a tale of a general
John Jackson Manley one of the main Glandelinian army chiefs who was trying
to try to make some if master of old Calvevia a man had brought him
something very important captured from the Christian general's general
trying to oppose him at the battle. The spy had captured the treasure
by a clever ruse. O Connell did not really feel the princesses all he
was here for. He was here in this camp to get rid of that treasure
plan, and if not able to secure it personally then to destroy it, and he
did not chance his plans. O Connell turned from the street and entered a
side room where a host of men were packed. A narrow stair went up from
a small balcony to the main court. There he mounted and entered a room
where a Glandelinian child slave girl who appeared to be one made
ready to wait upon him. He deposited himself on a chair. The furnishing of the
main hall which was for Glandelinian officers was a roomy study, and the child
in a white dress and a black head.

"Would you wish to have wine and food?" she inquired, and as he
had noticed he had heard that voice before he never the less seemed with
the form of a Glandelinian knight. The child who is a useful tool
to seem too court eyes to any Glandelinian woman however famed or rich she
seemed to be a good come the next morning and drink but because he
had heard so much from the child that news of many kinds to be on the mind
through the many encampments. He served him and sinking down on cushions
he had noticed him and drink. And too O Connell's appetite was not put on.

Many long days had taught him to eat when and where he could. The girl
seemed to him like a curious child than a child slave even evincing so much
interest over a wandering girl, but he knew that she was weighing him
carefully behind her guileless stare, as child slaves weigh up a Glandelinian
officer who came into this mess hall.

In that hot bed of a camp a plots and war ambitions he had to take many
chances. He heard of child slaves would bet on you but you couldn't be too
sure.

"You have a good sword," said she.

He involuntarily touched the hilt. It was a Glandelinian blade long and lean like
a Mexican. Confidently she had but longer.

"I have cut many of my enemies out of the saddle," he boasted, with his mouth
full of empty boasting. Yet it was no empty boast. He believed him
and was impressed. He rested his chin on her small fists and gazed up at him.
Gazed at him as if his dark hawk like face had caught his fancy.

"General Manley needs swords like yours," she said, gazing him closely as if
she knew of all of his name.

"The Glandelinian officers have many swords," he retorted, gup gulping
the words.

"No more than he will need if General Vivian comes against him," she pop-
paled.

"I have heard of this General," he replied.

And so he had. No one else had not heard of the da da and valued our
superior who defied the wicked power of Glandelinia and had so often cut to
pieces the biggest Glandelinian army sent against him. "In this camp," he said
and Manley feared him.

That was a blind venture. Men did not speak of Manley's fear openly. The
little girl laughed.

"Who does Manley fear? Not only Vivian. Once too he sent an army to
defeat General Vivian, and those who lived were glad to flee. Yet if
any man lived who could storm and defeat General Vivian's army there is
no such man. Only to night the enemy in hunting his army with the
camp."

O Connell was made of his adventures with the Princesses and their brother
As he had heard of the child's story, he discovered the broken end of
the chain in the da da's pocket. He pulled it out and with a curious
interest searched it for a while. He could not help but with a equal
he was to be on if it was not put out. He put it in a bagging
abandonment among the cushions. He smiled and picked up the chain.

"Will you show me about it?" he demanded.

"You are a da da," she said, her hands but half open seemed more pre-
tended than real. She was a child.

However he had the advantage of position, and they could not crowd past him on the narrow stairs. Their vast number hindered them. His flesh crawled with the fear that others would come down the stairs and get him and the little girls from behind, but none came, while he could hear the little girls shouting down to him to lay off of the fools and come up the steps to a sky light by which they were sure he could escape. So he unawared them and retreated slowly playing his dripping blades with horrible Irish berserk fury. A steady stream of taunts and curses flowed from the lips of the Glandelinians, and he omitting cursing also taunted them in return but even in his fury he spoke in a Glandelinian and not one of the American soldiers realized that the "mad man" who opposed them so bravely was anything but an Angolanian spy.

He was bleeding from a dozen flesh cuts, when he reached the head of the stairs which ended in an open sky trap which Violet and her sisters had tried to get open. Simultaneously the human wolves below him clambered up to draw him down. Seeing their attempt to force open the trap one of the Glandelinians hurled his subra at the victim. It did but fortunately only the handle struck two of them and hurled them off the roof. Violet did not injure any one. A man gripped the American knee another was hewing madly at his head. The others howled below them unable to get at their prey but shouted encouragement to the others. O Connell stooped beneath the sweep of a subra and his own split the skull of the wielder. His gentle outlass, he dove through the breast of the breast breast of the cursing soldier. He clung to his knees, and kicking the clinging body away from him, he saw the little girls had succeeded in getting up through the trap with Penrod and he himself creased up through the opening.

"Catch him!" shouted one of the Glandelinians. "He's getting away. Curses on those little brutes. They helped him by forcing open the trap."

"He can't get away and neither can the others!" Another man shouted.

"How?"

"There's no way to get down from the roof out there."

"Good."

In the meantime with frantic energy helped by some of the little girls and Penrod the American gripped the heavy iron door and slammed it down (from the bottom up) falling across it in semi collapse. The splintering of wood beneath them warned them, and rolled off just as a steel point crunched up through a wooden part of the door and quivered quivered in the air just missing Violet by an inch. He found and shot the bolt and then lay prostrate, panting for breath while Violet and her sisters were frantically looking over the edge of the roof. How long the heavy iron bound wooden door would resist the attacks from below he did not know. He feared only for the little girls and their brothers not for himself. They were on a flat topped roof, the highest part of the building. Rising and seeing the frantic look of the little girls he stumbled over to the nearest parapet paupet with them, and looked down but only onto the roofs of tents. There as no other house within sight of them and they saw no way to get down. They were sixty feet above the ground. They were trapped.

They were on a much higher level than the walls of any of the highest of the Glandelinian tents. They could only dimly make out in the fog the far distant parts of the encampments, and far off he saw they saw the pale silver glimmer of the river which trickled past the enormous Glandelinian encampment.

And suddenly the wind, whistling down from the south, whet brought a burst of crackling rifle reports in the distance but no volley that it seemed as if every body in the world were firing them off at once. "Hots. Shots!"

He stared southward and so did the little girls after him but Penrod didn't pay no attention. "Hots. Shots!" When Violet asked "Do you hear that Penrod?" "No," he answered. "The firing doesn't get us off of here does it?" Yet where they looked they saw great clouds of smoke rolling upward while the innumerable reverberations continued steadily without a pause no new added by a salvo of cannons. Somewhere in the Company Streets below sounded a frantic clatter of flying roofs that halted before a head-quarters gate while bugles blared in perfect concert. There was silence then in which O Connell heard the splintering blows on the trap door, and the heavy breathing of the men who struck them. Then suddenly they ceased as if the attackers had dropped dead utter silence attended a shrilling voice in distinct though distant and muffled wails. But otherwise the distant sound of heavy firing continued. Then a wild clamor burst forth in the company streets below, bugles blaring, drums rolling, officers shouted commands and great droves of soldiers could be seen getting ready instantly for the advance to the scene of firing. No more blows fell on the trap. Instead there were noises below, the rattle of arms the tramp of men and a voice that held a note of hysterical shout giving orders. O Connell and the little girls

heard the clatter.

heard the clatter of many rattling hooves, and saw a enormous bodies of Glandelinian cavalry moving through the streets. In the immense dark clouds of smoke the American and the children saw saw orange jets of flame and heard the unmistakable report of regions of fire arms now in that directions and the dull booming roll of cannons and the sharp "sh-rap, sh-rap" of bursting shrapnell. In that distance rifles were cracking all around so it seemed and crouching at the parapet and looking more closely with the field glasses they still fortunately had with them they saw the reason.

A good section of the large Glandelinian encampment was being attacked by Angolanian soldiers, and the soldiers were firing from every rock and tree. Great numbers of them were squirming along the half dry river bed, among the weeping willows and other bush, sniping at the men on the earth works and earth works who gave back their rifle just as severely.

Those on the roof were not sure whether it was a raid or a general attack upon the Glandelinians, though the blaze in the distance told of the fate of some part of the encampment in that direction. The Christians seldom made day time raids, unless led by Walter Starring and Penrod. By the field glasses they could see that the Glandelinians far off were manning some long position separately, and O Connell believed he could make out the shape and bit square battled general as Bicknell among a cluster of other general who wore hats of many colors. And as he gazed at the turmoil of soldiers in the Company Streets streets below the bell of a row that every available soldier in the encampment was preparing to go forth to battle. This was no mere raid; a certain section of the main Christian army no doubt had upped the battle on the Mc-Wilther than gun. Run itself.

O Connell's audacity rose like happy line in his veins, and falling violet and her sisters what he was going to do and advising them to follow him and Penrod to cover them, he tore aside the splintered door, and motioned them back for a moment he gazed down the stairs. The bodies of those he killed still lay on the steps, stiff and unseeing. Outside of that no living human met his gaze as he stole down the stairs cautiously followed by the pale children, the Irishman holding his subra in his hand. He gained the broad corridor, and still he saw no one. He hurried down the stairs, where upon he had slain the first Glandelinian soldier who had assailed him, and reached a broad chamber with a single door plain and with a tapestry.

Penrod whose ears could detect a cat walking heard something behind that door and shouted:

"Look out there is something behind that door!"

There was a sudden crash of a mallet, a spurt of flame spurt at the American. The ball whined past him and he suddenly covered the space with a long leap, crumpled and falling biting fire behind a wall of tapestry and dragged it into the open. It was the general who had first hid him behind the alcove.

"Accursed spy," the man fought like a mad dog. "I guessed you would come skulking here with your racial christian dog kids-- the devil's curse on the cause that had made my hand unsteady!"

His dagger riddled through O Connell's garments drawing blood. Under his silk uniform coat the Glandelinian general's muscles were like fat wires. Not emptying his superior light, the American with one curse of his own hurled himself head at the other, driving the general's head against the stone wall with a stunning crack. As the general relaxed with a groan, O Connell left hand wrenched from his grasp and lashed upward, and the keen dagger he had taken from the officer encountered flesh and bone. The American lifted the still splintering corpse and thrust it behind the tapestry hiding it as best as he could. A bunch of keys at the dead man's wrist caught his attention and they were in his hand as they approached the carefully hidden door followed by Violet and her sisters who had reached the fight in breathless suspense.

The heavy door opened bound in a blackened copper could have resisted any onslaught even a little. A moment of unblinking with the men five keys while Violet and her sisters put themselves on guard to ward off any on came, and O Connell found the right on. He passed through a narrow corridor dimly lighted by some obscure means. The walls were of marble, the floor of mosaic. It ended at what seemed to be a blank wooden wall until O Connell saw a thin crack in the wood. Through crack he saw the door had been left partly open. O Connell heard no sound except the soft foot falls of him by the little followers, and was inclined to believe that the officer had killed had remained behind the treasure place. He gave the general credit for wit and courage. O Connell pulled open the door wide black of marble revolving on a pivot-- and he and the little girls who were in front halted short a low cry escaping their lips. They had come full upon a maze of which they had not expected to see and the sight stunned them.

It illumined a large shining pyramid of gold upon a row of diamonds in the center of the floor, a flat form that was a great round disk of pure jade. And on that jade gleamed tokens of wealth stolen by the slaveholders from rich people of towns recently raided, the amount of which was beyond the dreams of such slaves. The foundation of the high pile consisted of blocks of virgin virgin gold and upon them lay rising four pinnacles of most blazing splendor, many fountains of beaten hammered silver, a crown of golden enamel, many rows of pure jade, pendants of incredible perfection, folded folded ivory, innumerable diamonds that dazzled the night, blue rubies like clotted blood smeared like drops of green fire, shining sulphuraceous stones refused to accept the wonder of what they saw, and even Peridot and violet and heraldic amethyst, used as they had been to wealth and splendor.

perhaps had not come some enormous number of sailors permitted that notion though they of course were a little crowded, and they passed the water right out in the street. It was and the chief alien office came into the chamber. The officer a uniformed man, and he explained that he would not be returning with the men, and he promised that he would go home. He said one man came but it was not the one he had expected. It was the man who had come and he said that he was not the American and engaged a cooking like a great many other boys he said, in his perpetual work.

"He went on out to help drive back the Christian attack," answered the soldier touching his shoulder in so vile a manner. "He said he would and he to prove himself."

"May sir, ask of me anything but that. Hamley will be furious."

On the point of the boys knife spring out of the officers milk
club breast as the officer threw aside his arms, cried out chokingly
and tumbled forward toward the floor. The other men had halted crouching and gla

inter-looked on and were about to rush to his aid and the general in too
but a glimpse of his uniform to avoid the thrust, and the following

born man - no blade. Unable to halt his headlong rush he charged bodily
bodily against Pan god, bearing him down. They struck the floor to gather
and the soldier with a blow of trenchant steel in his vitals, fell sound

and he stared down at the bodies upon the floor, and then at the glittering heap on the jade slab. His soul yearned to motion it to them, and with his

the Lagrange force of center \mathbf{r}_0 and mass m_0 is

It didn't take long before the Vivian Girls and Penrod and the Americans had filled their pockets with the wealth and with them vanished in a final splendor the stolen treasures found here, no more make it appear as if it was thrown down into the bottom unless hole the American then gripped the big heavy rain barrel. It with a grinding boom something gave a way, the jade ring splintered, turned, tilted and disappeared, while from far below came a million splashes and the sound of water splashing in the darkness, then silence and where a black hole had gaped there now hovered a circular slab of the same substance as the rest of the floor.

Q. I was told that the soldiers were ordered to shoot at the Americans. Is that correct?

A. Yes. One of the soldiers lifted a rifle and took deliberate aim at the American but he ran out of range before any one could hit him. Then there came a voice:

"I am Maldeboob," exclaimed the boy, with a grimy laugh. "Put up your nose and hand; the blonde linap on my nose will soon be mine... then I and my sister are fled from the nose on last night, they little guessed my hideous snatched my coming... are my best companion."

"I was, all right. I can change my disguise and be somewhere very quick. I learned such methods in your country. My sisters have went to find me."

"Find him O come O Connel mentally echoed, shouting his outcry with the swiftness of a gliding Indian warrior. The American was something of a fatalist. He had come out of this desperate adventure with his life at least, and the rest was in the hands of God.

They ran both startled by the sound of thundering hoofs that spurred the hunt vigorously on the heels of a rider with such luck and stomach to the ground, reached down the last slope of the canyon, at least just at that moment

had routed or been routed before, and a great number killed with small loss to the enemy. Presently in this part of the camp where the enemy still were breaking the Gladwin line, well as a great number of the military can-

"The thing for now is to kill," said the sergeant. "Even this pest of the negro-controlled pen and the daring and dangerous night raiders had not been able to do this. (There is hardly no doubt he has taken his activities

the smiling little girl came back into the barracks and locked the door. He then reached for the money money box. He took the gold sized box of money from it and put the box in a safe hiding place in the wall. He wanted to use the money but to bribe the Gemini away so that they would not search for Violet and her sister. He found in his chest a bag of money. They'll kill him. photos, sketches and letters and candles and lampshades were coming

from every part of this section of the camp now. The Gemini were bellowing and crying out "surrender or no quarter". Gonzales told that they had smothered the doors of the houses and broken windows. A row of tents were already aflame and a big tree caught from them and burned like a huge torch the flames reaching high into the sky. A row of pistol shots crashed through the night.

From the first barracks having taken that they wished, they fired five times and went to a second to battle in the door. A number of pistols and rifles flamed in the barracks windows and six of the Gemini headed as they clutched at wounded parts of their bodies of limbs.

"See the hand grenade and the torch here," the leader shouted. Inside they had swift vengeance. The Gladelinians within died fighting. A first box was filled and filled and filled with money belonging to the Christians were recovered. Rich hangings were torn from the windows and walls and a torch tossed among them. Smoke billowed up flames ran around the room. The flames Gemini went on. Idiots after slight resistance were flung from the tents and a smoking heap of the barracks was left. The camp fire was death to remain and make resistance. Provisions and tables were left behind. The barracks were packed and the tents and the trees made the movement on light as day. The Gemini went on looking at their houses and setting rows of tents on fire making piles of what they took. The leader headed his comrades.

And finally they swept around the sector and to the barracks where Violet and her sister were held prisoners. Hoping to bluff and bribe them off Lazaga was waiting for them alone. Poor Violet and her sister as he thought and suddenly hoped he was hidden safely away. Alone and white faced, Lazaga waited in the kitchen doorway.

"Ho Colonel! The leaders Gladelinians asked, "live us back the Vivian Girl princesses. and you have them."

They appeared led on the benches that righteously took seat beside them. Thinking to pacify them and bribe them Colonel Lazaga handed forward with several bottles.

"We don't want wine we want the Vivian Girl princesses," one roared. "If he thinks he can kid us his blood must be thin."

"That is a thing easily decided," another said, getting to his feet and waving his arms.

"Mercy Night ride us," Lazaga cried. "The Vivian Girl is now not here. You can look around for yourselves. You can have this pouch of gold if you will only go away. I just brought it from my sleeping place."

"He didn't come here for gold or wine," said another. "Vine and good to gold to keep the little girls prisoners and us go away. Get those little girls."

"The other cavalry are here but a few hours ago. Night ride us. There as they are gone."

"I'm sure you are lying," the leader said. "Perhaps you may remember where they are kept were we to turn your backs."

"If you are Christian does then Mercy Night ride us."

"Where is the Vivian Girl then?"

"I have not for them," he said.

"Grab him two of you."

Two grasped him held him and compelled him to sit and stretch on a bench while another reached off Lazaga's boots and socks. Still another rushed to the fireplace and returned with a flaming bit of wood.

"One more chance. We are not bluffing, we mean to do it if you do not tell. Where are Violet and her sister hidden?"

"I tell you, I do not know."

"Count his toes," the leader said. "I'll make him tell as I know he is lying. I can see it in his face. Make him tell or remember where he or his men have hidden these prisoners of the girl."

"It was true the Gemini were not fooling. Lazaga screamed loudly as the flame almost enveloped his foot. The Gemini charged at the door to end and locked the door. They were now left alone to the Gemini. There in the room around them. They had a light to enjoy and this was a sin either.

"Bolt him," the leader shouted. "I'll make him tell as I know he is lying. I can see it in his face. Make him tell or remember where he or his men have hidden these prisoners of the girl."

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But the machine other Gladelinians who did know that he went to the place and he had to get out of the place and her sister out of the hiding place and he was to get out from there and out of the Gemini. One of the prisoners had turned to and fired a pistol out of the holster of one of the Gladelinians and she opened fire, and a ball crashed through the skull of one of the Gladelinians. The other who hid her sister's whistled, astounded and coming up in a small space of the room partly hidden behind a pile of wooden boxes stood Jennie Vivian smoking, and yet unfortunately an empty canyon in her hand, she shot had hit a captain.

"Jennie for God's sake," the leader cried. "Something will turn up and save us. Run save yourself."

"Let my sister go," Jennie ordered. Her face was white but she stood bravely beside the pile of boxes.

"He is a mad virgin young one," the leader said. "Try to delay time so the Gemini get's here before we get off."

One dashed forward. The girl screamed and suddenly as quick as a flash of lightning so quick the Gladelinian did not see the motion a long blade went into his heart and he dropped. Another man was at her and he grasped her arm and swung her clear of the floor but she was like a screaming phantom and he saw her let go the knife to her wrist and her sharp teeth simultaneously sank into his arm. He held her against his chest, trying to carry her back across the room but though she was a little girl she seemed to have the strength that he did not expect and she caved a kick in the abdomen that knocked the wind out of him. He saw she was a wild cat and he was bleeding badly in the places where she cut and bit him and he let go. He again ran behind the boxes. The reason why the Gladelinians wouldn't fire at her was because the very high explosion in the boxes and though they would have killed her they would have killed themselves at the same time.

"All little neckles she devil," the leader roared. "All fire" he led one of them trying to scare her into giving up.

"Yes go ahead shoot the boxes," she cried. "You couldn't dare. The explosion could kill you all a mile away, and tauntingly she held up a small goblet of wine she had found in their and drank it saying

"I drink to you girls with the gallant wine you have left here for me and my sisters. To morrow we'll all be laughing at you. We'll be making you speak and let us wipe our dainty feet upon your bodies--for you instead of us will be our prisoners."

Jennie dared to say this though she realized to what her fear for the safety of her sister's had brought her. She knew she should have remained in hiding after securing the pistol but she wouldn't abandon her sisters under any condition. If it was not for the boxes it would have been useless, and unless she could secure something better she would be in more desperate danger herself.

But she must aid her sister's under any cost. The Gladelinians had surrounded the pile of boxes, but she screamed at them like a little mad girl, kicking at them and no deeperately threatening to turn over the boxes at no matter what happens that they recoiled in panic for fear she would.

"Enough with monkeying with that little fool," cried the lieutenant. "We'll leave her in here and lock her in. Find the arms of her sister's and let us be gone. Let her know what it is to be without them. We won't take her now if she wishes us to. We'll separate her from them for life."

"No you won't go," she cried. "You'll stay here and release them or I'll turn the boxes. Stay here or I'll turn them over" and she started pushing one of the boxes forward.

"Don't don't you little brat. You'll kill us all," cried the lieutenant.

"Please my sister's," she cried and being them back to me. I have the advantage."

She saw had and the fire in her eyes seemed to show that she meant to turn one of the boxes over all right.

The Gladelinians who had her sister's out side brought them in. Then Jennie

Jennie said "live us your pistols or I'll turn the boxes over."

"Now you are joking," cried one of the Gladelinians. "You would dare keep your throat since your sister's are in here. We'll go and lock you in."

Since they were released her sister's caught into the game. If they threatened the same the Gladelinians would be cowed.

They all went to the boxes and threatened to turn them over. Frightened out of their wits by the almost suicidal daring of the little girl's and fearing they would rather destroy themselves and the soldiers too rather than remain in the main prisoners at their hands the Gladelinians complied with their demands and then were about to go out.

The young also did "find" the bay, and associated with rocks and clumps of
bush. Off to the side was a bit of very tall grass. Then, from the back-
ground of the chidown came the faintest of a song, a soft, slightly cheery song he
heard.

Down with the Mexican Brats. Down with the Viva! brats. "The rider
made an elusive target. A number of bullets bucked at the bull's head. The
horns swayed up and down. Blades were out and the lot was tossed
to the ground, and the victim of the war again placed in the center of the
ground and the Gemini made ready to finish his business. The horns
swayed again and his sudden stride caused the Yank to miss his shot. Then
the Minuteman, upon seeing the moonlight flashed from the blade the Gemini
held, and also flashed from that of the Gladiolus, and then the
lute flashed no more so that Gemini realized that the Gemini realized no more
so that life and death that blade found an end. Gemini to his heart, another
glance had fully caused to find his subject from him a snap to have a single glimpse
of another subject, a firing at him like the tongue of a serpent
before life departed from him. Then before the others could fire
five shells and pistols the gray horse came down by the heath
the blades again, and a number of shells cracked and bullets bucked.
One of the bulls with a Gladiolus snatched a hat from his head. He
turned and rode back fearfully, his neck held high above his head.

"Now, with the little, vivian brown, from with the little, vivian brown. The
said the words, sliding like a bullet. Then he skidded his horse to a
stop and a Gemini came at him from the side. The landolinian skied to
one so that he retreated a step, brought him a bit to a disa-
rner another through. They were now adept at rough fighting, these Gemini
but this "landolinian and skill at fencing, and his thinking was much quick-
and he held the advantage of his horse from a snail.

"Paul Christian told us" he said, "three other Gemini members made a desperate attempt to take me killed while the Glendelin played with me this one moment, the help at the ladder who was crouching beside a wooden try ing try to reach for a pistol off guard on instant y the Glendelin felt the breath of a snake close as I slowly aimed his arm his horse reared back, then sprang forward under the aid of a u-grieving the blame of the Glendelin dated some then before any of the other s could go at him he reached down and was p one of the Vivian at his off her feet. The American saw the net hand Cather in a scream and he saw that the Glendelin now finding himself overwhelmed had seized the little girl and now was holding her before him as a number of the other Gemini mounted on swift horses had ridden up to the rescue of the other s.

"Back Christian dogs." The clungeliner cried. "Allow me to go to the little brat class."

And the Yank saw that he was holding the nozzle of his pistol against
 the ring's hand.

"This is the end for you scum" the American child.

"Then the little boy

"How do you know she does. A. A. you can easily after-attack us and now finding you self jeopardized that you should you self with one of the Princesses, your object is to night to continue laying us Christians. Why do you not try to make an effort to get me your scout? Why do you not shoot our pistol and send a bullet tearing through my heart? You' self said,"

"To tell you from whence you came all of you" The clondellian caved. "Allow me to go my way."

"I won't go, I have plain commands" shouted the American. Do you prefer to see that I can you through to keep you for the soldier, y to hang Unhand that little girl."

The Glades lincoln clutching the straw liner and screaming and biting. Little Gid started his horse forward to withdraw into the darkness at the edge of the grove. The American having received a horse used it for a shield.

"I warn you, you Christians dogs. The Gladiolus called desperately. "Get him O'Connell. Get him," Jennie shouted. "Do not fear for poor Catherine. She may not believe her and he won't dare keep his throat at throat."

* Anyhow as it may tell her known as read often before it takes two or more men to be able to hold any one of the victim if is successfully, rather fine with all her strength, harn twisting, squirming and kicking kicking with renewed vigor, he reached the mare's shoulder blade out of place and he cried out with the pain. He kicked at his stomach so that he almost reeled reeled off his feet, and then finding her better opportunity she sank her tiny but hearty but powerful teeth into his wrist as good as a wild leopard would

have done. The Gladiolus dropped the pistol and his hands slipped to his "holsters" he had no chance to tighten his grip. The Yank was upon him, the blade of his own dagger at his enemy, and the Gladiolus gave his last scream on earth. He fell off his horse to that same cith, to twitch a few times and then lay still, and the Yank put blade in scabbard, grasped the horse still rearing. Cut the reins who had re-grasped the reins and all rode swiftly to the Barracks.

"You mister is saved" said the yank to the others.

"May the Sings be pursued."

"But we'll revenge this attack upon us. Boys increase the fire. Set every tent you can ignite. Send men to loot the store."

Then the Tank had taken possession of the big gray horse and was riding in back of Catherine. Around the bend of the barracks he was followed by the other soldiers in the darkness there the men and the little girl dismounted and left the horse, and entered the kitchen to pass through it and come to the big room.

"For what you have done for us we must thank you O Connel" started Violet, but the American interrupted with:

"Say nothing little princesses. It is a rare privilege to be able to serve little girls like you."

"Our men fully expected us to be captured. But let us set fire to this barracks get the two men out and blow up the explosives. We'll show the so Glendale is just something."

That I had just been accomplished, the fires started in the munition room and the two men taken out, when there came thundering hoofs and wild cries and in from the camp high away swept Sergeant Juan Casanueva and his troopers and other grandelliquian cavaliers, who were with him.

Indeed these glimclidlines were ad mad as ho nsts. Into the night the calvacade had ridcen along the long dusty high way to turn into a side road after a time where the going was rougher and slower and make a for the scene of this tragedy. Then seeing no one they discovered they had been hood wind'd for the lieutenant had suddenly shouted and pointed; and all turned to look (the gook). Turning a great bright red glow tinged the sky for an extensive direction. And it was not in the south east either but in the north west for they had been going south eastward. It grew in volume and a great bill of cloud proper over spread the sky white and black..

"The camp is afire," some body shouted. "Just be that Prince Penrod is striking us with a raid again."

Back to the scene moment they rode this time not carrying their mounts. While after mile they rode uncovered, some dropping as behind as the pace began tell telling of their who sees. For the last hill they swept and it was for fortune they got far this on after that to for really in this to get story this hill was blown to pieces by a terrific eruption of or explosion. They were driven into terror and confusion and what of it was they were to see the dreadful flames and the billows of black and gray smoke rolling up in rolling jets against the north ~~the~~ north sky. Then it became a race with unaided feet, until doing the way, a sergeant appeared that he had a herd of being led away by some trick. In the burning barracks they dashed, a me to speed from their saddles, the sergeant shouting a demand for a marring to this the at angle, galloping across the company streets and joining the others as rapidly as possible. In the midst of their howls the su ser grant caught the words

"So they have done this," Cassara cried. "He happened to glance down a conveyance street."

"Then as they awoke, that Yank and his squad - on an 'ch Vivian girls. Capt. 'ave them shoot' them down like dogs." The shrieked. "I never there - as not so much about it; however to be done, the Gemini now more - name - our and mounted on swift horses - sneaked and suddenly red - through the glendelline in a lumb - way - my man - shining; or shooting to the night and left - they scattered the glendelline cavalry and even perished. The glendelline going away even though they - chosen - was so badly failed - a - the long - an - R - more - conflict - relations had broken out in the camp and then there came an explosion that to - revive the blacks - to place - and almost shocked men to death about a mile - away. By that time the Gemini with the little girls were about a mile - or more - away - for the - to feel the shock of the explosion.

At a good safe distance they stopped their horses knowing that the Alaudellien soldiers were too much to help fight the flames. Then at this time one lone Alaudellien man rode back down into the gullys behind the Germans and galloped and he slipped through the shadows and got to the army plaza of the

At the telephone headquarters he saw a single man, the only one as they went out
desperately to stop the progress of the flood. A little later he was at the
headquarters - not a soldier - only but crossed as one.

"I am afraid of these little children," the man said.

"I am afraid of these little girls," the man said.

"Oh, yeah, you run like a cowardly covenor, you hid with the others in the dark, you did nothing to protect Colonel Tazaga, or help him retain the Vivian Girls as prisoners."

"Others are also," the man said.

"There's nothing to do with you. Get wine for the men and for these brave troops."

"The same adventure the American film shot on the trail after a most
 impo- and plan in a charming Christian home life. I had hospital after
 having seen it after a further little conflict at Violet and he
 mine's were safe from capture. The souvenirs of that cruel war and
 his he-ism in helping Violet and her sister and their father Pen-
 he had collected 'wo bullet holes and a slight case of und as severe cases of
 "Beautiful" toothaches, and he was certainly in ro condition what ver to go
 "acing" off to the enemy lines to again guard Violet and he- since who
 were determined once more to live in that the enemy intentions were to be
 concerning move- movements at "Indiana Honda. The doctor Doctor told him so
 and so did it the little Princesses and his friends and many others and
 ever more humane prisoners too threw up their hands in horror, but that
 did not change his mind. The cure was too strong. He felt that if he didn't
 go he would be out up by the saving determination to help the Princesses
 find out the plans, while for a chance that he and the other boy scout friends
 could stay behind with the Christian line and do what necessary military
 work there and brides all boy and girl counts now needed Tim's leadership
 badly. Violet herself had come across an official manuscript in which
 some spy had brought them concerning enemy's intentions to move to a
 Honda Honda strong body of troops to try and cut a rap in the extensive
 Christian lines there. The spy however who brought it to Violet did not know
 its value or the trouble it was going to cause to the Yankee, and even when
 Violet, and even her sister told him he laughed at them and said

the little girl in a getting over cautious. Better stay within the Christian line and let me do that work for you. They had plenty of boys and girls outside the wall of their hill and thought they did not need the Americans either but even so they had him lined up for a unit in the event of success.

Most of the information that spies do give plays for no one cause or other. It always could be a great deal. They have to because of the enemy being so clever to read and make good use of it. It is difficult to keep deep secrets which the enemy would be able to make out and even more difficult to terminate.

half way through the volume, Violet and he insisted on reading paragraph about a nigger at one another's information. Violet said, "Minda, it was his purpose they believed to cut through the character line in that location like a knife cuts through cake or bread. Then on further education they under- stood that Hanley was up to something about breaking away from Big Girl Knoll and making a nice low and effective retreat and up the Mic-Victoria r- niss."

I If this happened the conflict would cost the loss of millions of
lives again. Their desire or appetite for a frustration of this unusual
thing was whetted by that story. They made a note of it for later reference
and indeed it was a good thing they did. Otherwise they would never have
corrected it with another, later ~~attitude~~ item.

corrected to "I am anxious to have you read this book". I am
 now in the book the famous dardevil general Manley stated that
 the beliefs of his Clarendon republicans were scarcely understandable to
 "Christian dogs. He stated further that people of his generation regarded the Abbeys
 Abbeysian government that his daughter's beliefs were a practical protection
 during the war they go for. Suddenly after having seen the book too the
 Yank (not Frank) saw the light."

The Agent knew that Violet and her sisters and their followers in their brave and painstaking way had covered nearly two years or over in the work of trying to see the sicked Magdalena overthrown. As said before

As said before the American suddenly saw the light. He put up straight in bad g dipp g dipping that at the red paces in both hands, shivering with excitement. He was wholly unconscious of his weakened condition wholly forgetful of the peril of these adventures. He saw only one thing. The African did a delicate brave little job in going out on dangerous adventures and why should he no

he not go with them? "how the devil a buck and a half for his clothes and
a very good rifle. They planned to do something against the christians. As they at
Hindia found it mean that if his plans were successful a grave disaster would
occur to the whole Christian christian community. He went to see to it that

"I told him he should never be so careful in their own purpose even if he had to die for it. He said later he ran in a telegram publishing writing a coded note to Timothy Grevson in another part of the Christian line. He used a code book that one of the Vivian girls had given him. Timothy Grevson and the other boy and girls counts had been with him in some other adventure as before this, and they had promised when they separated that when anything unusual happened up, they would let the one nearest to the scene know. As Luck would have it Timothy Grevson was at that time in his own headquarters. When he heard of it Timothy Grevson had no qualms about setting the whole thing down badly. No one else could ever know that the American note besides the code was so simple."

It completely goes condensed that the only message including the address only took four words, in part that the American tried him to get a number of good horses, ready and to assemble a good company of soldiers, and Jim could be glad to do anything since the American had shown no good character so far in his career. Polated by the excitement of going on a new adventure with the Division and the American, Jim flew across the encampment and started forth for the American and gone to see the Princesses. Two hours later he was in the outer part of the encampment negotiating a dark passage or a small boat across the river. Two minutes after that he was in the last part of the Christian lines. A hot bitter wind was sweeping down from the south east where a greater forest lay than there was now raging and threatening the forests of the middle south and west of Cuba. And ever coming now this way toward him a dark, cruel and feroce and at nearly full moon covered all the south and as same as a soldier's long at numbers forged against the barriers of the valley riding for a train to look them to some distant part of the army where they belonged. Jim asked the station agent when the train going toward the army where the princesses were would come.

"I cannot tell the old maybe late. Father is saying Red near behind. Maybe you will have to walk, but better stay here where you are safe."

That was all he could get out of him. If the "craze" had ever been in the situation this boy was going to be in soon you'll understand what he was up against. He was wrecked with excitement. The strange unearthly color of the sky bothered him. "Cool down," he said to himself. "The wind has been blowing like hell for the last few days. The "craze" was never in a house or in the vicinity. The station was so full of waiting soldiers that "Jim" couldn't find a place to sit in. It was then that a tall man in the uniform of a Christian officer approached him in the dark. It was so dark that Jim couldn't see his face, but by the light from the station for a moment he could see that "Jim" was a "craze" about. He asked "Jim" if he wanted to go to a tent on a long bar rack. He told "Jim" that he had just received a letter from a country by the name of "Legat" that in a few days was starting a new "craze" in the "craze" of the "craze" and that the "craze" would not be there for a long time. He looked at "Jim" closely.

"What is the matter boy, are you sick."

"I'm all right," Jim said, "but I'm in the truck." Jim let Jim lead him up on the truck and red clusters of lights which appeared to be a part of the city when it was all lighted up when the two were a hundred yards away from the station Jim could see the man only by the green light of a match.

Then he suddenly held out his long arm at arm's length and more than doubled his hand clapped out and came in at the boy's eye. Confusion should have been a result for that but he was not. Weak and hot and a bit tired, he took him on himself to collect his wits, and that instant was enough for the man, his right hands snapped out at the boy's chest pockets and something thin and flat as a paper came out with a wending of cloth. Then his left fist smashed the boy in the mouth, and he staggered back trying to keep his balance tripping over the tile as the whole thing took place in a split second. Then he was running fast as he could, a vague flitting shadow in the dark night. Jim

dropped to his knees jerking out both his revolvers and emptying them as fast as he could pull the triggers and peevishly saying a little ways, but he finally knew he had not hit the second one. It was evident he had succeeded in escaping and that there was little use for him to follow after him. He went to the dark and alone if might be extremely dangerous to do so. Tim knew also that he would meet him again in some other place. Crouching in the dark, he felt of his pockets to see that they were all secure. He saw only a light. Then faster. Then practically his code book. The man had gotten it. That showed he was not an ordinary thief. He was a spy. The wind was hot on Jim's face. In a few minutes he heard a crouching or running foot and saw the sweep of lights coming toward him.

Christian soldiers were examining down from the stacks called out by the thirty shots Tim had fired. Tim notified the office what had happened and asking him to organize a pursuit heard another sound clashing with the voices and the pounding boots. The train was roaring through the yards down the track on which Tim stood. Telling the office where he was going, and to meet him there if he caught the spy the boy ran toward it. In office with a flashlight howled at him telling him which coach to take. Tim obeyed and kept on. The big engine clattered past him. Then a long car. The train slowed for the station and Tim swung aboard. In a compartment Tim reloaded his guns and shoved them into his boot pockets so that no sneaking spy could grasp them or know where they were. He drew up his coat collar, and slumped down in the seat. If any of the Confederates of this spy saw him through the windows they didn't dare come in. They knew that it was useless to search, and besides this railway was touchy about any one getting on or not in uniform. This train was full of persons in uniform and no one without one could ever get on.

Tim sent a porter out after the luggage before the train pulled out. At dawn he was watching his companion negotiate the traffic through the great company street of the Christian army where the violet and her sisters were.

THE HARBOR CAMP TRYING TO HELP VIOLAT AND HER SISTERS AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

THE BROTHER TAKING EXPERIENCE AND FATHFUL EXPEDITION INTO THE FORELINES LAKED BY GILLY AND COUNTESS TREACHERY.

My space is limited here. I the writer can only cover the most high spots or points (whether they're sharp or not.) Accordingly, must pick up the thread of narrative some unknown time after Tim's arrival in the part of the Christian camp he was seeking. The American Henry O Connel was in his own tent. Other nearby tents might have been the best, but they were too much in evidence, and even within the very Christian lines one can never tell who watches as you have enemies within the Christian lines too. I forgot to mention in writing that the American was about forty or more but he looked like a youngster. His hair was black but slightly gray around his temples temples giving the only clue to his age. He was a large smiling except when within the enemy lines, always the Continental gentleman and getting more and more in his character like the Abbeignians---and he was faster on the draw and faster with the sabre or knife than any other man ever seen either among the Christians or the Glandelinians. Penrod was the only exception.

He was upset by the theft of Tim's code book, because it coincided with the theft of Tim's cable gram from Violet and her sisters from his own tent, and a map and geography of his own country which he always kept. It was evident that it was really no foreign thief, that it was a Glandelinian spy who had guessed their mission mission and was either determined to stop them or get to the Glandelinian camp and warn of their attempt instead. It was quite possible that the man who had looted the Americans' tent and the one who rifled Tim's pockets were the one and the same. Violet and her sisters had reported that they too had been robbed, and Penrod also, and it too was believed to be done by that same man. At least Tim favored that idea. But how any one within the tightly closed and watched Christian encampments could have gotten wind of the thing was beyond Tim....

But they learned too as just as soon as they were within a portion of the fore lines that their expedition was suddenly common knowledge and though they were not recognized by any one all the Glandelinian generals were on the alert. The fact amazed Violet and her sisters and them not a little, and it amazed the American even still more. He suspected also treacherous conduct. Of course news some how or other even without telegraphic or telephonic communications travels fast within the Glandelinian camps. When at the time the United States and the Glandelinians were at the height of their hostility within the United States or other nations.

There is suspicion that there is some-thing like underground telegraph and telephone within territory occupied by the Glandelinians which carries its tidings all almost like radio communication as even to Glandelinia though radio is not yet known the Glandelinians seem to do it better than even radio. Many an army of all the Glandelinian armies and those of his father and two brothers and Glandys are the worst in that respect.

At the same time when they entered the Christian Glandelinian camp the American was surprised to receive a card from one of the almost totally naked little girl slaves. There was nothing on the oblong piece of parchment but large numbers that was all. Just 1000. Looking it over carefully the American showed it first to Violet and her sisters and asked their advice about it.

But the number came "VIOLET" Violet giggled.

Then the American nodded to bring the caller up. There was nothing else to do and the American and also Tim wondered why Violet giggled. So did her sisters. But the reason was, she was suspicious though she couldn't tell. This mysterious number was certainly the one on a mission of importance and she determined to watch his face closely when he came. In a few seconds "1,000" was standing in the hallway, tapping on the door of the tent with the handle of his cane. Her added he was a man to be afraid. This man with a smooth smiling face but his face was more honest and unsuspecting than Violet had supposed. It seemed strange a man would assume the identification of a number. He was middle aged, but he looked far much older than he was. He was dressed like a Glandelinian officer of high rank, and only his eyes were blue and in killing gave him away. And even his sign. A sign only a Christian spy well known by Violet and her sisters would identify and no Glandelinian could make a sound and. 2.2.2.2.2222222

"Come in and at Violet's invitation sat down but I did not speak until Violet had poured out a glass of each cold which she had bought at a canteen for herself and others, for him holding this before him he lifted it.

"To the success of your expedition," he said smiling. "I know you before you come here."

Everybody slipped their glasses down on the table and stared at him. "Don't be alarmed," said number "1,000" sipping his drink. "I'm not a Glandelinian soldier, and neither am I a Glandelinian spy. I'm not after what you're after, at least I am in a way but as you said. If I am to say that you are sure I know your mission left it suffice to say that everybody within this Glandelinian camp knows. If they discover you through your disguises God help you."

If a very one in the Glandelinian army knew---who, no one believed they should have called the whole thing off. They should have quit the whole thing hands down. It would have been his end. But thought at first Violet and her sister believed the same was off, you know how even we Americans are. We are too determined for that. We're invincible and let nothing stand in our way. Studying him further and noticing the children to say nothing as yet, the American leaned forward.

"You're like British. But British intelligence. That's right?"

"Right," said number "1,000." "But I'm not of England."

"Then what business of yours is our expedition?"

He laughed, evidently pleased with his role.

"Don't be alarmed O Connell," he pulled a pile of identification papers out of his pocket and spread them out like a hand of cards before his eyes. Violet and her sister also examined them to be sure.

"All right," said the American. "I guessed it."

"My business with you and the Princesses is in particular is prompted by a desire to be of help. And also---well one must do something must have a little something in return for service. Especially from you the American."

"You mean," said the Yankee, "that you want me to be like you?"

"I beg your pardon O Connell. I want persons of my kind on British intelligence," he said. "I don't accept bribes."

"Gunny for you."

"Quite all right to the point old chap. Quite. The matter I had in mind was of a rather secret nature but your reputation with the Abbeonians has always been of the highest."

"Always," the American smiled.

"For that reason I'm giving you help because I want help. I understand each other."

"Yes at least I hope so," said the American.

"Well," he continued, "we want information from the other side of the Glandelinian encampment. Of course not very much. Just enough to keep an informed of the movements of the Glandelinian troops above Ophelia. It is a rather simple task but unfortunately the last ten men we sent up there have failed to return."

You have a good blind that's all," continued "1,000." "I would like to send an intelligence officer with you. He will guide you across the country and he will help you if you should happen to cross the path of any guards up there. He would have complete authority to grant you anything the Abbeonians Government have to offer. He would do his own work on the side, and you need never bother about it."

"I suppose you wish me to do this with the purpose that I'll leave the Vivian girls behind within the Glandelinian camps," said the American soot of sarcasm. "Nothing doing."

"I'm not asking you to do it now. You must accomplish your mission with them first and when they're safely back in the Christian Christian lines then you can set to work. I'd not be a fool to ask you to give up your mission now with them for all the world."

"All right," the Yankee said. "Send him over to this tent to night with credentials. We are leaving rather early for the Glandelinian General's headquarters in the morning. All our men are in line and we have about eight hundred Gemini members and fifty fighting men who are to meet us at dark outside in the main square of the company, get Number men. It's agreed. But you got to land us all too."

"I will," he said. He left then, and it was the last they ever saw of him.

(A little later he was murdered by Glandelinian spies).

At three o'clock Jim came in and the pink and Violet and her sister told him what had happened. But he didn't seem to be listening to them. His blue eyes were restless and he kept staring out into the night below the window as though he wished they would hurry up and finish what they had to say.

so that he could get his work in.

"I was up to the barracks number 10 this afternoon," Jim mumbled. "I saw Violet had finished though she wondered why he was for the first time not interested in what she had told him. But something in the way he said it told them that probably he had found some clue. The barracks number one is really no barracks at all but a large court yard filled with old side benches and the like."

"I found that," thought would be an old man," continued Jim. "He was either a student studying to get a higher clerk or a soldier no doubt." Jim always liked to do the dramatic thing and so he left his remarks hanging in mid air while he poured and downed a drink to wash the road dust out of his throat.

"His supposed to be man was wise," continued Jim. "And for a reason he turned around to me and told me that the plans, and you thought would be found in General Manley's headquarters."

"It's a trap," Violet stated.

"No, I don't know why but I don't. His whole Glandelinian encampment knows what we are up to and the old fellow was just fishing for a good sized tip, which I gave him, and child slaves told me the same thing."

"You're a rascal," the American snapped. "That's the only name we can give dirty Glandelinians could get us."

"Keep calm," replied Jim unaffiliated. "I've been in the service ever since I was a little boy. I know a straight person among even Glandelinians when I see him and this old boy was one. He was supposed to be somewhat of a something like a clock and they can't afford to lie. One fib and their heads go off."

"One slip and our necks disappear from our bodies too," Violet said. "You Glandelinian traitor!"

know Glandelinian Jim...../

"Admitted," replied Jim. "But for the sake of the country I'll do with the chance. After all our heads are pretty scarce."

"They are that sure enough. All right as long as you say so, I'll go over to that part of the Glandelinian camp with you, and, yes and say. That part of the Glandelinian encampment is closely watched for us. Am I right?"

"Violet nodded knowingly. "That's the point. But we'll have to scale the wall of General Manley's headquarters and get in some how. But if we see you Jim I'd stay here. It's liable to be-----"

"Where you little girls go, I'll go. I'll be as wary as you are."

At five o'clock they left the hidden tent and went on to his home back down toward that part of the camp. Ordinary other conditions the American could have refused to go on a secret expedition. But to get a chance to find out what was in his hands for the sake of the little girls was like nothing for blazing magnets of red diamonds, and the desire to help them also drew into him incredible complications. They robbed the task of their fear of an thing. The words of the location, and still whatever misgivings they might have felt. They were ready to do anything anything to gain the possession of the information as strongly as a treasure hunter goes for red diamonds. Ask anything. The headquarters of the Glandelinian chief was Gray and for abiding through the dusk. The grimy gray walls were of masonry and rough and fifteen feet high and the gates were buried shut nailed by the orders of the authorities so no spies could get within even if they did overpower the guards. The American had easily disposed of the guards and stopped before the gates. Scared child slaves tried to catch the eyes of these adventurers with the purpose of trying to warn them not to take chances to do that but they would not come close to them could not approach those high dull black gates before which the adventures rested. Though the others saw nothing the American thought he caught a furtive movement in the shadows across the

Company streets, but he was not sure but yet he passed a warning to his comrades. Besides also his nerves were jumpy.

And if this were a trap they would have to fight it out desperately with lead and in that case that part of the now sleeping Glandelinian camp would be too hot for them. But the American was amazed at the certainty of knowledge which was suddenly creeping through him. He seemed to know that this was the place that request should start. And then Jim

was pulling at his sleeve and the whole were hidden in a big jar of the wall pressing back against the gray stone, waiting breathlessly. But how very no one came after them. The sounds on the company street were the same. As Violet the American helped the little girls up first and then Jim followed. Jim and then dug his own fingers into the crevices and started

up. At the top, no one, not even the American had lingered for any person taken a plan silhouette even against a black sky. The American threw himself over, like a pole vaulter he seemed to fall a hundred feet. But

from his feet and against the store of the court. Kneeling he had been fifteen at the most. The fall of the stone was unknown to the court guard. The place of the fall was supposed to be well guarded by many Gladiolus men. Sentences but it was supposed to be deserted save for moving shadows. Perhaps they were caused by the waving of trees in the wind but as it was well known that Gladiolus guards at thirteen yards of a man's head in a man's hand, a hidden made the shadows pour with a dull thudding but not feet. A apparently death waited there across the court yard...

They could feel it. They walked forward on out feet, the American taking off his boots as they would have sounded like cornet shots across the store and brought challenges. A head of them something which was neither wind nor shadow moved and instinctively Violet and her sisters drew their most trusty weapons their long short knives. The Russian girl him self had sprinted ahead. His movement was quick, soft footfalls hurried away. Tim recklessly dived off in pursuit. The American was behind him striding off in a section followed by Violet, and her sisters who had not seen Tim go off.

Tim was so intent on his quarry that he did not notice. If the man was only a simple Gladiolus man, then perhaps by force Tim could persuade him to give out the information he and his followers had craved. If it were another perhaps the spy who had robbed him in the hall and tracks--then he had a secret weapon to settle. The big butt of a forty five was solid against his palm.

The American and Violet, and her sisters were lost to sight in the maze of buildings. Time large felt like hot coals in his chest. The man he followed suddenly turned and stood calmly waiting for him. This made Tim more cautious and wary for he could not see his face more than an out line of his body, but he sensed a smile on his lips. Tim broke slackened his pace followed the gun and came much nearer but cautiously.

"What is the matter with you?" Squawked the man. "You going crazy kid?" Tim stopped. The muzzle of his gun traveled down. He felt that this man had become body-less. Then suddenly he remembered the voice. It was that of the spy who had robbed him of his book on the wall road tracks. Tim with a muttered something jumped aside. But the man did not shoot, for instead he whistled and an arrowed a blank wall.

"Stop you thief!" he shouted so loud that even the American and Violet and her sisters where they were heard him plainly. But the fellow kept on. Tim threw the gun up high and sent it snapping shot after him. The report rolled through the court yard like mighty thunder, and the flash of powder had blinded the boy for an instant... then he could see again he sprinted forward. Here the blank wall had been the man was a strange up close of light. Then it was gone. The court yard bounds by solid stone was empty save for him. He gasped. A person approaching the wall he felt of the stone. There were no holes which might betray a hidden door. Nothing but blank stone. The spy thief had apparently been swallowed up (if not down).

Then he heard the American calling for him and Violet, and her sisters too in a manner as if something wrong had happened. Thinking they were in danger Tim went back with both pistols ready. It was a long run and he was surprised he had had as much fun as he found the eight. They were standing around a strange bundle of something, looking down at it.

"We were a little too late." The American said simply.

"Late? Late for what?"

Violet pointed to the bundle and her sisters nodded.

Tim stopped and looked at the bundle. It was a man--a dead man. He was dressed as a Gladiolus official whose uniform was decorated with sun and blood and whose hands were stretched out in front of him clutching at unyielding stone. From his back protruded something like a long knife.

"Too late the American repeated. "If we had been here a little sooner..."

"Maybe he'd been in his place" shuddered Violet.

"Wait" said Tim. "I know it all now. This was a trap. But they expected still that only you would come. Eight would be too many for them. They thought to put you out of the way so that they could either deal with me alone or seize the little princesses here--and too still they knew that you are not just now in top notch physical condition since you were wounded. That man I chased was waiting for you."

"Some enemy is treacherous then" said the American.

Tim nodded and then knelt down beside the corpse. Cautiously he rolled the body over on its back. The uniform was wet and sticky. They discovered that the man was in the garb of the collar of a priest. They believed that he was a real priest for if he was not then why would some one assassinate him like that. Then Tim saw something shiny in the priest's right

hand. In an instant Tim had covered it.

"It is something that shapes like a Chinese Buddha" Tim said. "Wonder where he got that idol. I wish he wouldn't worship it when he is dressed like a priest like a Catholic priest."

Violet nodded herself and took the thing away from Tim and her sisters. It even it was small beautifully carved from ivory as stained brown by apparently countless of... every one were shaking with exhaustion and excitement. Juice who took it last accidentally dropped it to the stone pavement. There was a dull pop. They stared down at it.

"Ah, why Heavens the thing sounded hollow." said Tim.

Juice scooped it up once more and felt of the base. He shoved his finger-nails into every conceivable crevice into the creases which outlined the fingers and the toes into the eyes, nose and mouth. But the image was still smiling, still fat, still intact. In her anxiety Juice crushed it between her thumb and index fingers.

Ably the bottom dropped out of it--and across the flagged yard rolled something white. It seemed to be a small rolled up with a paper. "Hiding into one of the nearest buildings they went immediately to a small secret room. The strange maddah in Juice's pocket felt to her as though it weighed a thousand pounds--every pound white hot. Then they entered the room. They were so busy with their own speculations that it took them six or seven minutes if nothing longer to realize that another man besides their American friend was there. At first they were so startled that they instantly drew pistols but he got up off the bed and sat down his glasses. He was thin, short, white cheeked. He apparently was young and from his clothes and expression one would have judged him to be a real real a real usual tourist. Violet and her sisters had scarcely taken in his build and expression when they saw something else. A thin line of something something red across the right side of his throat. Had the American seen that he would have been suspicious.

"Oh hello there" he said pretending to ignore the rivian. "Is this the fact that they had with down their guns. You are Henry O. Cornelius are you not?"

"Yes" the American nodded. "Who in the world are you?"

"The man number 1,000 sent."

"If you are how did you come to be in this place without our first seeing you?"

"I'll prove my identity." He reached into his pocket, coat pocket and brought out a packet of papers, from which he extracted a note.

The note read as follows:

"This is Frank Milton. He will help you."

1,0000

The American shoved out his hand and he took it. His eyes were level and coolly appraising, for all his young smile. The American glanced over his other papers and then introduced him to Violet and her sisters and Tim. They to his surprise received him sort of coolly as if they did not trust him. It was Tim who suddenly noticed some blood on the floor in the room and almost at his very feet.

"Here is the name of Heaven did that come from?" he demanded. "Look every body" he added. "There's blood on the floor."

The visitors and others glanced at it and the man shrugged. Then he pointed at the hands of the Yunk which were stained red. He grinned.

"I might do well to ask you--Fudge--if I should be 'also'."

"Somebody killed a priest within these confines" said the American. "He found the body."

"A dead spy" replied Frank Milton. He went over to the window threw it wide open and stepped back pointing to the cobble stone alley. They were only feet from the window and the American swung through and dropped beside the wall. The man had landed on his face and his sight was not at all pleasant. His skin was yellow instead of white, the eyes black. The man wore the gray overcoat of a Gladiolus official and that he wore that for such hot weather the American couldn't make out. He also carried a small sabbath. Tim who looked from the window had a few feelings. Frank Milton leaning from the window shrugged again when the Yunk looked up.

"He was here hiding when I came" he explained. "He tackled me and tried

[illegible]

"That would be telling" said Min. Hoff +ly.

"Perhaps 'Maid Jim' and I were with the American man and more so with the little girl. We have to get out of here to fight. There is a time for delay. Somebody else is on his trail with the purpose to 'garvie' and fasten on a false charge. They killed the man disguised as a priest and a real priest and saved him. They killed the woman because of their cash. We found it. He--" He stopped staring at the back of the small idol. The American stepped in up devoutly in front of his eyes. Then he sighed and looked up at the ceiling as though he read.

and in hopes we were waiting for them outside of the Gate nearest the headquarters would be the West Gate. The North Gate was of course the fastest and the best point of departure, but they felt that they would stand a better chance of getting away unless we if they used the west gate. The number of men among disguised Geminis was great. But the very number, excited their own secrecy fearfully to those who watched them they seemed to be all big secret. After patrol moving north toward the other later lines. The 3rd the American was to visit the Gladiolus company. The soldiers of Gladiolus design. The ones were in uniform with a leather pillbox tucked in between them. The step across the pillar is the secret of a gladiolus cavity name ability to slide and fight standing up. He broke his toes the back the belt and the possibility of falling off in a fight. They were out toward the northern limits of these experiments a long line of soldiers waiting human and up and apparently sleeping men. The soldiers fall to the side of the line of them could say that were in a very inconspicuous position. They were all like bound soldiers and their weapons were everything from carbines to spring fields and machine gun rifles. The American had nothing twice or faster than a rifle and the Division did not mind only had their revolvers and cavalry sabres and carbines, but with four hundred men and all Geminis in disguise, the soldiers also had their fully armed and equipped attack.

"Don't approach them," said Jennie. "That's an old ruse. They wait to get you near them and then while you are approaching them, they'll turn on you and pick you pockets."

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affairs to bring out the scale and the proper perspective. However, if you might look out somehow she didn't tell any one at all where she had the map, and besides they had enough to worry about. But Violet did tell her relatives and also to constantly watch the two sentries. For she believed they were going to be trouble makers, put forth three hours a day that morning nothing else happened, and then they reached a pass about ten o'clock.

He wanted to know where he could pick them up if he lived to tell the tale and Jim informed him that they could probably push on right through the night.

"The shock his had and Violet he herself said;
"If any one wants to lay a ambush for us, this is the place for it. They'd
have to make an open order change on the plain. This is the last place we
go through and we don't want the man up there showing all of us up as
good as dead. If the enemy does start an avalanche upon us we'll have
the rest of it fixed it."
"You mean for Heaven sake you would rather be a snake in the dark?" asked
Wilson.

"Why not? Only sound will tell them that we're coming and the loud pipes
surely won't make any difference. They'll think twice--who ever they
are---before they'll go through and tumble along a five foot ledge. It will
all be over they fire and that's that--so effective."

"Why you speak as though you really thought you would be suddenly ambushed." "I'm positively sure we will be," some of the soldiers who had been with us were not dealing square with us and had deserted us. "I jerked his thumb at a grizzled sergeant." "Among other things I don't think he is a disguised German for he is strictly against us. I've heard something and if I can prove it he'll be under arrest. That could be very bad an attack in the pass. But at night--well you see" continued "I'm sure they'll think of their own hides too. And another thing. Men have been hanging a round our camp fires who do not belong to us. They thought I did not see them but I did. And though I didn't mention it I know who stole the idol from the American. And that one too has deserted. There's a plan worked up somewhere to wipe out the little girls for, know we've known and discovered despite our disguises."

Milton sighed, threw a foot into his stirrup and went up. The pony snorted and side stepped quickly. Milton a perfect Glandelinian off ice now in disguise raised his hand to them in salute drove home the spur and became a dawning sword of dust across the plains. The rest camped the night waiting for them on light they knew would come. They ate a regular easy supper. The moon came up twice as big as it should have been and also a strange color to it. At first it looked like a strangely colored fire over the horizons and then it was with them making the plain fill itself with shadows. The pass itself looked like a g unsight ahead of them and at the first glimmer they started to move off. When they had gained the entrance to the pass, Tim went ahead on the scout.

Milton had not told him wrong. He kept Violet and her sisters close to him. Less than a hundred yards from the mouth of the bed of a river started to drop away like a falling bomb. At half a mile the cut was merely a deep black hole. The path also went up because the way and the rivers courses parted at the L. They started moving the horses through, and the grunted protests must have reached far inland, and the hoofs of the ponies and steeds struck fire from the flinty debris which cluttered the dangerous and narrow trail. Above them despite the strange almost unearthly color of the moon it filled half the gorge with light. They were in the lighted half...

A quarter of a mile before they got to the "L" the American worked his way up beside him and they Vivian girls. "I don't like this a bit" he said. "Hidden enemies could sit over there and snipe us off. I wish we had thought about this before." "Too late now. Who ever it is that is messing into our business would hardly pass up such a chance as this. The ven treachery of foot somewhere. Even if he is just one secretly disguised Glandelinian officer he wouldn't find it hard to muster a company of loose soldiers. They would do it for the destruction of Violet and her sisters alone. But that is why I won't go go behind and let them too be behind. I do not fear shooting for I know they can't hit any one of us here no more than we could hit them if we answered the fire. What I fear is that the enemy would start an avalanche upon us. I want you to remain here so that if the avalanche comes we won't be hit. We could escape before it comes down."

Tim and the Vivian Girls followed by the U Yank spurred ahead of the expedition. Some of the other soldiers dropped far behind it, urging the d raggles. That move saved the lives of those more dead in this story. The first bullet came just as Tim and the little girls with the Yank rounded the "L". It smacked stone above Tim's head and went whinning on down the trail (not tall) into the thick of the horses. Instead of drawing Tim dug in his heels and Violet and her sisters and the American did the same. Their ponies leaped ahead. At their right they could see the dark abyss. They did not know what really lay ahead, no one even knew the exact plan, but before long they understood. Stone crumbled high up on the wall above them. It fell first sounded like distant thunder. It first came as a vague sighing sound doubling, and tripling into crescendo until by noise it threatened to blast them out of their already precarious saddles. The enemy had started an avalanche above them. Knowing where it would pass Tim and the little girls and the American rode hard forward to get out of its path. They were successful. Geodes of thousands of tons of rock and sand and other material crashed and roared down the hillside. Horses neighed loudly and men screamed as the torrent started to overwhelm them. Bedlam broke loose behind Violet and her sisters and their two friends. Being sure they were out of the path of the avalanche the nine drew in and flung themselves down behind the first horse. There was no hiding they could do. They did not know where the Milton knew of the happening or not and the anxiety of the danger made them all a little sick.

But each of them gripped their forty five repeating cavalry rifles and watched for other enemy rifle flames. Looking back temporarily the American himself saw a horse teetering near the edge. A soldier had hold of his halter tugging desperately at it, while the shower of rocks became thicker and thicker. No one time nobody could see anything because of the thickness of the dense dust clouds. Then he saw the horse start to fall his hind quarters going first. He scrambled wildly to get in range in his footing while the soldier who was fighting to free himself of the weight. The horse rocked back, then darkness and the sound of hammering rocks swallowed them and their screams. A number of guns flaring yellow white ahead brought the Yank back to the danger. Violet and her sisters themselves shot straight into the blaze. Four men pitched out from cover and fell turning over and over through a thousand feet. A forty five rifle slug takes them that way.

The avalanche quieted to a fitful rumble but the distant rifle fire increased more steadily. The moon also was high now and they could see that the trail, wonder of wonders was still intact. Most of the debris had bounced off an overhang but not high enough to miss men and animals. They did not care so badly about the horses, for they had become more than a bother than anything else and had served their purpose as a blind, and after the dirty treacherous tricks the hidden Glandelinians had pulled pulled no one could feel badly about them either.

"They're all gone" The Yank cried. Violet, and her sisters and Tim knew it before he told them but the utterance of the knowledge gave them a far worse shock than the witnessing of it had.

"Get on and ride" said Tim. "These Glandelinian devils are all around us."

They could have been clearly seen in the moonlight but they were going fast a long that precipitous ledge and they were a difficult target if not targets to hit. The thunder of hoofs drowned the sound of shots behind them. Once Violet caught the splinter of a bullet against a rock above her. They were shooting at them then. Some one stood on the trail before them. Without heeding the space Jennie jerked out her forty five revolver and held it ready. She saw a rifle whip up to the level of her eyes but as quick as lightning she fired between her ponies ears. A shadow tumbled through space, glittering when the moon struck the rifle. Heading down the trail they plunged with death whispering in their ears and with death tugging at them from below. The trail leveled out under them and led away to a plateau. They were far out on the plain before they stopped. The American sat with his head on his chest, breathing harder than his horse.

Tim and Violet and her sisters came up and Tim threw himself off his mount. "It's pretty tough," he said. "The Yank nodded. "Do you suppose they'll hit us again." Violet asked. "Tim knew she merely wanted to be reassured, but in himself felt all gone inside. "Sure they will. They did that to get rid of our equipment and our armed forces. Now they will be able to take us without much of a fight. All we can do is to push on hard and get to the Christian lines if possible before they can overtake us."

"But what about Frank Milton?" asked Joice. "I guess he will get along? We can't do anything for him now. Let's ride." Tim mounted and they rode hard again. When dawn came they were near their destination, and when the light was good enough the American took a pair of field glasses and went with them to a high point of land to study the plateau they had just quitted. Everything was yellow with a strange colored haze. The hills were craggy and harsh even in the distance and the wind moaned through the cliff in which they lay. Never before had they seen such desolate utterly wasted country. Far to the north they could see a cloud of gray dust which soon changed into a racing cavalry troop. But the troop could not see their fugitive as the Yank and his friends could. They studied the men in the lead, and soon discovered by the uniform he wore that it was Frank Milton. His eyes were set and his mouth was tight. He was riding for his life from the looks of things. Several times he turned and fired shots but did not hit no one. In a few moments he swung down into a gulch and along the hard rock bottom, losing his trail when the cavalry came to the place they first halted and the men looked about them.

Then they started on again but not in a straight line. One went down a side trail and the other galloped on a d. They missed the gulch. Then the American and his friends saddled up once more and they rode cautiously out to the end of the gully and found Milton. He looked about done

in.

"Well did they find out who you was?" asked Tim.

"No, I never got near the enemy camps," confessed Milton almost sheepishly. "I ran across a body of caverns of the enemy and, nearly an all-around night, I managed to cut with a number-one and got a fresh horse or rather vice they would have got me. You can't fool those Glandelinian devils. They were going to skin me alive for helping in the escape of the little Princesses but by God's help I got away."

Somehow that remark about skinning him alive grated on Violet. He carried a self-inflicted tattooed mark of chastity on his left shoulder-plate and for the first time it occurred to her that to get that chest—a man would have to rip off her hide.

I the Writer of the author as you may call me am sorry that I cannot set down in description the exact formation of the land surrounding general Manley's own private headquarters headquarters, but if I did that I am afraid that a good topographical study of the ground would reveal the exact location which Violet and her sisters wish to be kept secret for their purpose. But I can tell you how it looked (not hooked the goods) They found it with ridiculous ease, setting at the central portion of the great encampments encampments of the vast Glandelinian army.

Why general Manley had wanted to have his headquarters in such a location, I myself dare not tell. I am not well enough acquainted with him despite the right of him to know his history that wall and for a fact, don't want to be acquainted with that devil in human form. I love him as well as I love a bed bug that keeps me awake at nights. You know what I'd do to that bed bug. But I believe nevertheless that he must have had something extremely valuable to his wicked cause within the Glandelinian camp and wished it hidden in a secret spot. So much in fact, he feared that the chattering mess if it were to make a general attack in that territory would succeed in getting those valuable. In fact, Violet and her sisters were after something particularly know that.

For a Christian general to capture important plans from the enemy was like possessing a king's scepter. Accordingly Manley had hoped that his headquarters surrounded by a wall here also would never be invaded or molested by Christians. He had no doubt caused the military valuables to be buried in the most hidden parts of his headquarters grounds. And a man as great a general (very small in my eyes) as Manley could be sure that his wishes about the safety of his plans would be carried out this way (if the (Not if the Vivian girls can help it he won't. Tim and his followers had expected a great big brick building to be surrounded by these walls, but instead they found it was only a small wooden building big enough to accommodate only himself. Where did he hold his councils? The under part of the house however was of stone not brick and the men who built it had been very certain that their work would endure as long as wood kept well painted would endure if not for centuries. But it was not what it appeared to be. Calverinians sometimes have a habit of building what appears to be a small structure when in fact the whole thing had been formed and really built underground. Most of it lay far below. This place had once been a big treasure building, and myself doubt if it would have been noticed from on high in a balloon—for it was the color of the green landscape, grass color.

The sight of the place made the little party at first feel a little afraid, but nevertheless once over the wall they raced pell-mell for the low open door the American pulling at the flash light which hung from his belt. Tim called to them to wait, but they called to him to follow but Frank Milton was some what afraid to come and did not just then. The thought of securing those valuable plans and frustrating Manley's purpose was too much for them. Ahead of them there might be an ambush. Ahead there might be age old traps. They were not especially dare devils but they didn't seem to care about the danger just then, for they plunged through the opening, and the American shot on the light. They had expected to see a room (not the boom) perhaps a sort of crypt, but all they saw was a long black tunnel apparently perhaps a sort of crypt, but all they saw was a long black tunnel apparently stretching into the bowels of the earth. They at first felt a little of raid et proceeding it looked so dark and foreboding but dimly glowing urged them on ahead. Their feet carried them down but they felt as though they floated in mid air.

The place was very odorous with age, and as they went down the passage they could hear the ceaseless drip, drip, of water ahead of them. The walls became damp, covered with a green slime. They traveled very fast. There were two tunnels there, and at the fork they hesitated long enough to realize Frank Milton had not followed them, but they supposed that he would be along as soon as he had hid den the horses. Taking the same ahead tunnel and not going to the second one, they found that it ended into a lake of water underground, and they had to go back, and try the second tunnel and found that they were once more going down but a little steeper and yet it became now steps on the descent and the descent was easier, though steep. After going a long distance downward they abruptly found themselves on the threshold of an immensely large room. The flashlight the American carried flashed over the walls and then came to rest on the partition far the away from them. Chills raced up and down their backs as they saw that sight. The thing was too utterly real, too terrible too gruesome. It was a demon idly freshly formed. It placed there no doubt by the Glandelinians before then, squatting on massive stone benches apparently watching them out of glittering red fiery eyes. He looked as if though he were about to speak. For his jaw was loose as though it could be moved before him lay a large platform of stone with grooves running diagonally down its sides. They knew what that was.

Violet and her sisters had seen these places when either carrying a round or having been for a time prisoners in child slave houses. It was an altar of some kind where child slaves are put to death for turning against the Glandelinian law of obedience. Refusing to do bed things and the grooves were made for the hot running blood of the little human murdered victims. At last they to the their eyes away from the terrible idol that looked more to them like some immense war god. A passage way led to the idols left and they boldly took it continually traveling downward. How far this lay below the surface they had no way of knowing or finding out. It would be a quiet civil engineer to determine its twisting depth.

The darkness seemed to thicken, yet silence reigned. The clanking of their riding boots on hellion stone seemed a desecration of the place. Then a rather large room opened before them. Its ceiling was high far beyond the range of range of the flashlight. The floor was level and black in color in the center of the stony floor was a sort of round something made of stone. They hoped then it concealed what they were after. It was a sort of crypt had been decorated with crossed swords and shields and spears, with trembling hands they tore at the head blocks. They came away with surprising ease. They threw them aside dislodging also the slate unconscious that they tipped their fingers nails from their fingers. But they did not have far to go. A sort of box had lain there at one time but now it was gone. The plans no doubt had been there, but was not now. Sure for a few bands of copper and a golden ring the vault was empty. At first they thought the plans they were after might lie beneath the crypt but the floor was obviously undisturbed. It was solid rock. They searched along the walls, looking for a niche but there was none. They stopped at the center of the room staring at the vault, completely baffled, for certainly this was going to be a job apparently for a spirit alone.

They thought they had better find Milton and have him help, suiting the action to thought they sprang up the ramp ramp two and the room of the big ugly demon idol. It is difficult to write about what they found there. Ten years after the thought of it makes them all feel sick and weary. They must have stood there for some minutes unable to take their eyes from the awful ghastly speech spectacle.

Seven little girls lay there. On that dreadful altar their bodies had been opened and their throats had been cut and the blood ran down the grooves to the floor and collected there in black puddles. The intestinal organs were hanging over the idol. They had no idea how it happened. Perhaps the Glandelinians had been there waiting for them and not finding them and yet knowing their purpose had killed these seven to show what would happen to the Vivian girls if they were captured. Perhaps wall there was no use speculating on it. These children were dead on this block and all the deduction in the world could not bring them back to life. I guess they went a little crazy then, especially the American for he don't remember what he saw. He only knew that he himself dragged the little gutted bodies from that terrible bed and that he found the plans. They were concealed in the altar by slight movement on the top caused the entire surface to raise up as though on springs. The American laid the children on the floor, Violet and her sisters were too horrified to touch them, and crossed their arms over what had been their chests. Then he alone went back to the altar and took out the plans and handed it to Violet. Then the plans did not

represent anything for their purpose now. They had meant the death of these seven little girls. There were marble stones also loose in the hole where the plans had been. The American scooped up a double handful and threw them from him. They scattered out like seed. Some of them were sticky with the blood where it had leaked through the cracks. Every thing must have gone blank at that point, for the American remembered nothing more until he got outside. Milton was standing by the horses. Bracing himself against the stone doorway he stared at him. The sight of his familiar face jerked him out of a period of a thousand years old and brought him back to the 19th Century. He stared the Yank and asked:

"What's happened."

"Seven little girls are dead." The Yank said as calmly as possible.

"The vivian is dead. My god!" said Milton turning pale. "Impossible. How can they be dead. Resurrection angels wouldn't let him come to them."

"One of them, seven little child slave girls. It's a warning to us." The American repeated. "And I found the plans. Violet has it. Do you want to see them?"

His eyes lit up and he looked relieved. He walked quickly toward the American and down the tunnel. The Yank pointed the way for him with his flash light and he walked slowly after him. He took the same bend the Yank had, but the Yank turned him off to the tunnel on the right which led to the big demon idol room. The American threw his flash light on the Yank and he gasped, at the sight of the bodies.

The Princesses and the girls were hiding behind the altar. "The American said almost without intention he was so horrified yet. For a moment Milton did not seem to notice Violet and her sisters but only the gutted bodies. Some how for a moment the lack of interest in Violet and her sisters enraged both the Yank and Tim. It was like a blow somehow and the Yank might have guessed that Milton was used to such things but he was almost past the point of reason. But he was not looking at the bodies and seemed to be talking to himself. He looked up at the American and then at the others and in that instant the Yank was jerked out of his lethargy by the sudden knowledge that Milton had seen something they had not.

"We were trapped." He groaned. His face was no longer boyish. It was hard and old, end of vicissitudes.

"Get out of it," the American shouted. "We're two Christian men alone in this confounded country protecting seven little girls and their boy friend. We'll never get out alive unless we stick together for God's sake men don't look at me or us that way."

"We're trapped," he shouted back pointing.

"He's right," said a voice. "We have got you and the girls where we want them. Captured our plans eh. The girls will be like those laying there."

The Yank stepped backward while he could feel the hair raise on the back of his neck. But the trick was not destined to work. He determined that even the devil couldn't capture the little girls while he was alive and most likely men defy even the devil. His flash light sagged and in sagging caught and held a blue glimmer of steel in Milton's hand. The Yank shot his fingers to the automatic in his boot top but he was not quick enough. Flame lunched out from the waist line of one of the glandelinians. The slug caught the American in the left side just under the heart. But he was conscious of no pain. Only a terrifying numbness. His fingers found the automatic but he didn't straighten. The flashlight rolled along the floor, forgotten but it did its work well. It rested its icy beam square on the twisted faces of the Glandelinians who had come so quietly in the room and blinded them. Violet and her sisters were too dumbfounded to do anything just then but stand paralyzed with horror and even Milton forgot to act. The American however did not know that the Glandelinians were blinded only in the face and voice of the Glandelinian officer. The American knew he had found the killer and recognized the man who had robbed him by the same voice. Firing with a quick and fast deliberate speed the American blotted out his face. Then before the Glandelinians could think to act so surprised was they at the fall of their leader the American fired like a murderous criminal. Left gun, right gun, left gun, right gun.

A Glandelinian dropped every time before they could fire in return. A fire in return. Another sagged dead at the first shot. Lying he too sprawled across the grooves pouring his own life's blood into them. Above him the demon idols' eyes were thin and little. Left gun and right gun. The Glandelinians fell fast to the last man. This American had been a dead shooting cowboy in his day and this proved it. Then his magazines were empty and the click of his empty chambers was his signal to crumble. But even after he fell flat on his face he managed to inch forward and Milton helped him. After that every thing was blue but blue. The Atlantean with the help of him

banished them the hole in the Yank's side, though he did not remember the member. He did so. Milton carried him to his pony and then they got him hastily away before the Glandelinians would come. Yet one scene will always be with him and he will awake at night to find that it hovers above his face. The scene of that underground room, drowned in powder smoke with the demon idols' red eyes glaring through the curdling haze. And that Tim knew now or knew instinctively then he knew for certain now. That Glandelinian captain and his followers were the murderers of those seven little slave girls. He too was the spy and thief. In some way he had caught word of the American activities in getting the services of the Gemini and he had evidently followed him back to his own tent and then he lifted the place finding and taking the code message. Knowing that he had to have a key—he found out who Tim was and what he was doing to help Violet and her sisters—probably in the Americans' correspondence and then came down to that spot in the railroad rail road tracks to wait for Tim's arrival. Then the lad came the spy had no difficulty in picking the boy out. This Glandelinian had disguised himself as a Gemini officer and had attacked the boy solely for the purpose of getting the code key which he knew Tim must carry. Why he did not take that belonging to the American he did not know. Maybe the Yank kept his in a safe place than Tim did.

But Tim's reason for knowing it was that Glandelinian officer came from the fact that the Gemini like officer stuck him with a fist. The Gemini never use their fists. That spy was also the strange person in the old books of Manley surrounded by the wall. He wanted the Yank to go to the temple because he thought that the Yank would go alone and that he could be killed there.

The spy then had killed some spy lest the Yank and then tried to frustrate the finding of the plans. And he made his get away from him through a passage which he could not find. When they got to another place Milton was waiting for them. He had found one of these Glandelinian agents of that spy the Yank, and had been fiercely attacked and in defending himself had killed the agent and had thrown the body out of the window after dressing it in an Angelinian uniform and slightly coloring the face. Of course Milton had taken the spy's papers. The sea-mon Milton's throat had been made by the bullet of the agent as he had tried to shoot Milton during the attack.

He too had stolen the old Buddha Buddha discovered that the map had been released from it and knew the force that he had to kill him and the little girls to prevent them from getting the secretly hidden plans and he did not want to fight fairly. Hence the ambush by which he did Violet and her sisters of their escape. But unfortunately for Milton he had run across a patrol of Glandelinian cavalry and had had to ride for his life.

Though it was not mentioned at the conclusion of this chapter he had killed the Glandelinian first who had shot the Yank just before the American fired on the rest. With the greatest difficulty they managed to get to the Christian lines with the plans. They arrived within the main sector of the Christian lines with the aide of a cavalry troop and the American did not know how Violet and her sisters kept him alive during the trip, but they did. Now he was compelled to remain in a hospital until he could get well, and they would now be without him for quite a while to their regret.

CHAPTER FOUR

CAPTURED BY FIELDS CLANDLINIANS,
VIOLET AND HER SISTERS ARE PITTED AGAINST THE MIGHTY
POWER OF THE HORRORS OF THE BATTLE OF NINDA RHONDA.

"I sent for you my dearest sisters" Penrod said with worry in his tone "Because there is a dreadful battle raging at Ninda Rhonda, and believe that the whole Christian line is menaced. See this report I received about the battle yesterday."

Violet who came first started to cross the dim shadowy library of their own and their brother's headquarters. Penrod their princely brother was leaning forward in his chair by the table in front of his beautiful boyish face drawn.

"What do you mean by that brother dear?" asked Violet while her sisters looked startled as they glanced at one another.

"I mean a snare from a desperate Glandelinian attack along and extent of forty miles. I think that last night while you were having your adventures with our American friend in which he got wounded but killed thirty Glandelinians and their aptian single-headed Glandelinian armies under general John Clancy hurried violent attacks upon general Viviananna's army and positions. I have a statement to make to Father's generals--also facts to back it so that he can keep a perfect watch upon all movements of Manley at Big Old Knool."

Penrod's voice became more solemn, and more grim than ever.

"This attack which also brought disastrous results as you see here her sisters could devastate the whole Christian line from Big Old Knool to here if it went out, and Father could have to move from Big Old Knool or be disastrously disasterously attacked also."

Violet glanced at the news Penrod had showed her and as they read it her sisters with her it sent a shiver through them, and also to hear their calm brother make such a calm statement and yet see the results with ten here by general Jack Evans himself. Glandelinian armies under their one time well acquainted deadened Indian enemy Clancy attacking the Christian armies at Ninda Rhonda on the White Mountain, the Glandelinian fury of Lebanon.

They shuddered at the gruesome thought. It was midnight--the night of March the 10th and a hot glaring night too. Violet and her sisters had while asleep in bed had been aroused by their guards and were directed to urgent summons to their headquarters. They had come by fast horses their own black ones.

"I don't understand" Violet began.

"Well, read all of that carefully" said Penrod almost impatiently.

They read it all carefully and this is what Evans reported:

"Dear Prince Penrod,

Warn your sisters of this coming danger.

Late yesterday afternoon suddenly without warning, there was a tremendous attack made by Clancy's Glandelinians under general Mi Chale and Tim Cacy and Casey Hund and like a cloud of men rushing forward to produce an awful storm the Glandelinians swept upon the Christian lines and poured successfully over the no kept in an instant that portion of the Christian line is enveloped by the Glandelinians and either cut to pieces or thrown back. An awful number of reports to lie dead and blown out of human semblance by the enemy shell fire preceding the attack. Panic stricken divisions of the troops recoiled from their works in panic retreat but were annihilated by a sudden inflaming fire of enemy rifles and cannon.

The main sector of the Christian front managed to stem and artillery covering the movement started a slow retreat fighting all the way. General Evans Freeman despite his wounds controlled the retreat of this Christian Christian division. Elsewhere the enemy attack seemed to have calmed every thing before it. For miles the whole battle front blazed and countless deafening explosions ended the day.

Men and officers rushed back and forth trying to rally their panic stricken divisions and victims only to be shot down by the firing of the foe. Even worse than the successful attack is the terrifying poisonous smoke which came from exploding shells when it strikes soldiers by hundreds

drop dead in their tracks. It is a picture of hell that beggars even Dante's description. Smoke from great fires darkens the sky, but flashes and tongues of flame reveal awful sights that might better be left unseen. Heat and head heaps and wind rows of bodies of both sides lie on the positions. Those out of line of attack fall no better in the rain of roaring exploding shell fire and high explosives called gung-gang shells. Here are eighteen divisions near Port Camp beside that under general Roddona and they are wiped out with their generals killed or wounded. Every where along that sector of the line White Mountain and toward Ninda Rhonda a fiery battle death and destruction reigns over a startled Christian army. No one can understand why this foolish foreigner this Irishman thus his own help toward Glandelinia in this disgraceful of wars. He even they say got other Irish officers to help him train his Glandelinian army, and helped him out down the Christian but series at Ninda Rhonda. Even general Manley himself cannot understand why Clancy was such a devoted ally. Even the Glandelinian government thought it strange. The whole world is baffled even England. He has assembled even to night and moved forward for further attacks the best equipped army ever known under him. It numbered numbered nearly eighty million men and moved forward in this vast juggernaut that was to roll toward Ninda Rhonda, and drive the Christian armies before him.

He could withstand his might. He had however hoped for an offspring from this disaster by this fact. The main Glandelinian army was supposed to be watching every movement of your Father's at Big Old Knool. Imperovian wished to be sure this army would be kept occupied so it couldn't come to the help of Clancy. As your Father at first believed and hoped for the second attack Glandelinian army at first opposing General Viviananna was ineffective. He seized Ninda Rhonda and had reason to feel that his plans had been very successful. But even he as he had contemplated himself a courier dashed up to his head quarters. The first main Glandelinian army supposedly near Big Old Knool, supposedly engaged with your Father's had sent great reinforcements not to Clancy but moved in strong numbers to a point squarely across General Viviananna's line of communications thirty miles to the west.

Viviananna had burst into a into a savage rage and sank in despair. He knew he was beaten, that some one had betrayed him so secretly that not one Christian spy even knew this Glandelinian army had been released until it had cut general Viviananna's Viviananna's single artery of life.

These Glandelinian attacks were well advanced--Glandelinian style of attacks of merciless fury, and the entire Glandelinian army determined to destroy him. His food and munitions cannot last a day without provisioning from the west--and the west was blocked. He saw disaster rushing to meet him and he wrote to me that unless help came there was nothing to do but run for his life. Then attacked so fiercely they even abandoned their artillery, and every step of the way Glandelinian cavalry is harrying their flanks and rear killing those who could not keep up. A great many had perished before the fleeing troops even reached the point where the main Glandelinian army stood across their path on the west banks of the Aronburgs Run. There as the Christian Christian troops try to cross the stream the final slaughter is taking place.

Only a small fraction of this once great tidal wave of Christian soldiers ever survived this awful action. I have sent as many divisions to their support as before and instead of remedying matters is only making the battle a battle and the situation worse. Better late than never. It is too late. An attack may come there anytime."

your friend general Jack Evans."

Guardian of the dearest little girls on earth.
And their beloved brother."

"Do you understand now?"

Prince Penrod, the youngest brother of the Vivian Olds spoke more earnestly. "I do but I don't like it" said Violet and her lovely eyes grew hard. "I'll explain quickly enough then. You know sisters dear that some three days ago a unusual dangerous Glandelinian spy was discovered and captured out near Orbit Creek?"

"Yes I know that," said Violet, and only she did. Her sisters didn't and were supposed to hear of it.

"A dangerous Glandelinian spy, an agent of that Professional called the Professor. He has been the cause of this disaster to general Viviananna. He knew the strength of general Viviananna's army, and had secretly directed General Clancy toward the point of latest attack and Clancy hit like a thicket

comet. I'm afraid if more successful the enemy headlong attack will go around our part of the army under general Hinderling and cause us trouble."

"Exc exactly?" "Per-did not," he said. "It's not near enough yet to affect us in any way I hope just yet--and the attack is moving onward too swiftly for it to be so soon drawn to us. To night the battle is some fifty miles away at about the closest. That's pretty close close enough to place us all in dire peril. peril. Only about twice the distance of Up Ophelia from here."

"Exc exactly?" "Per-did not," he said. "It's not near enough yet to affect us in any way I hope just yet--and the attack is moving onward too swiftly for it to be so soon drawn to us. To night the battle is some fifty miles away at about the closest. That's pretty close close enough to place us all in dire peril. peril. Only about twice the distance of Up Ophelia from here."

"But seen the spy?" Jamie asked of Penrou.

"No but he-a he-a he-a captured. They ma- bring him before my father."

They were no, standing by what is commonly called "French windows". To one side of the dark and silent grove of trees, a big patch of purple velvet, star strewn sky was visible. The stars were clear because of a strong westerly wind blowing.

wind blowing.

"Outward Ninda Ronda" said Penrod indicating by a map on a wall "Midway between Ophelia and Chamberlain is the new battle line, with the Christian line moving in a retreat toward the south---"

Violet, and her sisters eyed the map sleepily. They could hardly be sure that they identified it. Certainly the situation looked harmless enough, the battle was only a local disturbance--just one of the many battles going along any certain sector of a vast chaotic army like this one. But far away there were more separate blazing glares in the sky as if blazing suns were brightening the horizon, and one glare was very bright and very close.

They sat down again.

"Some of our generals here are not interested of course. Ten rod said. "They believe there is no danger and that Jack Evans can take care of slavery in time. But sisters dear, that general slavery has the ability of a general Stone Wall Jackson or Stone wall Jackson. He studies the movements of generals in the American civil war and follows their tactics against us. His movements cannot be seen because clouds of smoke from the many fires hang too thickly....*****#

"Until tonight Penrod dear" Catherine said and Penrod heard a sustained hush in her voice.

hush in her voice.
"Yes until to night" Pen rod repeated heavily. "I used my telescope
to watch you could it long distance field spy glass this late afternoon. It
was small but went for the job I wanted to accomplish.. qqqqqq qq
violet, and her sister know about Pen rod's great spy glass. It was a new
type brought over from Am America. It was small of lens, yet it had a remarkable
power

"As I was using my telescope to day late this afternoon," The boy prince said

"There was suddenly a dip in the clouds in the direction of that battery. I was on a high hill top and I saw down in that direction as well as I could. I saw small puff-like explosions, and signs of gray waves in some

I saw many small puffs like explosions, and signs of gray waves in some sort of motion. I saw purple waves of something moving also from what must have been a devastating attack which they in vain strove to stop, saw all the actions of battle;}

"And the enemy winning too I suppose." Hattie exclaimed. "The crazy enemy moving on to victory!!!!"

moving on to victo yyyyyy"
 "Just a b b b b b glompos." Pen rode added, "and then the haze closed in again.
 But I saw that, think in the battle of Windy Honda."
 interesting, saddening. But what could he (he he he) tell them that seemed
 so frightening about this. It seemed that Pen rode was able to catch Violets
 about his for he said:
 "I was with the other two, and he told me that he

thoughts to me he said;
"Yes I frightening sisters because last night Father telephoned me that he thought he saw great gray columns up reaching our part of the Christian line lines. I mean really close too. Fifteen miles away. He saw it with his field glasses. But it could be possible an attack is to be made upon Hinde-nine too."

Pen words were tumbling over one another with a swift vehemence. "G lavelinians coming forward in great strength to attack General Hun Hinde mines a ny here, to try and crush him too. Probably there could be that danger," said Ogilvie.

"Yes, and last night continued ~~settled~~ Penrod "there was small news brought to my generals by a swift courier - naturally you little girls probably didn't notice that. A number of Christian officers out scouting were all found dead, little burn and black patches on them as though they had been struck by a fire bomb or by lightning, and yet as a matter of fact there has been no thunder storm as yet whid you little girls I know like to see and whid you are interested in. I never seen anybody so intensely interested in lightning storms as you are. In these offices were out in an open road and the house wasn't struck by no shells. And General Hindering

thinks that something unusual happened and that this is a sign that a vast Glendelianian army is about to make a fierce firestorm attack upon him at any time. When the attack will begin he does not know but if it does he'll be involved in a part of this battle of India Rhonda as we're also near there on this, I.C.V.I. - the San Ramon road belongs these Glendelianian soldiers and God knows only what they can be able to do under that general John Agency he seems more intelligent than any of our generals are. Evans says he's a dangerous man and surely your little girls know him well since you've experience with him at the battle of Lebanon."

This news turned Violet, and her sisters cold. They are brave little girls these saintly little princesses, with hair more golden than pure gold and yet afraid of a mandelamin soldier. But this Clancy a man who knew all historical movements studied the actions of all generals of the past and follows them almost scared them, especially to hear their brave brother Penrod saying things like these. The very shadowy little white fairy here suddenly to their startled imagination lurked with menace and they almost drew their pistols as if to shoot at the very light. These dawn opened French windows----that shadow over there by the piano----the glare in the south eastern sky the strange color of the moon,----perpetrate themselves and their courage they felt a cold awe at starting from every doorway they shook themselves desperately and prayed hard to free their minds of those crazy thoughts.....2.2.2.2.2.2.2.2

"ut look her Pen rod"----- Daisy objected "I believe you 're tasting
our courage only to say this, you are t ying to scare us and----" she got
no fur the uVague fears suddenly leaped iyo into real ones. The silent house
sang with the womans cooke scream of terror.

Pen rod and violet, and her sisters leaped to their feet.

Pen rod and violet, and her sisters helped to their feet. "Good heavens that's Jane our cook," Violet exclaimed. The Prince and his sisters found Jane in the kitchen. The young cook lay sprawled on the floor dead, but killed, how? Not stabbed or shot. There was no wound upon her, no sign of violence. Neither was there a sign she had been strangled or strangled either. They looked over her with careful study.

"Look. Look. Prince Penrod yelled suddenly. "Look here on her lower part of the leg."

of the leg." Stark turned over in his voice. The white stocking of her leg was ripped, and bluenkened and charred. The flesh of her arm had a little burn and spot--like one who had been struck by lightning. Pen rode mind swept back--the farmer and his family--they had been found dead this way to the night before. The strange woman came from the Glades--himans no doubt. Some of them must be here now. They had been binding down over the dead girl. Pen rode sprang up to his feet.

"Those confounded Glandelinian soldiers! They must have been here sisters, just a minute ago."

And sudd only they thought of their rifle guards. None of the guards had followed them in their rush here. It was a hot night heat caused by the forest fires. The kitchen door and windows were open, the serene star-light brooded outside. Benard started toward the door, then turned.

"Get away from her before it is too late and they'll capture you. Hurry for God's sake. Take a squadron of soldiers as an escort." He waved the flag of the

They kissed him good bye and ~~an~~ put when they reached the floor of the
111 living room the blackened body of a guard lay there crumpled, dead..

111 living room the blackened body of a guard lay there a dumped. Their brains whirled. These enemy soldiers were to they becoming invisible or something. There was nothing here, for the room with its open French

confronting. The room was nothing like the room with its open windows seemed or really was empty. But what was it? Violet and her sisters stood stricken, gazing down at the guard forgetful of everything in the face of this terrible unexpected tragedy. Violet was the first and didn't come to until John shook her.

"Got to do something, get quick as possible Violet. Let's hurry. Stran
Stran's death here--to us also."

The living must fight, not stand helplessly mourning the dead. Violet suddenly snapped out of their trance her pale face colored, their eyes her dark blue eyes blazing with both fear and fury. There was a rustling in the room. Violet still confused stood with clenched fist. They wondered where the rustling sound came from. No it was outside the French window. Violet ran to the window, leaped upon the window box and with a bound bounded outside on the ground. He sisters were directly behind her pistols in hand. They saw nothing out here. In the starlight with the dark shadowed grooves of trees close at hand they stood peering weapons at the ready. Nothing here!

Then Violet and her sisters saw the accursed Glandelinians, and also two men watching their movements. They were dressed like the dangerous Georgian Kurds something like the Ku Klux Klan but more hideously. A shiver chill

and running like through their veins, the little girl stood stiffened, gripping each other with their hands—the men of them standing wordlessly, almost paralyzed with disbelief. Under the trees things like to see first as a moving. Then men. The pattern of starlight showed them like up right gray ghosts. Many of them were apparently over six feet tall and were armed like brigands.

"Why—why look Violet muttered. "They see the two men."

Close at hand there was a castle. In the starlight in the open lawn not ten feet away from one of the men one of the Glendelinians seemed to have seen him. He advanced forward toward him calling to his comrades to follow. Violet and her sisters were behind a ledge and were not seen. One of the men flung a good sized rock, but it went wide of its mark. Two Glendelinians struck against him. He managed to knock by a blow of a stick the rifle from one of the men but the other enveloped him with powerful strong arms. This soldier had a wicked leering face. Instant impressions. The man struck with his fist into the green sash. He was a very powerful man and his fist sank deep as it cracked like an egg shell. He felt on his face and wrist and put away his force on the sticky blood. The Glendelinian screamed—an eerie cry mingled with a curse. It's gripping hands loosened and the man was able to jerk his fist from the crushed in face and staggered back free of it. The wounded man sank to the ground writhing and dying. But Violet and her sisters saw that others were here. A ring of them now surging forward closing in on the two men. The man came an awful stretch in the air from something which was none so unbecoming. At a little distance on the ground they saw the other man rolling with a brown gray cluster of the soldiers upon him a mass of tangled fighting bodies and cursing filled the air. That man was a smaller one but he was lithe as a cat. He was fighting like a cat now. The ring of soldiers soldiers around the other man was closing in. Violet and her sisters could see them cluster and it seemed in the dim starlight that they were ghosts. They saw waving weapons like rifles—rifles undoubtedly though one glimmered like a sabre, but none of them were being used though her commands came from the one who held the sabre.

Thoughts were instant things. The impression came to Violet and her sisters in that second while they stood there panting glaring at the mass of attackers that these Glendelinians wanted to attack on. Captive capture him alive. They themselves couldn't interfere to help them as they were too many, and to shoot at them would endanger the men. Then a rifle shot cracked. The soldiers around the bigger man were standing inactive now shouting to him to surrender. But the smaller man on the ground was still fighting.

The tall man suddenly shouted:

"Stop it! Ah Ralph. Don't fight it is useless. They'll kill—"

With a swelling surge the gray clad men came at him with curses because he yelled. They tried to knock him down with their musket butts but his flailing fists cracked them in a tumult of noise. He waded through the broken bleeding bodies, flung them off but others came and tried not to bayonet him. Feeble soldiers. The death of one had had no effect upon the others at all even though the starlight grooved with their blood and ling screams of blasphemy. Then it seemed to Violet that from the hand of one of the Glendelinians a sort of metal something was squinting fumes into the man's face. The small even reached them and it was heavy sickly sweet so that they edged away quickly out of it holding their breath. The man caught the object ripped it away from the soldier's hand and crashed it through the face of the soldier which had been holding it. But Violet and her sisters observed that the man had breathed the drug fumes so they knew by his stumbling action that his arms and legs must be getting heavy. However he was still fighting—but abruptly it seemed like a dream. They saw the inert body of the small man being carried away under the trees by a staggering group of men. Then from behind suddenly Violet and her sisters were set upon. They were not attacked in the same way but something was squinted into their faces the same heavy sickly sweet smell. As though in a night move the little girl tried to suddenly run despite their finding senses. Then every thing depended to blackness, and felt themselves falling while the strange roaring in their heads grew into a great torrent of sound enveloping all the world. Then it too faded as their senses slid away into a black and soundless abyss of unconsciousness.

Violet was the last to recover her senses and found herself lying on the floor for some time something that appeared to be a big room. Two of her sisters were sitting on either side of her bandaging over her.

"Oh you're all right now. Thank God for that," said Jennie.

"Yes I believe I'm all right," she replied. "I guess so. With a little more rest I'll be strong enough to struggle to sit up." "Oh, where are the others?"

They were in a Glendelinian barracks building in a large but dark all like room. None of them had been injured, they had only been drugged, and now it was wearing off. They were alone in the room, and

how the Glendelinians did not as parents them as is usual the case was a mystery. Only a few pieces of old time fashioned furniture perhaps a century or more old were here. There was a metal door slide but it was locked.

Jennie had already investigated that in one wall opposite the big door was an oval bulls eye porthole. Brilliant starlight was streaming in. It was the only light in the room.

"Where are the Glendelinian camp," Jennie said. "The Glendelinians brought us here kidnapped us from the Christian camps. The camp of the future is imminent. Come sisters I'll show you." Jennie gestured toward the small window.

Dizzily Violet gained herself with her sisters. She was horribly weak, and sick, her head still heavy and whirling.

"I and my sisters were knocked out like you," Violet said. "Jennie said to us construct events. But how I came to find I do not know but how it seems hours ago and that we slept into another night. Nobody has been here. But as we are in a Glendelinian encampment all night. Those soldiers must have discovered where we have been hiding and snatched upon us from behind."

The sight from the window was amazing. The sky in the east and south east was as aglow as if the world in that direction had become molten and was boiling molten matter into space. The stars were in the sky but looked red. The glare itself in the straight southeast shone with an amazing bright yellow almost golden brilliance against an firmament like dead black cloud like black infinity of space without stars. The glare was away where in that direction in the north east too but they could not see any smoke rolling up and just the glare and my wasn't it hot.

"I figure we must be coming near to the end of the world," Violet said. "I wonder if that is coming forward menacing this part of the country. It looks like it is as we can see it better from here than elsewhere. I figure that's the main fire over the sea," she pointed.

The main part. Of course it was. Violet had her eyes now, and she was puzzled.

But how were Violet expostulated. "How did we get so far away from the Christian chetian lines so soon just while we have been unconscious. For this camp is strange to us as if it belongs to another Glendelinian army. Where in the world are we? Where is the Christian camp?"

"How I know," Jennie scowled. "But you can guess. Say are not my sisters pretty hungry and thirsty?"

Thinking of it they were, so thirsty. That was not the worst of it, and they were very strangely weak.

"My guess is that the strange dream we took in threw us into catatony," Jennie said. "Expanded animation out of which we just recovered in to night."

"To night," Violet gasped.

"Sure to night. I think we have been unconscious for over twenty four hours. Maybe longer."

It was true. They had been within the Glendelinian camp for over twenty four hours since captured. They were only about two miles away from the Christian lines and what was left of the Christian lines was a wreck. For this was in the possess possession of the enemy who had attacked it from all quarters and a good portion of the Glendelinian army was chasing after the retreating Christian armies, and trying their best to catch it. Already the pursuing Glendelinian army was catching up to the pursued and Maxwell in two wide floods.

Violet and her sisters had been by the window perhaps five minutes or more when there was a noise behind them. They swung tense alert to see the door way sliding in the dim aperture a gray shaped thing stood peering.

peering with an out stretched arm holding the partly open door slide it gazed in at the seven little prisoners, and they stared back at the Glendelinian soldier. Violet saw it suddenly not as a soldier but as a ghost.

Violet saw it not as a soldier but more like some ghost a travesty of a man in that gloom. Something like a gray shadow but still it seemed human. The words came stern and loud from the soldier it was harsh and cruel but the words were grave threat in the sound.

"You little snakes die to night within another half an hour by shot execution."

Then the Glendelinian soldier, Violet and her sisters could not hardly think of it as a man in such a gloom came swiftly into the room. With his right hand he fumbled at his belt.

Violet said tensely:

"Don't you dare try to kill us. Our Father won't give you a miss any gun shot to if you do."

The Glendelinian soldier paid no attention, the hand only coming from the belt and drawing forth a small bottle of something, and Violet was lax.

"Good! How are sisters?" she said. "I guess it is something he wants us to drink in order to poison ourselves. Don't take it."

They refused it. At the door the others of the Glendelinians were standing. They held weapons in their hands—small revolvers, but they were all smiling.

the next of a monkey's of a g. In.. and the one in the room made a gesture of drinking.

11 26 1944

"Don't make a move. If we anger them they can kill us in a second."

The man however did not look as cruel as he was. He was tall and stout and handsomely uniformed and his chest hung with metal ornaments, a profusion of medals, to dignify his high office.

He sat like a King in the chair. The general was regarding the little girls steadily. To Violet the silence became insupportable. She burst out impulsively almost angrily.

"Can't you speak? What do you want of us whom your men unjustly kidnapped from the Christian lines?"

In the high hergish voice burst out like a bomb. It made the general in the chair turn white with anger and the guards beside Violet and her sisters leaped forward presenting bayonets to them and ordering them to keep their mouths shut until spoken to first. Violet gave one of the guards such a cold look and slapped him so hard that his weapon came up level at her head, and then as for a tender moment she did not move the guards relaxed with curses.

Justice expelled a long breath.

Then the ruler spoke to his own men. One of them leaped lightly to the platform.

And now Violet and her sisters saw a rack up there a row of what seemed to be large test tubes. There were ten with wires connecting with them. The light shone on them as the guard carefully lifted them and hung them like a circle around the little girls at one time. The connecting wires leaped and fastened them, and the light shone more clearly on the tubes now.

A wire was placed around them with connections for their legs. A looped electrode was at the end of each. And the guards were about to fasten them to the foreheads and arms of the prisoners. Violet and her sisters could help it they winced. They muttered cries of protest. But they were seized and held and they stood billigrent gazing wild eyed at their tortments.

Their senses whirled. Were they really to face death this time in the form of electrocution? They felt the electrode touch their foreheads and their whole instinct was to cast it off. To fight, to go down fighting. But that would end in worse death and there were too many men to battle. They prayed harder than ever standing stiff and tense, Violet watching in terror the wire fastened now around Jennie's head. The little girl was panting, her face pale, her fists clenched. They thought of how painful would be broken hearted when they thought he would hear of their death. For his sake and their fathers they begged God to come to their assistance!

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS ARE ELECTROUTED.

The electrode was cold on their foreheads. They snapped together with a click. The guard stood away while the general in the chair had a hand on a switch level or lower and quickly he pulled it. Violet and her sisters together felt a searing of the senses and every muscle in their bodies was taut braced against the shock. On elsewhere in the electric chair the condemned criminal doubtless felt like that as he waits for the shock of dying. But Violet and her sisters felt only a wave of dizziness. The vision of the dark and the general receded before them, but they were not dead, even hurried. Violet saw Violet standing still wild eyed—and then on her face when she found she was still alive an expression of wonder and great relief and no doubt she seemed to utter a prayer of thanksgiving. A minute passed while neither of the little girls dared to move. They were aware of the hum of the current, vague as though it were not audible to her ears but sounding in her head in their heads.

Every thing was vague, and abruptly they were conscious that only their thoughts were wandering. Dilled. They fought to think clearly. But it seemed as if this current were sapping their minds, draining it so that they were blunted, passive, quiescent, almost stripped of their ability to think. The Glendelinians were astonished that the current which was four thousand volts didn't do the job. Seeing it did no good the general had moved the switch again. The current was off now, but the guards examined the connections and found that on the little girls they were not properly connected. Ah that explains it. Every thing was done to the perfection now and the current again turned on.

This time results were "beautiful." For sure the connections were all right the wires were good and every thing electrical perfect as if they came from the factory but it was the same as before. They were not suffering electrocution. The Glendelinians wondered why and got scared. The general shut off the current and said:

"Confound it! I have it now."

"What's wrong?" asked a Colonel.

"You can't kill them little brats. Electricity won't kill angels and they're angel possessions! I heard about it. You were fools to capture them. That'll mean bad luck for us all."

The general spoke haltingly with his queer Irish accent.

Violet gasped but said nothing.

"You mean," continued the colonel, "that these little guttersnips are protected by angels?"

"Yes they are. I've gleaned the knowledge from some one. I'm afraid to touch them. Get them back for the angels. Take off those confounded wires. I turned on ten thousand volts and they're not injured."

Violet and Jennie passed a hand across her forehead as the band was gone. For a moment there seemed to be a surge of movement within her head. There fell a great silence. Violet and her sisters now accepted the fact they were angel possessed. The instinct of life even when we are good beyond believing and of personal personal safety in strong in every human. Their thoughts swept into questions of how they might escape out of this. Though angel possessed they could not escape always miraculously though they often did. If they could get control of that small one a plane they seen out side if only—

"But angel possessed or not you cannot escape," the general said. "I read your thoughts. Foolish little Christian dog."

"What do you want of us you kidnappers?" Violet burst out. "Are Glancy. We don't remember ever mentioning you, a foreigner taking side with the Glendelinian cause a wicked renegade Catholic as you are."

"I'm not Glancy, don't know the man. As you are spies I wanted to condemn you to death by electrocution without trial as enough evidence is against you little brats. I have it now that you are angel possessed, but that is no sign you can escape. I know all the intricacies of their army. I'll help Manley get through from Big Old Knoll and you fathers won't be able to stop me. I'll hold you until the war is over put you among child slaves and see if the angels can save you from that."

His voice droned on. He talked slowly, carefully, as though his purpose was not so much to inform as to pitiable plunders, as to threaten them with death another way besides the former. Violet and her sisters knew what was to occur but for not only from the note they had gleaned from Evans but from what they had learned in the paper they had captured in the idol room. It was positive that general Glancy was about to crush the whole Christian army army confronting him. Unless something was done they knew how easy Glancy would win his attempt. Every thing was ready. All sections of general Glancy's army was already heading for the drive. The battle which had raged for days already was rapidly growing in fury, and now it was reported to be raging very hotly. Unseen by Christian spies batteries of Glendelinian cannon was being placed where they were never expected to be placed.

Amazing news for the battle beyond description. A amazing horror of the battle beyond description. All Christian divisions that could have been spared by General Evans and Henry were fighting the Glendelinian advance now.

And other unusual things were going on and most of the Christian territory was already overrun by Glendelinian soldiers victorious in the extreme. The pileons defeat at Mount Lebanon in Jerusalem was nothing in comparison to the disaster happening to the Christian armies now. The whole of the Christian army of General Viviananna seemed doomed, plus with the almost total success of the past battle of Lebanon Glancy's army was spreading forward now into last growth of victory and movement despite the accustomed heat of the times produced by the Eastern Calverinian forest fires which had brought it about that there had been no winter that year.

A brave Christian general attacked by no many Glendelinians ready now to overwhelm it. And the dreadful forest fires as fierces as infernal fires of hell—though past months fierces as they had been then just enough to keep winter weather away and keep the whole world sky smoky, and spilling the frigidity of even Abyssinikilian and Northern Argentinian State winters were spreading eastward now. Even caused by the forest fires infernal gases were expanding under pressure in caverns far underground, and at any moment they might ignite and burst forth.

Calverinia seemed doomed indeed. Violet and her sisters stood amazed. The enemy under Glancy must be stopped. They must escape, get out of this predicament. That small one plane they had seen—if only they could seize it for they knew how to operate it and it had a cockpit big enough to hold more than seven of the men. It was an observation plane, wild useless plane, but they were better than none, and in them Violet and her sisters also presently seemed to see a nationality. A course of action, desperate desperate desperate but at least possible of success. Violet asked Violet in a low whisper but in English in case she was overheard:

"What's the plan you said you noticed that could rescue us if we

not any with the airplane."

"It is quite new here. you would call it an English mile. It is better we could seize that!"

"The airplane though is closer than that!"

"No. I saw them moving it to some other spot for fear I suppose we'd get it if we managed to escape. If we can get away it is best we take the airplane."

"But with shots the enemy could puncture the bag," said Cathrine. "I vote we escape in the airplane and nothing else. How can you know they'll have the advantage if we take the ship because of that old bug? If they puncture it it'll mean our death. The airplane is too small to hit at a distance. The bag is an easy mark on the airship. Then to keep the general guessing Violet said curtly; "And you idea is to help that rascally Glancy devastate our Father's army!" "How do you know that?" the general said sternly. "Have the crazy angels told you. Well if so then of course. You couldn't stop information that is already being done so I'll gladly tell you. You must lose in the end so that Glandelinia can dominate the world and free it of all Christian races."

Unusual reasoning so unusual that Violet and her sisters in spite of the peril couldn't help giggling and Violet said;

"You might as well capture the moon."

His face twisted into a monstrous smile.

"So you think little brat it can't be done eh. Glancy has the armies and has the weapons. We'll win in the end."

Again Violet and her sisters realized that their thoughts were open to this antagonist. Up to now the Glandelinian general had been so interested in his own plans that his mind had not yet become aware of the thoughts of the little girls. But Violet and her sisters were afraid that would come. But the Glandelinians here couldn't speak any English and any how Violet and her sisters could do no more than give each other a significant glance. This confounded wire on my forehead," once said abruptly "It keeps my mind all confused. If you soldiers are any kind of gentlemen I wish you would take it off seeing you cannot elude me any how my sisters."

Jennie and her sisters took the hint.

"You've got enough of the fact that elude me and we don't take have you not." Violet asked.

"The Glandelinian general nodded.

"Yes I think so. Might as well we move it for if we take you elsewhere elsewhere you cannot restrain that thing! But there is more than one way of execution and we'll see soon whether the angels can prevent that or not."

The general signalled to the guards, and they reluctantly moved the wires.

"Thanks" Jennie smiled.

"You have nothing to thank me for" the general retorted. "I've moved them at my own free will not to please you."

But the little girls did not pay any attention to that remark. They thought now to be a chance of escape---if she and her sisters could manage it. Violet saw Jennie's eyeing her, puzzled realizing that she had some plan.

But they knew that the Glandelinian general spoke English being an Irishman and Jennie could do no more than give Violet a significant glance.

"You want to know how the general Glancy will devastate your armies at any minute if not doing it now. All his cannons would not do it very quickly---you have perhaps seen all our weapons operate. Not with weapons or charges but with clever tricks he'll defeat you. He knows all history your generals don't."

Violet and her sisters were hardly listening. If only she and her sisters could be alone here with this crazy Irishman. If they could seize him he in the grasp of the seven of them would be helpless big as he was. He did not seem to have any real trusty weapons which they could take from him but they could at least try their phylloxera powers. If only they could seize him.

Jennie gestured at the big group of men who stood close at hand curiously watching the scene. She was thinking of some plausible reason for the general to dismiss them. So she said;

"I hate the smell of your men's bodies. They must never take baths they smell so salty and sour. And they stand so close."

"O Yes it's your plan to put something over on me and make an escape" said the general. "Since the possession angels protect you so strangely I won't make any further attempts to kill you but you're not going to get free. We will leave here presently."

He stopped. He turned his head as though listening. He had heard something which Violet and her sisters in their own excitement had not yet heard. And the guards were aware of it. They stood stirred uneasily, and one of them murmured with excitement. The sound obviously.

The sound obviously was swiftly intensifying. Violet heard it first now a sort of distant commotion and also a noise of very intense fury of firing of mostly rifles mingled with cries screams as if ghosts were in the air. There was also a loud rustling and scratching sounds, and the hiss of flames.

A fierce counter-attack upon the Glandelinian encampments. A tumult of frenzied strife and the attackers were setting the camps on fire. It grew rapidly in volume. Approaching somehow or other Violet and her sisters had an instinct that their brother Penrod must have heard of their capture and was making another desperate raid to recapture them. The Glandelinian general stood on his feet scowling. His face was so contented with rage. He shouted at the guards.

"Grab the little brats."

"What's the idea?" demanded Violet.

"We got to get you out of here so the Christian dogs cannot rescue you" and a guard seized the little girl by the shoulder. Violet screamed.

"You hurt me."

"I don't care the man shouted. "There's an attack upon us and you're responsible for no doubt they have come to your rescue. These accursed Christian dogs coming here, we'll have to break through them."

The wild commotion was much closer now. It came from the left of the camp and then too was heard on the same side of the house and also within where the door was opened into corridors.

The general gestured.

"We can go the other way with the prisoners. There is a door there and we---"

He suddenly stopped staring down the length of the room. Violet and her sisters hopefully followed his gaze. From the open door they could see the full stretch of the corridor. At the distant door through which they had entered a great number of men were bursting through wearing purple uniforms some carrying torches. They immediately spread forward over the room floor demanding the general to surrender and hand over the little girls to them. That way of exit was cut off.

"Can't stay here and be captured" the general snapped. "Those Christian dogs will fill this big room in a minute."

He reached down, and with his left arm he scooped up the Vivian Girl girl closest to him. He struggled and screamed and tried to bite him and kicked but he avoided all that. For a moment it produced an unnatural terror in the little girl to be captured by an Irishman whom she always heard whether good or bad you could never lick. Or put anything over on her screamed again;

"Put me down, put me down you Irish dog. Put me down."

"But up or I'll choke you to death." the Irishman said grimly, swiftly. "If the camp is captured I'll get away to Menloes with you on my Airship."

"Come on quick general" one of the colonels cried. "We'll be trapped here and the little brats rescued. Those cursed Irish Christian dogs."

The Glandelinian soldier had already instantly spread over the room floor and were rushing forward threatening the Glandelinians with their bayonets. Through the doors to the left abruptly came sprawling figures in screaming yelling combat---the Glandelinian soldiers with the Christians attacking them. Violet and her sisters had only a glimpse of their rescuers the silent room becoming suddenly a chaos of battle horror over which the general was shouting;

"Come follow me with your prisoners. We'll outwit the Christian dogs."

With the struggling little girls under their arms the general and his men sped from the gruesome turmoil of the cave through a wide doorway and plunged in to the dimness of an ascending tunnel.

They ran and ran desperately, while there seemed a vigorous pursuit of Christian soldiers behind them. But ahead lay only a dim silence of upward slope. Shots sounded behind them and one of the Glandelinians who held Violet yelled and dropping her fell on top of her with a mortal agony. Blindly the other Glandelinians with their arms fixed back and heard yells of pain in return. Another then grasped Violet who had freed herself from under the dying man and ran on but only to fall himself shot through the heart. But that did not mean the little girls would be free.

The Glandelinian general bent down.

"Won't tell you a second time to stop your struggling." he said in such a tone of voice that she knew he really meant it and desired in his heart to kill her now to escape more easily. I am so strong a man I can kill you with a squeeze of my arm around your neck. You know that?"

"Yes I know it."

"And if I let you loose you cannot escape from my fellow men. They'll kill you more willingly than I would."

That silenced her captive. She had no fear of Glandelinians but an Irishman wicked or good would defy the devil and hell and mean it so dangerous is he. The general turned to one of the men.

"Want you to direct us to your Airship. Hurry."

"All right sir."

"The end of the tunnel." Some one called. "The persuaders are far behind."

The general stopped and in a moment the colonel was beside him....

However it was found out that not one of the men could operate this. "You girl have the knowledge you can operate this?" the sergeant panted. "Yes I can operate it but I won't," said Violet stubbornly. "If you want to go off operate it you - self." "Go it I say or I'll shoot you. Close the port's Frank. You girl raise us. No you life o' yours." "I won't operate it," said Violet determinedly. "They both aimed their pistols at her heart." "Operate this machine," say. "Shoot if you dare. I way I won't even touch the controls and you can't make me. I'll do no service for any Glandelinian who kicks little girls around you cowardly brutes."

One Glandelinian pulled her from the chair and roughly hurled her toward the controls.

"Operate this airship." In answer Violet only kicked him on the chins of the leg so that he howled. "I'll break the controls," she screamed, and would have done it but two of them hurled her from the works. She tried madly to reach the controls but they kept her back. One of the men had to try it themselves at any risk of doing it wrong. They had the idea when they had it high enough and dangerous situation then she would do it especially to save herself if not them. They ought to have known her by now. In the meantime the port's had been closed by Frank. Through the visor panes Frank and his companions saw that the dawn was coming, a slow twilight merging into grey smoky day light. Two other great explosions in the distance crashed. A distant scene was a litter of horrors now. The Christian victorious were surging forward everywhere--a tangle as it seemed with the Gray men who were retreating. But the dreadful turmoil was soundless shut away from within the little space cabin of the airship. Seconds of apprehension. What if the wilful delay of Violet would cause disaster. They seemed an eternity to the two breathless Glandelinians. "Owens and Frank, could they succeed in operating the ships themselves? At the window port a gruesome red shape with large heart shaped hats were crowd crowding now thumping fitfully again against the heavy bulleypane panels with dull rifle bullets but couldn't break their way in. Violet signalled to some of them to shoot at the bag but they didn't seem to understand. The man at the controls however succeeded in getting the motor to hum, the bow lifted and they were rising. The glare and turmoil flew away. Overhead was daylight and a spread of smoke clouds. The two men breathed again.

"We did it in spite of the little brat, Ralph. Safe from the Christian dogs." Safe! In the control room behind them they heard a thump. Frank whirled. One Clark stood with hands out stretched before him gaping with horror. Violet turned and cried out with glee. The red shaped things Clark had seen them only at a distance caught brief glimpses, but one was here in the control room now. A powerful Angelinian soldier was shut up with them now in this control room and he was a man twice their length. A powerful antagonist. A menace menace that must be killed now or they would be killed. He had drawn his long infantry sheath knife. Through a second of stricken fixity Clark stared, bathed in sweat his blood seeming to run like ice through his veins, a constriction in his chest as though fingers of fear and panic were squeezing his wildly leaping heart.

The dangerous Angelinian soldier had come into the control room. The Angelinian with arm outstretched went for them with a roar of rage.

They drew their pistols and shot at the same time. He managed to strike at one of them before he fell shot through the head and heart.

In the conflict they had neglected the controls and the ship was lurching.

"Steady us," Clark gasped. "Never mind this we're falling. Steady us."

Owens swung back to her task. The ship righted. The surface of the landscapes lighted now by flat gray day light lay spread beneath them. Men below could be seen aiming at the bag but were unable to hit it. Gigantic battle ground. A whole long line of works were all covered now by the surging combatants, through which the Glandelinians now reversing things were again surging, seeking out the retreating Christian troops to devour them like some dreadful monster. The ship rose higher. Far to the right and left they saw eddies of fire mounting high into the air, with a rolling sea of smoke.

Frank for goodness sake look out."

Frank was startled as Owens frightened warning voice sounded. Frank swung, and saw that Violet was standing against the wall of the room having in the confusion left the chair. One of her hands held a gleaming revolver which evidently she had snatched from a munition and weapon rack overhead. Her eyes gleamed with a baleful fury. Her voice came sharp and clear.

"I'm no prisoner no longer. Give up or I'll shoot you. You're my prisoners."

Her waving pistol spat forth. But the flash went high sizzling against the metal wall ceiling. One had leaped and Frank was hardly a second behind him, but Violet always agile and as quick as a cat had leaped aside. The two men collided striking their heads together. The two men rubbed their heads and cursed but before they could regain their caution, Violet had hit one of them over the head with the pistol butt, and then as the other lunged at her gave him a bullet through the heart. He dropped with a chilling scream. Violet was horrified but also relieved. "He had at last by her own effort freed herself and also was in full possession of a great big airship. She thanked God for her deliverance and for the fact that she knew how to operate the levers and other controls. Violet she quickly tilted the other man's hands behind him and his feet too. Then relieving him of his cartridge belt and all weapons and the dead man too she put them on herself. Then she did not look again at the enemy after seeing to it the live ones arms and feet were so tightly fastened that only a miracle could enable him to free himself. Then she did anything she did it well. She can't remember when any one ever escaped her. The sisters yet."

Again the rising airship was out of control. Violet now sat at the levers. She steadied the ship and it rose normally again. She knew the direction to general Jack Evans army and headed for it. The lurid surface of the dreadful conflagrations of the camps and the battles was far down beneath her now, the heavy cloud masses of smoke close overhead, and sudde suddenly there came a rift in the distant part of the cloud, fierce dazzling glare struck through strong as a sunlight but infinitely hotter than a volcanic eruption. At all events she must keep the big bag from ever getting touched by the flames or there would be some explosion and disaster. When he headed it off from the conflagration she could see so down that the conflagration was shuddering all monstrous vegetation as if the country itself had gone into the sun itself.

All in a second it seemed upon the distant horizon titanic sheets of flame looking like inflammable gases ignited shot upward and forward from the burning stretches of tents tremendous, spreading fiery incandescence forming into a rolling tumbling sea of fire down there now. From there so far below it looked like a doomed world. Smoke rolled up in vast and more darker columns and a titanic chimney of heated air (not heat) was surging up like a tiny piece of paper in a furnace blast the ship was whirled upward, through the tumbling cloud masses and hurled into space.

With in General Evans lines Violet's sisters had been brought safe and secure but her sister Violet was missing. But while her sisters and even Penrod was worried exceedingly the captain of one of the giments saw something come wafting down from the sky and soon discovered it to be a huge Gray bagged airship. It was the airship which Violet had managed to navigate to General Evans lines. One knew that of course and knowing it was an enemy airship and believing it was scuttling on them going to drop bombs they would have fired at the bag and caused her death, but they saw it was not flying Glandelinian flags but their own country's. A great crowd of soldiers and boy and girls came gathered around, amazed, as the enormous airship soon came down entirely and rested in the fields outside of the Christian lines. Every body ran forward from all directions even Violet's sisters.

Their astonishment was intensified when from the door of the control room which opened a little girl emerged and which at once the whole group and even Violet's sisters and Penrod recognized. They were struck speechless especially her sisters and Penrod for they had told him she had still been a prisoner and here she comes with a huge airship. Penrod was so quick that he was the first by her side while the airship was surrounded by a crowd.

"Well for the Love of--" began Penrod hardly believing his eyes. "Who's with you Violet? How did you hear you were a prisoner?" "I was," she giggled. "I got one prisoner in there now. There was a dead man in there too but I so shoved him off while high in the air. He must have dropped into the river. They were my captives but I got the upper hand. Then I navigated the airship all the way to here."

Some of the soldiers went in and dragged the prisoner out. Most of those nearby had heard Violet's testimony of how she got the airship and thought indeed that she must be getting more unusual every day. She the last of her sisters to escape coming back to the Christian lines with a huge airship in her possession. Penrod said:

"My Gosh Violet what in the world will you do next. I don't want a whole camp of tents in the air if you are not a miracle then what are you?" She only giggled and said good naturedly: "Is it my fault. They bring me on the ship, and I overpower them killing one and then direct the ship over here. That is so astonishing about that?" Penrod couldn't say a word but grinned sheepishly. Often he had astonished his sisters. Now it was Violet's turn to astonish him.

"We thought you would never get away," said Joice. "I never thought, couldn't think that you could put it over on the enemy that way. The angels sure guided your destiny-----" Gay Mister what are you laughing about." She had turned abruptly to a man who was laughing very loud. "Ha, ha, I'm laughing because the joke is on the enemy," he said. "They capture you princesses and you get away finally or were rescued one by one and she still a prisoner. Then she comes back with a prisoner herself and such a monster-ship. Don't you see where the joke is. I've been in the United States in all my earlier travels and never there saw an airship yet so big. High over Glandelinian Generals there are that possessed that airship sure will miss it now."

"Come," said Penrod. "Let Jack Evans see you and your sisters. He was so worried that he was going to organize all the Gemini to search for you. He was going himself. Hurry."

Violet and her sisters were glad to do this bidding, his bidding but as they came in, with Jack Evans arising with surprise and relief on his face Penrod burst out with:

"Come to the window you excellency and see the March Day Present Violet my dear sister brought you. She says you can have it for your use and your officers."

Evans thinking that Violet might have escaped with a pack of good horses as she usually does want to the window and saw nothing but a great big airship out in the fields with a great crowd of soldiers and child scout surrounding it.

"Here did that big airship come from?" the general asked. "Doesn't it belong to the Glandelinians. How did it get here?"

"My sister Violet brought it," said Penrod with his grin.

Evans looked at Penrod as if he thought the boy was having one of his customary jokes but Jennie said:

"Yes she did. Evans dear, he also had a prisoner on it too. He told me she captured it high in the air too by surprising her two captors in the control room."

Evans was astonished beyond his own reasoning when he heard the full details and also by some of the soldiers the prisoner with bandaged head was brought before him. The prisoner reluctantly had to confess that it was true and called her a little wild cat, but Evans silence him mightily roughly. "Well wonders never cease," said Evans when the prisoner was gone.

"It don't seem to be anything wonderful," said Violet. "You sure Evans dear brought to remember how we once together captured a airship before this."

"Yes but you guided this one all alone by yourself. How did you do it?" "I made the prisoner help me at the point of the pistol. When I was some distance away from the foe lines I made him lower the airship, and then watching him closely made him even put on our own national flags so we wouldn't be fired on by mistake when we reached the Christian camps. He couldn't escape or put anything over on me either. He tried to after he placed the flags on. That is why his hand is in a sling now. I shot him in the arm."

"Don't you see Penrod dear," giggled Joice. "This time too the joke is on you. You did things to astonish us, and this time Violet astonished you." "But what is there to me capturing an airship," asked Violet who couldn't see that she had done anything big. "If I had gotten away from the enemy's lines with it myself it would seem unusual, but I was first a prisoner of those two men and then I got the upper hand as there were a gun on a wick above me. I got it before the men saw what I did."

But "But you did do something wonderful just the same," said Penrod. "You don't see it now. But let's forget it if you think it is nothing and go out away. Our friend Evans can do what he wishes with the airship. I want to do a slight bit of scouting and see what the effect is on the enemy since he lost the airship. And find out what is going on concerning the distant battle of Minda Rhonda."

Violet and her sisters and their brother Penrod reined up under the big pine tree some distance from the Christian lines but still within plain view of the airship and the crowd around it. They were scrutinizing the strange faded sign nailed to the trunk some time before they had passed this spot and there had been no sign there. Two long thin arrows were pointed in on it but pointing in opposite directions. Under the arrows were letters crudely made:

"The Big Jump Creek, Five miles."

"Los Angeles, 10 miles."

Penrod picked the big black hat from his golden head and watched it dustily against his coat.

"I wonder," he said with a grin to his sisters "if that creek would jump in the air at the sight of us. Some name." "Well what ever it has for a name I'd choose Big Jump Creek," Jennie said with a giggle. "It's so hot to day that we would appreciate the shower if the water is cool enough."

"Why?"

"On account it is within an easy sight of a portion of the enemy's lines and within safe distance of our own lines, and we need to discover what the result is about Violet's capture of that airship."

"It was nothing," said Violet again. "Why make off as if I did anything important. If you was in my place Jennie you would have done the same and I know it?" "No I wouldn't," said Jennie decidedly. "Not to my captors, I wouldn't. I'd show them something when they go kicking little girls around as you said."

"Augustinia St. Clair our prisoner kicked you."

"Yes and when the proper time comes for his trial he'll see me."

"Who's going to be his judge," asked Violet.

"I'll appoint Jennie," said Penrod.

"I'll accept."

Penrod now halted in moping his shiny round handsome face with a corner of his white handkerchief and then said again:

"Well it seems between me and my sisters we are all wonderful to the soldiers of our side. My big raids and all the successes you do when getting things on the enemy. Your information about plancy is being investigated by Evans and if he can halt him we'll be that much off for good. You Violet captured an airship and captured Augustinia St. Clair didn't I. With that other prisoner you have Violet back there."

Jane Melfort who was with them shook her head solemnly.

"Great risk you took Princess Violet in getting off with that airship. They may make an attack and try to reclaim it!"

"They'll get it in a week then," said Penrod. "And I'll do the wrecking. Heck the Glandelinians were responsible for their loss. They had no right to kick little girls any how or make them prisoners."

"I cannot now understand those Glandelinian generals," said Jane. "They make children prisoners not only for rapping but for other purposes."

"Any how," said Penrod. "Let's forget about the airship and enjoy ourselves for a spell. I crave some simple restoration to these confounded dust out of my throat. Maybe we can get back to some canteen and drink some of that red beer or Coca Cola."

"That liquid is too cold now with all this heat," said Violet. "We could return to that airship and get plenty of good milk there in ice refrigerator heat it to the right temperature and get some thing to eat too. I'm hungry."

"Yes the milk too is there ice cold," corrected Penrod. "That is something else you forgot. It would take a long time to heat it right."

"I still think there will be considerable excitement within the Glandelinian camps when they discover the loss of their gigantic airship," said Jane Melfort.

"Princess Violet I also still think you did something greater than you imagine. Our whole camp here is excited about it and the crowd still hangs about the airship. It would make a great thing for you Guardian Jack Evans if he can use it, put why didn't you keep it for your own use."

"We will," said Violet. "But he has a right to share it with us."

"Well this ain't no good place to linger in," declared Hattie with an uneasy look toward the east where a great column of Glandelinian cavalry seemed to appear.

"And too it looks as if it is going to rain. This heavy gully will be bank high, and if it does rain where these forest fires are we'll soon find out all over the country what smoke really looks like."

Penrod had swung off his horse (not horse) dropped the reins and stretched out on the cool sand.

"Then wake me up when the flood comes along. If we got to plunge into war games right off again, I aim to restore my tissues first. But why not all of you get some rest as you didn't sleep all night because Violet didn't come back. Jane can get some boy scouts to do guard duty for us."

Penrod pillows his head on a boulder, closed his eyes and was soon sleeping. He, like his sisters however, were too excited over the situation to sleep and couldn't keep their eyes off of the big airship. But soon Penrod's sleep was rudely interrupted. He sat up suddenly with a waking start, and fanned something off his face. Then he stared at the big black beetle he had knocked too the sand. Then he cast a suspicious eye at Daisy who was leaning against a tree contemplating the great airship so that he knew she didn't do it to play a joke on him.

"Maybe so one of my dearest little sisters parked this beautiful black beauty on my proboscis," Penrod said suspiciously with a grin. "Just to rouse me up, knowing that little girls in Abbisannia ain't afraid of bugs and things."

Why who knew she was the suspected one she urged her shoulders in truthful denial.

"I wouldn't have nothing to do with that kind of a bug." She declared. "Besides I o my sisters wouldn't do such a thing when some body is asleep. And besides that is a black tum ble bug."

"Tumble bug?" Pen rod picked up the insect and looked it over while it wriggled to get free. "Glad dear I'm plumb astonished at your seeming in ignorance of inverted bugology. This ain't a tumble bug. His proper name is pinacate beetle."

"I reckon you learned that when we once guided that bug hunting p of essor out of the danger zone when he was pursued by Glandelinians." said Jennie.

"I learned something else. This sort of a bug would be a valuable find to any bug hunter but say I'm going to try and get some sleep again. And if any of you little girls play another little trick on me you're going to get a hug and kiss under stand. You desee we more than that any how you a re--"

Crack. A rifle shot echoed latly from the boulders up on the ridge not far off. It seemed at a distance the whole camp was excited. A bullet thudded into the sand inches from Pen rods hand in the exact spot where the tumble bug had been doing his balancing act after getting away from Pen rods hand. The bug had vanished now, so had violet and her sisters, who had Jack knifed behind a number of trees. All that remained was a slug furrow in the sand. Pen rod was as quick as a cat. He had flipped over on his belly with lizard agility but dangerous pistols leveled across the boulder which a split second before had been his pillow.

"Goodness Gracious. Violet's voice was a whisper. "It is sure lucky that that bullet didn't hit any one of us and especially you Pen rod."

"Why especially me?" said Pen rod. "Am I any better?"

"Yes you are --"

Crack. A second shot ripped leaves from the pine trees. They shifted down on the flattened boy.

"Somebody must have mistook us for enemies for we're being fired on by our own men." said violet. "Look there he is now. Up among those rocks."

As she spoke, a rider burst into view, spurring hard, and hitting for a cross road road toward the gully which violet, and her sisters and Pen rod had just descended. He was waving a six shooter in one hand. The other gripped a big l lougher bug that dangled from his saddle horn. He wore a black sort of hat that the same as Pen rods. At a distance he seemed to be of similar build but tall er and slim er with bottle neck shoulders. The distance was nearly two hundred yards. Violet herself beside Pen rod in the same position as he was caught sighted across the boulder with her peering rifle and gave the trigger a squeeze. The rider yelled and stiffened. His left hand left the saddle horn gripping the injured member under his gun arm as he vanished over a rise. The leather bag fell.

Violet sprang to her feet, captured the reins and vaulted to the saddle. She ascended the ridge at a gallop. In a minute she came back with the big leather bag. She dropped it to the sand at the feet of Pen rod and her sisters. It gave forth to their surprise a strange metallic clink.

"Good gosh" said violet. "I thought that man was a spy. Maybe he's worse a foreigner and a thief. He stole money. Look at that name on the bag."

The bag was lettered with the name;

"St. Marys National Bank."

"Maybe we'll have to see what it is and bring it into the lines and get that thief captured" said Pen rod. "He wouldn't dare run into the foe lines even as bad as Glandelinians are thieves wouldn't be welcome either."

Pen rod clawed open the draw strings of the money bag and peered inside. Then he looked up at his sisters his face showing his astonishment and astonishment more than ever.

"There either must have been a hold up or this is some trick of a spy. If this was a hold up it was not at any bank."

"What is the matter?" asked Joice.

Pen rod dipped a hand into the bag and let a handful of the contents filter through his fingers.

"Just iron washes. That boom must have held up some army band washes to be."

"But what would he want of all that junk?" asked violet. "I thought--"

"Spang. A third shot came from the ridge, farther down. In the same instant a hole ripped through the crown of Pen rods black hat, the hat jumping then tilting down over his left eye. A voice roared down the ridge; "Up with your hands down the re."

"Not if I know it" roared Pen rod back. "I'll shoot it out to the last."

Get your guns ready sisters."

As they got ready for a stiff fight knowing the sound of it would bring soldiers immediately to their rescue Pen rod saw a rider pause or the ridge brandishing a cavalry carbine. Pen rod gasped it was Fred Nance. A half dozen others in purple uniform on sweat laden red horses topped the rise and started down

and Pen rod and the little girls.

Pen rod needed tilted but shut off his view and he refused just then to change his position.

"Who all is it?" he asked of his sisters.

"The leader seems to be a long glange man with 'Pop' eyes and a long hon nose." said Catherine. With him is a general who looks like Fred Nance. They'll see their mistake in a minute though they all look plumb irritated about something."

"At a rough guess," said Pen rod "I'd say it was Fred Nance."

The leader reached them. He knocked Pen rods hat off with his gun barrel. "It is the very ones we're after boys. Black hat and all. Must have had these girls waiting for him here."

Violet and her sisters were astonished at this remark and from their best friend Fredrick Nance. One of the grim faced soldiers dismounted.

"Good work general. Let's load up the bug and head back."

"Head back for the re?" asked Pen rod. "If I ain't inquisitive."

"For the Christian lines of course. How do you think you're going back to your own Glandelinian camps?"umbled the general."

"Back to the Christian line as prisoners? Say this is plumb foolish." protested Pen rod.

"It sure then blazes is." The new comer or new speaker was a crooked nosed man with a strangely high pitched voice. Violet and her sisters pricked up their ears. They knew they had heard that voice somewhere before. "The little hyena is right." the crooked nosed man went on with a scowl. "They ain't no need to jail all the rest of them, pretty even as the little girls are. How about it comrades?"

There was to the surprise of violet and her sisters and Pen rod too and also to their horror a chorus of agreement.

"That big trees tree looks big enough" decided the man with the crooked nose. "Now who's got a good strategy?"

"Hold on a minute" spoke up Pen rod. "If you try that we'll even here fight for our lives and if we lose and are killed, my sisters and I will make you rue the day I'm Pen rod P. L. Pen rod, and these are my sisters the Vivian Princesses. Don't tell me general Nance that you have turned against us and am going to hang little girls who have been so good and friendly to you and to whom they did a lot--"

"Hang them I ought to" said Fredrick Nance severely. "Vivian girls indeed. Wait until they hear of that. You their brothers won't make me laugh. If you were I would not have hunted you for all over this country. You posing as Pen rod and his sisters robbed their headquarters of their best articles and set the place afire and stole that bug. We ought to be over anxious that no questions be asked or answered as we got the evidence against you. Eight duplicates, imposters claiming you Pen rod and his sisters. Ha. ha don't make me laugh."

One of the men flung a loop over Violet's shoulder. First, it was the man with the crooked nose and as he did so Pen rod kicked out with a booted toe sharp at the end. With a shrill yowl of pain, the man grabbed his newly damaged nose and stumbled against his horse. Another man on the ground went for his gun but Glandelinian soldiers roared. Pen rod was only a boy he was as strong as two men. He knocked the fellow sprawling. General Nance spurred between them.

"Keep your shirt on every body." he shouted. He swung his sabre commandingly. "If there is any shooting around here I'll do it. Maybe this is a mistake. If it is I regret it. We can't act to hasty, even if it did happen what I am told."

The soldiers subsided sullenly. The general turned toward Pen rod and the little girls.

"Now for the men's sake start talking some of you girls. If you are really the Vivian girls I'd know you voices no matter how you are disguised and you're not disguised. Are you really the Vivian girls?"

"Yes" said violet. "We even never rode but horse fac fast to day and you can see for yourself. And early this morning I came back to camp in the air ship."

"You can see she is right" said Joice. "And you notice our horses have not sweat sweat like you're. The ones you're after ran past here. We swapped lead with him. He dropped that bug and sort of hurried along."

The wide Pen rod had in his excitement knocked down scrambled to his feet and thrust a hand into the canvas bag. He scooped out a clinking heap of the iron washes.

"Well I'll be a" he began.

"We have been tricked" said the general. "We got word our fugitives had hid in this gully. But I recognized the voices of the girls and they're original all right and then so is their brother and a puzzled frown came on his face as from the satchel on the back he produced a folded slip of yellow

110. and handed it to the general who had unfolded it.
"Violet's map," he said. "With the names of the children signed on it."
"But what?" the general asked. "He had it with him when he was captured."
"Yes," said Violet.
"The road goes on."
He noticed that Violet and her sisters were standing the gentleman with the hat buckled (or so he thought) a snore. The face as well as the feeble voice was hauntingly familiar even to him. The group of men was silent for a long moment. One of the men finally spoke.

"Come mighty now being to hasty and would have hanged the best ones in the world," he said in a whispering manner. "Oosh hang those duplicates any way. They tickled us."

"Why he asked did that other man head for us he was with those kids?" the general asked.

"Up the cross road," Penrod told him.
"Nance told him he was, then he started. A dark screen of March rain was hiding the hills now and it began to thunder. The rain was an oppressive weight about the heat that portended a deadening shower over the land scape."

"I ain't no use now," said the general. "His trail will be gully washed in five minutes or so. Hope you and your sisters don't bear no harsh notions about us now. On account of what almost took place just now. We were hoodwinked you know, and you'll regret what you'll see when you return to your lines. You headquarters is no more. You've lost every thing. You've lost your best clothing and things. Mistakes will happen you know. The fugitives looking like you headed this way."

"And you being in possession of the bag made it more suspicious," said the man whom Penrod had knocked down. "My you have a valley for a boy and but I thought I did it makes me admire you so. I'll forgive it with all my heart."

"But it seems unusual," said Violet. "that even you men would have hanged a real child - son of the enemy - especially when they come to string up little girls for retelling buggy washers if they had done so."

"I ain't that," said General Nance. "Be cause the enemy won't show you no mercy with the will be show mercy to Glendelminian child spies. Can't be helped." He continued seeing their astonished looks. "Ask your Father if his his steen orders, and who ever robbed your headquarters this morning took away a lot of your most important papers. something all fired funny he was. We got the count y inside scoured for the fugitives but I doubt if we'll get them now."

Violet and her sisters shot another look at the crooked noddled man and wondered who he was. He looked to them like the fugitive one of them then had fired at though he did not show any banded or wounded arm or leg. "We might as well go along back to the christian line seeing every body is still so interested in the big ship," Violet brought to camp. "Penrod suggested. "Would be glad if you would. Better we make tracks out of here before that storm comes upon us."

"My sentiments exactly," declared Penrod, getting to his horse and swinging into the saddle, followed by Violet, and her sisters. Thirty nine men followed by the eight princely children took the back trail for the christian line. Getting sheets of rain dashed then accompanied by sharp thunder and blinding lightning cutting the trail to yellow rivulets of mud. Violet and her sisters and their brother rode side by side up to stir up.

Violet who rode a long side of Penrod spoke her vague thoughts concerning the now silent and sullen man with the crooked nose.

"No disguise that she was that night," saying Violet spoke in English slang; "I should meet up with that Jasper with the sprung oil factory when some where before."

"I," said voice I was thinking the same."
Penrod nodded. He and the little girls found the corner of the boys a fugitive studied the man. Finally Jennie uttered a planned ejaculation.

"I got it Penrod. Leeson I'm might had mistook, that man is the Jasper who is a foreigner, and who held us up when we was coming out of Angelina (Zathia more than a year back."

Joice checked her horse.
"By jingo you're right. It's him. Funny I forgot. But he felt sort of put out when he opened them apertures on us we had with us and which he stole and found they contained nothing but our school books and writing things."

Penrod spoke up along side the general.
"I wish the man with the crooked nose to be a pal - number of your men here all?"

"I could inquire specially in Abilominian."

"Been in the ranks only about two weeks. The general said. "Funny thing too for nobody seems to like him. He runs a waxy countenances where the big ship now stands."

Penrod whistled to his sisters to ride up and they did. Then he said to them in English slang -

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"Look on he'll be a good one for a riding then. Hush hurry washers. He's a crooked nose but over head for the road up and on the road."
"What's all this about?" said Violet. "I'll think about it. I can't understand British slang."

"Nothing much," said Violet. "Only I'm beginning to think about my school books and things that you stole from us at Angelina. About over a year ago. We were you into - in those childish books."

The expression on the man's face as he mumbled and fell back rapidly in the column of horse men puzzled the general and also Penrod. By the time they reached the christian line near the big of ship which was still a wonder to the crowd the sky had cleared and the sun burst down with its usual dazzling brilliance, but the oppressive heat did not come from it. Near where the ship was stood a faint frowning cloud that gladdened the eyes of the children who were getting as thirsty as those lost out in a stateless desert.

"It's the canteen," said Violet. "And we all need a drink."

"Well let's light," said Penrod.
Penrod swung off at the hitch rail. They stood at the counter and ordered the drinks. While they were waiting for the drinks to be fixed the boy came the boy about Timothy D. Weston followed by Jean Sanger and many other girls. About the same time a light of station and yet a pale face in the boys eyes to and to the surprise of the others. They observed two thin purple metal cases with leather handles. The funny dressed man was eyes that dark at the sight of them and the cases and began to back clear of the crowd as the boy scout swung the two cases on the counter.

"That's a good now," Penrod wanted to know.

"You ever see any of these any where before?" asked Jim.
"I did," said Joice. "That was my school case. That was mine. I found them on a back shelf in the John's store. In his tent pointing to the crooked nosed man, who was backing toward the open of the crowd as Tim spoke. "Yes Prince Penrod yes these my cinema cases interested me plenty for they looked suspicious."

"The other bag belongs to me," said Jennie. "didn't he have five others?"

"Yes, but they're empty," said Tim.

"They're my school book cases which were stolen from us down at Angelina Angelina (Zathia) over a year ago," Violet exclaimed.

"Exactly," said Catherine, "seeing the man now with a cold look. "But they're not filled with books now, believe me."

"You're right," said Jim. "They're too blank heavy."

The man was at the other side of the counter now near Violet. He slipped out of his coat and a hand fleeced and his holsters. But out of the corner of her eye Violet had been watching him and so had her sisters. Violet's hand stayed with uppermost fingers to a sheet of sticky fly paper sheet at the end of the counter and started to play with the under part as a child would do who should leave it alone. Then suddenly she seized the wall populated (some full of flies till its black) glue like mass, which she leaped upward like a cat and plopped it squarely onto the man's hunched face. Her other hand knocked the man's sixty chamber army revolver to the ground just as it was cocked and thudded a leader slug into a tree. The man spluttered, and glared down peevishly at his face. At the same time an amazed shout from the men and child scouts at the counter caused the natural and surprised boy Prince and others to turn around. Tim had pried open one of the appliance cases. It was stuffed with all sorts of stones and other things that were dug out of the ground. The important papers and plans belonging to Violet and her sisters.

"Oh, gosh," Penrod blurted. "There's your papers sisters."

He plunged bravely at the man then and flipped the sticky fly paper from the lump suffering spy's face.

"I see the whole thing now you dirty double crooked Penrod yelled. You "you was in league with those others who were the duplicate of me and my sisters, and then after they pulled the job for you you up and double crossed you and followed. You gave the man who was with you the washers and hung onto the real goods yourself. You'll get yours. And I'll get us hung without trial oh then the general thought we were the real dupes in this disguise."

At Penrod's command a number of men backed the spy winding under the shadow of the bayonets and a tree, until he could be seen. And then he died away.

"Penrod," said the general, "I'm glad Penrod as the prisoner was being led away."

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Violet and her sisters and the two boys ran forward and splitting back three boy scouts were pounding and tapping at a whispering pleading figure of a boy who after all was not dressed in uniform, and they were intent on leading him into a small wagon that stood at one side. A number of soldiers were running forward too.

"Please please for God's sake have mercy!" he begged, as he planted his heels against a tree and covered his head and face as best as he could.

"Here's what's the idea you boys?" Penrod yelled as he ran up followed half a step later by his sisters and Tim. One glance revealed that the victim of the assault was a little girl dressed as a boy and that her assailants were three bullying boy scouts but their faces didn't look like boyscouts of the Christian side despite their purple coats. Their response to Penrod's demand was instantaneous. With a vicious blow one of them knocked the disguised little girl to the ground and bent over her while the other two turned to face the boy Prince and the Princesses. To their surprise it was Gerald Starving Fredrick Lowden and the Dargar boy. His fist landed first as Lowden turned on him with a gut level curse. The fellow was no mean antagonist and for a few minutes Tim had his hands full.

Then Tim's heavy fist connected squarely just as Lowden was drawing a knife and the boy staggered back. Penrod himself however was not having much trouble. In fact his foe was having plenty to do to handle a boy scout or a Prince who was taller and heavier than he and good at the fist. He too had drawn a knife but never could use it out of the corner of his eye. Penrod could see that the girl was lying on her stomach. Her waist ripped off her back and her assailant kneeling beside her trying to draw something he saw on her back.

Then the air was full of flying fists and enraged curses. Tim's assailant staggering back fell headlong over the boy kneeling beside the prostrate girl. Then came forward a swarm of shouting skiddish soldiers, and as if that were a signal, the two scrambled to their feet, and all three ruffians made a "blee" or blee line for three horses standing close by. It was the work of only a few seconds for them to get in the saddles but a volley of shots greeted them and their horses sank down to the ground. The boys answered the fire and blew blind over a fence and disappeared into the woods close by.

The little girl meanwhile had rolled over and was sobbing as if her heart would break. Penrod and Tim knelt beside her and attempted to raise her.

"Thank God!" the little girl sobbed as she struggled to get her breath. "You were just in time."

"Did the three boys hurt you badly?" Violet herself asked. "What us to take you to a hospital tent."

"No Miss no hospital tent, that is not necessary." The little girl's voice was vehement with anxiety. "Only have me covered and get me away from here. Only do not let those those Glandelinian boyscouts get me again. They followed me all the way into the Christian lines."

"Don't worry!" said Joice. "Those Glandelinians won't even see you again." She turned to Penrod;

"Let's take her up to our headquarters where over we can choose one now since its burned until we decide how to care for her. She is injured. She is out on the arm."

Violet and her sisters began to realize that Tim and their brother were a great pain. They had learned from many of their secret investigations since they learned Penrod was their brother that along the full length of the Angelina and Calvernia State borders, throughout the stormy country of Calvernia and in many a farflung out post of civilization and in America and Canada, Penrod at least was well known always, though the enemy knew him well too, excepting of course "Maiddefeb" Penrod smaller than Joice or Violet was yet as mighty of muscle and hard of fist as a full man could be and Tim for a good cause no less hard boiled than his partner but recognized by Penrod as the planning genius of their nightous combination. To think that Starving Fredrick Lowden and his mightiest tricks to jab Penrod with a long knife and without paying any attention to the knife, Penrod got the best of him easily with his flat six teeth from Starving's mouth lay on the ground.

CHAPTER FIVE

T. J. EAGLE Y PLAYED FOR THE SAKE OF A LITTLE GIRL THAT HAS A MAP OF THE POSITIONS ON HER

BACK.

Joice and Jennie the tallest of the Princesses helped the scared little girl to her feet and upon their own horse or Joice's. Then they and the two boys went to a big tent some few blocks away but close to the big airship. In the light of the big tent the little girl proved however to be a little Glandelinian and a German at least to Penrod but she could speak only Abbelemmian. Her hair was straw color and her face was quite good looking and she was gracious in manner. She looked a little afraid of Violet and her sisters for their eyes always for some unknown reason on the pretty as they were sparkled with a fire that no one could account for.

That she a little Glandelinian if she was one had been able to put up such a battle against her assailants was a surprise to the Princesses and the two boys, but they were due for more than a surprise when they saw her naked back which she displayed to them. It was covered with tattooing. There were trees lines running through this way and that, queer signs and her hand here and there figures and words and a position filled with men.

"You are surprised my friends but I will explain." She assured them. "You two boys friends have saved me from death, and I know who you are, and though you see and me I picked all my trouble for your Country's cause. They wanted to get me because Heaven knows I'm a little girl spy employed in the service of General Blain Nightfinger. I will therefore reward you with information that is more important than all the treasure you would be able to find and use. I know the enemy and know what is going on during this long battle at Linda Rhonda. Thank God you are not there and it is far away."

"Important plans so grant." The two boys and the little girl exclaimed as one.

"Yes, not this on my back but information concerning Manley's Order of Confedacy with General Glancy, you would not believe it. Princesses but scores of thousands are the souls of a force since I got that information. Dozens of thousands are the rumors concerning me that pass from mouth to mouth. I'm in grave danger but I'll reveal it to you any how."

With the mention of this the little girl had her listeners' attention indeed. "I'm really really a child slave who have escaped from the Glandelinians a month before." She told them as she lay back in a soft arm chair surrounded a room having been carefully dressed. At that time, and my companions were working in a sort of mine. We sought to escape and as we got some distance off being half naked as child slaves a long came four armed riders and twelve loaded wagons. When we saw those Glandelinians coming we were afraid and hid but they discovered us. It was Colonel and his companions and the two were loaded with stolen treasures and were jeweled and he had some child slaves with him and his gang. They had stolen a mighty treasure but that they dumped into a deep river. I didn't know why then but into a deep

solid rock they forced us all to drill a great hole fifty feet deep. When the hole had been made then one of the soldiers minded the colonel that they must make a map of some sort of the Christian lines so that in case Christian spies do anything they would never find it. They had no paper nothing on which to write. Then it was that one of the others whispered to the colonel and the ten dergimed evilly. When we had made the hole I learned the meaning of that grimly companion child slaves and girl were killed, strangled horribly and thrown into the deep hole. Only I was left alive. I was forced with a heavy heaver to shovel enough dirt over their bodies until they were hid from view. When it was finished I was made to smooth over the grave. Then it was my turn. They seized me.

"A fine beautiful white parchment." The leader laughed as he slapped me stinging blows on my bare back. For three days those Glandelinians kept me tied down while he who had whispered to the colonel jabbed sharp needles into me. It was a hot needle too, and the pain was maddening, but when I moved they kicked

they kicked me most brutally. At last it was finished and the colonel looked at me with a question in his wicked eye. I knew that he considered whether he should kill me immediately and cut off my skin. Or whether he I suppose should take off my skin alive as he had done to other child slaves. But the Good God spared me. He must have sent the Angelinians and in the fight they killed all but the Colonel and took possession of me. That is the last I ever saw of the wicked colonel but I have heard that he was hanged recently as a spy. Certainly it is he who returned to me claim me. These Glandelinians are very evil soldiers and have stained the ground with the blood of many of our child slaves. I have tried to forget that which I bear on my back. Glandelinian spies have sought me for it but until now I have escaped. General Manley himself has sought me before. To day his three Confederate boys caught me and if you had not come it would have been my death. For that I am grateful Prince and your companions. If you like, I will go back with you so that you may have that information so that you can save the Christian army at Linda Rhonda where so far a fearful battle is raging no longer.

Penrod lifted his eyes from the little girl's lips and looked at Tim. In the boy's bright Christian eyes he saw mirrored an excitement equal to his own. Information that could save the Christian army from defeat. The information. The lure of it had him but he couldn't go. His father needed him too badly. "You will take us to the place where we can obtain the information?" Tim asked struggling to suppress the excitement in his voice.

"That I will do but we must not quickly. General Manley though some reason knows all your intentions. He said to himself before I escaped from the forest this morning after spying. He will lose no time in trying to find out where we should start very soon but only Prince and your sisters can go." "I don't like that though," said Penrod. "They have been in too much peril already. I wish I could go but Father I'm afraid can't spare me though I'll ask him."

"We could go by way of El Paso to Road," Tim considered. "We could get along the first of things in the morning and you could do your 'At the ob'act."

"Okay," Penrod agreed enthusiastically. "We I'm ready to start as soon as Father says it's all right. But I must ask him first."

"We a good Prince very good." The little girl ended with a smile of satisfaction as he lit up his face. But in her eyes Penrod caught a fleeting glimpse of something that was more than satisfaction. Was it some sort of warning to him about his sisters? Penrod could not be sure but it clouded his enthusiastic plans with the first hint of uneasiness. Should he tell his sisters to go with him or not. It was hard to say and he dared not try to stop them.

However Penrod was permitted to go so that he would be a protective guide to his sisters. The two boys and two girls with their mascot had left El Paso Road on their westward horses at early afternoon. By mid afternoon they were in the heart of the Big Bend country of that portion of California a land of forested covered high hills low canyons and green green with grass and some chino grass like you see in Texas, Spanish dagger and the red brush. It was here that trouble started. The horses of whole shoals of them suddenly went so lame that they couldn't and would not go any further. Upon investigation they found that their horses had been disabled purposely. Some one had pulled the horse shoes loose so that after a short distance travel they would cast shoes. They did not wish to waste time to shoe the horses themselves though they could and therefore decided to continue on foot and take the horses with them. Reluctantly they made up the packs. At the first of the afternoon they proceeded on. The first at break of light of the distant forest fires were stealing out of the east when they plunged into a mill valley canyon, canyon and sank down gratefully beside a spring. But as they stepped they did not get a chance to drink. Abruptly a rifle in the hands of a hidden marksmen cracked sharply, the bullet whistling above their heads driving them away.

With the little girl in the lead whose name was Mary Maude they darted and twisted their way across the canyon, while laden baggage men of death shivered about their heels.

"Glandelinian snakes!" Mary said fearfully as she ran. "Come I know where the cave is a little cave."

"Where?" she asked. "They have touched us," Tim pointed as he dived after Violet and he reappeared into an opening in the rocky side of the mesa that was now as we like to call it a cave.

"Wherever they'll have plenty of chance to pick us up," Penrod said. "I wish I had dropped his heavy pack to the cave floor. How do you figure we are going to get out of here? They have the place now surrounded and haven't any too much water left."

The next day brought an awful heat, no cooling breeze waiting heat, and though the blazing sun lit up the forested canyon with blinding brilliance it was not the cause of the heat and yet also no where were the little girls or the two boys able to see a sign of the mysterious besiegers. The water in about gone. Penrod commented, as he shook his nearly empty canteen.

"And I'm oh so thirsty and hot too," said Violet. "Couldn't you try to get some water at the spring?"

"I'll try," said Penrod. "I have a hunch that fellow, whoever he is, is gone. Think I'll take a chance on slipping down to the spring. I don't want you girls to think like that. I don't care about myself."

Before he was a half a dozen feet from the mouth of the cave, Penrod knew how his guess had been wrong. From three points on the shaded opposite wall of the canyon little puffs of smoke went up as shots cracked out and bullets sought him. Penrod saw a head. He dropped the canteen, threw rifle to his shoulder and fired. The man was hit and fell down the canyon wall with a yell.

"I hope I can get the others," said Penrod. "But there came no answer a perfect fusillade of shots from the canyon wall and not a marksmen now showed himself. In fact that one had been a little careless. Penrod realized that to escape or to attempt to escape was suicide, so they piled loose rocks at the entrance of the cave and prepared to spend the day there. By turns they slept but before night fall they were exhausted from the heat and from the lack of water. Penrod and Jim had given the water they had left yet to the little girls. Evening came at last but there was no respite from the heat showing it was the hot waves from the forest fires and not from the sun. Yet as darkness fell, they decided to make a break for it if possible. They prayed hard and faithfully for success. With nothing but their revolvers and canteens they crawled from the cave as soon as night was fully settled down.

Not a sound came from the opposite wall. Slowly and carefully they worked their way down to the spring, with the little girls following them. Still not a single shot impeded their progress.

"Thank God water at last," Penrod gasped as they all crawled to the spring and then he ordered the little girls to drink first. But as Violet who was first there began to lower her mouth to the inviting surface she was yanked back quickly by Tim.

"No, no, no God's sake no, no," he hissed in her ear. "It's a poison trap. See there on the other bank."

On the other bank close to the water, lay the body of some animal probably a small burro, swollen to twice its size its blackened tongue protruding horribly from its mouth.

"Poison," Tim whispered.

Involutionarily they pushed back from the pool and stared in horror at its inviting water.

"Well I'm not going back into that trap," Penrod decided at last. "Let's go hunt up these poison skunks."

"There is another canyon beyond this one," Tim suggested. "I do not know, perhaps it too has a spring. We cannot drink the poison or fight Glandelinian soldiers who stay hidden."

"Time to light sisters," Penrod ended. "Every one of you take a hold of you yourselves. We may have an awful long hot walk ahead of us. Confound these skunks who poisoned the water if I caught them I'd make them drink it."

That walk was a night mare. The sight of the spring had served only to increase their thirst, and the hours stretched on endlessly without a sign of water and poor Violet and her sisters were almost weeping so tortured were they by thirst and the heat. Up ahead of them the two boys trudged along seemingly without fatigue. Tim and Penrod blamed their own folly for all these troubles. Though they did not show it the heat and thirst were getting the two boys more than it was the little girls. Jim stepped too was uncertain, and he walked miles without saying a word.

Then Jim had a down pour of rain broke loose with terrific fury. They had lost track of time and distance and life had been just a thread mill of steps and a torture of thirst. Vaguely Penrod had been aware that gray day light had been starting and as they trudged on, the rain had suddenly come making a perfect stream of water where there had been no water before. Then suddenly Jim came running back to them having gone a little ahead.

"Thank God help it comes. Look there ahead," she said.

The others looked but they saw nothing. Not until they all had a canteen full of rain water.

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Violet and her sisters, the other little girls with them and Jim were forced to go where they heard a new noise filling the tunnel of the old mine--the scrape and shuffle of feet as children started to climb down the ladders and make their way through the workings. Without a word they filed by a procession of little tykes, gaunt and ragged, their eyes dull and unseeing, they suffled mechanically to their stations. Soon the place was filled with the noise of drills, of shovels scooping up coal and of little feet trudging with loaded shacks to the bottom of the shaft. Apparently there was no boss or overseers over these little automations, no slave driver to keep them at their tasks. Yet they worked steadily, almost feverishly.

"Looks like a lot of little make believe ghosts" Jim muttered but they sure can work. What kind of a hell is this we have fallen into?" "I don't know, Tim dear but I'm going to find out mighty quick for it is my duty to do so." Violet assured him as she strode over to one of the little workers who happened to be a ten year old boy.... Looking closely she saw that the child workers were all boys, none girls.. There were girls but they were not allowed to work with the boys.

It was not until she grabbed a shovel and started to work beside one of the little toilers that she could get an answer from them. Then the little boy she was helping looked at her without interest, and even seemed not at all friendly but told her to go away and work by herself. "There is no time to talk girl" he said sarcastically but in a weary lifeless monotone. "Eight new kids means only that the quota only goes up. You'll soon be working with the girls."

"The quota? You mean you have to produce a certain amount per person. Now do they know who isn't doing his or her share with no guards or overseers down here? Who are these Glandelinians anyway? Why do you kids let them get away with these things? We can escape if we desire but we're going to sacrifice ourselves for a time and see what is wrong here."

Violet had many other questions but the boy wouldn't answer a word, and as she gazed into the pale, apathetic face of the poor little slave driver beside her she realized why he won't answer. Not because she was a girl. These kids forfeited their lives if they told anything to new comers. Ragged and clean, wasted and sick these poor little children were broken in health and in spirit. If they ever had any resistance it was beaten and starved out of them. When the days quota of coal fell short they did not eat. Under the guns of the husky guards they were helpless and resistance was out of the question. Finally Violet told him who she was, that she was a princess, and showed him carefully that she carried secret weapons about her and that if he only told something she would do her best to cause their liberation.

He then took more confidence.

"It's dangerous for you to come down here then spying" the stammering kid who is working at the shovel, droned on in his monotone. "One came came down here to spy. He started a rebellion down here. All of us refused to come up the shaft. They sent down gas, and threatened to send down fire. Terrible gas that burned our eyes and made us choke. We had to come up. Next day we had to send up fifty percent more than usual. Some the day after that. The spy was caught and made to drink molten iron."

A mile of little lost souls of little boys and girls who had vanished from the face of the earth. Violet and her sisters were captured in this place of course but they could escape now if they had wished to. But they did not want to try it now when they could stay and find out conditions. They decided to stay as long as it took Penrod to bring rescue. Unless he succeeded the children would be imprisoned here to tell their lives away.

"I've seen here nearly two years" the wasted little fellow remarked listlessly. "Some of them have been here nearly five. They don't last much longer than that--even the best of them."

Five years of living hell for these children. That too would be their fate and Jim unless they managed their escape they said they could do very soon. Violet realized. Once escape was impossible and Penrod unable to bring help then once they became ensnared in this deadly routine all hope and strength would be ground out of them.

"Wait still we get out of here" Violet vowed hotly to herself. "Wait until my soldiers get their hands on these Glandelinians. I'll make them see the day for this treatment of these little kids." From what further the boy said Violet admitted the uselessness of resistance. He told them that whenever the poor little slaves came up out of the shaft for meals they were met and shepherded by husky men, guards armed with files, clubs, and sabres and no attempt to escape meant a blow over the head--in emergency a ball bullet.

For most of the little children the very thought of trying to make an escape was a thing of the past. Like poor blind little human moles they toiled underground most of the day, and then scurried to their bunk houses when they came up out of the shaft. So long had they been in semi-darkness that the light of day to them was blinding and blinded them, rendering them helpless. The long low house where Violet and her sisters soon saw proved to be a combination bunk house and mess hall. Around the walls the bunks were built. In the center was a long table on which the most nauseous meals you could imagine were served. The place was as Violet and her sisters saw was filthy and stagnant not at all ventilated and dimly lighted by weak lamps. It was a pent hole for the one hundred and thirty children now cooped up in it, but in another the boys were kept, and strange as Tim was able to tell the girls the next day the boys had a cleaner place and better meals than the girls. But it too was a pent hole and escaped from it seemed out of the question. Its sturdy walls and heavily barred windows made it a dreadful jail.

But Jim knew a way to escape if Violet and her sisters would be able to council with him.

On the next morning the Glandelinian leader brought out the new "slaves". "Had any success yet?" he asked interestedly as if he were no other than a regular mine owner interrogating his superintendant. "Come now, you mustn't take it that way" as he saw the bleak look on Tim's face and the hot rage doing in the eyes of the little girls. "I had to have expert advice you know and how else could I get it? I heard of you kids so I decided to get you. I'll make you a overseers instead of laborers if you come in handy." Then James Jones yawned to us some time ago about this mine was all a cock and bull story. "Well, Jimmie snapped."

"Jose is a good action" The sergeant chuckled satisfiedly. "But I trained him in that yarn. We'll have to use it again when we need new recruits."

"Not until we get our hands on him you won't" Catherine sneered. "I've got plenty to settle with you Glandelinians."

"No, now you must be too hard on us Glandelinian soldiers." The sergeant sneered mockingly. "And Jose is no Glandelinian. You do him wrong if you revenge on him. He had no choice the F. F. Dodge. You see he is quite wild about his little daughter. I held the brat here--and well Jose knew what would happen to the kid if he failed. I'd cut her guts out."

"You dirty devil." Tim Grovaton threw caution to the winds and with a trouser belt leaped for the mans throat, but before he could lay a finger on the sergeant two of his men were in action. Time flew by being only a boy too were helpless against their heavy market butts.

"Tools" the sergeant spat contemptuously. "I've giving you a chance to get out of here and not making you slaves. Make those kids find that main vein the dead owns spoke of and you eight mines can go. If you don't you'll stay here until you sweat and cough your little easy lives away. Get that. I want action. I'll give you two days to produce a result. If you have not made the brats locate the stuff for me by then my men will take a hand and speed you up."

"His men were like human wolves slaving and grinning at the prospect of being able to try out their tortures on these new supposed to be victims. If they had the chance they couldn't have done it. Violet and her sisters were now too dangerous. Two days of grace the sergeant had given them. Violet considered. Two days to effect a way out of this death trap--or to die in it. Should they make their escape or stay with the others until Penrod came. Finally they whispered to Tim.

"We're going to stay for the sake of these children until Penrod tries to rescue us. Don't fear for us. No for God's sake and try to find an avenue of escape when you do come and tell us."

For long hours while Violet and her sisters allowed to do the work of two men if possible with the rest of the girls Jim wandered through the dusty tunnels and drifts of the old mine. No where could he find coal in the work while quantities much less the vein in that these Glandelinians were now seeking. The mine seemed to be pretty well worked out, and nowhere could he find a possible avenue of escape. With special care he studied those places where a cave ins had put a stop to the work. In each case the accident seemed perfectly natural. The timbering was so sloppily erected that the whole redoubt held at all. In each of these caves ins tons of debris blocked the tunnels so that it would have taken months of work to clear them. Escape through one of these was out of the question. And he didn't know how many little bodies of slaves lay under that debris smothered to death. It was not until after dinner that he found the slightest encouragement. Then he was in a far distant part of the mine so far removed from the workers that he could not even hear the sound of their picks and drills.

All was still in this old tunnel the air dusty and dead and the dust of ages

of the floor. Tim had followed it to the end and looked out face of rock and was about to turn back, disappointed when a slight indistinct noise came to him, but like a cat he waited. It sounded like the muffled tinkle of a pick against rock, and he could not believe it. Could it be a chance from the distant work? He strained his ears but no sound of the labor came to him. A faint, faintly came that muffled clink, and to his surprise it seemed to come from beneath him. On his hands and knees Tim went over the floor of that tunnel inch by inch, sneezing and coughing as the dust he raised threatened to smother him. After an hour of searching his pick tapped again just a part of the floor that gave a hollow echo.

Angerily he went to work on it, scooping away the dust, prying with his pick until close again that the wall he uncovered a slab nearly five feet square. When he wrenched it out of place he peered down into a black hole that smelled like a musty old tomb. Notches were chipped into the rock for steps and Tim soon found himself in another gallery of the old mine, a lower level extending far beyond the other tunnels the child slaves and Violet and her sisters were working. More clearly now he could hear the distant clink of a pick.

He felt extinguished his light, for he must not let that he seen and then Tim groped his way stealthily along the old tunnel. Gradually the sound of the pick became louder, and at last far down the tunnel he saw a man, naked to the waist picking away at the face of the rock. Tim saw the ore break off easily and fell heavily to the floor, even from that distance Tim knew it was high grade. Had he stumbled upon the main vein? And was there another way out of the mine down this tunnel? There was no opportunity now to investigate. He had to come back at night, when this half naked fellow was not at work. But how to get back into the mine after the slaves and he and Violet and her sisters were locked up for the night? Then Tim was the last to climb out of the shaft that night a pick handle was held securely by his belt beneath his shirt and trousers while the head stretched its length down one trouser leg. His shirt and trousers covered the wooden handle of a small shovel also, while against his belly he speeded the iron scoop. Now he could hide these so securely seemed miraculous.

How Violet and her sisters were made to night to stay in the back of the boy shack was also a mystery but he believed it was the work of the possession angels because they then could help him in his scheme. "It's our only and one chance to get out of this place! Violet agreed when she had heard of the new found tunnel. "If you can get the boys to help us sink a hole in the floor in the back of the bunk house we won't have more than twenty feet to go to reach the shaft."

Carefully Tim explained their plan to the fellow child slave prisoners after their jail had been locked up for the night. Here and there a hope burned momentarily in a little haggard face but for the most part these boys had forgotten how to hope. By night too they were too tired to build a pick or shovel.

In what they were convinced could be only another abusive bid for freedom. "All right! We'll handle this thing ourselves," Violet herself told them. "I'll put a reminder there is not a word to be said about what we are doing. This is only to liberate you, so we could escape other ways our selves and we've also done it for our cause. One word to any of these wickedly brutal men and I'll righteously have the life of the squealer remember that. Repeat a double cross and you're a traitor and deserve to die."

Even this threat was taken untheoretically. Fortunately for the plans, the Sergeant and his assistants seldom came into the bunkhouse and then never to the rear of the prison place. By careful picking the displaced dirt against the wall and under the bunks much of it could be hidden from view. Tim worked off the digging place and went at it first, and Violet and her sisters gradually took to him at it. Forth it was the great strength that did most of the work. For three nights they worked steadily sinking a hole nearly ten feet deep and then burrowing a tunnel across the intervening distance between it and the mine shaft. And still no sign of penetration or rescue. They wondered what happened. It was almost morning after the third night when Violet's pick broke through into the shaft. Carefully Tim stopped up the hole she had made.

That day was the worst of their captivity. Not until they were aware that not one of the Glendelinians could be in the mind or around the shaft did Tim and Violet and her sisters dare break through the thin barrier that still stood between them and the shaft. It was the work of only a few minutes to reach it. Tim had found that moment on they would have to move fast, they knew. In the morning the hole in the shaft could probably be discovered. That gave them only the night hours in which to make their escape.

"I'll be better if all you boys stay right here," Tim advised their

fellows. "I'll have got the strength to tackle the long journey through the canyon and the Christian line as fast as get through we'll be back in plenty of time to face you."

Quickly, only a dozen of the men and armed with the pick and shovel he called, Tim and Violet and her sisters climbed through the aperture and into the shaft. Not until they were at the bottom did they light their lamps. Carefully Tim led the way to the hidden tunnel entrance, then down into the lower working. All was now silent in the lower tunnel but they made their way along it cautiously and quietly, never halting for a moment they paused at the spot where the half naked man had been at work, and Tim missed his raised his lamp to the rock surface.

"My word! Almost five gold!" He whispered in awe, as he fingered the rich rich stuff. "There are millions of dollars here." "Yeah, but my sisters, I'm more interested in getting out of this hole and so are my sisters," said Catherine. They never had had to travel so far, so they beyond this point the tunnel widened and opened into a rocky cavern complete with a full assortment of stalagmites and stalactites. A short distance beyond another opening indicated where the tunnel continued. Before any of them had a chance to cross the cavern however the light program was surprisingly interrupted. Suddenly some fellow leaped upon Tim back, and in another moment Violet was attacked by two others. The fight was fast and furious because her sisters joined in to help Violet and Tim, broken only by grunts, from the attackers, and a yelp of pain, as Tim's pick handle crashed down on a black haired skull. Violet unable to use her weapon, was roughly embraced by her assailant, precariously holding her balance as she and her rapist foe while defended by her sisters who attacked the two men teetered about the cavern. Tim, other opponent now held hold of the pick handle too, and it was a useless as a weapon. The fellow was lithe and muscular, and Tim had all he could do to keep the man's reaching fingers away from his throat.

Grabbing everything on a bit of strategy he suddenly released his grip on the handle and put all his strength in a boyish uppercut. It connected cleanly, and the battle was lifted off his feet before he fell to the floor in a heap and lay still. By this time Violet and her sisters were clinging on and beating him viciously had lost their balance. Backward over a stalagmite they plunged. A low groan escaped Violet's lips but her fingers had grasped her knife at last and she jabbed the man in the head with it until he was limp. But when she tried to stand up she could not; her ankle had been broken or sprained or that terrible vicious stalagmite.

"If all the luck!" said Tim quietly. "There's nothing for it but to go on alone," said Tim. "My sisters can go along with you. It's a since I can't go wandering around outside with this ankle."

"No! I'll stay here with you and so will the rest of my sisters," said Violet. "We can hide behind the stalagmites and we won't be seen. Tim can go and bring us help."

"What will you girls do for when you're naked?" Tim demanded. "The best we must do is to get back to the bungalow before those scoundrels come looking for us, and before these fellows command come also looking for them. Violet regarded the post-rat men with interest. "Glendelinians also," she pronounced. "Oma-ians maybe, though they look mighty like Mic-Hell-ians to me. If you can tell me what Glendelinians are doing coming around so close to the Christian lines?"

"That's just another command to add to our collection," Tim told her. "put if I can get out of here and get help we'll find the answer to all of them. A few more you and your sisters can get back to the bunk house!" "Don't worry about us Tim dear," said Catherine. "We'll take care of ourselves while you have the chance. You can't save any of us if you don't."

Silently they shook hands, then he embraced and kissed them good bye with a grip that meant more than words. Then Tim crossed the cavern and disappeared down the tunnel. And less it seemed climbing on and on into the ground. Then at last he felt a slight stirring of air. Tim came upon it as they must be close at hand, and indeed it was. Tim came upon it suddenly and immediately he sensed the familiarity of the place. There were the rocks he remembered and the Vivian Glendelin had placed there. There was the spot where he had headed shots with the Glendelinians across the canyon. Near below the cave was the place where Tim watched and still bent over the entrance and asked the first question when the animal had had a flight it snubbed off to the canyon without the slightest ill effects.

Tim grabbed his eyes instinctively. So some one had deliberately brought them there to the mouth of this cave so that he could take a man to look the way back to the mine, and he had deliberately led them to a dead animal to show a way to the mine. Until these circumstances had appeared to take them in that direction the poisoned animal had been an artistic touch for finished for the band it to discover any attempt at escape. And the dead animal the boy found still lay the same. He went across the stream to the animal and looked it over.

It was a very strange-looking automatic one that Penrod had brought over from America. It was a machine gun rifle. Then he sent for the on and took for the some boxes a codon boxes. There were three wooden boxes, one long and narrow, the other two flat and square. With straps and cords from the luggage he tied these boxes together and fastened them, piecewise on his back. Then he was ready, with a grim smile on his face. Tim Grevontina turned back the way he had come, as if he carried at one discharge would sweep across a segment out of existence.

"Bring them in." He commanded regally when quiet was restored. Immediately a half dozen men left the circle and sprang to do his bidding and he returned from the other side of the cavern with the bound forms of Violet and her sisters. He couldn't be helped for them, at least four had transfixed them but there was the look yet of the hope of rescue in their eyes. The appearance of the captives threw the leaders into a frenzy and he cursed them dreadfully and gave them slap after slap on the face as hard as he could strike them. Then he stopped short.

Tim knew that voice. There before him stood the man who had held him up on the railroad tracks some five days before he was freed. I wanted to be a Christian dog have studied in that snake to find out that was going on. I have seen my cause which the enemy world calls wicked suffer indignities at the hands of the Christian dogs, and many of my followers bear the marks of their greedy scheming. I have not complained, because my place was beside

At times he was afraid of light from a little fire that smouldered not near the entrance in the leader took a thick metal cup and advanced toward the little girls. In drinking he held the cup to violet's tortured lips and would have forced the contents down; the captive's throat had it not been for him, violet screamed horribly and strained every muscle and so did her sisters shriek dreadfully but her captors held her fast. She clenched her jaws and they strove to force her open her mouth.

To avoid the shots that would come from the guns the soldier scattered, and in the confusion Jim threw himself forward to where they were and cut them loose. Then gasping, Violet and Joyce and ordering the others to follow they were all beside the machine gun before the Glandelinians could rally. The Glandelinians were all staring fascinatedly at the machine gun sadly and angrily disappointed that Jim had interfered with the ghastly drama almost being enacted before them, and at his advice Violet and her sisters took advantage of their preoccupation to crawl warily into the cavern and keeping to the wall and using the stalagmites for cover and followed by Jim who dragged the machine gun with him made their way slowly toward the other tunnel.

The Glundelinian reader seemed to sense this and knew he must warn his superior readers so that the coming attack on the mine can be repulsed.

"How then to the defense of the mine," he screamed as he leaped to or from his perch and took the lead in a serpentine course toward the tunnel. This was a fine opportunity. He was so sick from what he had witnessed and which by the grace of God he had stopped in time that he had vomited and was shaky all over. Had they alone been not concerned he would have given a quarter and did not intend to. He would now give it to them. He threw himself flat on the ground behind a barrel like stalagmite with his machine gun in readiness and lay there motionless starting to be feet feed a belt of ammunition into the machine gun.

Glandelinians became fainter and more muffled ahead of him and the rest of the group. At last they reached the end of the tunnel and scrambled up the rock into the workings above. The mine was deserted, except for the sprawled bodies of a number of Glandelinians, and Tim and Violet and her sisters moved toward the shaft without interruption. They were still about twenty five feet away when a dull boom sounded in the shaft and a wall of air heavy with coal dust and the acrid smell of burned powder came rushing the to meet them.

One of the fleeing Glandelinians had blown up the tunnel leading from the mine shaft to the bunk house and the child slaves were now safely penned in their trap. That explosion ruined Time plans to get to the child slaves and liberate them but there was no need to. They heard dreadful noise up above as if a great conflict was raging for the possession of the mine grounds.

What Tim did not see up above was that the little girls didn't see was in a way good for them. Penrod their brother led an onslaught so furiously at the Glandelinian hosts near the mine and about the Canyon that not a smothering unusual occurred, and had not a Glandelinian stream of artillery should be let loose loose and destroy the attacking force. The Glandelinians would have paid dearly for making Violet and her sisters prisoners in the dreadful mine, but as the remainder of the panic-stricken troops fell back, they threw the rest of the attacking troops into wild confusion, who rolled in a retreating line a good way to the rear, without their officers being able to rally them, though they used all their skill and strength to effect it. Having broken the Christian line of attack to pieces, the Glandelinians counter-charged furiously, and thrashed the Christian line like a wheat sheaf.

Penrod could not understand how these Glandelinians being surprised by the attack could lay on his men so vigorously, but the Glandelinians whose "Hamd" was in would not give over rib-roasting the Christian line till the Glandelinian wave had tired out its passion and itself, and then the creeling reinforcements they crashed against the other broken sections of the Christian line and fell to it again without ceasing, till they had splintered them all to mere fragments. The Christian generals not withstand all this storm of battalions against their troops made desperate defenses with a fury as to seem to threaten heaven and earth.

The Glandelinians pressed the attack fully bent on the destruction of the whole Christian line in that conflict. Penrod seeing the Glandelinians come on so furiously, would gladly have withdrawn with the troops, not tiring to such exposed ground, but all he had time to do was to get his soldiers rallied as much as possible behind all manner of protection, and immediately both sides fired on one another with all the frightful fury of mortal enemies.

Tim and Violet and her sisters had been able to get out of the mine by this time and to the child slave bunk house and at that distance were witnesses of the furious combat. At the same time the Glandelinians rushed in such a furious attack and struck such a mighty blow, that had not most of the Christians now been in secure positions, they would have either been annihilated or driven back in a total rout. The Angelinian soldiery feeling the weight of that unmeasurable blow of the attack staggered nevertheless.

but were rallied and Penrod slipped fast his sword and met the charge again of the enemy for now Penrod was resolved to venture the fortune of the combat upon all one blow. The Glandelinians faced Penrod's counter-attacks now with a quiet bravery and withstood the terrible shock. While the conflict was raging so furiously and while the Christians were again rushing rushing upon the wary Glandelinians with a full resolution to cleave this Glandelinian army at the mine asunder, all the little spectators in the bunk house and other slave houses stood trembling with terror and a amazement, expecting the dreadful event of these prodigious battles, and Violet and her sisters were praying desperately, that Providence might deliver them, the child slaves and their brave brother out of the great danger that threatened them. Both sides with the fury of the conflict seemed to threaten heaven and earth, and the infernal regions, while the little spectators seemed wholly lost in fear and astonishment. Then after some lull the Glandelinians being reinforced discharged a most tremendous blow, and made an attack with such force and fury, that had not the attacking line been thinned out by the Christian fire of rifles and machine guns that single charge would have put an end to that dreadful combat and all of Penrod and the little girls adventures too. But fate that reserved Violet and her sisters and Penrod for greater things, so ordered it, that the enemy's left wing was so turned in such a manner by a sudden counter-attack, that though the Glandelinian attack had struck the Christian center it did no other hurt but just roll up that section for some distance. At least as yet powers, but it is in vain, to explain the

many child then and around the Christian counter-attack, we would but admit it for what manner of speech can be lively enough to give but a slight description of the position of the unfortunates of that attack. The Christians exerting all their valor made a great charge, but the Glandelinians met it just as bravely and discharged such a tremendous blow upon the Christian attack that in spite of so good a charge and then defense, they reeled and fell back in confusion. Then the Glandelinians charged with such gallantry and resolution that they pierced pieced and broke and put to flight Penrod's great body of troops in an instant charging through and through not without a great slaughter of the mortal enemies.

In the meantime no food had been served in the big bunk house all day and the rest of the Glandelinians had come near the building, put fearing that the child slaves and the prisoners within would be rescued they finally, as many as they could on hearing the shots and strange noises of the battle had fled to the place and threw themselves within. These Glandelinians could easily understand the strange yells and the countless number of shots and knew that something unusual was afoot. With threats and cuffs the leader bullied the other men who were laborers for the Glandelinians into some semblance of activity. Under the lieutenants directions these over-averse men broke up the child slave bunks to provide themselves with clubs while the soldiers saw to it their guns were well loaded and bayonets at the ready while a machine gun was placed at the door.

By late afternoon after the noise and roar of battle had sounded all day the lieutenant saw the country side all in the territory of the mine shaft sudden began to speak forth an amazing stream of Angelinian soldiers. Leading the stream was a fantastically garbed Christian officer.

There were so many that only an angel could count them and they were armed with more weapons than soldiers usually carry. In a swarm they descended on the bunk house and other buildings, and those coming upon the bunk house rushed up to the big door and threw back the outside bars.

"Ready now" the lieutenant cautioned the big group of defenders. You with the clubs watch the slaves and prisoners so that they don't take advantage of the fight and try to make an escape or attack us from behind. The lieutenant with his machine gun took his place nearest the door. The moment it was pushed in his machine gun went into action and swept away every Christian soldier who were confronting the door and many of the others fell off beside. Two others however had managed to get in despite that and a mother soldier of the enemy started his bayonet into action. Howls of pain were his reward and at the sudden frightful slaughter the mob gave way, dragging back with it two who had also been knocked unconscious by clubbed rifles.

"Let's number one" the lieutenant encouraged the Glandelinian soldiery and overrears behind him. "Now those not in the fight stand back away from that door. They know what to expect and will not be so anxious to walk in for more but may hurl hand grenades. If they do they'll kill the brats and I won't warn them that kids are here either. If those Christian dogs win you kill every girl and boy for won't have them rescued."

As this was evidently a fact and he could not rally do it now Violet and her sisters for the sake of the slaves not themselves prayed inwardly that the Christians would not win at this section of the battle field.

Twice more the Glandelinians tried to carry the long bunk house by storm but the machine gun swept them away by hundreds every time piling that part of the ground up with slain soldiery. Outside the Christian leader was exhorting them to renewed efforts and explosions of grenades came in terrifyingly to the panicky children but so far only the defenseless defenders were mangled by the fragments though now a great hole was in the doorway the attackers saw that there were children in the building.

There was a pause in the attack then, and finally the Christian leader came forward with a white flag of truce. The Glandelinian leader went out to learn the cause of the truce.

"I demand you give up the Princesses and that boy scout, and the children over to us," said the Christian leader. "If you do I'll call off the fight. If you don't I'll have to ask it despite the children and burn you out. There's no way to defend the rear of the bunk house and you know it."

"If you win this fight we'll red the Glandelinian lieutenant. I'll make massacre all the children in this place. And also remember here on I give no quarter and ask for none. Understand?"

As it was on any day said the Christian leader. As soon as the two went back at the lieutenants order Violet and her sisters and the child slaves including Tim were forced to the open door under strong guard so that if the Glandelinians threw the hand bombs the children would be killed first. The Christian leader then threw two of them and, don't mean maybe.

They luried inside the building.

exploding among the overcoats and killing every one of them and wrecking the place miserably without injuring the children. The enemy must not have known that the grenadiers can throw.

Then the Christian leader resorted to fire. Helpless to defend the back of the house the imprisoned men had to listen to the preparations as kindling was piled against the wall, and the flames started to leap up to the roof. Gradually the heat made the rear of the building untenable, and the flames were spreading rapidly toward the front.

Nothing to do but make a rush for it. Lieutenant Red Dolliver grated as he eyed the oncoming flames. "Better than flying here. If we do the last one out before the door if possible so the brats cannot get out and let them burn." Grimly he watched the raging furnace. The heat in the building was already a terrible thing. It was only a matter of a few minutes now before they would have to charge out into that mob of howling Christian soldiery. To wait to chance further contact with that deadly machine gun at the door the Christian soldiery were content to circle the doorway at a safe distance. It would be only a matter of seconds before their victims must come out and they knew it.

Now that death was staring him in the face, Lieutenant Red wickered as he found that he could regard it dispassionately. He had to have to go out like this at the hands of a lot of "Christian" dogs who would give no quarter since he so recklessly suggested it. Colonel Jim would bring help sooner or later but by that time there would be left nothing but corpses of soldiers and burned bodies of children in the building to tell the story. The children from the heat were screaming and panicky and strove to get out but were beaten down by the soldiers. For the lieutenant the flesh on the back of his neck was baking, he could smell the cloth of his uniform coat scorching. The miserable crowd of soldiers huddled around him began to whine piteously. They would rather die fighting than burn like rats in a fire trap.

"O kay you fellow!" he said grimly. "When we dash out six of you can the door and kill those kids who strive to get out of flying them in. These Christian dogs will never rescue --- wait a minute. What kind of devilry is that?"

"That" was a commotion that had started at the mouth of the mine shaft.

Out of it popped a stream of Glandelinian soldiery six of them armed with something strange. Now the last of the fellows were out of the shaft, and those with the queer objects were squatting on the ground while one man behind was dragging something heavy and shiny out of the shaft. The lieutenants head threatened to pop out of his head.

"We're attacked in the rear by machine gunners!" screamed the Christian leader in his rage. "Don't let them discharge their pieces. One made them. One made them."

With his revolver spitting bullets a big fat officer led the charge in that direction, and half the mob of soldiery turned as one man to sweep those soldiers away from the shaft head. But the Christian leader was not the only one who had read that strange performance correctly. His sword swinging in a deadly circle around his head, and a wild rebel yell heard ringing his approach Lieutenant Red Dolliver charged out of the bunk house with his men covering the short distance of the shaft in a few minutes and flung himself down on the ground beside one of the machine gunners.

There was a blunder on the part of the Glandelinians within the bunk house for in their excitement they who were last out had forgotten to carry out their orders and therefore the child slaves and the others were able to save themselves from the flames and not only that were but were immediately in possession of the Christians who had remained there and therefore fled off to safety with the children.

"And what in the world are you doing here?" Lieutenant Red asked when you were in the mine below. "The machine gunner demanded as he began feeding a long belt of ammunition into the big machine gun he had just managed to rig up."

The gun went off at a terrific hammering and from six guns a fearful and awful hissing stream of bullet lead swept the fury mad hordes of Christian soldiery before it to almost the last man. Indeed that deadly fire of those six machine guns blasted nearly all the Christian attackers a way like a forest of leaves before the typhoon. In a few minutes nothing remained of the Christian soldiery but a field of lifeless bodies and a few racing figures rapidly disappearing down the canyon. "Look as if you and your followers were getting kids warm in the building," the gunner observed as he watched the flaming roof of the long bunkhouse go tumbling down in a big shower of sparks and amid great clouds of black smoke. "What do you think--have we cleaned up things satisfactorily?"

Lieutenant Red did not know the three or four things had been all cleaned up. He was keenly interested in how the other Christian soldiery had dealt with the children and gotten away with the children after all, and there were a few things he wanted to discuss with those who had failed to obey his orders to burn inside the door so the children could not escape the flames. But that was not to be for those last ones out had been killed by Violet and her sisters who drew secret weapons upon them, and then led the terrified children to safety. Near the burned structure two men lay crushed in a death grip. An Angelinian soldier was on top of a fat Glandelinian his rifle buried deep in the heart of the Glandelinian, but the fat man's heavy fingers were closed so tightly and violently around the Christian soldier's throat that the man's eyes bulged almost out and his tongue protruded, but both were dead.

"Poor fat devil!" a lieutenant pined him. "He was a good soldier at that and died fighting. We'll get even with those little little vivian brats for their escapade."

"Righting" read the sergeant.

The lieutenant's eyes glared.

"Put it there!" he demanded as he thrust out his big paw.

At other parts of the battle field of Mine Canyon Penrod realized that with such a number against him it was impossible to win the fighting and so when he learned that Violet and her sisters and the other children with Jim were rescued from the mine house, he gradually and carefully withdrew the attack by night fall, and all made a safe retreat under cover of the darkness. The soldiers who had rescued Violet and her sisters brought them by swift horse and wagon back to camp where the slight burns on the lips of two of them made by the hot cup were taken care and the rest given a sleeping drug by Evans so they could sleep off the horrors of their experience.

Penrod was pleased the news of that had almost happened from Tim when he got back to camp, but it had been not necessary as he had heard of it before hand, and therefore had given no quarter to the Glandelinians whom he had attacked. Along with his defeat in the battle nevertheless came into his possession from a Glandelinian officer he shot down himself a strange sort of paper with notes and words or it which he couldn't make out. He immediately showed it to the little pilot scout leader Angelina Ritchie who was a code reading expert.

"See?" Penrod said his keen blue eyes sparkling, his lips tripping into a forced smile for he was now anxious too to see his sisters and find out how they fared. "It's enough to bring us out of the red howl if we can find what it means."

"Yes if we can find what it means," she replied seemingly unenthusiastic. "It's a very strange tricky code. It's so long ago since we got codes that I have almost forgotten what they look like. Besides some of the code experts must think we find scout code readers can find a needle in a burning haystack. Codes made in foreign languages as that are hard to match."---

The young Prince smiled again. Taking a small package from his pocket he lifted the cover softly, fingered a sort of magnifying glass. Detectives use to trace things and so on.

"But they have made it easy very easy," he answered, holding the object in such a manner that Tim could examine it very closely. Then Angelina Ritchie narrowed her eyes, squinted, while Tim, leaning acquiescence asked walked away to take care of Violet and her sisters to see how they fared not thinking that General Jack Evans their guardian was watching the little girls closely.

CHAPTER IX

THE HANGING AND DEATH OF PRINCESS VIOLET,
JENNIE VIVIAN DOLL.

In the meantime George Bull O-lenderance a Christian and a I...
Ishman and a forikener but now a renegade, and first class example of
wicked human soul of the lust degree and on the side of the Glandelinian
and working for the Glandelinian cause, but now by the grace of the devil,
cook in the nearest Angelinian Mess hall, stepped softly across the O-many
street in the ghastly lines in the darkness toward the headquarters
of the Vivian girls and entered. Reaching Violet's bedroom, a vague little
she perceived that of a beautiful little girl looked before him on Violet
bed the whiteness of the dress and the golden color of the hair showing
plainly in the darkness of the room. The dress seemed to move with the gentle
heave of the breeze coming in the open window, and the little girl apparently
asleep seemed totally unaware of the approaching footsteps within the room.
George the spy moved cautiously closer after softly closing the
door his huge muscled arms dangling at his hips like that of some big
dancer who up. He almost looked as hedious as one. The childish figure in the
dark seemed to move as if to turn over in her sleep. The muscular hands
were clenched and he leaped for the bed at the same instant, his tense
hands grasping forward.

The out thrust fingers encountered what they sought. Something very soft
yielding. They clamped vice like about the center portion of the throat nearest
the chest and pressed in with great force. The town of Ophelia across the river
was as black as the intervening waters of the river themselves though here and
here and there flickered the yellow lights near or distant of camp fires,
and glimmers of distant conflagrations as if they burned the humid gloom.

Above all these lazy yellow lights the far distant dim rolling crest of a hill
rungs behind the town could be distinguished. And over all a million staring
cold eyed stars blinked play through the smoky sky as they watched the
Glandelinian spy at his task. But the stars did not say anything in
protest. Neither did the blackness of the night. Because of a strong south
eastern forest fire heat wind the air was hot heavy and parching dry. No
George cursed the forced sweat that trickled down his hairy arms, thence
to the little girl's neck, the heat and circumstance of the work making his
struggling grip much less secure and uncertain.

The wonder to the murderer was that the little girl did not struggle or
with her hands make an effort to loosen his grip nor did the face which he could
see show any signs of stimulation like bulging eyes and protruding tongue.

The confounded heat produced by the forest fire as which had killed
all hope of winter that year. Once this last thing was done and he could
accomplish his work and break all records by killing one of the Vivian
girls which none of the Glandelinians could do he intended to leave the
Glandelinian service, leave the hot hell hole of Ophelia, never to set foot
on any but a land again.

He had chosen the very headquarters of Violet and her sisters for
his job, the point farthest away down the big long hall. He thought of poor
Violet's sisters and of Jim Groveton.

"How," he glowered thoughtfully. "It would take a devil of a racket to make
them doze, and when they see their sister Violet dead and their headquar-
ters robbed they'll have a sorrow they'll never get over from." His teeth flashed
in an evil grin. "Though they could fool me with a clever spy with that fate
of a snake set up. Fooling only going to put me off the track. Thought
they kept those plans secret, and when I caught them with it, could, they said
it was a fake plan (it was) That the real thing was coming, later. It
is just a trap, I know it. Piff. I'll snare them. I'm no fool. See if the
poisoner or Angela can prevent me from checking their sister Violet to death.
But how still she lies. Why didn't she struggle. Maybe she couldn't stand it
and died a light away though it is funny she doesn't protest. Her tongue like
a dead smiling person down her neck is so soft I can't see it. I almost
off and still she doesn't protest. Her tongue any."

The apparently trembling body beneath him seemed for some reason or other
to give a sudden violent quiver, then still and flared like a suddenly
thunder deck slab.

For ten minutes longer the same motion like a ship heeled about the now distend-
ed throat. He fancied he saw some hair on the pale but not so pale
skin. Then he slowly lifted himself and stepped softly to the window creaking
the limp little body off the bed. In the darkness he could only feel his way, and
even that none too well. He stumbled over something Violet had left lying on the
floor and swallowed a profane oath. Feeling about in the darkness he finally
felt a place outside where he could hang the little girl by the neck for he
intended to make off by a written note that to escape for the who was
her name of the name Violet had hanged herself. Then he came in contact
with a rope was hanging loose coiled on top of a table. He gripped as his
fingers touched it. The rope was just long enough. Then going out into a
lighted hall he took a piece of paper and a letter of Violet's which he had
in his possession, and copying he hurriedly wrote (he was an expert at that he
wrote).

"I Princess Violet find my sorrow and hard ships of the war too
much for me. So the for a dear sister I'll have to hang myself to escape
for that she suffered. Bid brother Paul good bye for me. Don't worry
for I'll see you in the next world where there is no suffering."

Violet."

Then he placed the note on the table beside Violet's body and then
quickly he tied the line tightly around the little girl's neck making sure
that it not only had a good tight straight hold but that it also would
not loosen and slip as he lowered the little body out of the window. He had
to work swiftly and surely. Fastening the other end of the rope to a long
pike of something that stuck securely out of the brick wall near the
window he then lowered the body away until it was hanging the full length
of the rope. He then fixed up the bed to make it appear as if Violet had not
been in it. Then he heaved a sigh of relief, and rubbed his sweaty hands
on his trousers.

"That's done he whispered hoarsely. "It went off like clockwork. Clock
work. All according to the program, made up. I can fancy the grief the
little brats will have when they see their beloved sister dead and comitted
suicide as supposed. The next thing will be I'll wait until I reach Hanley's lines
and tell him and get the story of Violet's death proved. Hall be jealous of me
because, was the only man who could kill one of them. I would have killed
the others too but the sorrow of a brother's death is worse than death
so I won't. The lousy little Christian brats."

He glowered thoughtfully then stepped swiftly to the other part of
the building. Before the room of the others he paused a moment staring
once more in the unreal relieved shadows across the dark and as he
lived. Then the soft plaintive throbbing of a beating fault-wafted
across the blackness. He was sick of that continual thumping too. He hated
music. But only a single yellow light showed against the black ground of the
night. The spy spat at the town.

"What those little sisters of mine see hanging there they'll surely
go crazy with grief. He turned his head. "As for me I'll go to Hanley's
lines the first opportunity."

He stepped to one of the windows of the hall. Leaning out he peered across
one of the company streets. Then turning his eyes off from the sleeping camp
and turning back he calculated.

"What a blind old cat of the day. Now for the next act, and Jirda Thenda will
be clanking the vict'ry."

Going cautiously across the hall for a corridor, he glided noiselessly
toward the council room. Then taking a small flash light from his vest
pocket he turned it on. It cast a pale beam ahead of him. Objects flashed into
view and he blinked grimly. He looked into Jolene's room. Over there on the
counter on a rack was her hair. The clothes hanging. But she was not in bed.
"They won't wake up," they won't be mumbled. "They're got rough to keep
them under for a long long time yet. Then he went into Jennie's room. Over
there at the head of the bed the headquartern room broom, Jennie's
comical pillow. He think of it had made it himself, a bamboo handle
thick dark colored brush of coconut fiber. It was a hump. The shadow
of the stove pipe and a over it. He chuckled confidently.

They were not the only one within the christian lines who could think up
stomach schemes.

"They thought they were very smart," he said to himself. "Trying to
fool me because they caught me looking at the code letter. They're both."

"But that the Glaxo-delinquents should be forcing it on the little Piddicannas. I'll let them take it, but I wouldn't take it. We girls and boys gotta don't let you know that we do. One of us is seconded and then, and the Glaxo-delinquents get it good and hot for it."

"Huh," said the other g.I.D. "use n you don't know what you are talking about. It is safer for them and all of us. It is safer to be in the army and too as they are prisoners it is the proper found duty to do what they are doing now. But, I can explain to you how good, they have found them all to be to be."

"Th y are like all Abbieonian child - en. "Id you ever go to School in th is count - ry.?"

"Well when you've had one you'll see children are not here like in your
and other countries. They're very naughty. They never whisper or
talk in school when they ought not to do. They shirk their studies in
school, and they won't be disturbed either. Only when it is necessary for
curses would we children really fight when or like you kind do and that
there would be no sin. On example this happened once when I went to school,
a foreign child was there and he wouldn't be here in school."

"Then he started beating our good sister by talking loudly and wouldn't obey her. He said cruel things, and then threw wet pup-sballs at us girls. Well we stood it for quite a while then one day we laid for him after school. We do not need to tell what happened but he was a well behaved boy after that. Each of us girls righteously took turns striking him with a whip, while a boy held him. He was very good in school after that and too we forgave him as he satisfied us to see him so changed. I've been in various armies as a girl scout and a nurse and my name is Mary Stuck near and every arm, so would the Princess be. They have never said a cruel thing, about anybody, not even about their Greenlandian enemies when they could be justified to do so,

bought once one of the best and beautiful little dresses she ever had her eyes on one day and saw her too. I was with her came upon some little fuges gld she had nothing on but a rag and the child was piece size Juice gave the clothes to her. you could not make them jealous if you loved, and there is hundreds of other good things they always do that I cannot think of at this moment, and be sure they laugh at some of the enemy's really foolishness, not they the enemy. Menley don't say no but I know from non-expectation as I discovered that Stanley and I are devoted to death of them. So you see they are very good, very good little girls. They will love each other most intensely, but they love Violet the best, and accept her as the leader. That is why she is always mentioned the first.

1st the school caught the hot pin of the hat or something in the dark
left my loan, not something else and then said to give a trial when
as compared to the old school and to a lot of the old school

On the night of 1-19-68, the defendant knew what she did and she could see that the light was on the light. In the dark, she walked until she found the flag and she took it to the school hall. There was a beautiful flag of our country torn in two, he had done it through the carelessness of some boy because it was so low, he did not know what was to do as she took it down and tucked it into her blouse, and he walked from the room in the order to go back home and try to mend it. He told me that all the time the place of flag held near the window, she seemed to feel the light of the moon and around the Crown street passing into her soul. At supper she was so unhappy that her sister, father and mother and brother and sister about her poor violent could not eat a bite and yet they told her again and again that he could not eat over something she did not intentionally do. Yet the next morning he and his sister and his cousin and sister went to her breakfast with her sister. She said the eyes did not appear to her, and the milk and sour, he had seemed to see the two parts of the flag to gather with a needle and thread but no matter how hard he looked the flag looked as though it was a needle, he could not take it. He took the flag and he found the flag and the tears were running down poor violent's cheeks, and the torn flag was wet with his tears. He and mother showed and did his little daughter's tears and helped her to mend the flag, at last she and sister found out who was responsible for the damage and she found a sign but about who was responsible for what he did, and believe me, violent and his sister and mother and brother and sister him and she came flying a hundred and four times without stopping no matter how tired he got, until it was good evening, violent and his sister were easily seen in the study of our classroom.

[illegible]

He recalled himself more comfortably on the bed. This was his day off. He was a hungry, hungry, as a wolf; but he did not care to Antilla was too excited. He decided he could ask for plenty for food he would have to wait just now. Vaguely sitting there now on the bed a word wonder about the situation. He had no completely as he had to do with death and then hurt out by the window. The light before nobody had mentioned yet that the police were investigating the case he did hear of a considerable excitement about one of the Division of Police meaning he would. He could not understand why she would when he did not know them. He said, "Oh, had I heard and Jack, when I was alone, alone about the missing girl. Thinking she only was lost, that the note had blown out the fire and that the girl had gone outside the building and that I had heard, I was in some way personally as a part of this case from the agent that I had with the infinite influence of a man he felt he had done his job. All I can afford to tell twice the police had passed him even that now looked in. He listened in vain for the sound of footsteps as he walked when they discovered a violent banging outside the window by the man with the note. Once he saw that this girl with the door looking in at him with a terrified expression, light his blood, a muffled

... look.

He prepared himself and opened the big pocket book in his trousers leg and examined himself. He had a lot and his pants most perfectly. He wondered if the "dead" little Vivian Girl Princess was still hanging by the long ropes near the wind or whether he had left her to rot because he could be in the "Glendelinian" camp. The world was full and the wicked Glendelinian cause would be easy then. But now he must appear weak exhausted and lazy. Thinking he walked off later toward the river.

On this same day Violet and her sisters decided to go out to do a little scouting on the river, but to find out ever if she had not angled the doll Violet was advised by Evans not to do so herself but make it seem as if she had disappeared. She did so therefore and remained hiding her state with Fern. Fred went on the river there fore and believe me it turned out

that I'll have to write a story of a most remarkable escape from death for one of the little girls that here had been equalled for uniqueness at least in this story. After dinner they left their headquarters in a good sized military motor boat and began to go down the river a little ways. They came to a part of the river where though it was deep it was not too deep and they could see it to the bottom of the river. They saw below a sort of trap between two jagged rocks at the bottom attached by a long rope hanging from a floating object some distance away. Joyce herself was standing up near the edge of the boat to see what was going on on shore and she and her sisters saw a man about to throw something. He almost lookd like a man that Jim had seen in suspicious places. He hurled a rock and it struck Joyce on the left side of the neck and from the blow she lost her balance and went over-board and to the bottom of the river like a diver. Some of the little fir girls fired at the man for doing that thinking it was an attack but he ran out of range. Joyce who was a fish in swimming began to struggle and gave a strong kick which she thought would send her to the surface. But instead she felt a sudden terrific jolting pain in her ankle and found she was half a foot fast only a foot above the bottom. When she had a fit she felt herself falling out of the boat she had gulped a huge huge mouthful of air. He surely needed it now. Glancing up she could see the forms of her terrified sisters - three of them who were trying to clutch her own and pull her up. They could not reach her falling shot by no more than six inches, when V. Joyce in agony for air stretched to her utmost. But her foot was held fast in the bright of some sort of a war warp which had coiled into a deadly trap which she had stepped in when she gave that mighty push on the bottom. Joyce therefore owes her life wholly to the presence of mind of her sisters and penrod and a lucky combination of circumstances. What would take a few minutes to tell really transpired in a few seconds as Joyce with her lion lungs almost bursting for fresh air was just about to open her mouth and failing to get air down. Lying loose in the boat above was a six foot plev of garden hose. They saw when for it desperately, distracted because they in their hurry couldn't see it. Oh My god! said Jennie "please help us find it if you will and no one else had cried out when Penrod saw the garden hose. They had looked for it because they knew what to do having seen pictures of deep sea divers with his rubber air line going up to the surface.

[illegible]

hard and fervently for her suit below.

but her sisters and Penrod thought fast knowing there was there was only one last hope for her, to get a knife kn ife to her so that she could get out the rope that held her Penrod draw his big sharp sheath knife. if he could get this knife down there so she could seize it, cast the hoxe f rom her mouth, hold her breath, stoop and slash the imp dnoosing wa r p

III
along the imp, co imp dno imp dli oning

slashed the holding strap as she might such the surface alive. Carefully tying the knife knits to the end of a stout line Penrod lowered it until it dangled in Joyce's face, would the little trapped girl grasp what to do with it, she did just as a wave broke over the upper end of the garden hose and filled it with water. Joyce seized the open knife in a death-grip and sunk as quickly as she could to the bottom. There she slashed madly, wildly missing at first, but finally by cutting her hand along her ankle, she found the strap and severed it.

With only strength enough for one feeble kick she shot upward gasping for air as she popped out of the water. Penrod dragged her into the boat, and gave her a small draught of brandy so she wouldn't faint over the recent experience. Then all went ashore and a search for the man who threw the stone was made but he couldn't be found.

McGill saw Evans standing near the gate of the Vivian Mills headquarters.

Vivian girls headquarters his blue eyes held straight ahead. He had sure a
stealing yet the Foreigner was not scared as long as nobody suspected him.

Bull Olunder chuckled to himself. In a few minutes he would leave his room with the utter hope of course that the real plan was in his possession. Therefore Mr Bull smiling confidently, approached him with out stretched hands.

hand.. "Your Excellency" he said gunnily "I thank you for signing me on when I need ad some money. I'm grateful but darn sorry about the lost plan. If I hear of it I'll send you word."

Jack plans keen blue eyes flashed, fastened on Glunder's. He did not say anything, however, but gave him the pay and let him go. He turned away his heart pounding tempestuously. He was thrilled to the innermost core by his final success even though he was surprised that Evans did not answer to his "Good bye General." Nevertheless his success showed on his heavy features. It showed in his striding car, as he walked. He chuckled to himself that he had strangled one of the Vivian Girls, got the plans and to ward off a search had knocked one of them into the river all had gone on a certain distance.

"Mr Olundson"
The words came very softly, very gentle in tone, from young Tim Grovetons lips, but there really was a strange note in that softness. For an instant the impulse to loup and - an almost overcome impulse but he stifled it, nothing could be wrong now, and why should he have to run from a mere "brat" of a boy, except...he turned with an ingenuously smiling smile. The smile froze on his lips. Violet, and he persisted stood almost in a line. He was shocked to see violet and voice very much alive, but there stood Tim Groveton and he had his hand on something that made Olundson's eyes pop - a heavy forty five. The muzzle was pointed straight at him. At some distance was Perrod coming to see what Tim was doing. Olundson blinked, flushed, forced a hard harsh laugh.

"What's the idea a kid he stammered?"

"What's the idea a kid he stammered?"

Tim G. rovetone smiled, but there was no humor in the smile. "You are not real leaving us yet Mr. Glunden" just wanted to see what you would do and saw you every action. My suspicious were correct, so every thing worked fine. Oh, you suggested us, stole the fake plane, tried to murder me, two of the little girls, hanging of course one of the dolls mistaking it for Princess violet, and thought you were getting away with it. I saw it for Prince violet and hit pole in the boat."

The grim muzzle of the forty-five never wavered. The blood drained from Olund's face leaving it pallid and sickly in hue. For the first time his nimble brain refused to function. He staggered, sputtered, and finally collapsed. "Take him under two gl..."

Was? I ---I ---I ---steal a fake plan ma order two girls, -
 not leaders eye a did not leave him neith e did tho

The boyscout leaders eye s did not leave him neith e-r did those of her sisters.

come now Orlundo why not prove out a man just once"said Jennie."Of
course you crushed the neck of my life sized doll thinking it was my sister
and then hang it by the window,who else did?"

"It was a bluff, Bull figured. He regained instant control of his face now. They had tried to third degree him. The little fools. The little fools. Why you crazy little fools. Some body else who'd swung you stole the plans away from me. Was the liver and----"

"Saw did the doll hang itself. "Asked Violet." And did the doll write
aside note saying I was going to hang myself. And have you a go + time

"You see you are not so smart in a momentary," said Argeline. The best of

"You - lino fouled the back wall and a shadow flicked down below
y - momentary light. We saw the del' humming the ref' from cu' side."

tightly closed room. Second man, that they had remembered of hearing that a dangerous spy he was and how much damage he had done to other Christians a-miles away. The force to prevent that they must get him. And too, it ghtsously they would not take his treatment of him who had to be now in a hospital because if not so his skull had almost been fractured. And he would be probably be in the hospital for more than a month. And he was so seriously injured they couldn't just yet see him. And too though a spy got away from him it had been the spies that no Glendelinian or other spy had never yet got away from here or her sister. But this was the first time they had ever gone into the enemy camp to go after and put a spy on the "pot". It was a dreadful disaster to the Glendelinian general no matter who or where they were for he had been one of the most valuable spies ever on record for the Glendelinian cause.

Though he was on the one side, not on the other in the Christian line was there a spy to equal him in success, not even the little girl, and the force had been such a dreadful menace that the highest Christian authorities had offered huge rewards for his destruction. Of course violet and her sisters could not see a clue that would lead to they would have been the prey of themselves.

This unusual incident threw all Glendelinian difficulties into rank and file to the little girl. But it made their hat red of them in the end all the more and they plotted to bring fierce means to bring on their destruction, not to send spies to do it but without hope as no one now would dare do it. These few weeks to attempt to even enter the Christian lines and an scout the pot-boys of Glendelinians especially at night would look a-bought in every direction with a staff force of meeting with the little girl in the dark and having a fatal encounter with them. They were more dreaded than the timid persons for the so called "spook" or ghosts and thought the Glendelinian armies the excitement was intense. When go great was the excitement within the Glendelinian armies battling the Christian at "Minda Rhonda" that it caused tempo-temporarily a suspension of hostilities, hostilities, and even the Glendelinian general at night kept extra guards out, and kept light burning in their rooms for fear of meeting with the Vivian girl in the darkness under a red.

General John Manby himself said when he heard of the incident:

"Do you think I am afraid of the little girl? Let them come and try something on me but nevertheless he too put on extra guards, and his very bed-room was well lighted at night, and he dared not go to bed either side of him."

Oh no. Though very righteously doing so Violet and her sisters were the dangerous to the Christian lines and the wicked spies, that the want of gunmen criminals were to their own victims of adventure and more intolerably successful. Their country's cause was at stake and they were desperate. They had heard of disaster happening to general Minderhine's army at Minda Rhonda and that the force were winning signal victories and they were on edge. They had decided to go to Minda Rhonda as soon as possible and then bid them to go and that within a week he would come and follow them. See the adventures they'll have in the following chapters.

THE THIRD YEAR OF THE GREAT
GLANDUO-ANGELINIAN WAR. A YEAR OF VIOLENT
DESTRUCTION, TYPHOIDS OF WARS DEVASTATIONS, AND A HIGH OF
THE "TRUCK-BYOND" HELL'S UNFATHOMABLE FURY.

The invaders after their retreat had left horrible tales behind them. Nearly two thousand miles of country had during the full duration of the second year duration of the war had been left in a dreary waste by the Glendelinian hordes. Only

Only about nine hundred cities and towns had been spared and these were in the west where no activity of any kind to had also yet occurred on account of Minderhine's armies being there in many separate columns. The only main cities spared in Calverine were Calverine, Bivaria and McWhittier, and McWhittier and these were to go soon before long as the war progressed in the west where the fiercest conflicts the world had ever seen were fought.

None were spared in northern or western portions of the east part of Calverine and neither in the south. All this devastation crippled Calverine the big city itself and also Angelina Agathia and the big city of Gordinia. The invasion of the enemy during the outbreak of the war to this time had caused much destruction to children of all kinds that it was estimated that from hundreds of thousands even three million in total were orphaned and that there were only ten million one hundred hundred and eighty thousand left. In Calverine in the southeastern part of the east the Glendelinians had wiped out nearly all the innocent children as only one thousand were left and only fifty of these were girls. The reason why the boys were more in numbers of survivors because of the hatred of the invaders were more fiercer on the girl children and their lust to kill girl children was greater than the lust to kill boy children, which the Glendelinians had intended to either force into the service as boy scouts or kill them and many of these did yield sooner than have their intruders torn out. Many millions of others were now childless and their woe and grief can never be told.

Despite his victory general Vivian believed it possible or impossible to make a move not northward as yet as his armies had been terribly weakened and the money exhausted and from horrible losses from those dying of disease and misery through the winter of that year which had covered the ground throughout the season to the depth of four or fourteen feet at some times and even now though it was the third of April it was still ten feet above sea level.

The nation in the north was completely in jeopardy from the devastated regions, from the losses in northern armies and innocent victims and could do nothing to back general Vivian up and so all was looking toward general Vivian and his armies and wondering what he would do under such a circumstance.

His orders coming to general Vivian on April thirteenth during a heart attack was to hold and not to advance until general Minderhine the chief commander in Calverine did and not to do anything until warmer weather came. Violet and her sisters knew of general Vivian's great victory at McWhittier which were not there to witness it, as they had in disguise as Glendelinian boys' scouts went back to Minderhine both from which they had fled at Tamarina's retreat. They were found with the help of Starrington to solve the mystery of the little Ann's Archburg murder and for a week they had spent their time examining every contents of the barn studying every picture of the children carefully and even listening to the bones on the phonograph with delight.

"If only herediture was here we could do something," said Violet. "There's pictures here of all of children who led in the child labor rebellion but it's not among them."

"And yet she had been one of the main leaders," said Starrington. "If only we could lay our hands on T. Thomas Philanthropia Tamarina or T. Thomas Philanthropia as they call him all would be well."

"That's true too," said Jennie. "But then it is exceedingly dangerous to tittle with that roge. He is worse than any one next to Federal the 'HUMAN TORNADO'."

"Suppose her spirit would come," advised Angelina. "You remember sisters we saw her once but then she would not break the secret of the mystery not even to us."

"I wonder what in that snuff like box box in the other room?" said Jennie. "I've been prying and trying to break it open for the last half hour but the door won't budge an inch."

"Smash the door open," said Violet eagerly. "It must contain the secrets I'm sure! Starrington himself at last managed to get it open, though it took a lot of work to smash the door from the hinges."

"I don't see why it was locked so securely for when there is nothing in it," said Starrington with a loud laugh.

"That's funny," said Jennie. "I thought there were great values inside when it was so securely fastened."

"I see it has an inside door," said Angelina.

"Maybe there is a nothing beyond that said Jennie. It looks like a door."

My dear friend Annie A. Connelley wrote you this letter warning you that
governor Tomas Federal has ordered assistant governor Raymond Richardson Federal
to bring on your immediate death right away for your vilest excesses in the
leadership of the U. S. "Child Rebels" and it is advisable to fly for he will go
you if you don't. This is a Gemini Gemini who has written. Your friendly informant
Fred J. J. Barry."

It took quite some work to remove all the pictures as so many of them were securely tacked to the wall. But the hardest task of all was to remove the boxes loaded with the books, no photograph and records. Two men who were with them carried the boxes outside the pictures having been put into one of them. As soon as everything of value was taken out of the barn several of the boys set the fire. It took some time before the fire was under some headway but they did not remain to watch it as they wished to hurry to the Christian Union.

all to themselves. They all went to sleep together for the night but there was no danger from skulking prowlers. The night passed on without any incident however and when they awoke they felt very much hungry. They did not know what to do for there was no food of any kind left in Gritchen as the retreating army had squandered off everything and besides a peccary portion of the city was in smouldering ruins. Puppy as the were were compelled to continue their journey in the latter part without any food. However for after travelling for an hour in a short time they reached a farm land where they felt sure they could get something.

All afternoon they continued on and toward the evening when the snow fell was slackening a little reached the grounds of McWhirther Run.

"After following a certain road for several hours Starrin gave a cry
"Ulanislinians." He gasped; "See. In that thicket yonder." They
are Carolinians and Omurians."

"Take care that they don't see us," said Violet. "The Omarians are generally the worse of them all, though there may be some that are all right."

Where they came from no one knew but they were indeed Glandelinians and coming in a seemingly endless stream. Violet and her sisters and the others had hid behind a high level ledge of rocks over, overlooking the road and could see the army of Glandelinians without themselves being seen.

"I think I know the meaning of this," said Starring in a whisper. "There were big herds of Glandelinians in this neighborhood moving to the rescue of Manley but probably they do not get here until Viviania has left this region and these knowing of Manley's bitter defeat had come to his aid. And I believe I see now why we could not see our way or find our way to the Christian armies."

"My but there are a lot of them," said Angelina. "There seems to be two thousand in each rank and yet their stream seems endless. I wonder if they had come in contact with general Viviania and defeated him?"

"That I couldn't say," said Starring. "Something is wrong though because you see we failed to find a single Angelinian soldier."

"They are advancing toward the direction we were going," said Jennie. "You know Starring I fear we are all going to be held here for several days. There must be millions of them."

"There is a certain road leading north from these rocks," said Catherine. "If we slip away quietly we may be able to continue on without being seen."

"We can try at least," said Violet. "But when they looked in that direction they saw to their dismay that this road was swarming with a stream of Glandelinian artillery men and pieces of heavy guns."

"Well did you ever," gasped Starring. "We are between two fires."

"Right you are," said one of the Angelinian soldiers. "But these rocks will prevent us from being seen however and we could shoot down all the fools who would attack us too."

"What makes it that they have no heart for children no matter how pretty they are?" asked Violet.

"They have no pity for the children of their enemies," said Starring. "And many would say probably, that the Omarians having children of their own ought to realize and have a heart, but the circumstances are too to one, they say that they would gladly butcher their own should they even say that they pity the Angelinians. The Omarians and Garpollan and Kurd, and Mc-Hollensteinian who Religion is Catholic but nevertheless they are a fierce and savage race, driven to frenzy by the lust of war and know no mercy when driven to bloodthirsty fury."

They are worse than Freemasons among the enemy. Homely looking children or those not so good looking, are not in such danger as the prettiest and most delicate if not girls. The Glandelinians literally slaughter them for the pleasure of it, shocking, putting, smothering, and tearing open their bodies as in their ways."

"I know their ways," said Violet. "And I can't help but think of it." And she shuddered.

At this moment several Glandelinian generals stopped directly under them and through a long course of conversation that went on among them the little girls learned that general Viviania's army had been crushed by both Manley and Vincentchia who had given battle to him at Fair Oaks and that general Viviania had retreated with what was left of his army, and that the Glandelinian generals were following with the design to enclose general Viviania, army which had been torn to pieces while making their brave but unsuccessful stand at Neil Hettle and Rose, and on the ground of Fair Oaks. Most of the Glandelinians who had fought under general Vincentchia were of the Mormon Religion the most hated race of people known and general Viviania had been routed with his armies almost decimated. This news caused Violet and her sisters to almost utter a cry and Violet would have if Starring had not cleared a hand over her mouth.

"Don't make any noise or we will be discovered," he said. "Those Mormon Glandelinians are more dangerous than Federal or Tamarine the whole army of them."

"If we can enclose general Viviania, all will be well," said one of the generals. "We then probably could force the Christians to surrender or kill him and the other."

"It's a good chance too," said another. "That general Viviania hasn't got much of an army now, and with Hansonia too far away to aid him and Hindernine far in the northwest another such blow would destroy the survivors entirely."

In a moment more the generals remounted their horses and continued on swiftly.

"We cannot win unless the Abiennine general Hindernine knows of Viviania's danger," said Violet bitterly. "I wish our presence could inspire them."

"Let's go and try it once," said Jennie. "Starring can speak to Hindernine for us."

"That's a good idea," said Starring. "I can make a speech that would arouse the whole of Galvarinia to the highest pitch."

So it was agreed. As the other roads were now temporarily clear Violet and her sisters stole away from their secret hiding place.

and continued on their way followed by the rest without even stopping anywhere even to get a bite to eat. Violet and her sisters felt worried over general Viviania's defeat and Starring felt disaster also. He had become fully devoted to the Christian cause and he felt miserable indeed. From the direction the Glandelinian armies were moving the little girls knew which way the Christian army was retreating and followed in that course or straight in a northwesterly direction. Fearing that they would encounter exceedingly great dangers the little girls and the rest had made themselves as dirty as possible soiling their clothes, ruffling their hair and smearing their faces and hands with being generally an effective disguise. At every step they kept sharp lookouts for signs of the advancing enemies now there could be no nonsense as they knew that the enemy had been excited to a terrible pitch of fury by the lust for the blood of little children.

As they at last emerged from the wooded regions of Mc-Whirther Run they came within sight of a great Glandelinian column that was moving steadily northward. It was General Manley's great army.

"We all will have to look out for ourselves," said Starring as they hid behind aicket. "The enemy seem to be everywhere in heavy columns and many of their leaders are no doubt on the look out for us. It would be best for you little girls to keep strictly within my sight and avoid the enemy under any circumstances."

"We can see that all right," said Jennie. "But what course are they taking? Northwestward?"

"Most likely," answered Starring bitterly. "And it seems as if it is lost as the enemy have indeed won a decisive victory."

"It is a wonder the general couldn't do something to check general Manley's headlong advance."

"I don't believe he could under any conditions now," said Starring. "He has as we have heard from those Glandelinian generals gave the fiercest resistance at Fair Oaks but could do nothing else. Vincentchia and Manley's forces are too strong and general Viviania has been weakened by his terrible losses."

Pretty far in the distance with the help of their field glasses our friends could see the surviving fugitives of the newly destroyed towns and cities fleeing with few belongings before the enemy's advance.

"The Abiennines under Hindernine are the ones who could do something now," said Violet, her cheeks paling.

"To Hindernine's army it is," said Starring. "We can reach his army within three days I should think."

Despite the difficulties that confronted our heroes and heroes they managed to pass the danger points without adventure and sending the two soldiers with the two boxes to find general N. Nora Viviania's army and tell him of Viviania's danger and to tell where they had gone, and why, Violet and her sisters and Starring boarded the first train for northern Galvarinia that came.

THE GLANDELINIAN ATTACK A TRAIN LOADED WITH CHILD REFUGEES GOING TO ABIEENNIA. THE PERIL OF VIOLET AND HER SISTERS AND THEIR CAPTURE.

The conductor of the car they were on knew who they were and so did not accept the tickets giving the money back and saying that they could ride free. Violet and her sisters knew that this was the only train line running and feared that something would happen to delay their way. They knew that the Glandelinians were ripping up every railroad track they came across. The train they were on was going very slow as the engineer was being careful for the train was loaded with child refugees going to Abiennia.

"If the Glandelinians saw this train full of children they would not do a thing," said Starring. "The train is well guarded however but then the Glandelinians always attack in great numbers."

"I believe we are going fast," said Jennie. "I hope we get out of the war zone before the Glandelinians come."

Soon they noticed that the speed of the train was quickly slackening and then they heard the sound of heavy firing.

"We are followed by an entire army of Glandelinians," said the Conductor coming up. "And we cannot proceed any farther because the tracks beyond are ripped up."

"We will have to get off here then, for we must go away at all costs," said Starring. "We were on our way to Hindernine's Abiennine army to get general aid from him."

"The Glandelinians have seen you get on this train and know your intention," said

"Your excellency general Viviania, Manley had us little girls in his power or Federal rah rather and unless you surrender Federal will make his mine meat out of our tender bodies. He will give only two weeks to decide decide and if you refuse Federal threats to count every thing inside of our bodies and number all of our bones."

Then getting up he grabbed Jennie by the throat and hurled her toward the table placing a pencil in her hand and covering her with his revolver he hissed;

"Write what I tell you or I'll bore your curly head full of lead."

"I'll never write anything when if you tear us open now and count our entrails." Said Jennie her eyes flashing. "I'm not afraid of a devil like you and never will be! Just dare shoot. Go on."

Federal brave as he was was cowed for the moment and he said;

"Very well then I'll finish writing it myself."

This is what he wrote;

Dear papa, general Federal has me and my sisters in his power and unless you pay him a heavy sum or postpone your intention to bring your forces northward to help undermine he will cut us to pieces. Jennie is the first victim."

Violet and two of her sisters were standing in his way and but hurling them to the floor with a crash he grabbed Angeline and almost choking her you write what your sister Jennie refused to write or I'll open you now and go back talk either you hear. I'm bound under any cost that you will obey or pay the consequences."

"NEVER WILL IT WRITE IT YOU BLACKED CURSED DOG OF A SATAN." She screamed and she picked up a stone and struck him in the head with it."

"Drat you ye little devil ye are too darn rr sh." He roared and he struck her a blow that felled her to the ground."

"Federal will murder you all in spite of the plan if you little fools do not surrender to him." Advised one of the guards touched in spite of himself and filled with admiration at her boldness. "Please do as he says to us. It will be no wrong to your country."

At this moment Federal had grabbed Violet by the throat and cutting her arm with a knife smeared a piece of paper in the blood that flowed freely, and then wrote down himself;

"Dear general Hanson our Uncle, this is some of our blood that Federal will drain from us if you do not give up intentions of moving into Galverinia and joining Hindernine. Please come to our aid before yielding before it is too late."

Joice he handled a little easier and he said in a more milder tone to her;

"Hurry and don't be a fool to refuse to write what I tell you as this note will have to go out this very night. If you wish your safety from such a horrible death none of ye little fools would refuse to do it."

But it was no use. She refused, and Federal finished by writing their names on down below the paper.

He soon had the note finished and Federal then then he did it up and call calling an orderly sent him off with it ordering him to go as fast as he could not to delay a moment. Then turning to the little girls he said;

"You children are now in the gravest danger for if general Viviania refuses to surrender I'll send back to him your maned men remain and opened bodies. Its not my doing only I either because I have had strict orders from King Manley to put you to death at your refusal to surrender. Your distress has never touched me in the least but just the same no one will be able to rescue you."

Then Federal got up and went out ordering the guards to keep a good watch on the prisoners. Violet and her sisters watched his departure with relief and then went as if their little hearts would break. The guards which had now been changed with the leave of Federal were more hard hearted than Federal and tore them apart sternly ordering them to stop weeping, weeping.

They did not pay much attention to them but went on weeping until the prick of the bayonet warned them that they were being a little rash. In a few moments more the little girls heard some pretty music played by some Glandelinian band and which attracted them and stopped their weeping, weeping.

In the meantime general Viviania had halted with what remained of

his his arm as y near the northern extremity of Viviania border and receiving the note which general Federal had written became furious when he read it. "No I will never surrender to that dog, Federal." He said in a rage; "I'll hold out to the bitter end and come what may."

General Vivianas staff remonstrated to him telling him that Federal would really butcher general Vivianas daughters and then he probably would be held responsible for their destruction.

Despite the danger of the Vivian Girls general Viviania obstinately refused to surrender.

Hanson who was far off was also with Hanson who had received the same note saying;

"Viviania would be a fool if he did surrender, and that Federal is a damn liar for he would ruin them anyway after he surrendered. If the children die we too die in battle. But I firmly declare that they will not die. God has promised them protection in any way and we need no fear. God would send his angels to halt old old Federal if he did start anything."

The officers of both armies tried in vain to make their superiors see their folly but telling him that the very angels for fear to threaten Federal domains but general Viviania only flew into a rage and roughly drove them away brand drawing his pistols on them said;

"Get out of my sight you cowards or I'll fill you with lead. No one can turn my purpose and never will."

As soon as he was alone general Viviania sat at his table and wrote this to Federal;

"Your excellency general Raymond Richardson Federal;

Your conditions whatever, or no matter how serious can induce me to surrender and you cannot kill the little girls because God protects them out of your bloody claws."

General Viviania."

It was about two weeks after the capture of the Vivian Girls that when the Glandelinian after days of hard marching had halted at Ah Althrahamba, Manley rode hastily up to Federal's tent and meeting the general handed to him the christian generals note with a hard dry laugh.

"The christian fool refuses to surrender." He said sharply; "The contents of the note shows plainly that he does not care what happens."

Federal read the note, then went to Tamerline and showed it to him. When Tamerline read the note he was filled with consternation. In his heart he had hoped that general Viviania would yield as brutal man though he was he had become affected lately by the Vivian girls now under his charge and did not wish to have anything to do with their murder. He had literally been weakening. Day after day his lust for children's blood had been waning and now he could not even think of doing them harm. However he himself had never done any harm to any children though his armies had and yet he was unable to stop them.

Since they had been in his presence he had been more gentler every day saw to it that they were well fed and kept them properly clothed and clean.

After showing the note Federal rode off leaving Tamerline alone to himself though saying that the next day he would finish the little guttersnips as he called the children.

This once proud and haughty Glandelinian general Tamerline pondered deeply as he went back into his tent where the Vivian girls were under guard. He even dejectedly showed them general Vivianas note. They saw its meaning and burst into a fit of pitiful weeping. They were not afraid of the death if they were really to die it but they knew their deaths would bring ruin on the nation and that is what made them feel so badly. The guard was going to force them to stop with a pie prick of the bayonet when a sharp lock from Tamerline stopped him. For a long time he strode up and down inside his big tent pondering and cursing and away ring to himself, while his victims sat in a corner dejected and fearful of the coming doom of them that would follow their immediate destruction that was sure to come now.

But Tamerline had weakened. Had God touched his heart. It seemed so.

After striding up and down for an hour he ordered the guards out and turning abruptly to the little girls said;

"COME HERE."

With a great fear that made their hearts beat loudly they obeyed. Tamarline led them outside and placed them under the guard of four armed men. He marched them off toward the field where their execution on the morrow was to be. As soon as he had gotten far enough Tamarline drew his revolver and said to the guards:

"Go! I'll do the killing myself; Federal is too slow and and he covered the little girls with the guns."

The four soldiers marched off and Tamarline scowling fiercely watched them till they were out of sight. Then still covering them he marched them to the ravine where seven children were lying dead.

"Hurry change clothes with them while I stand on watch." He hissed; "I'm to pretend that I have killed you but really you are to go free."

At first Violet and her sisters could hardly believe their eyes sight, and though they hardly yet trusted him they did change clothes with the dead children and while the little girls were not watching he slipped the bodies of the dead children one open so as to deceive the Glandelinians and then returned to the Vivian girls.

He showed them a route to take and realizing that he meant it they thanked him and offering their forgiveness the little girls went off.

Two hours later Manley learned that Tamarline willingly set the Vivian girls free and flew into a rage. He did not however care to say anything to Tamarline for the general would resign his command and on him Manley and Federal depended the success of the Glandelinian armies.

Nevertheless Manley was bound to recover the prisoners and he told Federal who with Cannonia and a troop of horsemen with three bloodhounds started after them. Federal had fairly dashed to his lines when he had received the report and had hollered:

"HA HULLO there Showman, Cannonia and scores of you fellows come here. Tamarline has committed an act of treachery for he let the Vivian girls go free on purpose. I'll give seven hundred dollars to any one who catches them. Turn out the dogs quick. Turn out Tiger fury and the rest."

The sensation produced by the news was indeed immediate. Many of the men sprang forward officiously to offer their services not from the hopes of the reward but to cause the deaths of the children. Some ran so a ran one way, some another. Some were getting flambeaux of pineknots while others were uncoupling the dogs whose hoarse savage bay added not a little to the animation of the scene.

Soon the whole band with whoop and shout and savage yell of man and beast proceeded on the chase. It was the most lively chase that Federal ever precipitated in, Cannonia being the only general with him. He refused to go as he did not want to take a part in it, but despite all this Federal felt sure that he could overtake his victims and if not he would have vengeance on Tamarline. Soon the pursuers were going down the road which Tamarline had directed the little girls and the furious dogs getting the scent were soon rushing on baying madly.

In the meantime the little girls who had continued on slowly, heard the baying of the hounds and realized that they were being pursued, and they were terrified, for they knew that general Raymond Richardson Federal was pursuing them with bloodhounds.

"To the stream." Cried Violet; "We must go across before those dogs tear us to pieces."

They hurried as fast as they could toward the stream but before they were half way to it Federal and the others appeared coming on at a terrific gallop and opening fire.

Two of the bullets lodged in Jennie's thigh and she sank to the ground. As they were unarmed the little girls were helpless, but however they seized Jennie and half dragging her along continued for the stream. But unfortunately they were overtaken by the horsemen who had all they could do to prevent the dogs from flying at them.

"So you little rats thought you could get away like pretty butterflies!" He sneered Federal; "It's a good mind to let the dogs tear the intestines out of you and save me the trouble."

Several of the soldiers who had dismounted seized the little girls and forcibly put them on their horses jumping on after them, and the whole party retraced their steps toward the Glandelinian camp. As they had only proceeded a short distance the little girls suddenly drew out the guns of their captors and striking them hard caused them to reel off their horses. Then like lightning they they whirled wheeled the fiery steeds and dashed down the road at breakneck speed, Federal and the rest being speechless with surprise. Then recovering he yelled:

"After them they must not get away!" And after them they did go till the baying dogs being far in the lead. Again despite their desperate efforts to get away they were overtaken a Glandelinian leaping behind each of them and taking away the guns held them tight.

"You are the more for causing this delay and making us retrench you." Said Federal as they were going the other way again. "We will take the daring out of you and mighty quick too."

They now went on at a good pace Federal and Cannonia sitting on each side of

of the captives as close as possible. Poor Violet and her sisters saw that all hope was lost. They were caught now for sure, not to get away this time and probably going to their deaths. As they were not general Federal meant to draw away with them. In very short time the Glandelinian camp was reached, and Federal had the little girls tied securely to tall oak trees. It was late at night, when the whole camp was asleep that Richard Tamarline riding back and forth on his horse, in search of something saw what appeared to him seven beautiful apparitions tied to the trunks of tall oak trees. Not knowing what to make of it, he rode closer and dismounting went quickly up to them. A fierce curse escaped from his lips.

"Caught again!" He hissed. "Well I'll be swizzled!" and drawing his sabre he slashed the ropes that bound them.

"I thought you beauties were slick in getting away." He said in a voice of terrible disgust. "You certainly are fine ones, after I helped you at that. Who caught you now?"

"General Federal your Excellency." Answered Violet. "He was going to kill us as spies to-morrow."

"He says he is but he is only talking." Said Tamarline with a wicked chuckle. "You are born liars."

"No more it!" Said Violet in despair. "He has a heart that will never-----"

"He is only saying it." Said Tamarline furiously. "And no disputing me either, for you to-morrow he will find you not here. Come with me."

He led them for a certain way then turning to them said it:

"I'm going to see that you escape Federal at all costs. I'll accompany you until you are beyond pursuit, and if any one tries to take you out of my hands I'll shoot him."

He led them for a considerable way down the road, when suddenly he heard foot steps and drawing his gun, waited for the maker of the noise, to come in sight. To his surprise it was general Richard Ricknell. Before Ricknell could say a word, Tamarline quickly retorted:

"Ricknell, you are just the man I need. These little girls, despite the cruel and many and say I am have melted my heart at its softest, and once already to night I had set them free, but that darn Federal caught them again. So I'm now I'm going to save them, and with your help I can easily succeed."

"You can if you do as I say." Answered Ricknell.

Then he explained to them the road and so on children who had been slain by some of Federal's men early this morning, but at the risk of their own lives, for I caught them at it. They are not so pretty but some how bear a striking resemblance to your charges. Have the Vivian girls change clothes with them and they will easily escape. Do not touch their bodies however for they are mutilated and so badly, that Federal may be deceived, at least long enough so he will not order a pursuit." Tamarline took Ricknell's advice, and as he continued on kept on the watch for the dead children. Soon he found them lying prostrated in the rear road. As soon as the little girls had put on the clothes of the dead children, Tamarline by the help of his flashlight wrote on a piece of paper:

"Early this morning I was running the Vivian girls into a trap, Federal tried then to trap, but they broke their bonds and escaped. So he is responsible for their escape and can blame no one. But here lies the Vivian girls because I Tamarline discovered their bodies here to night."

He then fastened it on to the tree, and turning to Violet and her sisters said "Now is your time to make your get away." First he printed a kiss on each of the Vivian girls and then led them to within a certain distance, when there was suddenly a flash and a report, and a bullet whistled close to Tamarline's head. Thinking it was a snail-like Glandelinian who fired the shot, he hurriedly discharged his pistol in the direction of the flash and hastily stopped behind a tree. There was a cry and a man pitched headlong to the ground. Quickly he went to the spot.

"An Angelinian picket, and I thought it was a Glandelinian snail-like after me." He gasped. "Great God, I hope I am only wounded." He drew out a flask of brandy, and pouring it down the soldier's throat and revived him.

"Are you hurt much my man?" He asked. "I'm sorry I shot you though you are an An Angelinian, and I mistook you for an Angelinian Glandelinian snail-like who was trying to shoot me down in ambush because I have the Vivian girls here, whom I was snail-like from the Glandelinian camp, to save from Federal's clutches. As I mentioned before, I retorted the shot because I thought it was a Glandelinian following."

"I'm not hurt much." Said the man trying to get up on his feet. "The wind of the ball only stunned me. I see you are general Richardson Tamarline."

"Yes I am." Said the general. "But I believe I have lost some of my cruelty. Of course if I have to be told that this prisoner I'll give up-----"

"No matter who you are an Angollian never let an arrest a glandolinian who saves the Vivian girls, and I've been even taken by the Angollianians during a battle, and the same Vivian girls interceded for him he goes free." Interrupted the sentry. "Put the Vivian girls I promise want you for the death of Little Anna Aronburg." "It's not responsible for it," said Tamerline. "For Federal and Thomas Phellinus Tamerline are responsible. They are the murderers and here are the proofs." And Tamerline produced a sheet of paper which in the moonlight, and by the help of the general's searchlight, the soldier was able to survey. The contents revealed for complete facts that Raymond Richardson Federal was the murderer, and that Phellinus Tamerline was the helper, for the wording ran as follows:

"Raymond Richardson Federal, you are rewarded with a great medal of honor for your execution of the little child slave rebel leader, Anna Aronburg, sister of Angollian Aronburg, and it is your duty when you receive my command of the Angollian Glandolin to make it all in your power to run down her sister also.
King of Glandolinia.
Phellinus Glandlin
of Glandolin."

"Thanks for helping us in the matter," said the sentry as the general dropped the children closer to the sentry. "But you had better go now before any more soldiers come up to investigate about the two shots." For the first time in his life, Tamerline had the love to embrace children, and crushing the little girls to his heart he hugged them and kissed them, and said fondly: "From now on we are no longer enemies though on opposite sides. When ever you run into trouble I will save you." Then bidding them good bye he rode off. The next day despite the cleverness of the trick, M. Manley alone, who knew the Vivian girls well, discovered the dead bodies, discovered at a glance that the bodies were not of Violet and her sisters, and having learned that they were within the Christian lines safe and sound, he first cursed God, and then went to Federal with the news. Federal hearing of it was literally lame with rage. He fairly foamed at the mouth. Manley had literally went to Federal saying that Tamerline deserves to be punished as he declared it was treachery to harbor enemies enemies of the Glandolinian cause. Never before was Federal in such a rage as he was then and though he knew that Tamerline alone could save the Glandolinian army from destruction or defeat he would not let the matter drop. Indeed his rage knew no bounds. Federal tore off his collar and tie in his rage and even bit his hands. He literally hated Tamerline, worse than he did Our Blessed Lord himself. And when this had occurred all the long working hatred of his soul, toward Tamerline began to gather in a desperate and deadly form. He did not the Vivian girls bravely he sturdily, powerfully, resistlessly ever since he first started persecuting them. Their very spiritual forms, their beauty, celestial like as it was burned him burned on him like the fires of purgation.

"I hate that Tamerline," said Federal that morning as he sat on his great bare mare. "I hate him for his liberating those delicate rats. Can't I do what I like with them? Who's to hinder I wonder. Damn him, I'll take his command away from him. He must go. He will not serve in any army under my command come what may. Away with him. That is my demand. I'll show him on a him." And Federal clenched his fists and shook it as if he had something in his hands that he could rend in pieces, and called the Vivian girls all kinds of names you won't find in the Dictionary. He reported the cause to general Johnston Jacken Manley telling him of his own Manley's discovery, and Johnston Jacken Manley conveyed the discovery to his main commander John Manley, and the answer came back that in the first place, he had no right to leave the Vivian girls where they could escape, declaring that Tamerline was not to blame in the first place, that Tamerline had taken the dead children from the Vivian girls, and that only the highest Glandolinian authority could relieve Tamerline from command. Again, Federal was frustrated.

When general Vivian saw his child friends again his joy knew no bounds. The Vivian girls told the whole story, how Tamerline had saved them, and of his treatment of them. And Jennie told how she tried to put Federal to sleep.

"I always thought that the three Tamerlines in Federal's command were cruel men, and child butchers," General Vivian said. "This was indeed surprising me. But then as he slew Anna Aronburg, you little girls could not intercede for him as your Father would allow no mercy."

"Federal and Phellinus Tamerline are the guilty ones," said the soldier who had been in the battle. "The sentry handed me those, which are proofs of the crime."

General Vivian read the contents of the notes, notes, and then began to examine the contents of the packages. In one package which was large the contents were the head of a child, the bottom of the package being covered with dried blood. Vivian dropped it in horror.

"Good God," cried all who saw it. "How did Tamerline come in possession of those things?"

With shivering hands general Vivian laid the very package on the table, and opened it, the remainder saw a pile of the child's intestines.

"Goodness gracious," cried general Vivian almost letting it drop and looking at the soldier as if he could not believe it. "What did you bring these for? And what in the world did the murderer preserve them for?" "I was justly wrapping it up general Vivian with his hands trembling as if with theague would the third package which was a large slip of yellow paper with the closed prescription:

"Who ever retains the terrible relics will never get over the horrors of it. Anna Aronburg, a child only less than eight years of age, was murdered by Raymond Richardson Federal personally, in his own barn, being slain before alive, and left to die that way. Who ever the nerve to destroy these relics will perish miserably for they will be stricken by God. Under any circumstances they almost must not be restored in the dead body lying in a deep ravine unless the murderer is punished, and they are to be retained by those who receive them unless the murderer is brought to justice. These relics have been taken out of the body of the dead child, by the murderer who put them in those packages, to inspire him on, in his murderous slaughter. Do not even allow the relics to lay round anyone else may destroy them. This is the order of one of the Glandolinian Creatures. The body of the child is not decayed yet."

Nearly a dozen times general Vivian read the note, then carefully examined the intestines, to see if any of them were missing.

"You Vivian girls were in the ravine once," said he to Violet and her sisters. "Did you see the body lying there yet?" "We will have to confess that we were not in the ravine, and we did not see her body, but we heard somebody turned it," said Violet.

"I hate to rot in there," said Vivian. "Let's go and see anyway. It is not far from this vicinity..."

"No one not far from that ravine," said Jennie. "and the body may only be cremated." So general Vivian, two of his officers and the little girls started off. They reached the inside of the hour, and descended into it the little girls being in the lead. In a minute they reached the spot where it was reported where the dead body had lain, and to their surprise there was no body at all, and they all went back terribly disappointed.

Federal for two weeks since the ending of May concentrated upon general Vivian who had continually received fresh forces from the east. Both armies were now again the most fierce ever seen. Though equal in size Federal had the most guns, and had then placed to sweep all the approaches to his main line. On account of general Vivian's refusal to surrender, and of the escape of the Vivian girls, Federal declared that in case he won, he would not give Vivian's army any quarter. General Vivian learned of Federal's cruel intention, and feared intensely for the little girls. He called them to him and gathered them about him said:

"To-morrow is the last stand of Old Christianity for me. If my army fails to win, I'm a gonor, for now Federal will not give me any quarter. For myself I fear not, but if he wins he will have you in his power and surely destroy you, and so I advise you to pray all night long for our safety." Violet and her sisters promised faithfully that they would, and readily kept their promise. During the night general Vivian held a council with his main staff, and in the height of the council general Vivian said:

"Federal refuses to give us any quarter in case I fail to win. If Federal fails to win alright, but if he succeeds he will murder the Vivian girls in the cruelest manner I know of. I know your love and pity for those dear daughters of our king, whose lives have all been of sorrow, and bag of you for their sakes, to crush the foe and try to attack yourselves, for through spies the enemy sees a great advantage in crushing me, by doing all the attacking themselves, and this is what I want to prevent. If you win, I'll allow you a reward, to have them with you as companions for several weeks."

At this all the generals rose, their eyes gleaming like fiends.

"We will all die first before we will yield an inch of ground to those blood thirsty butchers," they all said. "We will hold our line to the last man." All night long, and in the greater sorrow and terror, the little girls had prayed, and when morning came they felt as if something good was going to happen.

During all this time the two other christian generals, Hanson and his north brother general Robert Angold Vivian were completely successful in all their advances, and might could have way in their path. Indeed the war was taking on very queer turns. In the east the enemy during the long struggle calls called the intergarten, a massacre was asking strong head way and as predicted it seemed evident that the glandelinian armies now numerous in numbers, and great in force had only one or two christian armies opposed to them in the east, and it was such a serious situation that it looked as the last stand of Christianity.

All this was happening in the Eastern part of Galverinia and was believed to be one of the greatest horrors of the whole war. Indeed all the scenes of the great Rat Eastern section of the great war in Galverinia was a horror in itself with all the widespread desolation and destruction, and massacre of children, but then the situation in Galverinia was at all more lively.

In the west the christians were accomplishing wonders, large forces of Zimmermann armies were damming up all rivers, and were also doing other things which were now paralyzing all the enemy's hopes of getting more aid to McWhirther, the ships instead of attacking were besieging, and firing at the same time, and Zimmermann was advancing with his large force forces with the intention of seizing the enemy's main bases at Virginia Run, and Logan Zoo Bar Run. Hanson and general Vivian since the battle of Big Girlknool had moved their reformed armies from the location of that place with the intention of making a force of show in the west, but all that time since both main christian armies, the flower of Angeline had not been engaged because none of the Glandelinian armies would stand before them, and it was now coming evident that these main christian armies were moving forward with the intention of striking general and vehement blows against the Glandelinian forces stationed at Julo Julo Callio and Norma Gatherine.

These two great armies were completely unopposed as no glandelinian army had been of sufficient force to oppose these christian generals. Hanson was first heading toward Brigano and Zannagustopolis, and also moving upon the main points along the Norma Run with the intention of forcing his armies across the Norma's bridges and break up the Glandelinian armies stationed there. If this could be accomplished all would be well, these two cities with the arrival of Zimmermann's mighty armies would fall, and if they fell McWhirther would fall with it, and Glandelinia then could be brought to complete submission. The situation was in perfect favor of the enemy in the east. Here a 11 christian armies that had opposed them had met practical annihilation about forty eight christian armies having fought battle after battle until almost annihilated or wiped out and now general Vivian's armies were the only ones surviving and to oppose the enemy. The enemy in the east had won as it seemed indeed the whole war altogether, and all would be lost in Eastern Galverinia if the successful stand at Albrahambra would not be accomplished.

But in Western Galverinia all christian armies there were too victor due to relate. Every battle already fought there spelled disaster for the glandelinians, twenty of their own had been wiped out, and the losses of the enemy provisions had been exceedingly heavy and now the rivers which they had depended upon mostly to supply their armies in Galverinia was bottled up by fleets of christian warships and dreadnaughts, many glandelinian ships were totally wrecked and destroyed, and the christian armies under Zimmermann there being about forty armies under his command separately were damming up all rivers, and causing floods which made the enemy abandon any attempts to oppose him. The Angeline in the east called the glandelinian general Raymond Richardson a human tornado because of his many successes, his whirlwind campaigns, and advances, and the horrible havoc and devastation he had caused, but what did the enemy call General Hanson, Robert Vivian, and Zimmermann in the west. Within the time of the battle of Big Girlknool until now March the 28th these three christian generals had pushed on irresistibly northward, westward eastward, and southwestward with the irresistible speed of a seething conflagration, covering three thousand miles of hard marching and all enemy armies either fought desperate battles and met disaster, upon great disaster upon disaster disaster without comprehending. Of course the losses of the christian armies during this headlong advance had been exterminating in the extreme, and twice Hanson had to halt his advance until the fresh armies came up from Angeline.

Manley and his three sons had all they could to accomplish their aim in Eastern Galverinia, and now then they began to believe that they could spare reinforcements in Eastern Galverinia and send them westward to oppose the three christian "D-vil" as he called them. He decided to leave the other armies opposing Hanson and Vivian in Eastern Galverinia under general Gannon while he and his three sons, with federal would hurry west to compel the retreating glandelinian armies there and oppose Hanson and general Vivian before they captured the main fortifications at Norma Run.

This he realized would take lots of hurry to do. His main armies were three thousand five hundred miles from the scene of christian success in the west, and his men not used to Galverinian climate of rivers and forests were slower in marching and if only he could get one or two of his bigger armies to stop Hanson before he got there and captured Brigano all would be safe. He decided to send Germania to concentrate all his available armies upon the stream of Eranio Creek near Brigano, while he decided to press his own main forces upon Zannagustopolis and Wottruba, and also to fortify Mangolina, and Manglandelina. Only also decided to have all the points of McWhirther gun hold, and to fortify the region of Virginia Zimmermann Run, and also to see to it that Zimmermann would not be able to make his advance successfully upon Logan Zoo Bar Run. All this of course would take time, but it did take time longer time than John Manley or his father ever believed, and if the plans would have been successful all would have been well with the glandelinians and the advance of Hanson, his brother, and Williamabarger Zimmermann would have been thrown back completely and McWhirther and Norma Gatherine besides Julo Callio saved from capture. Of course the armies got to those points readily enough, even sooner than the christians, but Manley made the big mistake of concentrating most of his armies to oppose Vivianama at Francis Atlanta on that dreadful May 11 third year of the war, and thus all his hopes had been broken up, and though by fighting as desperately as he knew how and checking Vivianama from advancing, Norma Gatherine, Julo Callio and McWhirther were left wide open for the rush of the christian armies under Zimmermann, and it was then a matter of only a few weeks before they fell.

Of course no doubt Manley had to concentrate there as Tw Terwilliger was then in possession of the christians after so much fighting at Marie Osborne and other places, and if Manley had not stopped Vivianama at Francis Atlanta all would have been lost right there as though he checked Vivianama's advance at Francis Atlanta he could not however win the great battle and had suffered a most disgraceful defeat in the entire war.

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THE LAST STAND OF CHRISTIANITY.
THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF ALHAMBRA.

THE dawn of morning had approached, and Hansonian left wing then in concentration toward the city of Alhambra was suddenly and heavily assailed by Glandelinians under general Gannon. Many of the Christian officers learning that the action had become like another Big Girl Knoll, had dashed down with their brigades to Hansonian aid. Hansonian himself had been already heavily reinforced, his left wing being commanded by general Henry Darger, and there was such a blaze of firing as to terrify the very angels. Gannon also launched a sweeping assault upon the Angelinians their lines again pouring across the Mic-Holleston gun region, which was fairly deformed and desolated by the An Angelini n guns, which tore all of the Glandelinian waves of men, many millions strong, which encountered the terrible fire. Gannon fearing annihilation had to slacken the ferocity of his dare devil attack, and held his own line together, waiting for Shoemanni to come up with pick-nell and Dargin. Two hours later Dargin and Shoemanni arrived with all their available columns, and these made attacks in overwhelming numbers, crushing Hansonian left wing to fragments, and forcing his whole line to stagger and give way, and with the help of pick-nell these Glandelinians rolled up his whole division, driving the Angelinian soldiers clean to the second line of trenches, which was also taken. Scores of Hansonian generals had fallen, and countless numbers of men. The assailants made very great success so far but also at a heavy cost. Gannon had been severely wounded, in facing a severe cannon fire, Dargin had been severely wounded, nearly half of his command were down, pick-nell was wounded, and Shoemanni and Gannonia killed. Pick-nell and Shoemanni had lost two quarters of his men. Smash-in-the-head and Break-in-the-neck, and Adole-De-Garbes and Selal followed next in their assaults but they were wounded, while the latter two generals were killed in side the Christian works. General Vivian saw Hansonian's plight, and getting the range of his chain of batteries, about ten thousand cannon, began to pound the charging armies of Glandelinians all to pieces. At this critical juncture Tamerline himself now an entirely different man was advancing with his army of Omarians, and these he threw upon the Christian cannons with terrible force, and again the whole scene seemed like the slaughter of the world so fierce was the carnage. Facing a fire of the greatest intensity, and suffering heavy losses as well, Tamerline's columns after four hours of bloody fighting managed to carry the Christian batteries, but met a solid wall of infantry behind it, which let loose a simultaneous fire all along the line withering the whole wave of the assailants, and general Tamas federal leading this charge in person was mortally wounded.

In the murderous fighting which ensued, and which made it a scene as all the elements of civilization was going to destruction, Tamerline nine million men were cut or shot down, but the survivors drove in their wedge so far, that the Christian infantry could not hold, and Baldwin Cannings entire line was overwhelmed and crushed beyond reformation.

Baldwin on the Glandelinian side was killed, and Tamerline severely wounded at the highest fury of the fray. Tamerline's victors now pressed steadily on carrying the rest of Baldwin's line, but it was not as lucky as it was hoped, and though Baldwin's men went down by the thousands, the retreating batteries had taken a position on a high rise of ground, while some of the retreating columns refuted in the very ravine where Amble Kronburg was murdered. Here the Glandelinians surrounded them and soon filled that ravine with slain of the Angelinians, a massacre indeed. On account of the guns dominating the grounds of Mic-Holleston and Calverini gun, Hansonian whole division in the action was threatened with annihilation. They were in the midst of a melée of firing the enemy pressing in on him in half a circle, and the Glandelinian batteries of artillery pounding him in the rear. General Vivian saw the terrible situation, but did not know what to do. He however sent one big force after another to retake the guns, but to no avail and few of these Angelinians returned. General Vivian was appalled at the terrific slaughter, and saw that he was losing.

Federal's main armies also were pounding heavily on his left and center, and Manley on his right, and to make matters worse all the Glandelinian cannons were in action, blowing whole lines of Christian trenches and men into the air. General Vivian had however wisely held back his reserves, but nevertheless his heart was broken, for there were sure signs that he was being beaten, and indeed he was. Yet his lines of cannon were committed horrible slaughter, for the Glandelinians were making a bloody morgue of their own fallen by their terrible losses. Despite his own losses Manley was bound to win, and continued the attack for hour to hour, bringing up all the reserves he could spare. Federal's army it was also terrific. He drove his men recklessly to the attack, and stormed the Christian center with all the fury ever known in war fare. Toward Noon federal became successful. He rolled up the whole center, crushed and tangled, captured hundreds of thousands of prisoners which the rebels placed in front of themselves to prevent the main destruction caused by the general Christian fire.

By one o'clock general Federal's line of advance was overrunning the entire region north of the Christian center, and finally struck general Vivian's left wing on the flank crushing it to fragments and rolling it up and down completely cutting

it up and putting it out of commission entirely. Along the Christian center all the Christian generals had been killed and wounded and the center threatened with annihilation. The whole of Hansonian army then in action, and the others were already already defeated, and were in the utmost confusion, and fleeing northward in a stampede despite the effort of the surviving officers to check the rout. Only the right wing of general Vivian's army still held its ground. All the rest of the army was panic stricken and nothing whatever could check their retreat. The officers even fell themselves from sheer exhaustion in their attempts to stem the disaster. At one point where the panic stricken columns were under the heaviest cannon fire, it was said that one hundred and sixty five thousand men and officers were mowed down all of them being completely blown to pieces. General Vivian by wireless ordered the Concentinians who were far in the rear, and in reserve to charge upon the panic stricken hordes and stop the rout if that could. This was attempted and though the fury of the Concentinians checked some part of the rout, it could not check the main part, and many even fell in the fight with them. The panic stricken hordes poured clear to the rear, and even there despite the efforts of the very Concentinians they could not be rallied, and the Concentinians were borne along with the human current, the scene of panic being compared to that of millions of crazed men escaped from insane asylums during a big fire, and running hither and thither in a pandemonium of terror and confusion.

The pursuing Glandelinians were following close behind, and the battle indeed seemed to be in their favor. General Vivian's right wing alone still held for general Vivian was sparing at the reserves he could, to keep this wing from being rolled up. Federal knowing of the true conditions of general Vivian's army, though thought it would be a fool hardy task to advance any further for fear himself would be over-lapped by the Christian wing still standing, but now he could not even stop his own men.

At this moment Federal's advancing armies met a heavy force of Angelinians under general Ziegler Murray and Henderson's Greathart, Greathart himself having had his great divisions formed in two immense squares with cannons all round them. He launched a sweeping counter attack covered by artillery fire, which continued for an hour with unabated fury despite the losses that the Glandelinians inflicted, but again Federal gathered his forces and pressed forward striving for the square under general Illian Caldwell. A plunging annihilating fire had repulsed general Glandelinians' mighty onslaught a onslaught, but big forces of Glandelinians by beating their way through the Angelinian defenses with terrible gun fire, had forced the surrender of general Illian, and then moving forward swiftly in a driving attack, struck Shoemanni's right wing, cutting it up, and capturing thirty thousand men, and three hundred guns. In the meantime new batteries of Glandelinian artillery had been brought up and general Rookies of divisions of Angelinians were shelled from their position near Rookies creek with the most heavy losses, but before they could occupy that position, the Glandelinians silenced three of the Angelinian batteries, during an ear splitting drum drum fire, the Christian batteries having kept up a sporadic hammering during nearly the whole time committing the public damage to Federal's assaulting columns.

Many times during the great onslaughts Greathart's army came close to Federal's line, which had taken on defense behind ravines or gullies only to be mowed down by many scores of thousands. General Kiss and Kerr with about one million five hundred thousand Winkie Abyssinkilans met Federal in a desperate hand to hand fight, and nearly succeeded in clearing one of the ravines, but within half an hour's time they themselves were beaten out with the loss of three hundred thousand men.

The main divisions of the Angelinians fought with demonical fury, continuing the onslaught with extraordinary persistency until their right wing had been rolled up, and crushed to fragments, Greathart being compelled to withdraw. Ziegler himself continued his onslaught against the Free Mason Line, and though his columns were torn and mangled time and again by the terrible fire of the Glandelinians the Angelinians failed to recede. Federal worried over the storming attack of the new Christian forces, and of the terrible losses that his army was enduring, had some more of his remaining fields of cannons brought into action, and though this repulsed one on one onslaught, Ziegler's divisions only reformed and went at it again with tremendous fury.

Whole masses of the assailants were mowed down as fast as they came, but the onslaught continued with such fury that a part of Federal's left grand division was rolled up, and displaced. Federal threw her heavier forces to the rescue, and made titanic efforts to reestablish the line at this point, the new forces assailing the Angelinians with all their vigor and only when one hundred and ten thousand more of the Angelinians were mowed down, did the survivors withdraw, enabling the enemy to reform his line. Though receiving a short check Ziegler was not daunted. Receiving heavy reinforcements under general Henry Ger Fearless he redoubled the fury of his attack, storming Federal's line with all his might. Federal's whole line fairly stormed with fire, which cut the assailants down in myriads, but the survivors only continued the great attack until thirty thousand had fallen in the same space of

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a quarter of a mile had fallen, and Paerlens among them. Though Fearless was re-lead Ziegler had made some apparent success, by cutting his way with the help of general Santana line through the gray wedge along his front, but his men met such a heavy withering fire from the Glandelinian artillery, that he again was obliged to give way, having lost more than Fearless did. Other efforts by the bravery of the Glandelinians were frustrated and each attack only met with frightful slaughter. While this action was going on, general Hanson's main line arrived near the vicinity of glis performing a line of battle thirteen miles long, on the most commanding rise of ground, which was crowned with heavily batteries. Long lines of infantry with reserves and supports were ordered to advance, and carry one of the federal positions, which were on the crest of low hills a commanding level table ground north of the Mico-Holleston Run, and the Yellow Brick road, leading from Catherine, to Beppo, and Angelina Agathia. These divisions about fifteen million, nine hundred and sixty five thousand was then in good condition, and these he divided into three wings, the left under Kindermine, to consist of the Ninth Corps, the center under general Beaumont to be supported by the cavalry dragoons and many brigades and the right grand division under general Giam Giam which consisted of the main brigades. While these preparations were going on general Joe Sateen having arrived with a strong support, had captured Barney's lane, and forced its way in here driving out all the rebels there after four hours of hard fighting in the morning, the horrible fighting ranging among rocks, trees, and ravines. A part of Federal's line was also active again having received heavy reinforcements. Kindermine placed chiefly in charge of the three wings crossed the Mico-Holleston creek and after considerable fighting captured large detachments of graycoats. Then Staking Federal's ridges, Kindermine began a fierce onslaught, Beaumont being the first to reach the summit, but after a fearful struggle the Glandelinians hurled them back with stupendous losses. Beaumont was again apprehended but having orders to perform he led his men to make another assault. A whole chain of cannon on those ridges sent forth a storm of death and destruction, but though they went down in many columns, the survivors, pressed on up the sides yelling like savages, and by a most determined assault, a part of the ridge was carried, though one million twenty four thousand of the Angelinians were moved down or captured. The main portion of the position seemed impossible to carry however, and other columns of rebels arriving they took up their formation, and met the assailants with all their force driving them down. Menley had over eight million in number while federal positions also separated into three wings, and he really was in an unassailable trench. A part of Kindermine force attacked the right grand division of Federal's army five miles away to the right near a row of old child slave plantations, but was unsuccessful. The battle had now extended to the west of the hills and three more local charges were made which brought on very severe and sanguinary losses. The Anti Angelinians were repulsed however with the loss of nearly one hundred and fourteen thousand in slain. In the meantime Hanson led his main divisions to engage the enemy on the ridges but one of his divisions was wiped out. Fifteen hundred thousand of his men however advanced and gave Federal serious trouble until Kindermine joined in, the battle now opening with redoubled fury, a sanguinary conflict breaking out all along the line. Hanson's onslaught was fearful but his left was mangled and withdrew. Kindermine engaged Federal's best brigades, the Glandelinians defending the crest stubbornly and fighting with the fury of desperation. Clouds of Angelinians forces pushed forward, and came pouring up the gain, when all of a sudden big machine guns poured a terrific broadside upon them sweeping them down in horrible numbers. However the attack was renewed but three million three hundred thousand rebel rifles poured upon them, then the whole line became ablaze, but despite the fierce resistance the Angelinians attacked in such fury, that the rebels would have retreated, had not another rebel division arrived with artillery, and the Christian general Beul was killed. The Angelinians were attacking with irresistible force, but now Kindermine's divisions were becoming demoralized and panic stricken and fell back down the slope. One of Hanson's divisions itself made charge after charge, and drove a part of Federal's right wing out of its position, but the rebels rallied, and gathering in overwhelming force counter attacked the Angelinians with moribund fury, and for two hours here, a most cruel conflict raged, the assailants being threatened with annihilation. Three of Federal's wings were now engaged. Several of Hanson's best brigades were wiped out by the fire of the enemy guns but the divisions under Jennings and Angalia moved to the attack, and won their point but their leaders were killed and they were swept off. The sides of the ridges seemed covered with smoke from the bursting shells, the discharge of musketry on both sides becoming more incessant, and Hanson's whole force was now giving way before overwhelming numbers, but he was not daunted. Recovering from his repulse, and being bound to halt Federal's advance, he went at it again, and soon the sides of the hills presented one of the most horrifying scenes of the day. Still charge followed charge, until all of Federal's guns were brought into action which increased the slaughter, the hill was practically strewn with myriads of dead wounded and dying while the ground on top was covered with the fallen bodies of both sides.

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h Hanson's whole line made a fierce irresistible charge and captured a portion of Federal's strongly fortified works but could not retain them and was again driven back with stupendous losses. But the Angelinians again attacked with great enthusiasm despite the continuous and fearful artillery fire that greeted them. The Angelinians were moved down a by many thousands per minute their bodies fairly dotting all the hill sides, while sheet after sheet of flame and smoke burst forth from the heights, tearing and mangling every assaulting columns that approached. Federal's intrenched position. The Angelinians were undaunted however and only doggedly resumed the attack facing the direct withering fire of the enemy bravely though they were moved down as fast as they came. Division after division of the Angelinians rushed forward with fixed bayonets and readied the ramparts of the Free Mason line only to melt away. Here and there hundreds of thousands of reckless Angelinians coming within easy range of Federal's batteries suddenly dropped like grass mowed down by a lawn mower, and many of the survivors threw themselves upon the ground to let the withering storm of bullets pass over them. Again the attack was a failure. The Glandelinian positions were well posted and the brigades that charged across the wide plains met frightful decimation.

Federal then made a prompt and vigorous dash upon the recoiling Angelinians driving them back in confusion. It was a terrible catastrophe and hundreds of thousands of the panic stricken Angelinians were massacred during that final dash of the Glandelinians. The Glandelinian's left being fully determined to advance and never to recede again advanced after Hanson's retreating lines while the center and left having an open field began another fierce attack on the Christian lines near Catherine run but the Angelinians determined the two preparing to destroy it should the Glandelinians enter. Ten divisions of Glandelinians under heavy fire moved forward to storm the Christian redoubts held by Cantons Angelinians while other forces were led forward with the purpose of turning Giam Giam's left flank if possible and cut off their retreat. The Glandelinian divisions advanced in the most solid style up the rising ground but from the ramparts a long undulating sheet of fire flame and smoke burst forth and the assaulting columns became badly cut up and mangled. These divisions were about to recoil when Giam Giam of the Christians fell wounded and other forces advancing to the rescue the battle once more became a general a more fearful struggle ensuing at once. A heavy artillery fire of five thousand guns went once opened upon the assaulting columns the Angelinians holding their positions while the Glandelinians stormed with their attacks again and again in heavy forces on general Dore-not-lies positions but amid the most terrific slaughter they were repulsed just as many many times.

Fierce yells from hundreds of thousands of fresh Glandelinian troops and Federal had now gathered up his whole strength for a fierce and final effort and again he brought the Glandelinians to the attack with tremendous ferocity. For four hours more the Christian line held stubbornly though their whole line became torn and mangled with their dead and wounded companions piled in windrows four deep where they fell the Glandelinians continuing their attack with much persistency that the Angelinians though they fought with the stubborn fury of fiends were compelled to retire before a deliberate withering fire. The ground for miles was red with gore and so many gray and purple coats strewn the ground that they could not be counted.

All the trees within region of the battle line were rent and torn by shrapnel and pierced with innumerable minnie balls, and thousands of wounded found lying in the shattered woods were writhing in mortal agony. The Glandelinians succeeding in capturing the town but nearly eighty thousand were killed outright when the mine threw blast and hundreds of thousands badly wounded. At this same time this had occurred the Glandelinians effectually bombarded the Christian lines destroying twenty five miles of trenches and carrying another line of trenches toward night fall after night successive attacks with the bayonets, while at other points the Angelinians endeavored to check the advance of Federal's right center attacking furiously to the rear. The Glandelinians however withstood the attack and in heavy force delivered a heavy counter attack resulting in the capture of more fortified trenches, dominating the Catherine crossroads leading to Angelina Agathia. The fighting here was particularly fierce. The muzzles of the machine guns were red hot but they were seized and buried over while the attackers with fixed bayonets rushed the trenches, the Glandelinians maintaining solid lines and pushing on vigorously forcing back the Christian divisions under Geps and J. Cops and driving general Miller's forces back like frightened sheep. Hap heap.

THE GREAT WEST LANE MASSACRE

General Giam Giam who was furious over general Beaumont's fall followed up his recent repulse along the other parts of the line by immediately advancing Sheridan Bicknell across the Klein River under heavy fire and soon in the morning the battle was resumed with terrible fury by the advance of Bicknell's whole force toward the Glandelinians under Hermann.

For six hours more the battle raged along these points with indestructible fury and the Elise Elise lanes presented one of the most horrible scenes of the third day during the battle. It was practically filled with many hundreds of thousands of dead and wounded with the ground in front and rear was strewn with fields of the bodies of the men engaged on both sides. During a fierce irresistible charge in which he had lost more than three hundred thousand men Hannosins captured a strong portion of Hannosins' works and during the rest of the day the battle raged furiously.

In the early morning Hannosins ordered his immense forces of Glandelinians from Catherine Run upon Angelina Francillone Heights Bicknole and Hannosins strongly fortified positions. The Glandelinians advanced with enthusiasm and a fearful fire of artillery and musketry tore their vanguard columns to pieces, and the bleeding survivors stopped for a moment then plunged forward again, the Glandelinians falling dead and wounded by tens of thousands and their bodies strewn the ground as thick as grass. As they approached Hannosins entrenched positions sheet after sheet of flame shot forth from the heights for the length of thirty five miles the Christian fire tearing fearful raps in the assaulting lines but there was no running back of Hannosins' men. They sometimes stopped or recoiled a little distance to reform their shattered lines but then ran on the advance doggedly the nearest columns pouring a well directed withering fire upon the entrenched Angelinians moving them down as fast as they fell themselves. Many large columns of Glandelinians rushing forward with fixed bayonets swarmed over the ramparts of the Angelinians but were shot or cut down. Here and there simultaneously large bridges of reckless Glandelinians within easy range of the Christian musketry would suddenly drop away or go to pieces thousands upon thousands of them drop in like tall grass scented down with a long scythe while the survivors throw themselves upon the ground to let the storm of bullets pass over them and then crawl forward many firing deadly volleys in return.

Nevertheless it was in vain for the Glandelinians could not carry such a well posted and well defended position protected by cannellany sunken roads, and stone walls and entrenchments skillfully thrown up during the night. The Glandelinians being forced to withdraw during the following night and aided by darkness and a heavy snowstorm the Glandelinians crossed Elise river and made another terrific onslaught but the Angelinians successfully repelled the attack and then countercharged Hannosins' divisions making a prompt and vigorous dash scattering the Glandelinian army immediately in front of him, and upon Hannosins' madly thundering guns threw their retreat into utter confusion and drove the latter part of their forces helplessly into the boiling river and took many prisoners.

This was another terrible catastrophe in the battle for whole legions of the panic stricken Glandelinians were cut to pieces during the final dash and three hundred and sixty six Glandelinians were made prisoners. At the same time this was happening Hannosins had crossed Gartrudes creek and pressed forward the advancing Christians and pressed a part of Hannosins' line back. The battle now became an awful merciless and unrelenting struggle, Hannosins urging on his army with utmost vigour. Frightful and terrific became the rattling roar of countless muskets and pistols and slowly but surely the Christian line advanced across fenosa fields and through the woodlands. After eight hours of the fiercest fighting Hannosins fell back upon the main line discouraged and disheartened. Despite the unsuccessful outcome during the fierce five days action in and around Alibrahma Federal only brought his main forces and buried these upon general Vivian's already torn tottered and bleeding lines. While the attacks were in progress on the sixteenth of the battle Violet and her sisters went to see what was on fire between the main Christian lines for the sky was darkened with immense wreaths of black smoke.

Fearing that it was some trick of the enemy the little girls accompanied by some regiments of boy scouts started off. The weather was very chilly and cold and tottering in the deep snow and slush formed by the sun and after traveling for some distance they came within sight of the cause. Exposed to their sight was the burning of hundreds of thousands of barrels of petroleum and gasoline the enemy having wrecked a long oil train on the Mc-Hollister and Pandora and Pandora and

Angelina railroad. Scores of the tank cars in the middle of the tracks had been derided many of them hurled into flames while others by burning fire furiously were stream long the right of way for nearly a thousand yards. Almost simultaneously to the wrecking of the train the Glandelinians had set fire to the first two cars which had soon exploded throwing sheets of flaming oil over the entire part of the wreckage causing the contents of nearly all the tank cars to ignite and now flames and immense clouds of dense smoke enveloped the train. In all one hundred and forty seven cars were being destroyed and a large number of other tank cars and of the burning train which had failed to leave the tracks had been pulled out of harm's way by forces of Angelinians who were storming the Macnic line at the same time.

Despite his recent terrible repulses Federal was not daunted and hurried to a new offensive large forces of Mc-Hollisterians also again and again after bloody fighting forced a goodly portion of the Christian line under Clinton out of its position and satisfied with the results Federal within two hours more hurled the Glandelinians Americans, Bourbonnians combined upon general Vivian's forces, again driving them from

the work they had recovered early in the afternoon. The halting of the enemy was like the sweep of some mighty avalanche and within four hours general Vivian's army witnessed the rout of his armies, and strange as it may seem it happened again that the right wing was not and could not be forced back.

After a lull of two hours while the other forces were still pursuing the panic stricken Christians Federal now directed his heaviest blows on this wing, all the Glandelinians that he could muster being hurled upon this wing amid the most dreadful carnage ever seen.

In thousands those routed were in the greatest panic than during the other routs, they pouring toward the rear in the most terrific confusion ever witnessed in battle before the foe following hard and cutting men shooting them down like grain pouring from a chute. Toward midnight after a most frightful struggle general Vivian's right wing was finally rolled up and driven northward in disorder.

In another hour a total rout began. Federal's victorious hosts hosts carrying all before them and mowing down the panic stricken hordes as a fast as they could get at them. General Vivian was too broken hearted that he could hardly do do anything to rally them and fairly wept like a child.

"All is lost! All is lost." He cried mournfully as the terrified Vivian girls crowded around him. "All is lost!"

He made the utmost preparations to flee and was soon with the retreating army the little girls being with him to the last. The confusion of the retreating Christian armies was indeed sublime and also frightful. However to general Vivian's good luck the enemy did not follow as fast as before as he darkness had now become intense for heavy snow clouds were hiding the moon. Toward morning general Vivian had managed to rally a goodly portion of his armies and continued on a morbidly retreat. The enemy however followed hard and fast continually harassing his armies and causing a wide spread devastation. Throughout the defeat Hannosins' army had been so terribly ravaged by the victorious foe that out of all he had which was about ten million only one or two hundred thousand were left all being killed wounded or prisoners.

General Vivian's heart was broken. He couldn't surrender as he knew Federal had sworn that he would receive no surrender or give no quarter until either his armies were destroyed or that the Vivian girls were given up. Though victorious the enemy had however been outwitted as they had not been able to capture the Christian army and annihilate them surrounded as Federal had them before the battle began. Federal was following hard and not ever for a moment did his men give the Christians any respite. But toward eight o'clock it was found that Federal's army had stopped advancing and general Vivian wondered what the reason was. Just then an officer dashed up all excited his clothes all covered with dust. "The Abbeonians!" He cried excitedly. "The Abbeonians are coming fast. Big force of them. Perhaps millions!"

"Good God!" gasped general Vivian as in a dream. "Is it true?" It was true indeed. The Abbeonians were advancing and in the heaviest numbers and Federal had not dared or dared to engage them in his disorganized condition and so hastily withdrew his mighty armies and fell back northward. Neither general Vivian or general Sabu Sebastian of the Abbeonians pursued; on account of the crippled conditions of the Christian armies. This indeed really marked the defeat of the Glandelinians no matter how the fighting had turned out for Federal had been fearfully outwitted at Alibrahma and had met a stinging defeat though he had routed general Vivian's army for he had retreated on the point of his highest bid in the vicar victory he had won. If he had dared and stand and meet the Abbeonians which was really a large reserve force of Vivian's Federal anyway would have suffered horrible annihilation and it was wise that he had retreated. The Abbeonian army of this force had realized the grave danger and if Sebastian had allowed the Angelinians to be pursued any further they he would have placed himself in the greatest danger and realizing it had sprung immense forces to general Vivian's aid and there had been hurrying upon the Glandelinians who had been following general Vivian's so hard and again Angelina and Angelinians had fought the Glandelinians before and the Abbeonians were still smarting from the insult in April in eighteen forty nine and were indeed willing to strike another blow.

General Federal had no wish with the 100,000 Abbeonian army reinforcing general Vivian and with good reason. Had he dared it his own army crumbled as it was already from its own terrible losses would have met practical annihilation. General Federal however was too ashamed to declare himself beaten he a man who had boasted that no Christian dog of a general could ever lick him but now he was doing all in his power to avoid the powerful Christian army which were always following him. The battle of Alibrahma was the last one in the northern drama of war.

It was a quite awhile though before poor broken hearted Violet and her sisters realized the change. They did not when they did not they were not happy because they missed Starring who had been killed in trying to defend them against the Glandelinians. Starring who had been captured them. They felt his loss keenly. John and Jack Evans were far away somewhere else in general Vivian's great Angelinian hosts and wishing to have them with them again the little girls appealed to their father by telegraph to send either one but could get no communication with him and so had to write

though they had no faith in the note over reaching him.

"Go have no friends at all except them now," said violet, to one of her sisters who was alone. "We have lost all, even Dan, and Kuno as they reported, and many more of our friends, and if we really lost them we have nothing, and will die ourselves if we have to go into battle together, for we will not bear any further losses like that." And her eyes flashed.

Jack and John Evans were in general Vivian's armies just now, and these armies who had moved up into Calvernia in the west, but the more forward armies just now were under the personal command of general Abbott because it was during the night when an orderly rode up to his tent and saluting handed him a message, and Evans wondering what it was, hastily up & opened the envelope and unfolding the sheet read:

"General Jack Evans;

violet and her sisters and your other little friends are pining for your return, and so we wish you to come back. They have lost every one except you and your brother, and if you really love them as a flower in deepest sorrow, as you have always shown, you will come back."

friend."

Evans dismissed the orderly, and hastily rode to general Donohue's headquarters. Finding the general alone, he showed him the note.

"It is best to go at once, and God bless you and bring the you safely to them," said the general.

After bidding the general good bye, Evans started off alone in disguise. Just as he was off the general relieved another note from another orderly:

"Your Excellency general Donohue;

general in retreating northward toward Evangelina St. place. Make in immediate advance and have him in the line has been beaten by Vivian's in several battles."

General Hanson Vivian.

Commander just now at
porothy Gale.

The poor Angelinian nation persecuted and oppressed, lying crushed and bleeding since the Pacific Jackson disaster, was now ready to fight in full earnest. Month by month day by day, thousands of women and innocent children, had been shot down, or stabbed and clubbed to death in their houses, by general Manley and Federal's men, who were ever again at it in the west, to revenge their latest defeat. Word of the latest atrocity of the Glandelinians, Ovarians, and Gargoyles, and Kards and Gargoyles had spread misery and despair through whole regions. It even conveyed the horrible news, that fifteen thousand women and children who were forced by bitter cold and famine to surrender to the rebels were killed in the bloodiest manner. Cruelty and barbarism were the little boys and girls killed by the bayonets and torn by the bullets. Plans for mercy, fell on deaf ears. Choice between Christ and Death, and Free Masonic and life was Manley's decree, and the Martyres to the faith, the Angelinian women and children choose Christ and Death. The sickening horrors of the slaughters during the early part of the war were shaded by the diabolical slaughter of women and children now from their mothers, their executions were delayed until all the women were massacred. The commanders of the captors was were not sure what torture to mete out to them so they went to Federal.

"What shall we do with the Christian children, your Excellency?" They asked.

"Oh throw them into the river," the answer, and into the river they were thrown, where their shrieks of despair were soon carefully stifled by the rushing waters, or quick sands that engulfed them. Along the shore watching the struggling mass of humanity, stood the Ovarian and Scoundler soldiers reveling in the opportunity to torture the weak, and defenseless. Proving the Christian children in the Mc-Warther gun river was not a new form of torture employed by the blood thirsty Glandelinians. As the retreating Glandelinians reached the town of Oppell nearly one hundred thousand Christian men women and children together were flung into the river, because they refused to deny Christ, while at the same time one hundred and fifty thousand others were hurled bound hand and foot into the river elsewhere. Little girls were choked, mothered and two hewn to pieces, benton to death, their opened and mangled bodies left in the streets for the dogs and other wild beasts to eat. The massacre of this long suffering nation horror was increasing and it seemed that only the act of a kind Providence could spare the refugees, the fate of the other refugee Christian women men and children, who were killed by the savage Glandelinian Scoundler and Gargoylian Kards.

The savage atrocities enacted by Federal's and Manley's men were horrible beyond description, and could not even be hinted at. Fountains were torn from the ears of the Christian women and girls, the flesh torn with them, wives and mothers and even sons and sisters of the religious were outraged and cruelly slain. Day in and day out this horrible work of inhuman butchery was continued by the retreating rebels, the crashing of musketry, the crashing in of doors, and the thud of snare blows, resounding on the ear. Any of those, or all of those whose eyes were got gorged at, and whose limbs were rent asunder, whose quivering flesh flesh was torn from their bodies not death in terrible forms. And they could have saved themselves had they known of the enemy's approach.

One little girl refused to take an Ovarian Oath which would have given over the best people in her village to the human demons. A whole night then was spent on torturing her. First she received hard blows upon the soles of her feet until she was almost senseless, then she was forcibly undressed, and two poles were firmly bound to her body, which reached from her arm pits to her feet. Next her arms were stretched out and her hands fastened to poles, and this living cross was bound to a pillar, and the scourging began. The unhappy nine year old child could not move a limb to alleviate her pain, and only her features betrayed by their frightful convulsions the tortures she so suffered. The louder she shrieked the heavier fell the blows. Next they brought pinchers to draw her teeth, but desisted when she remained firm. An officer then ordered the tormentors to tear at the hair singly by the roots, which was done amid loud and scornful laughter. When this was of no use some one held a red hot poker or spit to the hands of the unhappy child, whose flesh burned, and who only cried out in her agony.

"God will punish you for this." For spite the executioners took the red hot iron from her hands, and laid it on her abdomen, chest, face, back, and feet. Then they forced her mouth open, and burned her tongue with hot pinchers. The unhappy child fainted three times, but each time when she came to herself her resolution was unmovable. Her flesh was torn from her body, which was then gashed wide open at the belly, and the Kards left her to die this way in lingering agony. This did the poor child deliver her body to the tormentors and endured indescribable agony, and died like a Christian martyr martyr defying heaven itself as to say, in her boundless trust in God. It was to be stated by some that did she did not die in lingering agony, but that they saw little angels around in round the child, and hear her up into the skies, amid great and happy cries which were heard far and wide from the child.

Evans who was on his way toward Vivian's line after receiving the note, had been on the travel for a week, but he reached it without any incidents, but in meeting general Vivian learned that the Vivian girls were missing or had gone out on a scouting tour, worried over the movements of general Federal's army and learning of the terrible massacre general Vivian had sent the little girls to keep a sharp look out for the near approach of the enemy, and as a fact the advance guard of the foe was much nearer than the little girls had expected, and the little girls not having enough men to battle with them successfully out in the open, retreated and took defense in one of a line of ten big wooden houses which stood along the bank of the Conservatory gun river. The massacre of women and children had been at its highest pitch those days, and the Glandelinians being mostly Kards and Gargoyles were bound to destroy the Vivian girls at all costs, to get revenge for their recent defeats, and also knowing that their deaths would win the war for their own side. There was only sixty men to defend the Vivian girls and they also took shelter in every one of the cottages upon which a number of the Glandelinians made three successive attacks, but were repulsed with bloody losses.

These Glandelinians however were very desperate and were bound to capture the cottages even if they had to set them on fire, or risk annihilation. Four more attacks were made but the Glandelinians met frightful destruction. Again the Glandelinians surrounded the cottages on all sides and made a rush with flaming torches, firing all the houses especially the one the little girls were in. Before long violet and her sisters were trapped by the flames on the second floor of the cottages, and hundreds of Glandelinians mostly Scoundlers seeing the Vivian girls at the windows set up wild yells and at started firing but the bullets only hit the houses. Violet crawled to the sill and prepared to leap, but below two stories down was a hedge of deadly bayonets stuck in the ground and she fell back into the room. Scores of the Angelinians spurred to desperation by the scream of the little girls dashed furiously at the Glandelinians in an effort to rescue violet and her sisters, but were either cut down or bayoneted. A colonel after denouncing the furiously furious Glandelinians sprang to the door way ducking into the burning building in an effort to rescue them, but a volley laid him low. Soon every room was ablaze even the one where the little girls were in was a furnace at one section, and no one their doom seemed sure to come.

The Glandelinians were yelling like mad demons and brandishing their weapons savagely. Even someone of them was tramping a cannon which hurled even at short range shells that would blow up whole ten buildings into dust and planks at once.

In the meantime Evans had sent out quite a large brigade of cowardly mostly White Abominables, but not some Conscientious with him, and it was with the purpose to search for the little girls. After searching for five minutes they suddenly came upon the scene before them.

hundreds of the Angolians who had rushed out of the living cottages were fighting the garrison with the fury of men who have no other aim but to die. And Evans, seeing the faces of beautiful children in the windows of one of the more strongly built cottages from which the wind was blowing, he looked at the big women being treated to blow them all to atoms. The blood boiled as he looked on this scene, and as he recognized by means of his glasses that they were the girls, his heart seemed to leap out of his mouth. Controlling his emotion and fear he turned to his troopers and said: "Forward boys! And if you can't kill these murderers who fail to engage us, give them a quarter of a mile."

Down toward the muddy galling gladiolians dashed the whole column of horsemen with a thunderous roar of hooves, the quarrels and shotguns turned to meet them, and the gun was swung round and fired. The crash of the shell in exploding killed ten thousand men at one bang, but the survivors of the Winkie phalanxes and Concentinians though horrified at first recovered and while a large detachment of them captured the gun in one rush the rest struck at the rebels like mad. A hail of flintlocks, shotguns of the elevation variety was too rich and they were overwhelmed as if by a great avalanche. There was a pandemonium of blood fighting and the Concentinians and Angolians literally slew hundreds of the retreating rebels who failed to escape in that mad rush. Shamelessly and bravely a large number of the Angolians or Concentinians pulled the fragments from the ground, and sent them sailing.

"Jump!" cried the leader of the Concentinians. "You will catch me!" the little girl did, and lost in time, for as the last one had jumped out of the house the building collapsed with a crash of falling timbers, sending a great storm of sparks upward with the great clouds of smoke. "How in heaven's name did this happen?" asked Evans sitting up. Violet told him the whole story.

"I thought you were through with the scouting work," said Evans. "Why did you and your father leave me in the way to the Christian lines? It was foolish to take defense in such a place. No horses!"

"We did not think," answered Violet. "We did not even know they would get the houses on fire or that you would be there."

"Well they did," declared Evans. "And if it had not been for my society over your shoulder, I would not have been so soon as you would have surely perished. I don't see why general Viviani sent you into such danger in the first place. He should of known better and if you had perished he would have been held responsible by your father and the Abbaonian authorities, and I'm not afraid to tell him so either."

"I would not say anything to him though," warned Violet as they were now entering the Christian lines. "He is not in a good humor just now and would request our father to take your guardianship away."

"That is right," said Evans. "But I like to see him try it. But I'm going to let him know what happened anyway. That will be alright won't it?"

"We have no objections at all," said Violet. "Only don't say anything rash to him for our sakes."

"I'll promise that I won't, I'll be careful," answered Evans.

Evans kept his word telling general Viviani all that happened.

"I did not know the danger was so great, and was foolish to send them too," said the great general misjudgingly. "It was even a narrow escape for me. God help me if they were dead now. But I'm glad you went to the rescue in time. Where are they now?"

"They went to general Hannouin's headquarters to tell him of the movements of the foe. And don't you now your excellency that I have not to tell you once for all that Federal seems to be again mobilizing in force."

"How did you discover this?" asked general Viviani.

"I did not do it," answered Evans. "Your child friends discovered it before they were attacked. They told me all before they went to Hannouin."

"I'll have to warn general Hannouin to look out for himself then," said general Viviani. "I'll send the message right away."

And he did. Two days later he received the warning and moved northward extending and concentrating his lines. Indeed another bloody battle was threatening, one of greater intensity, than any since the battle of Florinopolis army had advanced into a monstrous trap, and the latter knowing it kept on the watch. Hanley himself was keeping an eye on both Donohue and general Viviani. Hanley however was at once because general Hannouin was separated from general Viviani by a great marsh. Should Hannouin succeed in making a junction with general Viviani then Hanley himself would be between two fires and would have to attack Donohue to save his escape. To Hanley determined to prevent Hannouin from making a union with Viviani by sending his own line in a fish hook shape (going fishing) toward the marshes with the heaviest cannons he could concentrate upon this point.

General Viviani discovering this through the scouting of Violet and her sisters and who had reported of the occurrence, again sent for general Jack Evans to warn Hannouin of the trap being set for him and also at start concentrating himself preparing to strike if Hanley got too threatening.

Evans and the little girls started off at once despite the fore warning of a thunderstorm that was approaching. It already being near the last of May, there being some rain in the air at this season. "I believe there is going to be a big flood," said Evans, noting a wall of gladiolians in the southwest which were advancing at a great rate.

"I wonder if we can reach Hannouin before the storm of battle breaks," asked Violet anxiously. "On my word there is sign of a threatening battle all the time since Hanley is trying to place his between two fires."

"It looks that way," declared Evans as they now neared a wooden country where the trees were almost bare. "Maybe if the gladiolians come too near we can seek protection behind some ledge of rocks, and there is no need to hurry for this threatening battle, and it will make so much noise it will drown Hannouin as he to do by his advance anyhow."

"That is right too," said Violet. "No forget."

"Oh merciful heavens what is that funnel shaped cloud rising in the air? and by heavens it is coming toward us," said Evans.

"It is a cyclone or a tornado," said Violet. "Go to the ravine quick or we are lost."

A strange darkness was now settling on and the dull booming of the approaching twister could be heard plainly. They soon reached the deep ravine and into this they plunged and alighted down as quickly as they could. They could not tell how long they remained there, but suddenly it began to lighten up and the sun to peep at intervals through the fast scurrying clouds.

"The cyclone may have overlooked us," said Evans. "It never hit us. It may have even missed the marsh."

They had to go northeast to reach the marsh and when they came upon it they saw that Evans was mistaken for the twister had indeed tore its way through the marsh, for every tree had been cleaned out, and the water made muddy by the lashing of the flood caused by the winds rush. The circumference of the storm as they noticed covered a mile in width, but when they reached Hannouin's army they discovered the tornado had missed it, though a shower of hail had fallen like a blizzard, for the ground was white with the globes of ice. It took them sometime before they could find Hannouin and when they did they told him of the danger. Evans after the battle of Altona Hannouin made a sudden movement that suddenly turned them back. Hanley in fact escape. Hanley saw this danger and did not know what to do.

And it was not long before the storm had reached the marsh. Three days after he had been surrounded general Hannouin seeing it useless to continue fighting sent a messenger to general Viviani asking what terms of surrender would be accepted. General Viviani was surprised at this, for he expected Hanley to fight like a lion before being forced to yield. And now he was about to surrender, without even firing a shot. General Viviani then held a council. Many of his generals were for giving Hanley no quarter, not to accept surrender on any conditions on account of the many atrocities caused by his forces. This council was held during the night, and Hanley was saying no in order to answer to his notices of surrender, and believing that general Viviani was not going to accept, determined to suspend his surrender and strike a blow against Donohue. Ward morning his attacks were successful, and before general Viviani could move forward, Hannouin was swept from his position, and his army forces were gone. Over this occurrence general Viviani was perplexed. He had expected an easy victory. Hanley had shouted no. "as what the general said to himself."

"If I had immediately accepted his terms there would be no more blood shed," Hannouin believed it was his own fault declaring that all ought to have accepted the general's surrender right away, and that the delay had been the cause of it altogether.

During the last of April and during May, elsewhere battles in the eastern part had raged at general Hannouin's bidding, on the last of April. On May and on the last of April battles raged at Julio Gallo again, another one at Gerontin Creek, Ganderon Run, Fies Hall, another battle of some, at Abbaoum, Jackson Gorge, and Empira Crossroads between various armies of both sides. The last battle raged on May 25th. All were victorious. Loss in total 100,000,000. The battle that Hanley had fought to get away from it. Viviani had raged on the Rio-Hollander and again. ...

... forest fires not by Federal had been on the march for a week in spite of the efforts of the firefighters to shut them in. The thick smoke hung in a smothering above the underbrush like a sullen dry blanket burning one's lungs and eyes and at times hiding the sun. The atmosphere made Hannouin think of a steadily crawling gray beast reaching round one's throat, while the distant horizon glowed a mullen red. Hannouin was indeed bound to advance in spite of the forest fires so bravely putting on his order and so making out, he filled a bottle of water, soaked a cloth with a cloth and dreamed both in a pigskin bag, which he slipped over his shoulder.

He then went to the pump in the yard of his headquarters, and got as wet as he could, drenching a handkerchief, and binding it over his mouth and nose.

He was going to ride straight into the terrible fire whomever his

again had gone fighting their way furiously through. Many already caged in anyone fought their way out, others caught or exhausted and scorched stumbled through the smoke to the nearest lakes and trenches fighting the fire as furiously as if were the attack of the Huns. The distant mountains leaped red like some living thing, arithing and twisting. Big dazzling streams of fire driven by the wind threw a sea of flaming brands of pitch pine and fir, and from the underbrush oiled pines in blue blazed up to the sickening crackle of the flames. Slopes of growth pines and fir pushed down wasted. The limbs of the trees were covered with thick dried moss and the fire fed on this jumping from tree to tree from branch to branch up and down the sides of the hills going with the swiftness of an express train.

In a few minutes Hanson's horse was plunging nose footed over the bridge across a canon. Here the smoke was dense. Once his horse staggered and fell and he whipped a piece of burning bark of his sinched coat. The next second he was up and on they went beating the scream of the fire in the distance and dodging pieces of lighted foliage that dropped about them. The scene was like a regular hell red world. He spurred on his horse avoiding as well as he could the burning branches overhead. The hot air seemed to literally bite his bones even through the wet cloth over his mouth and the shaggy hair of his horse was burned to a crisp.

It was difficult to see even a hundred feet away through the heavy smoke so he came upon most of his men unexpectedly. He met General Huerfano, Huerfano Costello who was commanding a party of fire fighters who had forced most of the fire along their own front under control. Six hours they had fought with all their strength and like maniacs against the howling fire and now they had wait to their deaths in the fierce conflict.

"We are having a hell of a time fighting this worldy inferno," said general Huerfano Costello, "and worse yet. The inferno is shooting off my men to hinder the fire fighting."

"I know that said Hanson," "But this fire has not to be pulled through."

"Most of the army has went through though, as we are overcoming the blaze," said Costello.

"Thank god," said general Hanson. "Now I will be able to make a junction with general Vivian."

On the distant slopes slopes tender trees dropped like lacustras, the redness and hotness of the wind began to blow like a hurricane. Hanson however felt as if he had done a foolish thing. Far to his left the forest regions had become zones of fire. The air was getting hotter and the smoke thicker.

Nevertheless he had run into the zone. To go back he knew would be worse than continuing on. On it was at all costs. To fight his way through the forest blaze he would even id if he and the last man fell. The battle against the fire was continued until they reached the woods which were more clearer.

T B BATTLE OF MC-JAIL'S HUNTS ('A 141')

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Here came a shock for the Huns. The army under Federal along had not followed Stanley's retreat and dragged over Hanson's advance in spite of the fires which he had made made a desperate assault upon the Christian line and soon a terrific hell maddest maddest battle was raging in the midst of forest fires. First came the Mc-Hollistins to the attack and they made such bloody slaughter that the Angels, Angelian leaders were appalled though they had managed with their run fire to drive back the Mc-Hollistins with the loss of three quarters of their commands.

Following an hour's lull came the Omarians and Amecians vults and Condencianians and these threw themselves upon the Christian line with the most frightful violence and fury. Harassed for three days by both the fire and the enemy's thunders on lights the Christian armies were jeap jeopardized, but they succeeded in repelling the Omarian onslaughts and even cutting their lines to pieces but the trees were on fire now and they were in great danger. Federal saw this and taking advantage of the opportunity hurried on one of his wings upon the weakest portions of Hanson's army cutting it to pieces and driving all before them. Federal indeed was bound to hold Hanson from advancing any further and even would sooner perish in the fire himself than be seen by his Christian enemies. He had already wiped out one quarter of Hanson's army and was now wiping out another. The brave Angelian warriors standing their ground like Spartans against Federal's frightful storming onslaughts but now Federal had rotted on his biggest guns and began to pound the Christian columns topieces. For a whole day in the midst of ravaging forest fires the battle raged fiercely but as soon as dusk came Hanson having lost three quarters of his army to Federal's one quarter was compelled to abandon the fight and retreat as swiftly as he could.

The Huns however had done the best workmaking the most terrific onslaught despite their frightful losses. Federal was exultant over his victory. He had not only prevented Hanson from making a junction with general Vivian but had humbled his army to pieces as well. Had Hanson dared to make another stand and rage the battle for the fourth day he would have met with annihilation....

A SECRETARY OF THE HUNTS OF THE HUNTS.

The meantime Violet and her sisters had startling reports. Before his fatal advance upon the forest fires, Hanson it is stated, had twice seen something like a bloody hand trail down the wall. When he had first seen it, it seemed quite dull and he had taken no notice of it, believing it to be the shadow of a hand. When it again appeared an hour afterward, it first started like a fiery stream from the top of the wall, and suddenly turned into a large red hand, which though appearing for only a few seconds, threw heat enough to scorch the bed clothes and almost prostrate him. The next day an examination was made of the wall, as Hanson had believed it was caused by some strange fluid trickling down the wall; however the examination failed to expose anything, and therefore it was believed that the hand only had a dream. One soldier however had predicted that he saw a dark spot on the wall, in the shape of a hand.

Violet and her sisters decided to find out what made this happen. Two nights they spent in the room which Hanson had occupied, but without results. Other rooms they tried, but no hand of any kind appeared, although the houses that night seemed to be reddened by a strange mysterious glow, which lasted half an hour and then suddenly died out. On the night that Hanson had been crushed by Federal's little girl had been a separate room which had not been occupied, and so was not to be left this time. The whole night passed however without anything unusual being going, though the same redness appeared, for several minutes and then died out.

"I believe he dreamed it myself," said Violet.

"No it can't be," exclaimed Jennie. "If he dreamed of it then, what made that strange redness appear two times? There was no fire of any kind visible was there?"

"There was a severe forest fire north of here," said Violet. "It may have been the fire that made that light in the sky, and clouds of smoke hid it out of sight, which caused it to die out suddenly."

"Well let's try one more night," declared Violet. "Maybe this time we will be successful."

"I guess it would be a goodly plan," said Jennie. "But I wonder if there is any apartment beyond the wall in the room he occupied. Let's peep on it and see." They did and discovered that it sounded hollow.

HANDS OF THE HUNTS.

"Hurry the mystery is hidden the secret room," said Violet. "Let's get some men with axes and saws down out in it, so we can go in and see." They were decided upon. They ordered six men to cut a door hastily and when this was done the little girls went in, finding the room in total darkness. Violet and her sisters lighted some candles they found in the room in the other room, and examined the place which had proved to be a vault for piles of money were still there in many lockers. Violet hinted upon an idea.

"I have an intention to sleep in here just for one night, and for fun," she said to her sisters. "Stay here and count a 1 that money and give it for the cause. Who is good?"

"So will I sleep in here," answered Violet. "None of us are afraid." So it was decided. The hole was hewed large enough to suit the beds, which before that time were brought in.

"If this occurrence is really true then I'll claim that the Aronburg murder has something to do with it," said Angeline that night.
 "But it was the devil's hand," said Violet seriously; "You know that Hanson said that the hand threw a terrible supernatural heat and was red in color."
 "If it is we will shoot it," said Violet; "The devil will not show his dirty hand to us."

Violet and her sisters carefully laid their pistols under the pillow where they could easily reach them and laid still for sometime. Then Jennie broke the stillness by crying just as the same redness appeared:

"GRACIOUS GIRLS! LOOK YOUNDER QUICK!"

With an impulse her sisters looked in the indicated direction and saw that their exit seemed to be closed like magic while two red hands the very height and width of the walls throwing a singing heat that scorched the very air traveled slowly up and down the two side walls and then was gone leaving everything in a seemingly supernatural darkness. Though not apparently frightened they were nevertheless excited from what they had seen. The hole in the wall had not really been closed as they thought though the redness having made it seem so dark that it felt so dark there that it had seemed so. Finding the exit there they were relieved for had it really happened they would have died of such suffocation for the vault had been air tight before the hole had been cut in.

THEIR EXPERIENCE IN THE ATTIC. THE RESULT.

"My but that was a terrible sight," said Jennie; "Two big red hands at once and such heat. I felt as if I was facing some mighty furnace."
 "Let's make some lights and examine the wall's those hands traveled on," said Violet.

The candles were lit and they proceeded to work in their nighties at that.
 "The walls seem mighty hot," said Catherine; "Maybe those hands were of fire."
 "It seems so," said Violet; "I know one thing," she added; "There is an attic above this vault. Let's make an investigation there. We can get there by one of the rooms."

This seemed to be a good idea. For the sake of precaution however they took their guns with them. When they reached the attic they lit several gas jets they saw hanging from the ceiling and got full view of the attic. Against one of the walls of the attic to their surprise a hideous scene was exposed. Two red hands seemed to clutch at them especially at their throats and threw a fiercer heat than ever where there was a strange roaring noise from them. Now the strange mysterious hands would not disappear but got bigger and bigger until it cut off their escape from the trap door. Horrified the little girls drew back and aiming their pistols fired simultaneously. Then to their surprise the hands were gone but the gas lights had went out mysteriously and they were in total darkness while a strange horrible odor filled the room.

"Light them quick," said Jennie with a scream.

Violet did so and again the frightful hands appeared seemingly from the very gas jets this time and launching toward them with a terrific roar suddenly disappeared the attic again being in total darkness. They wondered if the gas coming from the jets did it or not. Violet daringly lit the gas again but one jet this time just as what would follow. Nothing followed and they lit the other but nothing happened though the gas burned with a strange noise.

"My but it was frightful," said Jennie; "Those hands of fire seemed to clutch toward our throats. I wonder what their appearance meant?"

"I don't know," said Jennie; "Maybe it was caused by turning the gas on full force. The hands seemed to proceed from the jets."

"They put the jets out," said Angeline; "No though they did not do it. I'm sure it was something else."

"Well let's get out of here," said Jennie; "I would sooner put my head in a lions mouth than explore this attic again. There is something wrong, sure."
 The little girls were even glad to leave the building which they hastily did after looking for their clothes which they could not find having to leave in their nighties.

"General Vivian must know of this," said Violet; "I'll never go in that dreadful house again; maybe if we made one more visit to it that parrot we would never come out again."

Though Manly had retreated northward General Vivian nevertheless found himself confronted by an army of Glandelinians under General Nixon. This host of Glandelinians was the most powerful ever met and General Vivian dreading the outcome knew that Hanson's bitter defeat halted his advance. In the meantime the cheering rushed waves of Omarians rolled onward upon Hanson's retreating columns but found that the Christians had taken defense from behind smoldering tree barricades of rock and earthworks for from every Christian line poured livid sheets of flame. So terrific was this sudden shock that whole divisions seemed

to melt away at the same moment. To the thousands that had not fallen immediately staggered as if drunk and in less than a minute the whole first charging column had fallen and the ground and sides of the burning woods were piled with the dead wounded and dying. At the same time hundreds of Federal guns were answering the smoldering woods with their storm of iron every gun continually breaking forth in a savage chorus. The effects of the shells when they exploded was appalling and also from the guns. A single shot would ring with a volume of a salvoes of ordinary artillery. Federal's biggest shells weighed three thousand pounds and these came toward the trenches with the sound of an express train the sound rising until the heavens quivered with the howl as of a cyclone and then came the crash squarely in the centre of the stony barriers and the tremendous explosions that followed seemed to rock the earth and sent great billowing clouds of smoke and dust high over the burning tree tops into the skies while fragments of debris were hurled a mile in every direction and no living thing within a hundred yards of the spot was left to tell the story. A breach had been made in the wall of stones through which a division might have charged as through an open field. For hours this terrific cannonading continued without pause attack following attack in endless succession the dull thunder of guns being very spasmodic and incessant with vibrations shaking the ground in tremors as from an earthquake. Hanson's one million men still clung to the portions of the burning woods and the battles fury seemed to sweep the heavens and earth with an infernal uproar.

Attacking cavalry forces of the enemy at times from thirty to fifty thousand strong fell into ambuscades carefully prepared and were annihilated. Toward night Hanson's under cover of the smoke mantle caused by the forest fires continued his retreat but no sooner had the Angelinian guns been limbered up and withdrawn from their positions when squadrons of Glandelinian and Oarian cavalry guided by searchlights charged full speed through the ruddy woods straight in to Hanson's retreating infantry. A battery of machine guns still unlimbered began spitting a storm of lead but divisions of Omarians plunged headlong among the gunners and the trenches here were soon choked with the mangled bodies in gray the huge wheels of the bigger guns rolling over prostrated bodies as over flies. Thousands after thousands of desperate men swarmed upon the booming cannons and in a fierce hand to hand fight killed all the defenders drove off the infantry and captured the guns. Again and again did the Omarians being steadily reinforced by Calvinian's terrible attacks were continued.

Yet not one of the columns that charged the Christian line returned to tell the tale. Yet not one that charged full failed to pile the Christian dead in heaps in that fierce burning inferno of woods. Whole brigades of men armed with machine guns were pushed forward through the burning woods by automobile transports to the aid of Hanson's these being sent by Clifton and Spars Abbe's line his host who were marching to the aid of the Christians. One big onslaught after another continued on the Christian lines despite the massing of guns which were coming in endless succession or procession of swirling at auto transports. General Federal being determined to close in on these guns before they could be assembled and mounted.

With savage yells resembling the screech of barbarians from hell hundreds of thousands of Oarian regulars led the charge followed by one million picked men consisting mostly of Mc-Hol-estianians. Pressing forward the Oarian regulars reached to within a hundred yards of the Christian lines the rushing fury with which they covered the space being irresistible. The sputter of hundreds of pompons and gathling guns filled the air with deafening grandeur and half the charging forces went down the remaining half reaching the first line of the Christian works. Hand to hand now, man to man they fought, with reckless fury, bayonets revolvers clubbed muskets, clubs, fists daggers stones and hand grenades. Friend and foe even mingled in mad holocaust of death and slaughter. While still they fought like writhing streams of fiends the second line of charging Mc-Hol-estianians reached the spot and joined in the fray. One thousand five hundred machine guns were captured and turned on the Christians.

Hanson's seeing that he had lost a good number of his guns instantly drew back his lines and reformed them fan shaped with each uncaptured gun bearing on the flank. Federal's men had made a tornado of whistling lead canister and shrapnell burst on the writhing masses of victorious Glandelinian hosts two thousand five hundred and forty machine guns having been concentrated with a speed that was stunning.

The Glandelinian's leaders dropped in many scores of platoons, swayed and rallied and once more faced the Christians for another charge. Machine guns seemed to arise from the earth. The Glandelinians were fighting divisions of men all around

them. The commander of the advanced charging column tried in vain to rally the division but in thirty minutes there was nothing to rally the division having been annihilated. Billow after billow of graycats rolled toward Hanson's steadily reinforced lines sweeping on in a steady even wave three or thirty miles long dense masses of infantry with fixed bayonets and soon whole lines of teooping armies seemed to drop in strangling horror clutching and tearing at each others throats the battling lines writhing and twisting in a grip of death struggles.

Again and again the Christians rolled the assaulting lines up like scrolls of parchment it being done with remorseless savage brutality but again the

surviving glandelinian columns surged forward sweeping the woods like a petulance laurie the fire that scoured and curled w everything with within its path. The main leaders of the charging hoes hosts had orders to exterminate the armies that dared oppose them and were setting an example of frightfulness that dare not never be described. However despite their reinforcements and after two more days of fearful fighting Hansonian was again compelled to retreat having lost one million in kills killed and three to four million in wounds and captured to that of the enemy who lost 7,655,748 in fallen. This is known as the battle of Arme May well say they may.

THE DARING ATTEMPT OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS
WHICH SHOWS THAT NO MATTER HOW TERRIBLE SOME GLANDELINIAN
GENERALS REALLY ARE THEY FEAR THEM NOT.

The armies under Dixon soon proved to be those of general Germainia Vivian who was in Satans place that formidable general having resigned his command the charge of being compelled to advance his armies upon children to massacre them and that he would not massacre children for no Glandelinian government that and that he would sooner see glandelinian go to hell then butcher children for their akes. General viviania when he learned of his new enemy who confronted him was almost broken hearted. He knew that general vivian had yearned day after day for his wayward son to repent but knew that instead of getting better he was growing worse.

How large his army was general viviania did not know but rumors had frequently come in that Germainias armies were twice his size and had better guns and wasteful ammunition. What should he do? Went general vivians son in a fight or retreat?

This was the first time that general vivians son was opposing him while in personal command of great armies and knowing the desperation and stubbornness of general vivians son had to debate about the outcome. Violet and her sisters were with general Viviania during the council but had nothing to say, in fact they did not know what to say at all.

They felt sad however over the wickedness of their only brother and in the height of his wickedness he would be killed. One night after the council the little girls happened to glance toward a clump of trees and Jennie who had been in the lead of her sisters gave a muffled hiss.

"What do you see Jennie what is it?" Queried Joice.

"I see a bright light over yonder through those bushes." Replied Jennie; "It flickers like a candle light and once in a while seems to be dodging about."

"Maybe its the private ghost of little Annie Aronburg." Whispered Joice with a grin.

"Hush." Said Jennie; "Cut out that nonsense or we will be discovered."

Proceeding cautiously Violet and her sisters heard voices and saw that the light came from a lantern. In an instant Jennie was peering through the bushes. Then she dropped back shaking with excitement.

"Guess who the ghosts are." She giggled in a whisper; "You would never believe it either Braggard and our old friend smash-in-the-head are out there with general Raymond Richardson Federal."

Astonished the little girls crept closer to the bushes to peer through and to listen. It was as Jennie had said: Federal, Smash-in-the-head, and Braggard were standing together in conversation and as they gathered about the bushes the little girls heard Federal say this;

"Well that settles it for that Hansonian and vivianian. No army can survive survive a disaster like that. I'm now waiting the arrival of some high officer who will partake in the movement upon Hansonian tomorrow. When he is closed in Hansonian will be forced to surrender."

"Yes replied Braggard; "I felt that you wanted me and so I made good time."

"The reason I wanted you for is this-----I have a package here which I want to send to general Germainia Vivian who is opposing general Vivianias army."

As he spoke Federal drew from his place of concealment at his waist a flat package about the size of a long business envelope;

"What I want you to do is to pass through general vivianias lines in disguise and carry this to Germainia. I think you had better let me hand it down on your back. It will be out of the way way there for if you get caught and are searched I don't want the christians to find this package."

Instantly Violet and her sisters watched the adjustment of the flat package. Violet and her e sisters greedily watched every movement with finger fingers itching to get hold of the parcel. Yet it was out of the question to expect Federal to hand her the envelope.

"Now if your story goes with general viviania and he lets you go you will be all right." Continued Federal; "However if you are recognized and suspected and are held as a spy this this dynamite will be handy in your pocket and at a favorable moment throw it. If you can get general viviania so much the better Hansonian will soon

be caught conquered and be put out of the way and that will settle the two who are most dangerous in the excitement slip through the crowd."

"Good scheme." Agreed Braggard; "I suppose there is a market for the plans."

"I should say there is." Declared Federal; "There are different Glandelinian governments dicker for them right now. We will make our pile of odies on this." All right I'll be off. "Said Braggard; "My companion can follow of course. Come smashy. Let's show the christians that you can do much more."

The two then went off and Federal recounting his horse rode straight toward where the little girls were hiding. Violets hands clutched and her cheeks turned a few shades paler as she observed Federal approaching toward the bush.

"Sisters." She whispered; "We had better stand out ground as it would be folly to run from him. If he starts anything we will plug him for repay of his treatment of us when we were poor prisoners among his hands."

When he was near enough the little girls sprang from their hiding place and covered Federal with their guns.

"Your our prisoner." Said Violet; "If you try anything we will shoot you like a dog. Get down from that horse."

"I will not do so such a thing." Said Federal angrily; "And who said I'm your prisoner you little swans. He you are mere babbling babes." And with this he made a sudden dash almost trodding them down under his horses hoofs. The little girls fired at him but only brought down his horse Federal sprawling on the ground. He was up in a moment however and made a rush at the little girls with his drawn sabre but they dodged his onslaught and gave him a bullet wound in the shoulder.

Seeing that his adversaries though rarely little girls of eight or nine years were not to be trifled with he dashed into a dark woods the little girls firing again. Again and again he was hit but not seriously hurt and continued on his flight cursing and swearing volumes of imprecations like a demon.

"Darn them Vivian Girls." He said at last. "They may have discovered my conversation with smashy and Braggard and will expose him now. Darn the luck that I'm getting. How is it when we try to, they disappear, and now they attack me the little devils. That is something that I'll never forgive as long as I live."

Violet and her sisters in the meantime felt disgusted in their failure to arrest their enemy. They indeed realized that he was a reckless man who would not dare death than by a prisoner.

"I thought sure we would have scared him when we had him cornered as he was." Said Joice; "Well wicked as he is just as reckless. He would dare death for anything the fool."

"Well we showed him that we are not afraid of him as some people say." Replied Violet; "I'm sorry though that Federal is so bad."

"It is really nothing to side with the Glandelinians if he thinks that their cause is in the right but his butchery of children and his ruthless destruction of property destroys his good character."

"Yes but we will have to look out for Braggard." Said Joice; "He is going to try and pass through our lines with that parcel. We must frustrate him if we can."

Violet and her sisters made their way rapidly toward the christian living meeting in the time of an hour and telling general Viviania of the intended plot.

In the meantime of Federal's plan attack on Hansonian had been entirely successful but nevertheless did not have the desired effect and soon the flanking forces found themselves running a gauntlet of slaughter and were compelled to recoil thousands throwing down their arms and begging for mercy.

Federal seeing the reverse of his flanking parties increased the fury of his drive but despite it all he saw that he was losing. His armies in this region were growing smaller and smaller all the time and finally were compelled to retreat through the burning woods Hansonian force again pushing on and clearing the way before them.

Despite a waging a terrible battle in the midst of burning woods for three days Federal suffered a bitter defeat. His desperate intentions during that battle was to prevent Hansonian's intentions of joining Vivian in both the fire and the sword.

However this sturdy Glandelinian general was moving upon his from the south west. However this sturdy Glandelinian general was not daunted. He was bound to hold his ground at all costs and prevent the christians from retaking their state Calvernia. However general viviania losing hope of any decided victories and of the threatening attitude of scores of opposing armies sent to the Pope a refusal of making any further advances without undermanned aid declaring that it was absolutely foolishness and a folly as well.

Over the outcome general viviania was indeed over come and dishearted. He knew for facts that most of the greatest Glandelinian generals will never surrender not even to save their lives so to him there was no hopes of ever overcoming the furious Glandelinians no matter how hard the christians tried. Hansonian was all together different. He desired to see the Glandelinians crushed out of Calvernia and tried to advise general viviania that there was more folly to abandon his advancement than there was to continue it.

"The enemy would never be driven out of Calvernia." She said; "Ad

"And probably they would counter advance us and carry all before us."

Most of Eastern part of Calvernia was also already disintegrated and infomedand if rippled such more would suffer a downfall and probably a complete annihilation. But he could not turn general Vivian's intention.

"Nothing doing va." Was all that he would say; "I'm not playing the coward neither am I faltering/ but I know and God knows also that none of us can ever expect another successful advance with our armies crippled as we are unless Indernia sent I his Abbiannians to us and neither can we succeed as long as Federal ain't fought to justice and the picture of the Aronburg child recovered. Over the tragedy of our own spirit itself may be holding us in our fat a because it is her wish to have her murders brought to his destruction and also the ardent wish of God. Without his accomplished if we make further advances every one of our generals with our whole armies may be compelled to lay down our swords to our enemy and even probably be killed or murdered like she was.

We are not fools and only fools would attempt further advances in the face of such inconceivable danger. One of the Tamarlines has retreated in his relentless fury and we have even befriended the Vivian girls but Federal and the other Glandelinian generals have not and may never do so either. Federal is the most dangerous of them all and, and most desperate and no wonder he is called the "Tornado". Never has any Glandelinian general fought any harder than him or made greater successes though defeated at times with his most woeful losses. He is a man who really wicked as he is fears no ghosts of spirits' nicks for facts does the very angels dare to thread his domains.

He defies both heaven and earth and even defies the demon who also fear him and look upon him as one of their princes. Why the very devils themselves would be blotted out by his wickedness and there may be no devils who has a more harder heart.

There is a fact then, and these swore before heaven and earth that Glandelinian may never be conquered as long as Federal remains alive and all have to say is that if he ever assumes supreme command in the kings palace in commanding the armies and the Aronburg picture is not restored Angelina may meet her own or either terrific defeats. I will not attempt to make the advance any further unless Federal is destroyed and the Aronburg picture recovered.

General Vivian meant what he said to: though many foresaw that general Vivian himself had sent in a forward that in another month general Vivian will be replaced by general Moro Vivian for his command will be taken away from.

Under any conditions general Vivian refused to move to move against the Glandelinian armies, and many of the officers of his staff consulting together had the opinion that general Vivian was doing just the right thing and that he was no coward and those few who may have been against him did not dare to dispute this great Christian general who indeed was doing the wisest thing any general could do and if his command would be taken away a disaster would follow in another month and many of the officers knew it. All his intentions were to stand to the last until general Vivian and Hanson would come with their armies to force themselves against Germania and the others should they attempt to wage a battle. Hanson himself was continually advancing on the Glandelinians forces but a stern request and excellent advice and then a threat from Hanson that his command would be taken away from him soon caused Hanson to see he is folly and to cause a halt.

General Vivian indeed did not like the situation and fearing that the mighty hosts under his uncle would strike him an unexpected blow withdrew the threatened portions of his lines toward the Pullaway Junction lines and made movements that proved very threatening indeed. Both general Vivian and Hanson felt very sad indeed over the situation and general Vivian himself had twice by messages begged Germania Vivian to turn to God God telling him that he may fall some day in the attics if he did not look out. In these messages Germania Vivian had been told that it really does not matter what side he is really fighting on as long as he would really repent of his sins and turn to God. But these messages were wasted. This is what general Germania wrote back to his father only;

"Your excellency general Vivian;

"Matters not what either of us do. You go your way and I'll go mine. As for the war us Glandelinians are bound to conquer you or kill you one or the other. You Christians and dogs of the earth have stood it against us not long enough. We are enemies and we will stay enemies and you are no father of mine any longer and I would come cast you down to the dogs than have you as a father you Christian FOOL/ As to my sisters if I ever lay my hands on them I'll see to it that they will go to general Federal and to their destruction. Do not write to me again you big fat fool of a Christian you gutter snipe of Satan or they will be returned unopened.

General Germania

Vivian - Commander of the Glandelinian
Armies and foe of God.

Violet

Violet and her sisters kept the promise of what they would do and went to general Vivian to see what he would say or do on the matter of the condition of the house they were in. He couldn't understand their testimony of fiery hands going up or down the wall, of the black shadow thing they saw past them or of the fiery hands from the gas jets, but because of the little girls they were and so truthful, and knowing they did not dream it he was suspicious. He knew because of the wicked nature of the war that the Glandelinians carry on, place a once occupied by Glandelinian officials especially very wicked ones became absolutely devil possessed and as Violet and her sisters wouldn't tell lies even if you cut them to pieces alive and were children of as much trustworthiness as little angels in heaven themselves, he did finally believe them. They had told him that the experience had occurred before from the testimony of others and that at first they had not believed him until they had seen it themselves. Though at first they had said they would not go in again, yet they would change their minds and defy the wicked evil spirits if the general would come as a witness and also bring a priest if possible to drive out the spirits and a spirit as if it was necessary to occupy that place as their headquarters.

While waiting for the general to comply with their wish Violet said; "In one way we're glad poor brother Federal didn't come to us yet. I feel lonesome for him but he's better off that he doesn't know what we're doing. I went through and especially with the general Tomas Federal whom Jennie hit with a rock. In a letter he told us he was getting along fine but the war made such blockades that he couldn't come. So until we can give the enemy an experience he doesn't want for his and our own good it's better our dear brothers didn't come yet. Ain't that right sisters."

"Yes," said Joyce, "but how lonesome we are for him nevertheless. But God knows it is for the best."

At the appointed time (Violet declared the manifestations occurred night or day at any time but unexpected) General Vivian went to the house with Violet and her sisters, and gave orders to two regiments of boy and girl recruits each to surround the house and keep it surrounded and watch closely so that no one can get either in or out. No one was to be exempted or only the general and the little girls were to be within. Because "Who can tell," said Violet herself "That some mysterious force may be causing the phenomena through some strange art of his."

The general went in and then all closed the door. The little girls showed the room where the hands appeared, and then the gas jets in the attic. General Vivian lit the gas. It burned all right to his surprise and to of her Violet and her sisters, and no phenomena occurred. Seeing all things all right, General Vivian turned off the valves and he and they started to go.

"General," said Catherine, "You forgot to turn the gas out."

"I did turn it out," said the general.

"Well they're still burning."

"Well I'll be," said the general, "I did turn them off. You can see for yourselves. It's a phenomena all right. Who's knocking at the attic door come in."

No one answered. The knocking continued hard on the door, and all in the room heard it. It was not a slow dull knock but one like a person who is in a hurry and getting mad because you don't come and open the door. Violet opened the door and saw no one outside or down below. General Vivian himself knocked at the same part of the door from which the sound seemed to have come, but he couldn't make the same sound at all.

"Say Violet," said Joyce, "did you not poke me in the side just now?"

"I said Violet, 'Why I was not even near enough to reach you.'"

"This is getting serious," said Joyce. They listened to the knocking for a while but could come to no conclusion as to the source of the sound. Violet and her sisters now were not in the least bit nervous and said but rather defiant if not indifferent having become used to sleeping alone very often in lonesome outlandish places with him the feeble creaks elsewhere and hearing at day or night or so on all sorts of most creepy sounds, knockings, rattlings, clankings, or crawlings, and so on so that this knocking made very little impression on them. General Vivian however was a little nervous but he thought if he himself being also a holy man could bless the house in case a priest couldn't be so readily had he could do so and would then be able to commit himself to passing any judgement as to the source of knocking. Because sometimes to punish evil doers even good angels too would make mischievous

man's estimation as in case of the so called "Stucco-a Clip". He pulled out a ritual to read the blessing of the house, and at the time was trying so far as he can remember to recall to his mind an account for the knocking by some kind of animal concealed somewhere in the house or by some action of the wind against the door while reading the prayer and having Violet and her sisters plausibly answer his former reason or rather suddenly became excited and with great difficulty finished it. He felt as if he had been suddenly put under some kind of exhaust pump that drained him of all his energy. He felt too as if he were injuring some one, and tears or a feeling of tears came to his eyes. He tried to conceal what happened to him by saying in a joking way to Violet and her sisters:

"Say Princesses I wonder if because of your own sufferings and hardships caused by the enemy that your own possession angels are not doing this."

"Can't be possible," said Daisy. "They wouldn't threaten to grab us by the throats with hands of fire."

"Don't you feel anything queer?"

"No we don't," said Jennie. "But you look as if you were having tears in your eyes."

At their encouragement his embarrassment left him. He sprinkled holy water in the house (not mouse) and out side in the yard and especially in the place from which the sound seemed to come. When he returned into the house he raised his hand to give the common blessing "Benedictio, Domini, Nostri, Jesu Christi, des-cendat, super-hanc domum, et maneat semper" May the Blessing of Our Lord Jesus Christ descend on this house and remain forever."

He found the same excitement come over him and the same difficulty in finishing the blessing but it was not so strong as the first time. Whatever it was gave them two hard barges and then stopped knocking but nevertheless General Viviania had a very queer feeling to which he could not explain.

On investigation of the strange performances General Viviania had said that before Violet and her sisters had entered the house he had suspected something wrong because he had seen crowds of people around the house, who claimed they did in even day time see a sort of black shadow form of something either the place and leave a strange smell behind. General Viviania believed that many Mandelinians are not possessed of the devil at times there is no lack in appearances of their being possessed... 2.22

After that day General Viviania got a priest who did the same performance as he had done and then Violet and her sisters during the progress of the battle of Mic-Calls Run found every thing all right and felt easier and began to laugh at their experience.

Two days of the last action of the battle Violet and her sisters went to the dining room to eat their supper well;

"Your Excellency Princess Violet wishes you to come to that confounded house," said a courier. "They're in trouble again. The spirit had returned."

"Good night," said General Viviania. "What's the trouble now. Girl's possession angels would make evil spirits leave them little girls alone."

"It ain't them to be mented," said the courier. "It's a boy scout they had to help them guard the place. The boy can't eat General's eleven food that Jennie cooks him."

"Why Jennie is a good cook even though a little girl. Why can't he eat. They always cook the best food for even their friends and others that they can secure. What has the spirit got to do with that?"

"I do not know your excellency. But the boy can't eat."

"Why didn't he do go out of the house then and eat."

"He did your Excellency."

General Viviania thinking something unusual had happened went out. There was a crowd around the house, house again. The people were gestulating and showing curiosity and excitement, and the boy coming out looked as if he had been scared by something.

He went in. Violet and her sisters looked dejected.

"What's the matter Violet?" he asked.

"The poor boy can't eat," she said. "As soon as he sat at the table the food flew up and hit him in the face. The darn Frankfurters I filed for him runs about the room as if alive. You can see there's a reason."

General Viviania chased the darn sausages but they got away from him. He felt like kicking the devil in the--well you know what I mean.

Finally the Frankfurters stopped in the corner and piled together one standing upright as if to defy him to get it. He reached down for it and to the surprise of the little girls it jumped up into the air and stuck to the ceiling and wouldn't come down. The others crawled up the wall... 2.2.34

Others had seen this trick of the evil spirit as it seemed to be. Again General Viviania sent for a priest and while waiting for him got a big board and tried to strike the sausages down but they all eluded his blows. As so long as the situation was horrible Violet and her sisters and when the boy could not suppress their laughter it looked so funny to see the great soldiers of chaos chasing those oblong pieces of skin covered meat and they evidently cleverly eluding him. They jumped over the chair. They would go back again in the plates. Then when he tried to catch them they would jump either on top of his head and rest there or hide in his pockets. He finally gave up the chase as they were climbing up the window pane. Finally the priest came and Father Angeloni read the prayer prayers prescribed by the Catholic Church for such cases for he had been a witness of the scene too the Frankfurters fully trying to get away from him as if frightened by his entrance, and then he blessed the house with holy water.

Strange to say though Violet and her sisters had not been to be mented. The food they ate did not fly up avoid their mouth and hit them in the face as it had the boy. The boy after that was able to eat but he wouldn't touch the meat. He was afraid they were possessed.

After this for some time nothing occupied at of the occasion except one in which Violet and her sisters reported that while in bed they were almost shaken out and when they got up and put on the lights the beds were shaking as if they had the fits.

Fearing something might happen that they would not like to see Violet and her sisters if they were determined to stay there were advised not to sleep there alone, and therefore they engaged a girl scout who was unusually holy to take up her quarters in the hall. In the dead of night the girl finally woke them up to say that two Christian officers in the hall wanted to see them concerning some plans they wanted worked out. Violet and her sisters thought it strange as they had not suggested plans to no one but nevertheless they got up, dressed and went down stairs but to their surprise could not see any one at all. The girl scout indicated where they had been standing, and described them. Violet and her sisters went up stairs again, and the girl came again in with the same story. But when they came down the strange specters had gone.

A little later they surely had some very extraordinary experiences. Their bed room not the same occupied where the hands of fire had appeared led into a passage on either side and they were awakened to hear a loud creaking sound and lighting the lights again saw the doors on to the passage swinging back and forth in unison. When they got up and grabbed the doors the motion ceased. But when they went back to bed the doors began to immediately swing again. Then a one came tramping across the floor to where the boy lay in his bed. But Violet and her sisters could not see no body. The boy stated the next morning that the finger of some unseen heavy hand pressed heavily against various parts of his head and arms while the rest of his body was burning hot with fire and other sensations the parts touched were left clammy and wringing wet with water, which he mopped up with his towel but that would get wet again and then blisters would show in those spots touched as if he had been burned by something without feeling it.

This strange occurrence made it so uneasy that Violet and her sisters brave as they were wouldn't sleep in that room again but changed to another room and slept there after blessing it themselves. There was here at this part a large double hall with rooms on either hand. Next to theirs was the very room which they had recently vacated because of the fiery hands with doors on four sides including the entrance from the main yard. The doors which connected this vacant room was always left open for the purpose of ventilation as it was so hot. But the other three doors were locked and bolted on the inside to keep out dangerous assassins and spies and the like. On the morning just when it was growing daylight and the sun was just starting to rise, Violet and her sisters were awakened by very loud knockings at the building side entrance which was the main entrance. Thinking it was a urgent call for them they began to dress but the knockings changed to loud creaking sounds which made them think that the knockings attacking Mandelinians were trying to force an entrance with rifle butts or crow bars or sledge hammers. Violet flung her shoe against the door, from which it bounced back a couple of feet or so, and the little girls fired at the door hoping to scare the supposed attackers away. As they did so the door crashed open and Violet who was closest and she sprang away to avoid being hit by it and knocked down. It was getting light outside, and they could see nothing beyond the door. Then

there was a loud tramp, tramp, tramp of feet in the room next to their own and it sounded as if the door into the hall had been forced open in the same way but more roughly, as had been observed by the little girls with the door to the outside. Seizing their rifles which stood in the corner of the room they pointed it the rifles in the direction of the noise of the tramping feet and pulled the trigger. The guns did not go off. There was only a snap. Violet picked up her pivot gun and fixed the clip carefully. She pulled the trigger of that and this gun did not go off. He tried again with the same result. All noise having ceased, they hurried through their room to gain the side entrance and seek help only to find the door that they had seen crash open was now closed and locked from the inside, and nothing was broken but there was a small in the air as if rotten pus had been coming out of a horrible wound. Looking to see why her pivot gun would go off she found the cap missing and discovered it under her pillow. And she knew she had placed it securely on the gun. Only then she and her sisters realized they were not dealing with Glandelinian soldiers. Their whole seemed literally to stand on end. Violet found her hose that she had seen fall well in front of the door, actually buck against the wall, where it had been pressed when the door was open.

Violet and her sisters suspected that if these doings were not done by demons they were then caused by departed souls of Glandelinian soldiers killed in the battle. From this experience they remembered one scene they had observed when a mortally wounded Glandelinian officer had been brought to the camp who though a Glandelinian had once been a Catholic but had led the same wicked life as all the rest. Believing they could get the man to save his soul before it was too late Violet had called for a priest. He had refused the priests ministrations for a time and in accordance with the liturgy which prescribes for attendance on the dying and a flows for the distress of mind in the individual, he proceeded to give her Extreme Unction. Violet and her sisters were horrified at that time to see from the very emptiness of the air a terrible black smoking arm come round and strike the woman the priest was about to anoint with such force that he headed was dislodged from the pillow. They remembered that they had been so frightened that they screamed prayers. The priest then tried to resume his ministrations but the black arm again appeared, reached round him, and threw the soldiers from the doorway into the tent. The priest then had looked for the body to which the arm should have been attached, but found himself, and Violet and her sisters alone. At his questioning questions they told him that no one had entered the tent. Glandelinians are so awfully wicked that such things can happen. After they had gone to bed after the dreadful occurrence of the door Violet wishing to light a light to keep any strange things out of the place found that she had used up all the matches in the room, so she went off to seek a box and left it with a candle upon a table near the door of the room and lit it. Three times during the night she was awakened by some one stealthily entering the room and putting out the candle. Each time from where she lay she could just make out the figure with face everward bending over the candle, putting it out with its fingers and departing, softly closing the door behind him. Knowing that she and her sisters and the boy and girls were alone in the house, the little Vivian naturally concluded that a Glandelinian lost soul was playing a joke on her. On the first two occasions she just got up, relight the candle and went to bed again. But on the third performance of this unanny scene she felt the joke had gone far enough. Quickly she sprang from her bed with long gleaming knife in hand and rushed to the door just as it had closed behind the figure. As she reached the hall the figure vanished, but now comes the most amazing part of the story for on returning to her room where her sisters were sleeping soundly the little girl found her match box doing all sort of crazy antics and while this was going on she was shocked by a thunderous knocking again at the door which awoke her sisters with a scream. The noise changed to a crashing sound as though one of the doors would be knocked from its hinges. The three of them did fly open and one of them almost struck Violet's bed and before they were even the door was shut, and not only was it locked and bolted on the inside, and not a splinter was away.

Violet and her sisters were of course were brave and even braver enough usually not to even fear anything like spirits and the like but they had never expected such demonstrations as these. Then only an hour after the second door occurrence Violet alone her sisters being asleep now was annoyed by some thing of human shape but large and tall appearing at the door of her room in the shape and appearance of fire. It appeared

to be made of fire and it was as she saw of it, and said no words and when she screamed to it to go away and leave her alone it appeared meekly and promptly to obey and went away. Then after that night two ordinary blessings of the house had no effect. The strange fiery apparition continued on unchecked during the very day time and once occurred while they were eating their dinner and acted as if it evidently wanted to sit down and eat with them. It threw great heat too and this time at the commands of Violet and her sisters to go away it paid not the slightest attention but did not dare as it seemed to come too near them to molest them and appeared afraid. Violet finally went to a priest and the priest upon going to the house and questioning the little girls asked them the details, and told them to show him the places where the repeated fiery apparitions stood, and wanted to know why though it appeared it seemed to be in such distracted terror of them. That they couldn't explain.

As Violet and her sisters were very honest and had no delusions the priest understood for sure that there was no feeling about the story and no contradiction in it. The priest blessed the house, and told the little girls to wear the big crucifixes he gave them, and to have it show especially at the time of the apparitions. What struck the priest as strange was that though he knew the story was a fact they were not much terrified. But when a special blessing was employed the apparition still continued but not in their room any more. The strange thing was when spoken to the even spirit if it was one who wouldn't answer but would look at them in stark terror and some times do as they command, and other times pay no attention to their screamed commands. They asked once: "Are you for, Hell or Purgatory?" and it wouldn't answer a word. "The priest on the occasion of the afternoon asked the little girls; "Are you really angel possessed?" "We don't know for sure," said Violet. "Symptoms are that it may be so according to what they tell us. Many many believe we are because of what we accomplish for our cause no one else can do with success and even escape. We feel strange too at times as if we get attacks of unnatural happiness. Therefore our faith makes us believe we must be, but we do not believe we can prove it."

"Then if you are why don't the evil spirit leave you alone?" "They do that work at a distance. They never come near us not even near our bed. That flaming apparition seems frightfully scared of us."

It seemed so unusual to the priest that he did believe for a time that it was something else and said:

"Could it not be those angels that possess you?"

"No could it be the?" said Jennie. "The first day we were here the spirits hurried at us hands of fire and tried to grasp us by the necks. And oh they were terribly hot."

"Maybe those angels are just trying you."

"Maybe."

"Maybe."

"It's a funny trial," then exclaimed "Violet," "but we are game and we're going to stay here until they drive us out by force. But surely it cannot be the angels. Listen to that. It's broad day light and yet the shutters are rattling dreadfully."

The shutters were being rattled indeed but the priest said;

"But that could be the wind."

They looked out but there was no wind blowing. They remembered too that smiling that no moving mysterious persons seemed to be throwing stones, into the window and that in this country boys would never think of plaguing little girls. Little girls are scared to boys there and once a boy falls in love with a girl the love is so sincere that it cannot be accounted for. They even told that early that night before the apparition of the lighting and putting out of the candle some mysterious person emptied water on them while in bed.

"Do you know the owner of this house?" asked the priest. "Yes," said Violet. "When we first came to occupy this place she told us it was a sort of 'haunted house' but we wouldn't believe her as we do not believe in such trash as ghosts and ghosts. But these are not ghosts and neither is this house haunted. It is the work of evil spirits. I'm sure trying to drive us out."

The priest decided to stay here and see for himself whether the manifestation really occurred. He had the bed he was to occupy placed across the floor in front of the door leading to the woman's bedroom room for he believed the woman who owns the house was either playing tricks to try and frighten the little girls to see how brave they really were or she did things through some strange form of insanity. He before going to bed investigated the gable jet in the attic examined the wall of the room where the thunders

where the hand of fire appeared and found every thing okay. However he did not like the smell that was in the attic. Though the priest slept there for about a month in the bedroom he often heard foot steps walking up and down the steps and came to the conclusion that probably Violet and her sister were asleep in their sleep and while doing so dreamed of the strange manifestations. What he saw coming up the steps froze as to say every drop of blood in his veins. He quickly made the sign of the cross but the apparition came on a fierce tall human form as of fire hedges to behold and something from its back taking the form of wings. It however stopped only within a few yards of the priest and then seeing him stopped. It stood there for a time while the priest looked in terror at it. The strange apparition said never a word but at sight of the priest did not disappear as he expected it do but finally turned and went back down the steps. He gathered the impression that the spirit wanted to get into the bedroom of the little girls but his presence had stopped it.

The next morning before breakfast time the priest asked the little girls to take him before the Land lady.

"Do you my dear lady own this house whom the princesses are occupying temporarily as your headquarters?"

"Yes Father I do."

"Do you desire them to be here since being princesses and occupying this place as their army headquarters they have nothing for which to pay us rent?"

"Father, the idea I wouldn't take a cent from them if they made me. They're as welcome here as seven little angels would be. Why are they afraid I'll demand rent?"

"No my dear lady but they're tormented by spirits here."

"Why Father I just bought this house some few days before they came. It must be they dream that."

"Well then, dreamed too," he said. "I saw a terrible fiery apparition last night. Were you not ever troubled at night?"

"I heard lots of strange noises last night Father but not in my room. A door but open as if by some great violence but after it went closed again I doubted it to a strong inward and then outward draught of air."

But I couldn't account for it Father. The doors had been securely locked on the inside as the little girls ordered."

"I'm sorry then," said the priest with a sort of twinkle in his eyes but at first I thought you were playing mysterious tricks on them to see how really brave they were."

"From what I heard Father that would not be necessary. But Father when I came home last night why did you as I started to enter my home take me by the arm and lead me into the house and depart without a word. I like politeness and wished to thank you."

"What time did that happen?"

"About eight o'clock."

"I didn't come here until they sent for me at two o'clock this morning."

"You were not here at eight o'clock?"

"No my dear lady, wasn't I came here because not only from manifestations but the dear little girls were tormented if not frightened by noises of various kinds and of a haunting character, but mainly by strange footsteps climbing the stairs and that is not always at night but even when the sun is shining its brightest at day time. Then the manifestations are even more so."

"Well Father I'm sorry but I do think the delirious spies are doing that sort of thing. Did the little girls ever suffer from those things elsewhere?"

"Yes, but not so prolonged as this."

That following night however Violet and her sister went to bed with a light left on so that in case the spirits were afraid of a light they would not come in the room. As for herself that is Jennie did not sleep, but her sister finally got asleep. Soon she heard loud pounding foot steps coming toward her closed door, then in through the door and across to the washstand which stood in the way to her bed. She sat up and saw that something was wrong though she could see nothing.

"Where the?" she shrieked. "Sisters wake up. Something in the room room." Her sister was awakened, and then the ghost of spirit whatever it was seemed to be washing in the washbasin. Jennie got up and tried to take away the washbasin. The spirit seemed to firmly hold onto the washbasin as Jennie screaming held to it, and then it flopped the washbasin forward and the little girl and splashed the water into the child's face and all over her and slowly departed. Jennie had to remove her wet night gown dry herself and put on a clean one. Her sister had seen the whole performance and placed and lit a blessed candle and placed it by the washstand but this time left no water in it. The spirit later came again, and poured water in the basin but seemed to keep a great distance from the candle.

"Get out of here" Violet who was then awake "screamed and she hurried a stone which she had under her pillow in the direction of the sound. The next morning, Joice told her sisters she saw a very interesting experience in the night. A number of times she had been awakened from a sleep, although not roused by noises."

"What happened?" asked Jennie.

"Why when I turned over on my side I believe I screamed with fright for it seemed as if I turned over on another body, much bigger than her self and it then in fright of its own disappeared. I was afraid to go to sleep again."

"I was awakened by a so suffocating feeling last night," said Catherine. "and found something invisible pressing down on my shoulders and body and enveloping me and then in fright of its own disappeared."

"Shall we stand for this any more and go out or shall we give in," said Daisy.

"Why?" asked Violet. "Are you getting scared pale as death?"

"Not exactly but what are the spirits are they are certainly determined to drive us out for they oppose our presence here."

"Suppose it is only our own imaginations doing this to try us," exclaimed Hattie.

"Impossible," said Argeline decidedly. "They wouldn't abuse us like that."

"Then why did one manage to get in my bed," said Joice.

"And another try to suffocate me," said Catherine.

"Angels to try their friends can do all sorts of pranks," declared Jennie. "Therefore said to me one day angels may do something to try our faith in them. If they are demons then why don't they go away. They won't for us, the priest is over one."

"An," declared Violet. "Good angels would not torment us like that, and why do they mostly avoid us and do their actions at a distance. See how that fire human form was deathly scared of us. I believe the thing was scared of the angels, with us. They're demons all right trying to drive us out. I vote we go. Why stand it? Any longents have not had a decent night a sleep since we came to this accursed house. We could pay the woman the value of the house and move and have it blown up."

Joice shook her head.

"The spirit spirits would prevent that," said she. "Vote we try another night and day. Then if the priest can't help us we'll go and seek some where else and let the crazy things have the old house."

"For one," said Jennie vote that we won't go. It is not us but the spirits that go. We won't give in to them. That wouldn't be right and they'll think we are afraid. I vote we stay and win out."

"Suppose the spirits fire the house and drive us out that way."

"Well we'll stay until they do. Then and only then will we admit we have to go, but if they do they burn down their own abode."

So it was decided.

As they entered the building Violet said: "Sometimes fear at our troubles may be delusions or that something must be wrong with us through all we went through."

"How comes then the priest sees the same thing?" asked Jennie.

"He never told us he did. Don't you realize how seriously he often questions us. I know by his looks he believes we are only imagining things and therefore think something. I don't want to think too harshly about ourselves but wonder if we are not going insane."

"That's ridiculous," said Joice. "How about the water being thrown on us. did we imagine or dream that?"

"I believe we did think of it," said Violet.

"If we are so sure we dream it or are losing our minds why not question the priest and see if he really saw anything wrong. We can consent with his mind and read it as he explains. If he did see then he would deny and you can tell for sure whether we're seeing delusions or not."

"But suppose he would not wish to tell us to feel we'll be frightened."

"Then let him do us his will. I'll have the priest summoned."

"Do"

Violet called to one of the boy scouts and told him to bring the priest they had in the house the night before."

The boy obeyed, and the priest was more nervous than ever but he was more cheerful than ever when Violet and her sister greeted him as their formal selves and then confessed:

"Father I and my sisters not all of them though believe we were only having delusions."

"Delusions," said the priest, and they saw his surprised look.

"You Father and delusions."

"Violet thinks that," Violet said, "that she, and us, are losing our minds and in that condition think we are seeing things and believe the house is possessed."

For a time the priest stood at the open window saying nothing, not even so much as thinking so that though they consented that they had nothing.

Finally he turned. "Pardon me," he finally said, "I must say you are the bravest little girls in the world."

"The bravest little girls in the world," Father, who you are just saying that to cheer us up and make us forget our sorrows and troubles."

"No I am not," he said decidedly. "A house possessed like this and you dare be main and fight it out. But look out girls. They'll drive you out yet. I know it unless God wills otherwise. They can try fire and phenomenal fire too, fire that makes great heat and would destroy you but would not consume the house."

"Well only then we'll get out," said Jennie.

"But unless you are really angel possessed you'd be destroyed before you can get out because the whole place could go up at once. But I don't believe you are unless there is proof. For if you are these friends if they are friends couldn't do this. Where is your brother Peter?"

"In Father's army helping Father," said Violet.

"Did he ever write since by these war circumstances you and he were separated?"

"You'd be surprised," Father said. "We have forty letters already and we sent as many."

"Does he know about your condition as angel possessed?"

"He said he saw symptoms but won't tell us what they are."

"But then why do every body say we are?" "Put in Violet." "We don't even know that that means. Yet there are many children in our country that are Father and enough to manifest it too. Could you describe any symptoms Father if you know them. Have you had any experience with those who are?"

"No little girls," he said. "I know a priest who did and I should have him examine you. If you really are then you'll never come to harm and could say you are brave because 'landelinians have done more to you and can do more to you than these spirits and yet you are not scared of them. The reason I have heard that you are angel possessed, is because no many no matter what you do or try to do and no matter how risky it is you do not know what failure is, and you know it is in the end God help the Glandelinians who captured you. Many have tried to do less than you have and never succeeded not even the powerful Gemini."

"But Father couldn't you think of some matter of the situation. Couldn't you think of some symptom that could show we are. If we are we would thank God gratefully and never need to be afraid of anything no matter how often we would be captured in the future." "I can tell one thing, and that is these spirits hardly don't come near us. They operate at a distance."

"But one tried to suffocate me last night," said Catherine.

"Yes and you said that he went faster from you than he came," declared Violet.

"Shall I send for the priest?" asked the other priest.

"Not until we are sure," said Violet. "Sometimes we believe slick showed and off-offy Glandelinians can do this by assuming the make up of friends."

"I think so too," said Violet sister. "There could be a cunning human agency to it."

"Do not let the guards watch carefully as no body approaches the house," asked the priest.

"I never questioned the guards, and yet they don't act as if they were saw anything," said Violet. "Sometimes Glandelinians are slick enough to pass them. They have fooled us too sometimes when we did guard duty."

"But how about that flame assuming the shape of a man," said Catherine. "That was real unless it was only a delusion," said the priest. "We all know you little girls individually and without exception you are little girls who are characterized by sound judgment. You are a practical practical little girls and cannot imagine these things. You are rather very much phlegmatic than otherwise and have in each case shifted every possible natural cause as an explanation."

"Then is it really all hallucination or is there some strange memeric influence at work against us as more than one occult has suggested in connection with Glandelinian trickery," asked Violet. "Of course in have we here in this house a modern recrudescence of the diabolism which we make every effort at explanation by natural causes?"

"That I cannot tell, but if I tell you one thing you'll think I am crazy," said the priest.

"What then are we to think," said Jennie almost fearfully to think of the accounts that we believe we have witnessed if they are not delusions, as we call ourselves and the only reliable witnesses except the boys and girls as well as our own personal experiences which defy finding recorded in the Scriptures?"

"Taking the cases cited as a group,--the collected evidence," said the priest, "I feel compelled to acknowledge that we are dealing with some preternatural agencies of forces, call them what you will, to gain the ends of course Glandelinian spies practice all sorts of tricks almost to the nature of magic, but I do not believe they are the direct or immediate cause of the mysterious happenings, unless the power of this house is strangely insane through appearing normal and does these things half itself with some preternatural influence on the part of Glandelinian spies. I would appeal to me and you little girls too as being very repugnant to Glandelinian and the angels too in the ordinary course of human events, although it might be permitted on rare occasions."

"I know," said Violet, "and for His Own Good purposes God may permit it at times some friend of Satan to exercise preternatural if not supernatural power. But this is not the ordinary course of events. But this isn't the first time of place we have had this sort of preternatural scenes. One place was so terrible it seemed death to stay there. Certainly all the phenomena which we ourselves have been able to study and witness in houses outside not in a single instance have I or my sisters found the slightest indication that the happenings were invoked by a single human being, and strange too though they occurred by night, they were more often and worse by day even in the brightest sunlight. And so called fake ghosts would only operate by night and near midnight and a sort of raid of any light. If this directing force is really diabolic Father then I believe His Infinite Majesty may be seemingly if not directly conducting operations in person if not aided by his spiritual followers and not at the behest of any of his servants who among the wicked Glandelinians, and Father, the most terrible experiences we have among Glandelinians is when we are prisoners is that so many of them are really possessed by demons and under the influence of the evil spirits I saw them running wild in the woods or in camp, climb trees and work the most fearful from ropes and fetters with which their comrades have sought to restrain them, and they have been frightfully terrified of us and at sight of us would scream and run away like mad. That is the reason we found the place here in possession. Of course if it is only an optical illusion then something is wrong with us."

"That is not so," said the priest. "I can tell insane persons by their eyes be because I had as many. When you are insane you'll look it any person could see it in the second facial expression. In and among Glandelinians devil to ship as you know yourselves in is in great voice and the evil one is allowed in various parts of Glandelinian jurisdiction to take the way of material manifestations, that even dreadful numbers of obsessions similar to those of Holy Spirit occur from time to time even among the Glandelinian people too. They even say you were a foe that Tomas Federal whom you Jennie hit with a stone is dominated by evil spirits and once this was his headquarters. Did you not know it girls?"

"Yes we took it from him recently. But we didn't expect phenomena." "It is my conviction," said the priest, "that all this is by permission of Almighty God, perhaps as punishment for dealing with the devil and fighting for the unholy cause of the Glandelinians are doing and for the usual attendant vices and massacre of children, or perhaps again as a mere time of warning to others."

"But why don't they leave us alone and go out of this house," said Violet. "They want the place and try to drive you out. When the atmosphere as you know little girls has been properly saturated with electricity we may expect a good thunder storm or even blizzard depends the time of the year, with all its disturbances of wind and rain, or blinding snow. So too once any amount of wicked Glandelinians have created that might call a diabolic atmosphere in any district or within a house or houses once occupied by wicked Glandelinians, when his communications with the devil have given him some God standing in the spirit of the devil life of the community, and how much which is the devil which is the wicked society has firmly established in the place which is the place of the wicked demonology and need not be surprised if the power of evil will begin to manifest itself and will do so with all the more no matter how much each place of communications, good as you are you will never change them as if we do not be able to do so so readily and

"I have Christian friends and hope that the people of the community truly feel in all that the Lord has done for them that they would go. Better you go and leave them stay here."

Q Did you spend one night with us Father did you see anything like we
as did?"

"I saw it withfully I saw a human shape of fire. I was rooted to the spot with my right. It came up the steps and then I heard 'Why I didn't see fire to anything it stepped on was a mystery to me. It gave me halted looked at me for about three or four minutes, and then went toward your room but didn't go in. It went back down the steps after giving me one long searching look. I made the sign of the Cross and strange it had no effect."

"... "Gaul it not have been a soul ! Pit-tat-tat-tat Punga to y.?" asked violet.
"o"said the priest."It had fiery wings the shape altho was that of a bat or
Dragon."

"Father - are you trying to kid me?"

"Then little girls are you trying to kid me. you want money was the name to me."

Violat and heavilister is looked at each other
"Oa-ah-his are a all night" said violat. "O- I do hope we are angel possessed.
Father got that priest will you please if he knows about these things and
and have him examine us-----" he in the world there is a great stone. "little
"It came for a moment side through the window."

"Some boy maybe signalling to you that way," said Police. "You know that is our agreement to them."

"They looked out. It was black as night but there was no boy in sight. "I can't get him for some more days," he said. "I'll go and have him looked up but if you have any more, I would send for me and I'll bring several others and all the holy things that is necessary. I'll try to put them out or I can't you better seek headquarters elsewhere."

It was the next day that the same police got a notice blocking such use.

He was called again to the headquarters for it was apparent that this time the spirits had been tormenting the lives out of the little girl as to say and that often times during the night despite the -bores she had not been able to stay within unless they desired to be seriously injured. Their head quarters had been roughly treated to a tremendous shower of stones of all

...s had been roughly treated to
sides and the little girls showed the black and blue marks left by the
stones. The priest Father John found every window pane in the building
broken. Violet described how when the stones came through the window windows
they even swung, and deflected to strike them even when they were not in
the path of the stones, and also struck their clock, and other ornaments
and even religious statues and all their possessions in sight.

The extraordinary thing was that Violet and her sisters had been hit by the stones even while in their beds. For their beds were covered by the

the other even while in the room. Even while he came and it was dark yet the priest saw a perfect fusillade as it one throwing from invisible hands as it seemed and with which his visit was rewarded. He believed glances and spies were doing this, and ordered his priest and members to open fire on the tormentors with their pistols. They obeyed him but their pistols wouldn't go off, and to their surprise he thought that they knew a minute before as they

They found the cartridges back in the bait when they knew a minute before they had taken them out to load the pistols. However it being dark the priest was unconvinced and told the little girls that it is better for them to not remain in the house any longer. He promised to come by day and see what he could do and told them to remain in a tent not too far from the house. They left the other two children again to sleep

decided to do so and therefore while the others tried again to sleep, two of them remained on guard to watch proceedings, and made huge camp fires with all the rubbish that could be prepared so there would be light enough to see any one approaching the house. To their surprise stones hit them from unknown quarters, and now seemed to come from the house. The tent itself was unharmed. Was there a cunning human spy agency behind it all, two one not even the guards could explain it at all.

By the next morning while awaiting the arrival of the priest, Mrs. Jones and her sisters were being up examined the house as much as they dared. They took the chances of going in, and saw piles of stones in all the rooms. When the land lady and her family were driven out and what struck the little girl in the stomach and true was that the poor woman and her husband and three little girls and one boy were really terrified beyond their wits, so much that they were concerned for the boy and the little girls lest they become deranged by fright, and they were covered with many bleeding wounds made by the stones and the woman had a black eye. They made the father tell the details about their experience of the stone throwing, and then warned them that it

is best that they not occupy the place again.
 "The little girls are going back again" asked the woman.

"I should say not," said Violet. "Those stones may be repeated. We're all bruised for we were hit by a perfect shower of stones as we ran out and they seemed to come from every direction. Unless the priest can stop it we're going to have that house blown up as soon as we can get men ner'vy enough to move our belongings. If not we'll do it ourselves."

Violet and her sisters could see that the three little girls and the boy was living in an agony of great fear of stark terror. The mother appeared to be a very nervous person and the Vivian girls had first suspected her for a while with terrorizing her children, and trying to terrorize them, but the fact that the whole family was so very seriously bruised and cut by the stones showed that there was something extraordinary. The priest when he came asking the condition of the woman and her husband and her children questioned them for details. Still the priest believed that Cardinalian culprits did that Glendelinian spies in disguise and believed now and for good that they did all the manifestation to drive the Princesses out of the room and that by some electrical trick they may have formed the fiery men to scare the little girls, and the fiery hands too, but soon he got a surprise. While standing in an open place he and the whole bunch were routed from where they were standing when a great shower of stones came at them as if blown to them by a terrific cyclone and yet there was not even a feeling of a breeze. The stones came from every direction and though at large now all the stones failed to touch Violet and her sisters they pummeled the woman and her children and the poor priest unmercifully so that he couldn't even give a blessing of the territory. It was a dreadful shower of stones and showed that it did not come from the house either simultaneously; the house was bombarded too and with a shower of awful big rocks. Finally after they had been so miraculously missed Violet was struck in the back of the head by a big stone and melted and fell being knocked almost senseless. Then the shower suddenly stopped. As soon as it was believed that the extraordinary demonstration was over the priest ran and over the yards and open ground, and within the building the service of exorcism and blessed the scene of this extraordinary occurrence.

Yat a second night he saw this creature repeated when "101" + and her sisters
had gone into the building balcony all was well, they were a showered in their
bed room with big stones this time even the size of bricks but not one hit
the little girls.

The next day came with out further adventure and the little girls still maintained the same headquar headquar ters.

"BANG. The door of the big room flew open. At this time they had had with them a big bunch of boys and girls, some of whom they were telling of the strange manifestations, very little had in the room twisted around and saw the doorway filled with the powerful figure of a man that appeared to be about twenty eight years old or more, whose face was a split color, not human, he acted and looked like one.

He took at him one of the child's own whipsawed. He held a long shot gun in his hands, and he was pointing it right at Jennie. Was this only a joke if you know it was too frightful. He appeared to point it at any one even if you know it wasn't loaded. But indeed his face did not look as if he was joking. It was filled with the corners of his mouth drawn down, the eyes a movent and malevolent and wicked looking and demoniac. All the hands for all the heads turned back to see if the Vivian girls would take it as a joke but their pretty faces were white, their jaws had dropped, and their eyes were round and staring with terror but they had drawn their own weapons. The child scarce thinking nothing would happen had not brought their own weapons. Their heads revolved again and the doors with slow but heavy tread the man advanced steadily toward the Vivian girls, that market still held on the little girls. Two slow strides and there there was a thump from the front of the room.

At times and then there was a thump. He didn't approach any farther but also looked at mid-Violet and her sisters knew what had happened, knew unless their possession of guard-dian Annila helped them, how they were doomed, but in the face of death their thoughts were for their child scout for them, Violet and her sisters were more like a sister into their lord and his secret friends. If Violet and her sisters should uncover a way to dodge the figure would shoot for men where he was and then a reading shot would probably strike some of those little heads in the way. It was a pity, it was thick and forward and even if they could actually see through it, not shoot at it, themselves would be in vain.

It appeared so dreadful and so frightening at these words but the woman came no nearer of comfort that dreadful staring, flitting face, a very horrible expression to show that her plan had been foiled and she added a warning to the child again:

"Run, Run, run outside girls and boys. You can't hurt it is a Demon in human form. Save yourselves."

Not one of them moved. They wanted to more than ever, but they couldn't for they were too frightened too. They too could see it was a spirit for it could be seen through and through. It was also again in that fiery man. The rifle he held was no spiritual one though. It was a real true big Glandelinian musket. On came the man with the gun slow and queer, like a machine until Violet and her sisters saw that should he fire now the last of the child scouts should be out of range. Then the instinct of self preservation asserted itself. Too late to run, the little girls made a pathetic attempt to hide crouching behind a tall long bench. That futile last hope was in their minds nobody will know. They prayed desperately though they perhaps thought the strange thing would not kill them in that helpless position with their backs turned or it may be merely that they could not bear to see what was to happen. But the child scouts saw. They watched him slowly and methodically as if he were killing a cornered rat in a cart ridge for each little girl.

It was apparently that the poor little girls heard the sound of the cart ridges being placed in the gun and understood it meant that they might have a man and a saved themselves, because until that moment the gun had not been really loaded. In a choking voice voice screamed to the children to run. But they were frozen all but their eyes, which saw the spirit place the gun to his shoulder and get ready to aim at Violet first, and then pause.

The pause was not probably as long as they remembered it but long enough for most of the youngsters to begin to believe he wasn't going to do it after all. Then came the concussion of the gun so deafeningly fired in that enclosed space that it made their ears ring. Also it broke the spell. Like a flock of startled birds they scattered at the sound, (not into the air) but all over the place some hiding under the beds, and others dashing out the door. Through their own confusion they saw eight figures moving swiftly except one which was slow, the spirit with his smoking gun and Violet and her sisters. Perhaps it was a joke after all and the wicked spirit had not shot her but did that to terrify her sisters. Those of the children who got outside saw Violet run outside the house and disappear around the right side of the building. She was followed by the figure with the same set face and slow strides. The strange man seemed to have been looking for her but he turned right instead of left, with the result that Violet met the specter whatever it can be called face to face at another corner of the house. Again there was an explosion which sent the children fleeing from the building in panic like a flock of startled sparrows. By the time a swarm of soldiers and two priests rushed to the scene, they found Violet miraculously unhurt and the strange thing gone, but the rifle was lying on the ground.

"That's what you little girls get for staying in such a house" said Father John. "Get up" said the other priest. "If they went off they could be considered cowardly. Instead it's up to us to drive the demons out of that house. If it can't be done to day I it must be blasted by cannon fire then."

Violet's sisters testified as to the nature of the thing. "Father" she said between sobs "It first came in the doorway as a man with a gun in his hand and then became that fiery creature once no more. He tried twice to shoot Violet but I don't know how she escaped. Honest there is the gun lying there. When the child scouts were panic stricken. They'll tell you." "I believe you" said the two priests knowing they wouldn't like a lie. He looked at Violet for a moment with a faint cry of despair she had tottered back and few steps and fell at the second shot. He was examined by a surgeon who came up but there was not a single bullet wound on her any where. It seemed extraordinary. It was impossible to examine whether the bullets were black or deadly once because the breech lock would not open under the strongest fingers and when one tried to shoot it off at a target to their surprise they couldn't even pull the trigger. Two the gun seemed to have a strange pulsive feeling about it that made the man throw the gun down in abject terror. Violet had not fainted she at first was in too much fright to rise for fear of meeting the dreadful creature.

A little later Father John said after poor Violet had been quieted down, "This is a sort of condition of that house which it takes more than us priests to do anything for. If you little girls are so good and really are Angel possessed and can't sent these phenomena out yourselves it is beyond our skill also. I just got word from your brother James, a civilian who wrote to me that you and your sisters must not occupy this dangerous house any longer unless these manifestations can be stopped. Though if you are really Angel possessed I do not know why these manifestations occur. Why they torment you and your sisters so dreadfully. I have here the priest who is supposed to examine and mine you though, doubt if you are in a condition for it now. But, sternly insist insist do not go in there again. You may really be killed for those evil

spirits if so they are more determined to drive you little girls out, then you are determined to stay in. If they envelope the place suddenly with Phenomenum fire you'll be lost for that fire though it would not consume the house could destroy your lives. God's sake keep out please, implore a you."

Violet and her sisters decided that it was best to take the priest's advice until by some means the priest can clear the house of evil spirits. At first though they thought it would be cowardly and letting the evil ones get the best of them for the first time. But for the fact that the strange occurrences happened despite even the holy water and the crucifixes in the room and sacred pictures and images confounded them and these were blessed too.

"I almost believe it is our possession agents trying our bravery" said Violet after a thought. "Absolutely impossible" said the other priest who was to examine them. "Angels of heaven do not do such diabolic things as that. You must understand little girls that despite all religious things the demons can work at a distance. I had a possessed woman once whom the devil remained with even when I brought and placed her on the very altar within whose Tabernacle was the Sacred Host. Demons won't go you know unless our prayers cause God to command them to go. We alone can do nothing against the wicked powers of darkness. If your saying is true that the things threw stones at you then it sure was no angel from heaven. Though it seems strange to me that you could come to all this when so many speak about you being Angel possessed. Do you little girls believe you are?"

"Yes" said Violet. "Our other pen rod can prove it." "I believe they are" said the other priest "because otherwise they could not have contested against these manifestations in any large way." "Then to see what is wrong they must take the nerve to reoccupy the place longer" said the other priest. "I have sent for two Bishops and three other priests and the best thing I believe is to have a Mass said in this place every morning. If that don't stop the phenomenon then it is God's will they must abandon the place. But then warning signs must be placed up so other people will stay away from there."

"When are you going to examine us?" asked Violet. "I need your brother here too if possible," said the priest. "I don't believe he will or could come" said Jennie "not just now anyway."

"Why?" "Every path way and communication to here is blocked by the enemy. Passage in this direction is inaccessible."

"Can't you write to him and try?" asked the priest? "We can do that and no more," said Violet. "The fact is we can't even get to him, and we wonder how he succeeds in corresponding to us and we to him. Two of our letters so far did not reach him but others did. One of his didn't either." After going to their room Violet herself sat at the writing desk, and the two priests stood on either side of her each holding a blessed candle and a crucifix to shield her from a phenomenon as she wrote.

Christian a my section near, is called, run!

April the 2th.

"Dear brother Pen rod, please excuse my rotten paper and pencil but I'm anxious to get this to reach you and will write in in the code form you know so well. Since coming here it seems even though you make think it is a joke or that I'm dreaming that, and my sisters are at night possessed by devils, and at day by angels and devils together. We took possession of a old brick house owned by a woman and believe me while am writing there are two priests standing beside me to guard me again against the phenomenon. The confounded house is possessed by the powers of darkness and they won't leave us alone. The priests wishes that I should notify you to come if list it is possible. Violet is quite sure by your methods you could get here through the dreadful barrier. You can get here by acting from one Glandelinian a my us Angel a delusion. The priest though wants to find out whether we are really Angel possessed and wants to get details from you and records of our experiences during the war if you need papers to get into the enemy's lines go to your friend Sister Rose. She is quite sure she could help you out fine. These papers can be secured from the genuine who know how to make them out. You could get them from Rodney Graves if he felt so inclined. If not I'm quite sure they could be gotten from either Daguerre or Schoeder without a great deal of trouble. Then you can get through as quickly as possible. Come quick if you can as we need you badly."

"You dear best sisters."

The letter was sent by special telegraph and fortunately it reached the brother who was then engaged with his father the previous when he read that message he did not know what to make of it. He however did not show it to his father on being questioned but said:

"The letter doesn't state much but they are in trouble with a possessed house. It was once Federal headquarters the one Jennie told me in the letter she wrote whom she struck with a stone. I don't doubt there would be because of these Glandelinians father there are many such situations. I got driven out of one once and you know it. I don't know how I can get to them. But I'll try. I'll send them a telegram however right away."

"Do sent telegraph, Vivian," and try to reach my daughter. They'll feel more protected with you with them. It's too bad they were separated from you even though it was only for less than a month."

"I'll go as Keldob" said Penrod. "But first I'll write and give them advice."

Violet and her sisters only two hours after mind you got this telegram: telegraph]

"My friend Esther has seen a great number of places which suffered the same trouble did our sisters. If there is any ailment which is making the strange condition more pronounced I would advise would advise dear little angels for your sakes and mine set up a big crucifix at the head foot and sides of your beds and you will not be molested. Otherwise if that does not any good do not occupy such a place. Put it down or blow it up or do as the priest suggests. I do wish you had not gone in the old man afraid there was something wrong with you enemy general comes Federal which has caused this strange condition about that house. Please give yourselves a fighting chance and keep out. You can't fight evil spirits physically. I'll try to reach you and your dear sisters to me now. I'll come as Keldob. I have the papers."

Your dear loving brother Penrod."

While awaiting the arrival of Penrod the priests and others made a complete examination of the whole house seeing it had only three sleeping chambers one kitchen and a bath room. In the bathroom though the facets all were all right and the water not off no water would come. The attic also was examined and the gas jets lighted but no manifestations occurred there now. They examined the big hole in the wall but saw no strange red glow. They had heard the most serious and persistent of the strange phenomena was the fiery man and the dreadful banging open of the doors. Violet and her sisters pointed out the doors, and the priest suggested that all doors should be heavily guarded by strong men within and without so that if there was again the phenomena they should report it immediately.

The priest then wrote to one of the high headquarters but they could give little advice without examining the house and said that they could not come now. The priest then appealed to general Blain night engineer help.

"It cuts no loss what ails the house," wrote the general. "I will send men that will look into the affair. They will find what is wrong and know what to do. In the meantime advise the priestesses to make a great distance between themselves and that possessed house. I will see to it that other priests will help you with great pains to find out what is wrong. The best thing to do is for you and your friend to stay with the girls if they won't go out and have plenty of hot water ready in case the fire apparatus appears again and then throw it at it. That ought to lay him."

General Blain night engineer.

On others who were informed about the situation believed that Violet and her sisters were losing their minds through their hardships and should be taken care of. They believed that the poor little girls were overburdened with their horrors and were fighting a losing battle against insanity. Most persons they wrote can believe they see the most horrible things when they are losing their minds. But any one who knew about insane persons could tell easily that they were all right and the priests wrote back that the phenomena was real because Father John and even general Vivian himself had witnessed them especially with the Frankfurthers.

Penrod did not come at the time he had wrote he would if from the fact that he was for the time not able to come at all, but since the display of the spirit with the gun nothing happened for several nights and days.

The third night however it is doubtful if any fiction would despite myself would hope to make readers believe that a human or other character would do to little girls what apparently one or more of the spirits actually did

that night. According to the usual custom of the little girls seeing nothing further they happened and that the spirits seemed now to either have gone or were behaving themselves, went to bed early as they decided to do some early scouting on the enemy the following morning. It was a pitch dark night and unusually severe heat but the place was in such a pitch dark night the heat was so unusual that they left no windows open with the purpose to keep out so uncomfortable a warmth depending on the chinks and cracks in the old building for sufficient ventilation. Taking Penrod's advice each little girl placed a crucifix at the respective places of their beds. About nine o'clock the priest himself who had remained went to bed in one of the down stairs rooms turning the gas light very low. Nobody at first could have convinced any of these priests that even a fiendish spirit would be a spiritual heat less enough to molest the house that night as was to be done. Therefore just as the two priests were going to sleep, Father John was a bit slow in responding to voices statement that she smelled something like a chloroform but at once. But when she choked and her sisters too and began to vomit, he sat up, got a vial of it himself, and going through the house hastily threw open all the doors and windows. Only however, voice was made slightly ill by the mysterious smell but she recovered in about half an hour.

"I wonder what it was and who in the world could sneak up to our rooms and squirt some thing like gas into our building and why?" asked Violet who now was a little afraid to go to bed again. "Could it be again the strange phenomena?"

At first the priest believed that this time it was not but some crafty human being, and that the real seemed to be no motive but that of the designs of a hidden and disguised Glandelinian spy, and yet apparently if it was not a hellish creature again it was nevertheless appeared the gas had an assistant. They looked out side for marks on the ground for if any one had been doing it from the outside there would be some tell tale marks on the dusty ground but nothing could be seen and there was no odor outside. At first too it was believed that it might be some Glandelinian spy who lived close by and who may be so familiar with the construction of the building in case he was a man with general Federal as to be able in the dark without hesitation to apply the gassing apparatus to some crack or hole in the wall or window, which lets the gas into the sleeping quarters. But a search of the very house showed too there was nothing missing not even a map or a book or anything not even writing material.

Twice that night too the phantom if it was one was seen once shot at and the man who fired aimed straight at it and even Heaven knows didn't miss and he was horrified to see the shot took no effect. Violet then at the attack had heard a faint sizzling sound and then came a sickly sweet smell and for those caught a sudden agony of gas poisoning. None of the victims so far had died. Only once it so happened to Violet and her sisters and voice had got the most benefit of the dreaded gas. Yet this night nothing unusual had been seen or heard and they were at a loss to guess how the strange gas had gotten into the house. One of the girls sent a messenger who brought Colonel Lemonia to the scene. When the colonel arrived the last trace of the gas had disappeared and Violet and her sisters had suddenly felt almost ashamed to tell what had happened because to them it sounded so "oor Oor Oor Oor" But the officer had detected some of the gas and knowing the bad reputation of the house, Violet and her sisters stationed a number of well armed guards armed more with holy articles than with shooting weapons at every door and lower window, and the colonel stationed guards at the windows on the upper rooms but these guards were within the rooms and also at the doors with orders to shoot to kill should any power try to get in.

After about an hour of quiet and even with no further manifestations of the other kind they decided that whatever it was the thing would surely not be repeated that night and started to go to bed. Voice the oldest of the Vivian girls seeing she had left her shoes on the sill of the northwest window of the upstairs bedroom bent over to pick them up. She paused in that position a moment listening to a strange sizzling sound that seemed to come from the corner of the ceiling above until the room she was in became strange with a strong horrible smell. Voice fell with a choking cry. The priest heard her fall and quickly grabbing her up carried her down stairs and but of doors but he too got enough of the dose to make him collapse as soon as he reached the steps leading at it to the yard. Voice seemed to her frightened and grief stricken sisters to be really and actually dead really and positively dead for even the priest claimed he found not even a heart beat and a doctor was called. Yet after hours of artificial respiration she was out of danger.

"She'll be in a dreadful state for a few weeks if you keep on staying here," said the doctor. "This happened once to a woman in a house of this kind and for five weeks she had to be under the doctor's care and even now still suffers from violent convulsions which come on several times a day."

Joice however no doubt was not affected by that kind of gas for her recovery was surprisingly rapid after some fits of apparent suffocation several times that night, and violent vomiting, but that morning she couldn't eat her breakfast. After this attack there was a desperate search of the neighborhood by child scouts and soldiers and though this revealed nothing it was assumed that the strange gasses would surely be driven away. But things then commenced to happen. All of the searchers when near the house, no matter how many there were, were cleaved from as it appeared invisible hands such a tremendous bombardment of stones that those that did not seek shelter behind trees and big rocks were driven away in a panic screaming rout.

Joice however was not going to recover as it was supposed. He was now being undressed by physicians and also and too was suffering from violent convulsions which came on several times a day. General Vivian believed it was done from without and not by the spirits this time. He had the idea that the spirits finally had become of mind of the little girls as to abandon the house altogether and so he for their sake devoted the next few days to making the house as nearly gas tight as possible and Violet and her sisters got their big dogs - Jim had recently as mentioned before had brought forth and good as they are they are a fully mean to strangers and make good watch dogs. However if poor Joice had not been made so seriously ill most people would have thought that poor Violet and her sisters were imagining things. When as it was it was whispered that one of the Princesses had accidentally spilled some sort of chemicals.

Then despite the dogs and the guards within and without came the third visit. This happened however to the owner of the house. Again it was a pitch dark and hot smoky night. Her name is Mrs. Onnes and she and her child were slept on the top floor to keep such an awful heat and smoky atmosphere out the mother did not open the window but depended on ventilation otherwise. There was no where in that part of the building any cracks or crevices of any kind.

At eleven thirty the mother was awakened by what she thought was somebody stepping into her room. She turned on the light near her bed and after listening a moment got up and started attending to her sleeping child. On the way she says she remembered a horrible sickening smell, far worse than that of what you call "Smelling feet" and apparently a thousand times stronger. He heard no faint hissing or sizzling sound but the atmosphere in her room seemed to be clouded by a strange blue haze. At the first sniff she began to choke, was unable to cry for help, couldn't draw her breath no more than if some one had held a tight rag around her nose and mouth, and fell three or four times before she could get the window open and hold her head out. She then became unconscious but when she came to this time she was fortunately not ill. By instinct or by accident the mother had thrown the coverlet over the faces of her child and thus protecting them from much of the fumes yet it was two days before the child could be awakened, and they are now dreadfully ill. The gas permeated other rooms of the house so rapidly, that Violet and Jennie, Vivian were violently nauseated and couldn't get their breath at all for two minutes, while her sisters hastily covering their heads with their blankets were only slightly affected.

The woman testified it didn't come from outside for she had heard mysterious foot steps and saw no one.

The next day passed and there was no trouble at all and Joice herself felt much better and for once could eat a little breakfast. Yet while at the breakfast table Jennie and her sisters were sitting beside an open window and while they were eating, was at the center of the table eating a soft boiled egg. The child suddenly clutched at her throat and coughed and gasped as if she had swallowed something the wrong way and choked herself, and fell to the floor struggling for breath and in great agony. Her sisters were also similarly stricken down for it was another strange stifling attack but were not so seriously injured. Daisy however did not get the attack either so had us to be long under a doctor's care.

"It felt and smelled very good at first," the little girls had said "and then choked us. We couldn't breathe and we couldn't move."

Instead of their big dogs attacking any prowling prowlers you couldn't get the faithful animals into the house. Dandelionian spies have committed atrocious crimes for their successes and other motives which we will leave to the least competent but the persons perpetrating these attacks if people they were could have no such incentives and to make it even more incited the attackers seemed to prefer only this one house where Violet and her sisters were occupying. When off and one some one or other of the brave little Princesses have been gassed so strangely it became evident that the phantom worked only within the building and not without. If it is one of the evil spirits possessing the house how does he conceal his identity as he goes about his business. That there is no sign now of any one in the house and other phenomena had apparently stopped was a puzzle. And yet if the gasses is

is only a dandelionian spy, and a full blooded man and not a spirit who does also to remain hidden in the house how could he do it from unseen sources. And who ever does it doesn't seem to try to get away from the scene of the disturbance either such gas phenomena there for seemed to fit the theory that again the phenomena came as gas. What the gas is remains a mystery too for on different times it had different odors and once smelled like chlorine mixed with Lycol and chloroform but the symptoms indicated that the gas was something that worked much faster if it was from a real hidden human person than the gas must have been carried to the house ready mixed in some sort of large syringes from which the human phantoms, the phantom squirrels it though some hole or crack which he already had marked with his eyes into the house. But all the guards declared faithfully and Violet and her sisters could tell by mind reading, truthfully too that no one had really passed them to get into the house or out, and when a diligent search through the house was made, no one was found, not under beds, in cupboards or other recesses and the house also was tested for hollow apartments with secret doors in walls and found to be truthfully without them. It was discovered also that it was not a gas that is made on the spot by combinations of chemicals, no in liquid form. Under such conditions a few drops of the liquid or bits of the uncombined chemicals would have escaped and left stains and other traces. Nothing of the kind was ever found. The strange gasses left no clue behind, and the greatest problem was in where can the person even if he is a spirit, get the gas or its ingredients.

At first too even still the priests believed all these phenomena were caused by an insane person and insane persons are as cunning as they are crazy if not more cunning but no normal person could be found, and according to the "Possession" description books the priests studied, the symptoms were more like they read than done by an insane person, and yet insane persons can do phantom work so cleverly as to make a place appear possessed. If it was an insane person then so far he has performed his fiendish tricks so skillfully that the authorities too now admit that they have not the slightest idea who they are, but if it is only a person then it is certain that if he keeps on with that dreadful amusement and especially if he detected and found not insane and doing it only to torment the little Princesses then if captured he will wish he had never been born. Then if he keeps on the finger of suspicion will fall on him and once they start investigating the right person, they were quite sure to prove it on him or her. Among the Christian lines were a number of polygamists who though not exactly bad may play pranks now and then and they were watched and questioned but they were able to prove they were never near the building.

But unmistakable evidence proved that it had been done by a evil spirit, for after another gas attempt had been made without success a blessing of every room followed and though afterwards there were some other phenomena at occasions it seemed after all Violet and her sisters were winning and that they themselves would soon be driving the evil spirits out and be able to continue possessing the house themselves. All this occurred before and during the battle of the angels. Run, and a little time after Joice no doubt through the working of the possession angels we covered pretty quick from the effects of the gas when in reality God even Himself knows she had received enough of the gas to have killed a very strong man instantly. When now after this event nothing more happened Violet and her sisters began to believe that all was well and that the house was beginning to regain its reputation of what it should have been before the phenomena occurred.

One morning Jennie said jokingly: "Sisters who will dare go up to that attic where we once saw the fire hands."

"Nothing doing," said Violet, "don't want to go there again. I'll stick my head in a lion's mouth first."

"I'll be game," said Joice.

"You won't go," said Violet. "We won't let you. If you do we'll go too as you cannot go alone."

Therefore no body went to explore that attic again for they were not sure whether the house was all right or not. From the experience of the gassing the owners and his wife and family had absolutely abandoned the old place refusing to stay there another minute. For the ensuing days too in one of the rooms the priests both of them said "We cannot believe that it would at least allow peace and rest for Violet and her sisters."

And to make sure they would be left alone Violet and her sisters slept in the rooms where the Masses had been said on and which too they attended. It is hard to tell however whether even this can always effect any extraordinary purpose for once at dinner time in the following day only an expert can explain really what Violet and her sisters exactly seen.

It was big and black with one big staring fiery eye, something of the ho-rid black shape they had seen once before. It seemed to shape like some sort of ho-rid shape that a little child may try to draw but make it in all the sort of odd and ends of shape as his other young mind can conceive. It spread out and floated toward them as if to envelope them, and from it came such a piercing shriek as if it came from some one to be dreaded dreadfully in Hell, black in color as it was it was a singing heat, and they surely screamed hastily out of its way. However it did not pursue as they expected but headed upward toward the ceiling. Violet picked up a plate lying on the dinner table and hurled it with all her might at the black object, but the plate passed through it and struck the ceiling rebounding and hitting her smack on the top of the head and breaking into a dozen pieces. She was stunned by it but she was not cut. The black thing refused to disappear even when they screamed prayers but when voices got a bottle of holy water and hurled it bottle and all at the black object it disappeared when the bottle broke to pieces against the ceiling.

It left a ho-rid smell in the room similar like the gas that had over come them but they hastily ran out of the room and closed the door after them. To their amazement and horror it was in the hallway this time standing upright showing this time two big fiery eyes. The head was round the eyes almost the form of that of a Chinaman. Violet and her sisters this time seemed at it to go away and leave them alone but it started to move forward and then with sudden hesitation stopped.

"What and who are you?" screamed Daisy. The creature wouldn't answer but glided down the hall the other way assuming the peculiar shape as before. The little girls realized that when Joyce threw the holy water at it it had fled from the dining room out into the hall. From the smell it even left here they felt sure it was either a lost lost soul or a demon for as it seemed to move away, the sounds that came from it was so piercing, uncanny, and doleful heart rending that the little girls if they were not brave would have fainted. It remained at the other end of the hall and wouldn't go away. It was the same black object they had seen the first time some days before the day of the fiery hands and when standing upright it seemed ten foot tall. When she standing upright it even then did not assume a human shape and its head though black was like that of some hideous gigantic frog, and it had hands as that of a frog but had black talons.

They felt sure it was a demon assuming that form to try and frighten them out of the building. They assumed courage and started to move toward the thing itself to see what it would do. It seemed to see them coming for it then started to show a sort of menace and they stopped in their own tracks. It was no more scared of them then they were of it and they had believed if they started toward it it would show fright and go away.

Violet then drew out of posy and with that it disappeared.

CHAPTER NINE.

STRANGE STRANGE TO SAY IN THIS STORY FOR ONE REASON OR OTHER THE PHENOMENA STOPS A LITTLE AFTER THEIR ODDS

MA HATED TO ARRIVE.

WIDHE STOP IT.!!!!

FOR a time after this incident Violet and her sisters felt like admitting they were defeated, and that they must go out and stay out of this house forever. Therefore they ordered some of the soldiers to go forth to apply to the old structure. They obeyed but finally came to General Vivian with the statement that as soon as they tried to set fire to the place unseen hands violently and roughly either knocked them down or pulled the torches from their hands and flung them far off with harsh words of—

"No you don't! We avenging spirits won't let you destroy our habitation."

First time it was announced the evil spirits ever spoke.

"I'll fix that confounded house" said General Vivian. "If there are evil spirits see if they can prevent me from having it shelled."

This was attempted and though the gunners were experts not only could not hit the place but even their guns finally fouled and would not work. Then through this incident and also other reasons too Violet and her sisters began to feel themselves cowardly not to stick it out for if they are really angel possessed it was sure they could win out in the end.

While they were preparing their room again.

"I say Penrod when are you going to go to your sisters from this army." Ask a friend as the boy scout "Maddox passed from his room." Some who know you believe you have forgotten your promise to your poor sisters. If so I wonder if you would secretly send a sort of parcel to them at General Vivian's army. The enemy General here won't know the difference."

Penrod looked severely on the boy. "You ask me when I am going to them?" he sneered. "Do you think Jack I can work miracles. I've been trying to get away from this dodgery army for the last two days. I will send the parcel if you like as I'm going to write to them explaining my delay but hurry up for Bill Murphy has been calling to me from his horse for the last five minutes and as busy as he is he has to be kept waiting."

"Wait till I address it" Object Jack.

"Oh need you do that and waste time" said Penrod. "Hurry up" and Penrod showed his impatience, and finally he took the parcel from the boy bid him follow and ran down the stairs. In the hall he met another disguised friend Joe Hayman waiting with another parcel of about the same size and shape in his hand.

"Are you going to get out of the lines to night?" he inquired. "If you will you send this parcel to your sisters on your way. I once promised to send them a nice cake."

"Cake" said Penrod disgustedly. "You should know better. They won't eat sweet stuff unless it is absolutely necessary. Well all right, they'll give it to some War refugees. It's always a pleasure to do anything for my sisters. They're an inspiration for Heaven with their sweet voices, cheery smiles in all sorts of sorts of trouble and their unusual unusual holiness..."

"Pity they're troubled by those evil spirits," said another boy by the name of Bill (not his full name) going on courtship to another army will take us quite a bit out of our way and, can't bear to hear of such an unusual occurrence. Can't imagine how it comes that such dear little girls like those who are supposed to be angel possessed can be so annoyed by spirits but they seem rather smitten."

"They could get it over with if they would leave that building" said Penrod. "But I know my sisters. Only an angel can beat them, and then, doubt it. But I hope it is only a paucity fancy that they just dreamed it. Put, remember when some likeness of Jennie appeared as a spirit and possessed house and I received a letter from her. I was k after saying she and her sisters were having a grand time. I stuck it out toward the spirits quit both ways. I'll allow them for by the holy men, know in America know how to use means to restore that house they are in to normal. I'll help my sisters beat up those so called "Spooks"

"Put why don't they leave the building."

"They're not afraid of evil spirits. Too my sisters have become used to all

all sorts of dangers and difficulties and troubles and sufferings, and, don't fancy there is any fear of their giving in to those strange phenomena, so why should we worry? I think for my self those spirits are trying to rout the girls out and they won't go for them come what may. He was at the mail box. And jumping off his horse he delivered the package to the mail man just coming up.

"Strange to me though that the little girls should be angel possessed and yet be annoyed by evil spirits," said another of the boys.

"The spirits can molest but not harm them," said Penrod. "My sisters will have the laugh in the end. If they can't chase them no power left on."

"What kind of girls are your sisters?" asked another good boy who had never heard of them or seen them before and even did not know Penrod had any sisters.

"They're a continent from other little girls. In many ways I can explain them. You will have to see them to know."

"But in character?"

"They have the charm of angels about them. They're pious beyond belief, beautiful beautifully reserved, with refined manners of angels, soft beautiful bird like voices and bright kindly smiles. It is believed they are angel possessed but for the reason that they and angels seem to be one. They are always ready to help any body say the kind word, do the unselfish thing. Though they will fight the Glandelinian enemies they of ten have shown mercy to Glandelinians who are wounded and won't fight even among these which seem incredible. Their faces are just as God made it unusually beautiful, Jennie is the prettiest but Daisy is the cutest and she is a little comic and full of fun. There are indefatigable workers for cause and church as well as the sunshine of all places they seem to be. They're braver than they look but good as they are if they're righteously angry look out. Wild cats have no equals. The enemy have found that out."

"Who's the youngest?"

Hettie is but she is a little taller than Daisy and nearly as cute and comical. My sisters and I are the children of the Abbeysman parson who is called "General Vivian" because of the uniform he wears and some times "overseer" and they and I have been brought up just like our ranches to be here, and they think never of themselves. No matter how good you are too them you cannot spoil them. In fact the more you do the more they'll do, and even if you wrong them they're prompt to forgive if you are sorry and repent. They forgive their worst enemies who repent. They are bright and dress charmingly on all occasions expect when spy ing or scouting, they're good sports girls for good horse back riders, and they have even the gift of attracting attention even from the most serious minded saints of heaven. Wait till you see them and you'll wish they were your sisters. But here we are in the limits. Now well we have one more for our army to go through. First I'll send a letter and then I'll make the attempt. You go back to the Christian lines and I'll go this alone. Too many will make me suspicious or under suspicion I mean you who questioned me about my sisters stay with me. I'll give you an example by letting you see them. You'll be so scared of them for a while but when you get used to them you'll love them as all the others do."

When the parcels came from the mail to Violet who relieved them she tore it open and seeing it she exclaimed to her sisters with a smile:

"A cake, who in the world could have been so stupid as to send us that when we don't eat sweets, and as if we hadn't oddies of cake here which we distribute to the fugitives. It must have been a friend who don't know our eating habits."

She handed it to a boy scout and said:

"Here donny take it to the family we promised them something to. They'll like it as it is a very good cake. And don't forget the chicken, the eggs, and the oranges and apples. They just got in our lines and have not had hardly eaten in three days the poor things."

Violet and her sisters had been expecting something good from Penrod, so in the second package that came they discovered that the parcel contained a beautiful satin covered box full of religious articles and another big box of the sort of chocolate candy they will eat (chocolate throughout no white sweet stuff) and when they opened the box and found a long letter from Penrod, telling of his passionate love and hoping they would excuse his delay as he was checked and couldn't make it as fast as he had desired to, and entreating "his dearest sisters" to give him at least a faint hope that they would prove their "Angel Possession" by sticking it out against the "evil spirits" until he came and take good care of themselves, then delight and surprise were great though they worried how he managed to even send the parcels through enemy possessed territory. But they knew there was nothing he could do. They knelt down immediately to thank the Sacred Heart with tears of this happiness that had come to them that they would soon see their good and loving brother again as after two weeks away from him.

As soon as they recovered their composure a little they all went to the army church and then after turning home while her sisters went to straighten out the inside of the old house, Violet went to write to Penrod at Vivian's headquarters, for strange to say the evil spirits wouldn't even let the little girls write to any one always interfering in some uneasy way.

"My

"O my very dearest brother"

"We cannot express in words with what joy I and my dearest sisters relieved your packages and dear letters. I think we have loved you all our lives even when we didn't even know you were our brother, and now we look upon you as the most ideal brother any person may ever have had, but now our love for you has been so deep that when we were apart we for the shortest time we have suffered much because though you were always good and kind, we never dared think you would ever come out of some of your own perilous duties alive, we have prayed hard to the Sacred Heart, that He will shield you like He does us, but to tell you the truth when you didn't come the day you said you would in the last letter we feared you might have been captured, captured, and it nearly broke our hearts, because the territory you go through is extremely dangerous. And now to think you are succeeding after all and have only one more for now to pass through. I will and my sisters too offer a Mass for your success. And now to think that you say you know ways of helping us best our spiritual mentors. Oh it is so lovely. My beloved and our very dearest brother you ask me if I can give you hope. Why our whole life time will not be long enough to show you our deep and true true and undying love. But our troubles with the spirits have been severe, one tried to kill us with a gun, we have been stoned from unseen hands. O dear God is sure good to us because you and I love each other so truly so intensely that I know we would willingly lay down our lives to make each other happy."

You ask me dearest brother and my sisters too when you can get here and whether we can help you, but we will do our best. I am not of the force of you, you will self into perilous duties, but we will try to find you near the army you'll try to pass out of and we shall be looking for you with longing, unless God will help you to get through sooner. We wish you were here now and Father and Mother too."

Violet, and you dearest sisters."

Half an hour later Penrod who had been waiting feverishly in the hope of getting a speedy letter in answer from his sisters, saw what he believed to be a messenger boy approaching and hastened to open the door of his headquarters now near Vivian's army and far from a for army. To his utter surprise he found himself face to face with Jim Groverton who said with a serious look:

"I am not after opening other people's letters, but this one apparently you sent to your sisters, did because the writing was suspicious. I read it and was shocked. I know what happened. I know and you and I can thank God it did not reach your poor sisters. Such shocking language in it. Here it is."

Penrod looked it over and was too stunned to say anything. It was addressed to his sisters almost in his own handwriting and signed by his own name. It wrote as if he told his sisters that he didn't care for them any more, that he would never go and see them again. And that only because they were so good he did not like them any more. There were lots of other words here dear reader then would make even our dear loved Mother blush red with shame to read or hear and Penrod's face turned scarlet and white stunned to say anything, but mechanically took the letter and Penrod followed him and running up to his room noticed with horror that some of his papers and envelopes were missing and then discovered that in another room a man was writing and using his papers. It was too late to escape he was caught. To think of such a letter and just before he had read his sisters' impassioned words of joy and love which had made his heart beat with love and respect to suffocation, and now this second letter would be writing this on the fly.

"To write such trash to break the hearts of such little girls as these," a moment Penrod couldn't say anything but gasped, the whole room seemed to be swelling around him and strong athletic boy though he was, he felt as faint as a sick three year old girl. Gertrude Argeline supposed it. The man was a reward by soldiers, such a letter it would have broken the hearts of his sisters if it had gone to them and they had not at once detected the handwriting. Little girls whose charming qualities he had admired so much, and he could not but be deeply touched by their holy passionate expression of more than sisterly

to us and admit that they received this letter. It would have broken their hearts and placed them in a terribly awkward position after having so often opened their hearts to him as they had done. Each base traitor who could such a little thing, almost happen and to them. His only thought was of their misery. Had this letter gone, Penrod for a long time felt dizzy with bewilderment and distress. Angelina A-onbu had always been his much trusted and loving confidant. For however in his trouble he went to her for help and advice and almost sobbing with anguish, grief for what might have happened to them and also with blind righteous rage told her what had happened and showed her the treacherous letter and the other one the man had been caught in the act of writing.

"Oh your poor dear sister," exclaimed Angelina A-onbu. "It's God's will my dear boy that you got hold of that letter and thanks to Him and she surely looked lovingly upon the letter. I'm glad you prevented the letter from going and breaking the hearts of Prince Penrod's poor sisters, and which even if it did last only a short time till it was discovered also make his life miserable for a short time. I have always prayed and begged the Sacred Heart to prevent things like this to the poor little dears and I feel certain it was he who allowed this letter to fall into Penrod's hands. And she looked so pitifully as a wild cat at the prisoners.

"At Angelina how could a man do this to the little girls the whole Christian world and all of heaven loves so intensely. Pleading Penrod's name it was an awful sin and could have caused misery to all of us. And he looked at the man so pitifully and his eyes flashed like Angelina's lions. He had his nature.

Penrod was suffering mentally and physically from the shock. He got him on the lounge bathed his forehead and chafed his cold hands, petted and soothed him as she had often done.

In any case we can't do nothing to night my dear," she said at last. "Try to rest until to morrow when we will go to Mass together with the rest and ask our dear dear Bishop to enlighten us as to what had better be done." Just then Jane Hailford walked into the room panting with excitement and exclaimed "Oh Angelina, what do you think has happened? You know Mr. Mary, ok Lockhart, Lockhart. Well she spied on the enemy last night and she has accomplished the best of things for us. She just said she did it for the sake of Violet and her sisters and declared to me that those who would not do as much for the good little princesses are not worth thinking about twice. But Angelina what's the matter with Penrod," she added as Penrod white to the very lips was lying on the couch.

Angelina told her and added:

"I can't show you the letter. I don't think it is fit for any human eyes, so run off to bed like a good little girl you are."

The following morning Penrod was better but he was still shocked, and still too angry to eat any breakfast. Then he went to where Angelina A-onbu was sitting and asked for the "etern cotton rotten letter." He gave it to him and not noticed he was in a tantrum. He slammed the door so violently to his apartment that after a while Angelina went in with him that it broke the glass. There was an awful crash. The prisoners stood between two soldiers and there was two others standing by.

Penrod then grinned but as to any of THE WAY OF EXPRESSION IN THE MYSTIC, FAINTLY.

"Then he pretended to giggle as if it was a joke holding up the sinful letter.

"Ha, ha! Well beautiful letter you almost send to my sisters. So that's what they are according to your opinion. Well beautiful words."

"I did not write the letter," the man lied.

"You devil of a lying cheat!" Penrod hissed and lunged angrily between clenched teeth. The man was dumb with fear even though Penrod was a boy, but Penrod was a prince and he knew it was God help you if you got on the wrong side of him. Angelina A-onbu-Angelina A-onbu looked up at Penrod whose steel blue eyes were black with anger and righteous and holy angelic rage.

"You wrote both of these letters for," caught you at one of them. Penrod now yelled fiercely at the man and his face was purple with passion.

"O whom," he man tried to say to lie out of it. Egg-wit! Egg-wit!

Agg-ravating Penrod again.

Then Penrod laughed scornfully. "Oh, I reckon you don't know who. He snarled.

"You devil of a lying foul."

He took the last letters and laid them in a non-by big ash tray. He lighted both letters with a match.

His eyes glared fiercely.

"Hold the sounder's hands of those firmen!" Penrod said fiercely. And only too willingly the soldiers obeyed holding the wicked man's hands over the flames.

It was a horrible thing to do but Penrod before God and Heaven did right.

The men screamed and struggled, but it was like banting against a wall of rock. Penrod had become mad with holy rage and he saw to it the men held

the ac

him firmly holding his hands over the flames of the burning letter until they almost roasted.

"You won't be writing my poor sisters any more such letters. Penrod screamed. "You ain't going to be able to write any more letters when I get through with you. I'll make you know what it is to try and break their hearts."

When the soldiers finally released the sounder he was weak and nauseated from the awful pain, but he managed to get to the bath room. He wanted a tube of ointment from the cabinet there and was fumbling helplessly at the latch with his badly blistered hands, when a soldier came in and grabbed him. He pushed him into the bath room and onto the bed and made him stay there. The man's entire body was throbbing with pain and soon the fingers of his hands were glued together in one solid blister. "That ever happened to this man's hands after this no one can tell but it is positive however that he never had any such serious results that he ever lost them. But heaven knows never in his life was he ever able to write again and besides he was to be held a prisoner for years for such letter writing.

Though this was a very severe thing for any person to do and though it may nettlesome of the readers in thinking that Penrod was cruel to do this, let any of the readers know, that even before God himself Penrod was not cruel in doing this but perfectly just, and he himself would have sinned had he not punished this skunk thus. And who among the readers would not have done the same if he had discovered a dirty scoundrel writing such a threatening letter, to even his sweetheart not even considering about his sister whom he would have avenged it still worse.

The details of the letter cannot be fully written here because it was too dirty in words, too immodest and blasphemous. That his motive was only heaven knows but one thing it was found out he was no spy. He knew he was a glandular man. He was a good agent but from what country he came from Penrod didn't know and as he knew it he would break no language but Abbiannian. Many soldiers gazed him and gazed him to find out why he had attempted to send such diabolic letters to the poor little girls, but his only answer was that he hated any one who is "Goody Goody."

Some time later when the man was allowed treatment for his hands and his hands had been bandaged up Penrod went in to see him followed by two strong guards and Mary Stuck, Angelina A-onbu being behind.

"Why did you write those letters?" Penrod snarled with a sneer.

"I didn't like them!"

"Why? K. Hissed Penrod.

"Because---because---

"Are you a spy in service of Angelina and trying to make a capture between me and my sisters to get hold of some important plans?" "No I'm no spy. I only hate good little girls and boys."

"You hate us Abbiannian children because we are good. Ah that's an alibi. I believe you are a spy!"

"Honesty costs my heart and hope to die I ain't insisted the man looking scared for he knew the fate of spies."

"Well what did they do to you that you hate my sisters I should like to know"

Penrod sneered.

"Because they're so good."

"Penrod laughed. "Did the Devil send you here to torment them?" he again sneered.

"No Prince he didn't."

"If so do you know he didn't didn't." growled Penrod. "If it wasn't for the gosh damned devil the world wouldn't be full of sin. I'd like to kick him into your face as you're like him. I'd like to see to it that you'll be given a long jail sentence for such rotten dirt writing to my sisters and their dearest."

If you don't like us Abbiannian children because we are good what are you doing in our prison?"

"I'd go away if the warden didn't stop me!"

"You would. There are plenty of ships sailing in other directions far from the war, and one will take you to the island prisoners for five years. You'll be in solitary confinement there however as you'll never be able to use your hands for any kind of work. I should have cut them off entirely. You are a dirty rotten snake to write things like that to my sisters and their dearest who I'm not ashamed of said to say are as equally good and pure as even the purest angels in heaven themselves. I suppose you thought you could make them believe that I had turned against them but you would have been fooled for you wrote too much shocking dirty stuff, and your imitation of my hand writing was so awfully poor. Had the letter reached them, they would have only been shocked and if they had their hands on you you'd have got it worse than I did. No to you for they could have found you out. You could not have fooled them by that letter as they know me too well!" Penrod is right. Had those letters reached them, they would have been sent the devil to catch the writer and the thing. They had kept Penrod's real letters and would have compared.

comprehended his hand waiting for the diabolic writing and then the fun would have begun, and I'd been so very far from that man. They would have punished him more severely. Penrod without any more words left the man and had soldiers take him away out of his sight for good and all.

Since the time that Violet had written the sisterly love letter to her brother, and had returned to the old house they did not seem to be troubled much by evil spirits. Any further so far. Another day passed and another night came. They some what decided to go to bed however for fear of another phenomena but they did nevertheless after kneeling beside the beds and praying for a long time before getting into bed and going to sleep. Yet that night passed without any event apparently but when they awoke the next morning they found their floor all wet and the hall outside streaming with water, and two of the faucets of the wash room room basin wide open. Nobody had ever got into the wash room room as it had been locked securely and the little girl knew well they themselves had not left the faucet water turned on. Besides too the light was on, and they had put it out.

It was another phenomena indeed and a tricky scampy one. All the clothing in the bed room had been deliberately thrown to the floor no matter what they wore, every thing they had, and all soaking wet. They were in a hole indeed because they had nothing to put on on unless they waited.

And for Modesty's sake that they had to do, and thanks to the weather it was not that moping no more.

Violet went in the wash room to turn off the water and stopped it from running and pulled the stoppers out of the basins.

"What plank will the old spirit do next?" she wondered.

Jennie seemed to have even read her thoughts for she said:

"Well whatever planks they will have to do next they'll not drive us out if we can help it."

"Well the hole place can't kick." giggled Daisy. "It needed a good bath."

"And it sure went swimming" said Hettie. "It was a wonder these rooms did not fill up and drown us in our sleep."

"They couldn't the windows were all open" said Catherine. "Our windows are low almost to the floor and we are only two feet off the ground. It's funny our guards didn't notice the water. Maybe noticing it they must have been too concerned to enter the building."

"Well it's a water phenomena" said Angeline. "And every room got a good wash out and will make work for the others who will have to come and clean up. But we will help and direct the work. The water has to be cleaned out or all the calling will crash down on us as the upper rooms are flooded with the water was turned on up there too. I shut them off. Wash basin, sink, in the kitchen, faucets in the bathtub and the stoppers of each in the holes. Those spirits must have thought we were afraid of water if we supposed they didn't shatter about the windows and try and drown us."

"Wouldn't we?" said Violet. "The pressure of the water would have burst the plans. Maybe they had no intention of drowning us. Just to scare us. But they sure threw all our clothes down in the water shoes and all. I'm supposed the water didn't swamp our beds."

"Beds were too high" said Jennie. "Had the windows been too high it would have happened or we would have been swimming in our sleep."

"Good thing any way the beds are made of wood" said Daisy. "We would have awakened and found we were getting a burst ride in our rooms."

The little girl went out to raise the alarm and soon had quite a number of men working in the place with boots on, sweeping out and scooping up the water which even was cascading down steps. The workers did not know what had happened to cause the strange diabolic disaster and as the guards outside had declared that no one entered or left the building they thought it very unusual. It took all day with even Violet and her sisters and a number of boy and girl scouts helping to get every thing straightened out, and even then the floors were not dry. To prevent a repeat of the phenomena they sprinkled every faucet and water pipe with poly water and also before going to bed again to see to it that the water was turned off, and the main lever fixed so that even the staunchest strongest man couldn't monkey with it. Violet suggested staying on guard duty herself that night and make the rounds of the place frequently like a night watchman and carry Holy water with her and a big crucifix but her sisters objected as they did not want her to lose any sleep at night.

Despite the phenomena some of the soldiers inwardly believed that one of the little girls had walked in her sleep and turned on the water, but had she done so the outside guards could have easily seen her for the windows were of such on both floors that the guards could have observed anything even if it was dark night.

On account of the flooding of the place that night Violet and her sisters must confess did not seem to have the nerve to go to sleep in the old house at following night so General Williams gave them special and most reliable guards to watch every room room in the building including their own where they slept in Violet and her sisters had the fear that the evil spirit could work such a spell on the windows in case they had been closed that the pressure of the water could not burst through the glass, and the force there for they could have drowned unless they awoke quick enough. Yet though they themselves did not say so, to each other nevertheless too the little girls almost doubted that any spirit had done it, and that one of them might have caused the trouble in her sleep. There could be a likely chance of that.

Finally they could not resist the temptation to suggest that and that made Violet so determinedly to be on the watch herself that they could not persuade her otherwise and she at least remained on the watch for nearly half the night but nothing happened, and then too her sisters were so nervous that they didn't hardly sleep either.

However nothing happened so far and the force Jennie begged her sister to come to sleep and go to bed and get some sleep, and that as she herself felt too nervous to sleep she herself would remain on watch the other half of the night. Violet finally gave in to her pleading and Jennie took her place. As it was warm she sat by the open window looking out and watching fast moving clouds pass the full moon (not the moon soon) There was a big clump of bushes not far across the company street and from that direction there came something something through the air that flew in the window and struck the wall with such a resounding crash, that her sisters who had not fallen asleep all sat up with a start.

"Don't sit near the window you'll get hit!" screamed Jennie and Violet to Jennie, but she did not need their advice or warning for she had gone away from the window as quickly as possible.

"Maybe it was a spy" said Jennie as no more objects came.

"I can't think so" said Angeline recollecting the stone fusillade of the other night and day. "I'm afraid our place is going to be stoned again and—"

"YOW, YOW, YOW" loudly from some where across the company street and a little refugees girl came running as if she was mad with fright.

Violet was out side in a moment and had grabbed the little tyke by the arm demanding—

"Quick what's the matter little girl?"

"I SAW IT—IT'S RIGHT THERE IN THE BUSHES" and she pointed in the same direction from where the stone had come. Violet's sisters as soon as they had jumped from their beds at the sound of the scream had followed her out side. They followed with their eyes where the frightened little girl pointed, and saw a strange round black shape between two trees, with a small black oval shape above it. It at once seemed to have two big shapes like ears, and glaring eyes a number near the bottom of the head as if the creature was looking downward and exposing the top of its head. Jennie remembered she had not seen anything there like that before.

"Quick Catherine go in and get a bottle of holy water—" began Angeline.

"I've got two" interrupted Catherine but that seems too far to throw it."

A crowd of soldiers had not come from their tents having heard the child's scream and the first thing they demanded was what she had been doing out so late in the night and in her arms late night.

"Something scared me out of the tent" she said shivering. "Then I saw that there—over there" and she pointed. A number of the soldiers leveled their rifles but Violet cried:

"Don't shoot. It won't do any good if it is a spirit and that would not make it go away. Every one help me scream a prayer."

"Her command was obeyed and the thing suddenly vanished.

It was some time later probably a little past twelve o'clock in the morning when the little girls while trying to go to sleep again were awakened by a strange sound and suddenly sitting up in bed they saw the most horrible sight of all. It appeared as if they saw the very spirit of their brother Penrod dressed as a skeleton and he literally spoke saying that he really had not come to them because he had and wrote fine letters to fool them but that he had not cared for them any more, and that now he was killed and in hell for the sin of deserting them. He spoke in such a real meaning way saying that they would even find out that it was true that they could not help believing it and only heaven knows how wild was the thing. Their cries of fright and distress brought many into the place and Angeline Archibald herself did all she could to console them but it was in vain.

The one who could have done anything for the poor little girls was too far

and that was him. But he was not for a moment. When Jim got the word of the disaster he came out of his tent and followed the courier on horse back. He had told himself there was no hope of seeing any one able to throw the evil spirit out of that place but he knew by the bitter pang he felt now that he had hoped to the last. At that hour there were few people or soldiers about the company street and these were only the forwards of the sentries. When he reached the powerfully possessed house he could not summon courage to enter it, but stood for a long time outside until at last he saw Angelina Aronburg put her head from the window for she was not afraid of any manifestation. He succeeded in catching her eye, and placing his finger on his lips signified her to come down. A moment later she suddenly appeared at the door.

"Is it true Gertrude?" Penrod dead. Surely it must be false. Surely all the good he has done for them Our Dear-Blessed Lord would never let the Glandelinians do such a thing."

"It is true that they saw the spirit of Penrod for when they screamed so wildly, I ran in and saw it myself. He said the same thing to me and then with a look of hatred put Jim dear for God's sake do something for them the poor things upstairs. What shall I do, what shall I do? Jim dear I tried to convince them that it was only an evil spirit taking that form and not Penrod. They can't be convinced for it seemed so real. They are in their room and I think they have cried themselves to sleep. My heart has been breaking all this time to see them. It has been dreadful. Poor little Daisy and Hettie cried terribly, and sobbed for hours; but it was a long time before the others cried. Joice fainted, and when I got her round lay still and quiet. I with out speaking. Poor little Jennie was the worst of all. I couldn't bear it to see her sit in the chair by herself with her eyes staring open and her face as white as if she were dead. She did not seem to hear anything I said, but at last when Daisy's sobs were stopping, I began to talk to her about Penrod, trying to convince her that it surely cannot be true and then at last she broke down and she cried so wild, that I was scared almost to death, and then her sisters cried too, and after a while I persuaded them all to lie down and as I have not heard a sound for the last hour and now as it is getting daylight I hope the good God has sent them all to sleep."

"It must so indeed Angelina. I will stay here quietly for an hour or more and if we hear nothing I will go home and will be back in the afternoon. Sleep all do more for them than anything I can say. If it is that confounded demon I'll do my best to get even. A Good Bishop is coming to see me a man a good Holy Father I know when I was even three years old and Hall help me help them get that house in good condition."

At the end of an hour or more all was still quiet, and Jim however though his heart was some what lightened did not do after all what he said. He decided to remain on watch and see that nothing happened. At two o'clock in the afternoon Tim entered, and when he came poor little Daisy ran to him, and throwing her arms around his neck, again burst into a passion of tears. Tim felt for her sake that this was the best thing that could have happened for the others were occupied for sometime in trying to soothe her crying quietly to themselves while they did so. At last her sobs became less violent and then Tim did his best to tell them that their grief was all for nothing, that Penrod had not really turned back on them or was not dead, that he was sure that a wicked evil spirit had played a dirty trick on them, and that if Penrod had been dead they would receive word from other sources before now.

"I'll tell you what," said Penrod embracing and kissing poor little Daisy. "Mail or news travels fast despite the size of our armies and distance even by courier. If the afternoon is over and you get no word of his death then that will prove it's false won't it. You know yourself that the news couldn't fail to reach you."

"I'm so very musty," Tim interrupted you," said a boy scout coming in and saluting, but a courier just now arrived and handed me this message. It was sent to the Princesses from the out skirts of our camp. A special boy friend of theirs by the name of "ADMIRAL" has just now arrived within our lines with a party of boy scouts, one of them Jack Saunders and said he'll be here within an hour if possible."

At this announcement on what a feeling of hope and relief came upon the little girls and little Daisy and Hettie suddenly stopped sobbing and looked pleadingly at Jim as he opened the message. He read:

"Dearest sisters;

I do regret severely that I couldn't come sooner but circumstances delayed me much against my will. I almost got captured once and have thirty dead Glandelinian soldiers to my credit during the pursuit and captured one of their ringleaders. Will be at your place as soon as I can and will change disguise at the "Harvard" house.

"You beloved and darling brother
Penrod."

At this news poor little Daisy and Hettie could not hardly believe their eyes.

"Come come now," said Jim laughing in spite of himself. "Here little angels dry your eyes and don't let him see you were so grief stricken. He'll be so proud. Wipe your eyes Daisy. Think of it only an hour and he'll be here probably sooner. I know it was a spirit who deceived you, don't you remember the day a spirit almost deceived him and made him believe you were dead Jennie. That's right. I feel better when I see you smile again. Get ready girls and I'll go and meet him. I know the road he'll take."

And kissing them good bye he hastily made his departure. He mounted his horse and they saw him ride swiftly away. Angelina Aronburg then came again and asked:

"What's the matter with him?"

"Violat only silently showed Gertrude the message."

"Oh it seems so good that it is true," said Jennie with tears of relief in her eyes. "We were deceived by an evil spirit!"

"There it is again," cried Violat and she was right for the likeness of Penrod appeared again.

"Don't let that message deceive you," it said. "I'm Penrod and he's an impostor."

A feeling of strange horror came over the little girls, even they now realized that in the spiritual world if he was dead his voice would not change. They could not recognize the voice at all and blamed themselves for their folly at not taking note at the time of the first visitation. Violat hurried a water pitcher at the apparition and it only said:

"So you would hate and strike your own brother. Well, are well. You'll never see me again. I wanted you the one coming is an impostor not your brother."

At first they began to feel as if it was right and their grief was about to return, but some how or other something made them panic stricken and they fairly ran out of the house Gertrude following.

Soldiers ran up at their cries.

"A demon takes the form of my brother," Jennie shrieked. "On that house. I won't occupy it again until Penrod comes if he really is alive."

The soldiers tried to quiet her and then led her to general Vivian's headquarters where the general heard the details.

"It is positive," said the general, "and I'm positively convinced too that it is a demon assuming that shape and telling you those thin things because you little girls won't give up the house to them. I know those demons are afraid of you but they're getting worse. Unless you stay here a while they'll be doing all but kill you. So for God's sake abandon that house for good girls. It's dangerous and only courting with the unknown. Take my advice and stay out until it is cleared of the spirits any how."

"Besides," said General Nemo "if you're brother had died or was killed and it was found out you would have got the news by wireless telegraph before now. And you little girls look closely at that message. If that ain't Gertrude handwriting then who does it belong. I know his writing any where."

They felt much better after that being more than ever convinced that an evil spirit was finding this sort of way of turning out to torment them.

"But he will be meeting us at that house," said Violat "so we got to be there. He'll think we are scared. We won't go in. We'll stay in the yard."

"Don't do it for Henry's sake," said General Vivian. "I'll send a guard there to inform Penrod you and your sister are here. It's safe and don't go chasing a devil around a stump. Wait till your brother comes and he'll bring some one who will clean out that house for you. If a Phenomena fire starts a God help you. Take warning in time. In fact, I won't let you go back until your brother comes. I demand you stay here even though you are little princesses. You cannot whip those demons even if you are angel possessed for they claim possession of that house and mean to stay there. Take warning in time. This shock you received should be a warning for that was the worst yet, and supposed you would have been drowned that night. Don't go back."

Violat and her sisters realized that General Vivian was right and decided that Penrod should first meet them at general Vivian's headquarters. In fact now they were a little too frightened and upset to go back to that dreadful place again. All things they had seen the felt there and sensed the "fake" vision of Penrod was the worst and the most horrible. Yet they feared because they knew they could and have that the evil spirits would follow them even to general Vivian's headquarters tent and torment them there, but fortunately their fears were well founded. The demons were satisfied as long as the little girls were not there.

In the meantime while Violet and her sisters were with general Vivian in his big headquarters tent, and he was having soldiers prepare the beds for the Preparing the beds a great crowd of soldiers and boys and girl scouts were as close to the possessed house as they dared to go, for they had observed a dreadful phenomena a little after Violet and her sisters had fled from the building. The strange fire phenomena had occurred but it did not last long, and they were watching waiting for it to reappear. The whole building inside and out side had been enveloped in a fierce conflagration conflagration with its attendant rolling clouds of smoke. At first it had been believed that some body had after all succeeded in setting it a fire in spite of the spirits, but as the fire had raged for an hour and the fire department had not been called, it gradually went out of itself and to the astonished gaze of the spectators not a section of the building inside or outside appeared at all burned. In fact it stood as if there had never been no fire.

Every body who had witnessed it had been stricken with horror and their astonishing cries had soon caused the collection of the crowd. Hearing the noise of excitement general Vivian and the little girls came out.

"What's wrong with the confounded building now?" the general wanted to know.

"It had been on fire," gasped one of the men. "And—"

"On fire?" said general Vivian looking at the building as if he thought he was seeing double, and then glancing strangely at Violet and her sisters who looked in terror at the building which now seemed to be shaking as if there was an earthquake. "What are you telling me a dream or—"

"No sir it was on fire. Ask any one of the crowd and they'll tell you the same, and what struck me as astonishing it didn't burn up but looked the same after it was over."

"I suspected this right along," said the general to the Vivian girls. "Had you been in the building when this happened only your possession angels would have been able to save you by a miracle. I believe you had better stay out for good and remain in my tent. You know very well you would make me very good company, and no need to make company to those who hate you. It's so good an old house however that it is a shame and if your brother can do anything as he said he can we can in the end have the last laugh. But we must wait until he brings the help he said he could."

"Every body though will think we gave in to the fiends," said Angelina. "So they won't," said the general. "And I'm not advising you little girls to give up but to wisely remain away from it until help can come that will bring about a change. Penrod said he could bring you help when he came and so wait till he comes. You said Jim went to meet Penrod."

"Yes."

Penrod knew the road he should take and so did Jim. Jim had gone to his own tent first and then summoned as many of his girl and boy scouts as possible to follow him and give Penrod the necessary greeting when they should come in sight of each other. Time had not said anything however of Penrod's clothing and soon while they were waiting at a certain spot one of the boy scouts said:

"Look there Jim a squad of Glandelinian boyscouts approaching."

"Where?" said Jim.

The boy indicated.

"Give me your glasses," said Jim excited and he looked carefully through them.

"Get into formation and prepare for trouble," said Jim.

"Are you going to attack them?"

"I sure am," said Jim.

"But suppose they are Prince Penrod and his gang coming objected one of the girlscouts.

"Then our friend Penrod has made a poor impersonation of Fredrick Daguerre the arch enemy of the dear little Princesses," said Jim. "And Fredrick Daguerre and that Jackson boy is with him. Pen Penrod is not in that group unless I'm mistaken and he has caught them. I'll wait and see first before I do anything hasty. But all of you lay in hiding."

They obeyed his command, however some of them had seen the last of them run to hiding and halted in their advance fearing an ambush. One of them went back to what appeared to be the leader of the squad and pointed to the place where he had seen the few go in hiding.

Tim from his hiding place watched them through his glasses and saw them turn down another road and go off toward the east. They were too far off to be pursued and Tim reluctantly had to let them escape. They had been wise to their peril and escaped.

"I wish he'd run across Prince Penrod and his gang," thought Jim to himself.

"The little devil wouldn't get away so easily...."

Finally Jim decided to continue down the road slowly until they should meet with Penrod and his followers. Penrod gave a glance at his wrist watch and saw that it was some time yet before Penrod would be along. But he knew Penrod. Penrod usually says he may be coming at such and such a time and Jim never saw him yet fail to come a certain number of minutes or so ahead of time. Soon Jim quickly again heard the sound of hooves and they were not coming at any snail's pace like the first squad. On had come though they were not coming at any furious gallop. The others did not hear any sound but Jim listened more carefully. Finally a round a turn in the road he saw a lone boy coming.

When around the same bend came a good sized squad of boyscouts.

Tim gave the leader a look with his glass. Among the boys was an officer in gray uniform his hands tied behind his back.

"He signalled to his followers to follow and they got ready for the deception. Only you trace flag or the prince may mistake us for enemies," said Jim to Francis Hart, and the boy obeyed.

"All right for now," said Jim. "I said Tim and remember do not go fast. The distance is quite great but there is no need to hurry."

However the trace flag had not been necessary. Penrod saw the cavalcade coming and not only recognized Jim but nearly all the others in the force most of the ranks and he and his column suddenly were seen to increase their speed for a moment. As soon as they were within hailing distance Penrod raised his hand to his followers and they halted, seeing Penrod's action Jim did like wise and then he and Penrod rode toward each other alone.

"Thank God and His Blessed Mother you have come at last," said Jim after the first loving greeting was over. "Your sisters need you worse than ever."

"I sure expected that," said Penrod for now the two columns were as one and going on back toward the way Jim had gone. "I received enough from their recent constant letters to make my own birth almost stand on end. Some how or other mysteriously I got a boy notice that they even saw me as dead and in hell in a vision and that the spirit said I was an impostor and not their real brother."

Jim was surprised by this news and said for now he had to go.

"It is true Penrod. They were awfully surprised at first when they believed it but succeeded in convincing them and getting them out of that unnecessary girl and general Vivian's trial to get them to stay out of that house."

They were troubled more than ever to day.

"I know most of the symptoms for they have written me," said the prince. "I couldn't understand the phenomena of the banging and opening of the doors though which they still wrote. And that horrid black shape they saw with the dreadful eyes, and the hands of fire. That shocked me as much as that vision of my supposed death and being in hell. Those demons will do any sort of deception."

They hoped that you would succeed in getting some body to help them," said Jim. "I sure did," said Penrod and with his head he indicated two priestly looking men at some little distance behind the squad.

"Are they priests?"

"Not a one. One is a bishop and the other a cardinal. I had them come with me from the Christian army I left. I know a way to do my share and I'm going to help them. A very Holy old Catholic Indian in America showed me how to do it when once a place he was called to was possessed. He got the fiends out in a hurry and they stayed away too after that."

"The poor little girls are dreadfully upset."

"I hope they are not frightened much," said Penrod looking worried.

"I don't believe they are but they sure stood some ordeal and that shows how brave they are," said Jim. The main thing that drove them out was the showers of stones."

"They wrote me of that," said the prince. "That to me was the most astonishing of the phenomena. Was it ever in possession of Glandelinian soldier's hat that house."

"It was, by general Thomas Federal."

"I thought so."

They rode on silently for some time and soon were within general Vivian's Vivian's army camp. Tim anxious to get the sisters hastened the pace.

Finally they came to the place and by that time the crowd was gone from it and only the long guard stood by the fence.

"Strange," said Penrod. "The place looks all right."

"It sure does from the outside," said Tim excitedly. "I wonder why the guard is there and looking so at ungle. I hope it is not another phenomena."

He went forward while Penrod having dismissed his followers waited at a little distance. Time soon came back.

"Your sisters at general Vivian's headquarters," said Tim and his face looked white to Penrod's startled surprise. "They left in good time. Prince had been a phenomena fire here and left the building intact."

But the guard said it was the heat of the fire and could have killed

them. A great crowd was here just before we arrived. The building is dangerous to approach now--- my gosh gosh Penrod look at it shape will you. And there is no earthquake either."

The building sure was shaking and doing so in a manner as if it would be shaken down or shaken to pieces. Penrod and Tim watched it in blank amazement and approached as close as the gate. As the two boys did so the shaking stopped. As if it was brought to an end by Penrod's approach. Here the demons for some unknown reason really dreadfully afraid of him.

"Would you dare to enter the building if I took a chance?" smiled Penrod.

"Are you not afraid?" said Tim.

"Not with this I ain't. The Holy old Indian gave it to me."

Tim looked at what Penrod showed. It was a large crucifix the image made of some shiny metal.

"Part of the wood of the real Cross Our Blessed Lord hung upon is in this"

said Penrod and therefore is a good holy relic. "He opened a little something in the cross and showed a little very dark color wood in the hole. "This is the relic" he continued.

"But could you not rout the fiends out for good?" said Tim.

"Not hardly. They will only go as long as I'm the real thing. I'm telling you the truth the shaking stopped because I came, but I am not going to experiment now. I do not wish to waste time. I wish to see my sisters first and encourage them and let them know that the world vision was a delusion for me and not even injured. And I went through a world of trouble trying to get my best to get here and confound those Glandelinians. They wouldn't let me through in the second army even though I acted as Adelfob. I had to go a long distance out of my way to get around, and that delayed time."

The two boys with the Bishop and the Cardinal now headed for general Vivianias headquarters tent being directed by Tim who knew the way. It was not as far however as Penrod had believed it to be because it was just across from the possessed house. It was a big (not pig) tent the height of the house itself and housed a lot of general Vivianias officers. But just then only general Nemo was with him. Among the generals the others being out on various other duties. The guards in charge of the tent outside were supposed at seeing Tim approaching with what was supposed to be as he looked a Glandelinian boy scout of very high rank indeed.

As they stopped before the tent entrance the corporal asked of him:

"How did you manage to capture a Glandelinian boy scout of so high a rank?"
"I captured him because he is a personal and very good friend of mine" said Tim almost laughing. "He will be a prisoner of the little princesses as soon as we go in. They have a claim on him not I."

"How come?"

"They are his sisters."

"What would the guard taken by surprise. "You mean to say that is Prince Penrod."

"He sure is just got through the Glandelinian armies on his way here. He's going to take possession of the possessed house himself."

"Why they'll drive him out like they did his sisters."

"Guess again," said Penrod as the two guards let the boys pass into the tent Penrod going first. As it was a little dark to his eyes in the tent Penrod for a time couldn't see anything, and the boys had come in so quietly that the two generals and the little girls sitting with their backs toward the entrance did not see or hear them enter.

"I'm sure so very to intrude" broke in Tim poking Penrod gently in the side as a warning not to say anything yet. "But here's a prisoner," brought in which you little Princesses can claim as your own. At least the guards thought he was."

General Vivianias and his companion suddenly looked up, and the little girls swung their heads around as if startled by some sudden words. General Vivianias had never seen "Adelfob" before neither did Nemo and at first they frowned, but Violet, and her sisters recognized him and were on their feet in a moment.

"Penrod! Violet gasped. "Is it really you?"

"Sure unless you want to see "Adelfob" better" smiled the Prince. "I see here I came sooner than I predicted, come here Violet and your sisters too and let me hold you in my arms and kiss you and dry your eyes. It looks as if you had recently been crying. Really it surprises me that you believed that fool apparition and Violet first was in his arms and then his sisters and after the excitement was over and he still held sobbing away in his arms he heard the whole set details from Violet and her sisters and also from Angelina Aronburg who had ran on seeing his approach. General Vivianias and even Nemo told their part of the story and General Vivianias related his trouble with the Prince. And also told of the phenomena fire.

"At first" said Penrod "I could not hardly believe it about the phenomena fire. Did you see it yourself General?"

"No but there was a big crowd near the place before you came and as they all and us they all testified that they seen the dreadful phenomenon it surely must have been true. At the house too when I and your sisters looked out shook as if it was having a fit. I expected it to crash in but it didn't."

"Are you sure" asked Jennie "that you could really believe us of this dreadful annoyance or should we abandon the house for good. It's such a nice comfortable place otherwise we hate to."

"According to what you tell me" said Penrod "the situation is worse far worse than I had anticipated. I intend to go in first and investigate. I might be able to learn details."

"Do you think it is safe?" asked Angelina.

"I'll have to take the chances" said Penrod. "I'll get the two priests to sprinkle holy water in my path to prevent the phenomenon fire if the evil spirits intend to rusticate me by that."

"Will we go with you?" asked Angelina.

"I'm afraid you'll have to" said Penrod. "As you're needed to show me the details. Then I can know how best to act."

The Cardinal and the bishop were instructed by Prince Penrod to sprinkle Holy water over the whole yard and they did so and advanced into the building followed by Penrod, and the little girls and Tim. The generals of course stayed behind. They said they were brave but they would rather stick their heads into a lions mouth than explore that house again. But Penrod had warned them that if evil spirits were doing it the phenomena could spread and infect his tent as his tent was just directly opposite the house even though two city blocks distant from it. At first Tim was some what nervous of going into the place again since he heard of the phenomena fire and for fear that something might happen Penrod entered first and warned his sisters to stay out until he felt it was safe for him to enter. As he entered a rat scurried past him and disappeared into a hole and what struck him as strange that the rat was of unusual size and as black as ink. He finally went the rounds of several rooms and then from the open window called to his sisters and Tim to come in, while the Cardinal was already saying the blessing prayers in the room. One at a time. Penrod had soiled his hands on something dirty in looking through the room rock room and he started to wash his hands in a large round wash basin and poured some fresh water into it. As if thrown by some unseen hand he got a perfect fountain of water full in his face from the basin so much of it that the basin was empty.

Every body in the room including Violet and her sisters who had come up were a witness to that phenomena.

"Well I'll be spluttered" Penrod started in spite of himself. "He hastily dried his face with a towel and turning to his sisters asked:

"Is this one of the phenomena?"

"It sure is" looked like it" said Tim for Violet and her sisters were too shocked and dumbfounded to speak. "And the water is all splashed over you uniforms."

"Don't worry about the uniforms," said Penrod. "That water splashed into my face with a force as if it came from a hose. He looked the wash basin over and saw that it was solid throughout."

"Next I suppose" said Penrod "if I was to go into a bath tub and try to take a bath I'd get thrown out by some unseen hands. I'll have to try and do something girls otherwise our chances of using this place for headquarters till the army moves in here is small."

For a time they were all silent until Penrod finished drying himself and then took off his disguise. Then he finally said:

"It is best for me to stay here at night first and see what will happen. If you wish your little girls may stay over but if you stay sleep in a two bed room. There is a room with two big beds the beds big enough to accommodate us all but I'm not going to bed. I'll get the sleep I need to morrow. I want to see what will happen. Your little girls can get some sleep and I'll stand on guard in your sleeping room to see that nothing happens. I do not believe there will be any phenomena fire because of this Sacred Crucifix which I have set up in your selected bed room. I told the Cardinal to set up a constant and never ceasing novena for we'll need means to give these evil doers a constant and never ceasing fight to drive them out. One alone can't do it for as soon as the prayers are said on the priest goes the things only to return."

Tim whispered something to Penrod.

Penrod then turned upon his sisters.

"Which apartment did you see the apparition that claimed it was I in hell?"

he asked. "That particular apparition needs special attention."

"In the two big bed room."

"Well he can come and see me and prove his story," said Penrod determinedly. "He even said you were not my brother, that you was only a boy disguised as he and an impostor," said Catherine.

"Spirits of the infernal regions will always tell the blackest lies," said Penrod. "If I was an impostor I could have been found out before long. I suppose I'm Frederick, you know now and Frederick Lorde is Penrod. How many times did that apparition appear?"

"Three times. Once at night. Twice at day time in the morning, and was this morning once early and then at sunrise. The last time he was menacing and we ran from the building."

Penrod offered to get some more water and let Violet and her sister wash their hands and faces but Violet said giggling; "Nothing doing brother-dear."

"Why that's the first time I ever heard that," said Penrod surprised. "You always wash yourselves before going to supper."

"Yes we do put in Jennie," but we'll do no washing in this place. We may get more water on our faces than we intend to put there. What happened to you may happen to us."

"I believe you are right," said Penrod, "but I say where is the pitcher and wash basin? Did you take it out, Jim?"

"What pitcher and wash basin?"

"The ones I used for washing."

At his questions the eyes of his sisters opened wide in astonishment. The pitcher and wash basin was gone. And no one had come into their room either, so they would have easily been seen. Jim looking was so dumbfounded he couldn't say anything more.

"Well," said Penrod, "if the spirits start taking our things it is a time we do something soon. But let's get ready for supper for one." He added, "Don't eat in this place for if we do we'll see some phenomena with our food we won't like. At General Vivian's headquarters mess hall they all with the officers and men had a grand supper indeed and then the little girls and my sister and I went to bed. Penrod remained on guard and all night long there was a phenomena. Then that morning a courier came into the house as far as he dared and told Penrod that a great number of those who had eaten their supper that night died of what was believed of a mysterious poison and many more were dreadfully ill. Penrod was horrified and asked the full detail and he found that those who ate supper with him and the little girls died of eating deadly fungi commonly known as toad stools. Fourteen of the dying ones and sixteen of the dead were officers. It was suspicious the courier said that some one had from some place gathered that they thought were a species of the harmless and delicious mush rooms which are common in the region but it was sworn by the cook that no body had even slipped any into the food. Indeed it was a most tragic supper. The courier said that soon after they had eaten supper a great number of them had suddenly become violently ill. All were rushed to the Base Hospital and that nine of them had died by morning, and that the doctors said all the rest would die within the next twelve hours."

"My god," said Penrod, "I and my sisters especially they. What was the fungi in?"

"The Chicken Stew."

"God be praised we didn't eat that," said Penrod much relieved. "Do you think any spies did it?"

"No so the food mysteriously came as they say from this house."

"From this confounded house?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet those evil spirits picked those toad stools instead of mush rooms to poison my sisters and me," said Penrod. "He didn't eat the chicken stew because we don't like mush rooms and we saw them in it. In fact my sisters detest them because they are afraid that there may be poison ones and they won't eat them. I was going to eat the Chicken stew and Violet said to me last night -

"Penrod don't eat the Chicken stew. There is mush rooms in them." "I didn't please them but how else we didn't know they were deadly. I know them when they're picked but when cooked they do look alike. There are seventeen main varieties of these deadly fungi, and when I was over there I counted there were three hundred different species in the United States alone. Many of these species are almost identical in appearance with harmless and palatable growths. Even expert pickers can easily be fooled. The difference between those deadly toad stools and the delicious mush rooms is revealed by chemical analysis. These harmless looking fungi so similar to their edible cousins in outward appearance have been found to contain some of the most dreadful and deadly poisons known to medicine. The toad stool known to science

as the Venenarius Muscarius, but known more commonly as the Fly Amanita or Fly Trap contains the dreaded Muscaria, a very stultifying alkaloid most deadly poison and for which there is no known antidote. Others of the less deadly but still poisonous species have been found to contain halvellic acid, cholic acid and pilz-atropine, all poisons. pl poisons.

One species of mush room probably more deadly than the fly trap and known to science as the Venenarius Phallides but aptly known by mush room pickers as the "destroying angel" contains some dreadful virulent poison which has defied a analysis. Science doesn't know yet just what it is in the chemical make up of this fungi that is actively poisonous. Yet a small bit of the plant, no bigger than a pea will cause death, and in the case of the Fly Trap science has not yet discovered any antidote. Therefore it was either the fly trap or the Destroying Angel which caused the deaths of those luckless men and officers. If my sisters had eaten any of that they sure would be lost to me now. Our Dear Blessed Father Lord sure in His mercy mercy prevented them and me from eating any of that Chicken Stew. Did General Vivian or Jim eat any?"

"I don't believe so if they are not ill," said the courier. "The doctors knowing the symptoms that virtually every poisonous mush room attacks its victims in the same manner by paralyzing the nerves of the heart, injected atropine, a heart stimulant and gave also an emetic. With all the mush rooms Prince except the Destroying Angel or the Fly Trap the victim has a chance if treatment is prompt enough after the first symptoms of the poisons set in but there was no saving these and they were treated even at the tent before going to the hospital. It must have either been the Destroying Angel or the other."

"What were the symptoms?" asked Penrod.

"Those symptoms are violent pains, a loss of strength and an amazing rapid loss of flesh. Strangely enough Prince though the symptoms do not usually appear until from eight to twelve hours after the toad stools have been eaten, yet in this case the symptoms occurred even while at the supper yet."

"If there had been fiendish spies who really did this," said Penrod, "they should be caught." "But it seems as if there were no spies implicated. You say the food was brought straight from this house?"

"Yes Prince."

"How ridiculous. Nobody cooked any food here."

"But it certainly was brought over from this house."

"I will have the whole premises searched for all sorts of Mush rooms," said Penrod, "and have them destroyed. Maybe a spy was also operating unseen in this house. It surely couldn't be the spirits on this occasion."

Penrod kept good his word and a thorough search was made for Mush rooms and toad stools but not one was found. "Dear reader it was the spirits that did this thinking of destroying the little girls. The toad stools used were both the Destroying Angel and the Fly Trap put to gether one of the spirits stole Penrod's basin in which to bring over the deadly fungi and slip it into the Chicken Stew while the Cook was away. General Vivian, No Nemo and others who also didn't like mush rooms ate no stew because of that and therefore escaped. The searcher found no toad stools of any sort but in looking the rounds of of the building Penrod happened to go down to the kitchen, and found lying on a table still around a number of what appeared to be Mush rooms. Just why it is that certain of these fungi have poisons in them and others have no science has not yet determined. Penrod discovered there were species among those on the table which contain fiery substances so irritating to the tongue that no normal person would eat a sufficient quantity to cause death. There were also many of those of the Destroying Angel and the Fly Trap. The latter is so named because it attracts flies which eat on it and die. To be sure no spirit interfered with this purpose he trapped or tied a string around around the mouth and wore it while he made a fire in the stove, and then pitched the poisonous mush rooms in and waited until they burned out or turned to ashes. Then he put out the fire and fearing that even the spirits would use the ashes to poison some one he dumped the ashes out some distance beyond General Vivian's headquarters tent. Then he went back to see if his sisters were still asleep and as they were he looked at his watch and found that it was four thirty in the morning - all - than he had supposed. He had not even so much as closed an eyelid that night and had not seen a thing. Had he not had the experience with the wash basin he would have begun to believe his poor relatives had delusions caused by their hard ships. He then went up to the attic to explore. He used his flashlight and looked all over the attic but saw nothing but old furniture furniture lying around. The attic was very large and had a good number of big windows. He struck a match and lit the gas and then started to examine all the things that were in the attic.

settled Penrod and Violet and her sisters were up in their room bed room with the Cardinal. They had been investigating the report of the men's estates when they were startled by Time loud vic voice which sounded full of excitement and fright. They all came down the stairs in a hurry as fast as any one could and Violet who happened to be in the lead saw the lighted candle. He had a sense that some one else had been in the room beside him, and she saw Time white face.

"What's the matter she asked as her sisters and Penrod came down followed by the Cardinal and even the priests who also had heard Time panic stricken cries. Time as best as he could explained the horrible manifestation which had been.

"The whole thing was black in color and dreadful in shape, said Time. It came from that corner (pointing) and lit that candle. It didn't seem to use any material either."

"Keep cool, Jim and don't be so scared," said Penrod. "Here's a good crucifix for your protection. I forgot sisters to tell you. I saw an apparition do that three times this morning. Twice I put the candle out and when it was lit a third time, left it lit. That happened sisters in your room room before me very face."

"Was it black?" asked Tim.

"I couldn't tell the color of the form," said Penrod "because it had a very big black cloak of some kind over it. It was an apparition because it disappeared through the wall of the room. After I had put the candle out a second time and it returned it looked as if it suspected my sisters or sons of them of it and became menacing. I feared it would attack, but it appeared to be afraid to go near a man then. Then it looked toward the cupboard where, hid and then relit the candle. I left it burning to see if it would come back and put it out but it didn't."

"Well we are going to work on the rooms in this whole house simultaneously," said the Cardinal. "If we can't stop this annoyance then it may be that God wills that the evil spirits stay here and the best for you little sisters to abandon the house. Only when God wills it you know will evil spirits depart. For His own good and for punishment of wicked evil doers God usually allows cases to it that these manifestations happen. And only through His own power will would he allow it to stop. The first priest told me who were here before that all their efforts were quite unavailing. It seems when they did succeed in stopping certain phenomena others of a different and more diabolical sort occurred, getting worse and worse. If as you little girls say your cruel inhuman foe General Tomas Federal occupied this place recently before the Christian army moved up this way, then for these phenomena to be happening here must have been a very unusually wicked man and also had intercourse with the evil spirits, and so also may have had his followers follow him. Are you sure this was his head headquarters?"

"Yes," said Jennie. "I believe it was in this yard out side where, struck Federal Federal in the head with a stone."

The Bishop and the Cardinal held a council of conversation aside and in low tones with the priests for several minutes, and pointing several times to the candle which had been lit. Then the Bishop went over and blew on it hard. It to their surprise wouldn't go out. Penrod then tried it and to their greater surprise he was able to snuff it out but he did it with his fingers.

The Bishop then turned to Violet and her sisters and said:

"There is only one hope little Princesses and that is if you little girls are really and truly Angel possessed," said the eldest of the priests. "I surely could know by examining you each carefully for I understand the cases as I have seen some and examined some and they surely have been beautiful cases. If so that is a reason then why you have so easily so far been able to stand your ground even though you couldn't drive them off no more than they could drive you. If you are really Angel possessed we must then have your help. We cannot do anything to night to speak off for in each room to move now morning simultaneously a high Mass will have to be sung. As there are six rooms each of you little girls being good singers, I know must sing for the Mass, two of you in one room as you are seven. To the Cardinal your brother can act as altar boy as we know he has been one for many months already. Then there must be Benediction to move now night in each room after the Exorcism, but first to make sure we must find proofs whether you little girls are Angel possessed or not. Do you know who the you are or not?"

"We can't tell on that said Jennie. "We only believe so because many said we must be because we go through so much as we did and are still sad and sound. And they say we act like Angels more than even any of the other good children too. We believe we are possessed only by our article of faith. If it is true then only one person besides Penrod, believe can confirm it as he has been with us never but often as our father has yes, even more often than anybody. He is hardly never away and is only, within hailing distance now. That is our Guardian Jack

Ambrose Evans. But he might may not reveal anything I'm afraid. But he'll tell the truth in any thing he says. And also the testimony of Angelina Aronburg if she'll reveal it, and also my Father's. Penrod our dear brother can tell you a whole lot, and so can Walter Starling."

"Would it be necessary to consult them?" asked the Bishop of the Cardinal. "We would have to get sworn evidence, beside their testimony," said the Cardinal. "But of course a virgin we could only get this by signal correspondence because he is just now too far away. But I'm afraid he'll think we're prying in his little child's business and--and--"

"No Father won't," said Joice decidedly. "He would be glad too. But I'm afraid about Jack Evans. He usually would tell no one not even if we asked him. He would be very angry if you asked it of him. Maybe our brother could get him to do it. Will you try Penrod. He's our superior being our guardian and we do not like to ask him personally."

"But surely we do not need those witnesses do we," Cardinal asked the Bishop as he looked from the little girls to the priests as well."

"Most likely we would."

They had left the possessed house by that time, while Penrod had ordered that altars should be erected in every room and that guards should be there with big crucifixes and stay day and night to see that nothing wrong is done to the altars by the evil spirits.

Penrod went to see General Jack Evans having been given directions as to his headquarters by Violet. In fact Evans was stunned by Penrod's story. He did not even know had not heard that the house the little girls were in was possessed by fiends.

"Well," said Evans frowning with perplexity "for the sake to help them conquer those enemies I'll do what I can but, I do not think I can explain very much. But I've seen symptoms that shows they're surely Angel possessed and severely too. Barely for all they went through and survived ought to prove that in the first place. But I'll go and interview the Cardinal and the Bishop. But only their signs shall hear my testimony. And if they don't keep it secret from any body else they'll be sorry. I won't have this phenomena spread to the world unless God wills it. I had been warned often in my sleep. But before I decide I first must go and consult Our Lady of Good Council. She'll show me by a feeling whether I should reveal what I know or not. So I'll be over at eight o'clock. The two must wait until then. I'll go to the Army Church right now and you go back and inform them what to do. As for Walter Starling he'll be glad to tell you all things and have him interviewed first. I and Angelina Aronburg may tell the rest. But the Princesses must testify their own too. But it seems at times they cannot do anything unless their condition is proved. But for those little dears if God wills it I'll do anything. For I hate to see evil spirits give them the hell, because they were forced to leave the building. That I won't have. I hate them too much. The fact the little girls have stood it out against those fiends when any one else have an hell from the building shows they have immeasurable courage the brave little dauntlings. So I'll help them to win if God wills I should reveal. But I go now and see his Blessed Mother's advice."

Penrod then shook hands with him and they parted. He stopped long enough at Evans gate to look at his watch.

"General Evans will have plenty of time," he said to himself. "It is only half past five and still a little light yet but getting dark from that confounded forest fire smoke. But he'll see what Walter Starling says."

He mounted his horse and rode for the boy scout leader's headquarters. But as he got there the guard halted him.

"I'm so sorry prince but Walter Starling is not in. He went to Angelina Hedges tent on some important military business."

"Can he be summoned if it is necessary?" asked the little prince.

"For you or your sisters he would come I suppose but for no one else. Could you write the summons Prince?"

"I guess I'll have to. This is a very necessary situation. I must see him and speak with him privately."

He wrote the summons and the sentry went to take it while Penrod think of it though a prince actually took his post until the guard came back. The guard was gone only ten minutes and then returned holding a paper in his hand.

"Walter Starling will be here in a minute after," said the guard. "This is a plan he captured from some Angelinian office out in the sea."

He saw early this morning and he told me to give it to you. I was in such a hurry to do so I bent him down the road about a mile. But he is coming as fast as he can."

Just as he spoke Penrod saw some one coming in the distance through a clump

cloud of Just. He soon rode up along and dismounted. He just nodded politely to Penrod and turned to the sentry.

"After this wait for me and don't don't rush off so sharply," he said. "There was no such haste as that. I had something else to give you and you left me a minute behind. What in the world was your hurry?"

The sentry was too embarrassed to answer for he had made too much haste in his excitement.

"As for giving the man this time," said Penrod playfully. "He was in a hurry and didn't do it right."

"I will but he mustn't do those things," said Starling. "Suppose a Glandelinian could have rode along side and he not even armed with pistols. A musket is no good on horse back."

"That would be serious," said Penrod looking at the man almost reproachfully as he took the papers. "You must be careful. It would even cause your death. Starling is only a boy but he sure could prevent anything happening if he can defend my sisters and others like he did."

He put the papers inside of a coat sleeve and then turning to Starling said "Remount you who are and I'll tell you what I want as we go along." Starling was surprised when he heard the news, though of course he knew of the situation of the house.

"It's strange that they need all that information," he said. "But if the little girls are willing I'll reveal as much as I know. But I know only a few experiences about their angel possession. Why didn't the priests consult General Evans. There is plenty he knows and I don't mean maybe."

Penrod did not intend to stop at Angelina Aronburg's tent for he had before he rode this sent a courier to ask her to come and wait for him at the headquarters of the little girls on the outside with rather a

However, he found that they with the Bishop and Cardinal had gone to General Vivian's headquarters. For though they wouldn't say what it in or was the little girls did not want to remain at the old place until they got Evans' decision. The Cardinal had said almost sternly too. "No one remains in that house to night. I can sense something very dangerous."

Penrod and Starling headed for General Vivian's house.

"My God," said Walter Starling. "Look at that old house will you." Penrod glanced in that direction. It was in a state as if it was in a fierce conflict of a long ration and near it as close as they dared to go was a great crowd of soldiers and boys and girls. General Vivian, Violet and her sisters and Angelina Aronburg were also watching it at the rear of the crowd. It was terrifically hot, and great clouds of smoke rolled from the fire but strange to say the building would not go out. The fire department had been called out and were throwing streams of water on it thinking that would reduce the phenomena believing the water would overcome it, while a priest was blessing the water as it came out of the hose. But the fire raged on hotter and hotter soon throwing such parching heat that even the crowds with drew.

"See what you little girls escaped," said the Cardinal. "I'm surprised it didn't happen when you were asleep last night and—"

"Wait," said Penrod getting down from his horse. "I can explain it. I was in the with this crucifix. I forgot myself and took it with me. I wonder if I can stop that."

"Do n't go in," shouted some of the crowd. "You'll get scorched."

"I'll only go as near as I dare and see if I can stop it by saying a Prayer and holding it before me. If so then all will be all right." Of course being the prince they had to open up to let him pass them. He approached the gate but that was as far as he got as the heat was unbearable. He fell on his knees, made the Sign of the Cross and then held the Crucifix high in the air and held it there. A priest followed him and started sprinkling Holy water but had no effect however and that explained why. The phenomena was not demons but done by demons and no doubt this phenomena fire had its time to burn and expire out and would not until then. The fact of Penrod being there with the crucifix prevented the demons from making it while his sisters were there and the possession angels too. The reader can understand the phenomena occurred when they were not in the building, not when within it was a purpose to keep them out."

Finally it began to subside nevertheless and to the astonishment of every body the building was not in the least bit singed. That an act of magic by the demons.

After the excitement of the phenomena was over the crowd dispersed and the prince and princesses were soon with Angelina Aronburg. At about a clock at Aronburg in the building, Starling was the last to enter. By a clock at on the General's tent it was only six o'clock army supper time for the princesses and their brothers. They invited Starling and Angelina to dine

with them. Angelina and Starling, as only too glad to accept, loved nothing better than to often to be with them. And little Jarvis was there too but had not been in that afternoon. The Bishop and the Cardinal and the priest were so out with them. But to their surprise a courier came and said

"His Excellency General Evans summons you all up to his headquarters right away. The bishop, the Cardinal and the priest too. He had prepared a great good supper for you all, and he'll interview you there at supper. He has been at Church and fell feels sure he can tell all for that cause. He wishes you all to hurry."

"Then there is no need of me to do any cooking," said Penrod with a smile. "Come every body. It is only a little of ten minutes."

As they were en route anything that Jack Evans cooked would surely give anything worth eating to eat there again even if he had to pay a big price for the meal. For those who choose however there was coffee or tea, for Violet and her sisters and Penrod and Angelina Aronburg and Starling too there was milk, but that they were not allowed to have coffee, but because they would never drink it unless they needed it as a stimulant. They didn't like coffee. The customary grace a before and then after the meals were said and then after supper Evans arranged a large oblong table and ordered every body to be seated. Then he produced a good sized ledger book and pushed it over to the Bishop and Cardinal.

"I do not know for sure who wrote all those records," said Evans. "But they're in that book. It tells all what the little girls went through since their experiences began. Many of them are scenes of horrors and how the little girls survived them no one can tell. All miraculous escapes. It may take some time for you both to read them off probably about an hour or so. Some of those I had with them myself. I read them carefully and see if you can make them out. Both of you to save time can look at them together. Then I'll show you something else. But there will be so much to do before you get the evidence that the little girls better sleep to night up here and keep away from that place until you may succeed in clearing it out. I'll go with you and help you to morrow. If it is necessary we can awaken them sometime to night to examine them. But if you intend to do anything at the start to morrow morning we'll have to be all up all night except the little girls and the prince, Starling and Angelina can sleep all day to morrow."

"I slept nearly a good part of the since since after saying Mass," said the Bishop and so did the Cardinal. "So well we're unnecessarily even to morrow and gain what sleep we need afterwards. But that place is to be cleared if possible."

Both went over the descriptions in the book very carefully and took over an hour in reading all the details. It seemed to them unbelievable that such little girls could and did go through such experiences and still live and the two looked at Violet and her sisters long for they had not yet retired. They retired at nine o'clock some nights and seven at others. It is accordingly that they have to do. And they had to stay up yet to bear their own witness to what was in the book, and any hour it was not even yet seven o'clock.

"Did you write all those and keep track of them?" You Excellency asked the Cardinal at which littleaisy giggled at the look in Evans' face.

"I just told you and the Bishop my dear Cardinal that I'm totally ignorant as to who kept track of all those descriptions. However the book belongs to my charges Violet and her sisters. There's something strange about that book. I could not account for it myself. Glandelinian spies have tried to get it for some reason or reason or other and never could succeed. Only last night one got into my room where I kept it. The book case was open and the man lay dead killed mysteriously in front of the book case. Something strange about that book because it happened to be every spy's spy where ever that book was. And only my charges or their brothers or faithful followers can touch that book without disaster."

With a pencil the Cardinal marked at the places in the book the worse of their experiences and especially the dreadful bloody massacres of children they had witnessed and had almost been a series of victims of and yet miraculously escaped. Then as the book was finally shoved over to the priest Evans went into another room and brought out a large and big book only which he could carry. Other men could not even lift it.

"I can't account for this either," said Evans.

"What's in that book?"

"Photographic pictures of the very experiences that are listed there. There. Mind you, not drawings or paintings. Pictures taken by a camera camera." "He laid the book down gently on the table. "I must say he continued. "The book need not be so heavy. Those who tried to steal it were dead in the same mysterious way. And my charges and their brothers they never even seen the spies enter. The book was so big that every body could look through it at the same time."

Violet and her sisters explained the picture to those who had never seen them and there were over five hundred of them and it took quite a while before it was over. Then the little girls and Penrod went to bed for they wouldn't stay up any longer. But Starling and Angelina Aronburg remained up.

"What did they do to that Augustinia girl who was so brutal to the little Princess Jennie?"

"My gosh!" Penrod said who overheard that remark. "I forgot entirely about him! It was he who captured him. He positively is still a prisoner and I have to get to bring him to trial. That would seem strange and think of any body who does that was easy with him but that's the worst thing I could do. He'd been better off if he had been tried and sentenced some where than what is happening to him now. God caused me to forget to punish him severely. A prison camp in an army here is a terrible thing, but I won't bother with him now. Haven't got time. I'll try him next month."

"I wouldn't bother my head about him for a trial," said Starling sarcastically while Angelina Aronburg showed an offensive look. "Would not Jennie's testimony be enough?"

"It sure is," said Penrod. "But I wish he to accuse him before my Tribunal so they can use the most measure of sentence."

"Put I have no witnesses," protested Jennie soberly.

"You don't need no witnesses," answered Starling. "From what kind of a little girl you are your testimony is worth a thousand witnesses. For get it angel dear and for your and my sake don't lose no sleep over it. That second trial will get him and you ought to be his judge."

With that they went to their respective bad rooms where at least there was no danger of disturbance from evil spirits. Of course such things are likely to spread, but the evil powers were afraid and wouldn't follow the little girls being glad enough if they stayed from the house they possessed.

The priest and the two others and the two children studied the pictures for quite a spell and then finally commented upon it.

"Have you anything else to show?" asked the Cardinal.

"Yes this," and Evans produced a smaller record book. "They have been wounded deep often during their experiences but if you could look over their bodies you wouldn't see a scar anywhere. And yet their wounds were deep enough that had any occurred on others scars would be for life. This book is a proof from the reliable physicians and surgeons who attended them."

The book was carefully looked over.

This is unusual," said the Bishop while the Cardinal was mute. And this book says they too have often been strangled long enough by Glandelinian even past the number of minutes to die, or even smothered and still are alive. How does that account?"

"I cannot explain that," said Evans. "But the written facts are there. No one can get that book either. The same phenomena occurs. Death to the would be thief."

When the priest studied the book they looked at each other. They felt kind of queer.

"Who wrote this book out?"

"The reliable surgeons," said Evans.

"Have the surgeons witnessed?"

Evans laughed at the question goodheartedly.

"If you want to continue on this investigation a year I'll get the witnesses," he said.

"Good night Nurse," said the Cardinal and he looked at the priest as if he was amazed and dumbfounded.

"Have you anything else?"

"Yes the horses they personally own all beautifully black ones. No one but the birth or the little girls can ride them unless they stand by as you mount. As for Glandelinian soldiers if they try to mount, they won't stay again. And you cannot shoot the horses or even overtake them on any fast one either."

"You don't mean to say the horses are..."

"I'm not saying anything about the horses being possessed by angels. They're miraculously guarded that is all and the angels make them dangerous to the Glandelinians."

"Could I mount one of them safely?"

"Yes I suppose so. But do not try it with a Glandelinian uniform on though. You may be taken to a hospital," he said.

"But about the case of the most serious wounds and not receiving any scars. That seems impossible," said the Bishop. All of the little girls had received not just bullet wounds, but cuts from sabres, shell fragment wounds and as of them shot through the chest twice and in the heart and yet lives. That seems only an Alibi."

"Alibi! If you will," said Evans. "Then what is the use of questioning me further? You should question the priest who gave Violet Holy Communion at the time she was shot in saving the Blessed Sacrament from a musketeer. As for Angelina Vivian her cure was impossible from a mortal lung wound. Little Jennie, and Catherine Jones, attended her when she was so ill. At times she didn't hardly know what it was to breathe. She's alive and well to day and there is no scar mark where she had been shot in the lung. Doctor Michael Rufina was her Surgeon. As Prince Penrod told you just not long ago it is not usually up to me to give any information unless it is my will to do so. Their conditions whether they're angel possessed should have been kept secret from all one. Why bother about the possessed houses. Let them sleep here. In fact I don't hardly believe the place is possessed. How should I know? I never even saw the place."

"You don't believe that and yet we saw some of the phenomena," said the Bishop. "So you say. Do you think I would believe that because you say you saw a phenomena. Why should I believe your words if you doubt mine. It was positive that I intended not to reveal anything, but I want to church seeking advice from the possessed lady in prayer, and I got a feeling a strong feeling that it would be perfectly justified. But that don't make it so that I should reveal anything further if you're going to show doubts. If that book to your ideas don't seem to you to tell the truth then go and see the Surgeons. I can give you the list of their names and they are here right in general vivian's army. I'm the main command here. I could send for them at once. Let them tell you those things then and I'll drop further information. I'm not supposed to give any one information about those little Princesses, and Emperor Vivian wouldn't like it if I do so unnecessarily as it is no ones business. You came seeking information saying it would help in the case of driving out the evil spirits. If you think I'm telling you things wrong or making a sort of Alibi then leave the devils stay there, leave them alone. The princesses can remain here. I never asked you to go and chase them out. Prince Penrod did. What the spirits do there doesn't concern me at all as long as they're not here. Since you say it is an Alibi then seek your information some where else. Don't come to me for it."

Evans rose from the table as if getting ready to go. "I didn't say it was an Alibi," said the Bishop. "I only say it seems so from the unusual statements here."

"To say to seems so to my hearings means the same as saying it is, you have wasted plenty of my precious time and caused two others to stay up longer than their time and say that. If that isn't true then why do spies die mysteriously who try to steal those books. Why I don't even have to lock the book case. It's too dangerous for any thief or spy to even lay a hand on them. I suppose you'll say that phenomena is also of the devil. Surely the devil himself could be glad to see those books stolen. But even they wouldn't lay hand on them. And also those books have been blessed. You have seen enough in those books to convince any one without further information which I could give you and you say it seems an Alibi. It is best you get your information some where else. I'm not supposing I supposed to reveal any secrets from any one. If you doubt what I'm telling you you're doubting one of the Articles of our Faith and you are supposed to be a Bishop."

"But I did not say I doubt anything," said the Bishop humbled in spite of him self for Evans was really angry. If that is true then there is some unusual phenomenon about them that I cannot understand. To think of shell wounds. No shell wounds ever occurred to persons without leaving big scars, and bullet wounds even to scratch leaves scars. If they have no traces of having been wounded then they are a phenomena themselves. Why he is the priest who attended Violet when she..."

"Princess Violet," corrected Violet Evans. I would not reveal that priest's name to anybody. He will not tell any how. Princess Violet warned him not to and it is not her request. It is her command."

"But how can I tell then..."

"You don't need to see that priest to find out the details, as can't you see it is written down there in the book by the priest himself, but he did not assign his name as Violet for he told him too. Isn't that evidence enough. Or is it too an Alibi?"

Violet and her sisters, their bed room in a room just opposite overheard those remarks. They were surprised themselves that the Bishop had mentioned the word Alibi. They did not care whether they would remain in Evans' headquarters but if they through their own accord did not get the evil spirits out of that house then the evil spirits won, and they were little girls who wouldn't even let evil spirits get the best of them in any way. Of course Evans did in a way in his heart believe something about the house since the little girls told him, but it was his way of expressing to the Bishop when the Bishop showed some signs of doubting the information he had received. Looking through the partly opened door Violet saw Evans was going to move away.

She knew if the Bishop or the others did not get the full details of what they were seeking, they would pay as much attention to the house then as if it was not possessed. Of course being doubted Evans was offended. For everything he told, even as the reader knows was all truth. If scars had remained violet and her sisters by now would be all scars. For the number of times they had been wounded. Violet came out and pleaded with Evans not to take it so seriously.

"We want them ousted or we're whipped Evans," said violet. "I don't think the Bishop means what he said though he might have found it astonishing. If he thinks it's an alibi then I'll tell him it isn't for we ourselves could furnish proofs that would make him gasp, and my sisters. We were once even charged to death as to say as we're here, don't be angry at the poor Bishop. He didn't mean what he said."

Violet looked so pleadingly at him that the general couldn't resist. He kissed and embraced her and said he would then and led her back into the room. "In the room he said;

"How about that priest, should I let him reveal anything?"

"Which one you mean?" asked violet.

"The one who gave you Holy Communion when you were shot in the heart?"

"O violet said "That is not necessary. That holds for good. It's too scared. That priest couldn't be found now anywhere. Only Our Blessed Lord knows where that priest is."

Evans turned to the table.

"There are instances with forest fires," said Evans. "We were caught in their path the fire advancing twenty miles an hour it is claimed, being with them was the cause of their being saved. But it seems so strange I usually usually believe it was they who saved me. But the saving of us all was miraculous on all occasions, and then in in the summer thunder storms of unusual violence break out immediately after Glandelinians had done anything wrong to them, I was a witness of a horrible and yet deserving sight one day. I sometimes even dream of it at night. A terrific wind blown thunder storm was raging. I was out scouting with a party of officers and I had this boy Walter Starving and Angelina from Glandelinian with me, he could tell you he said and she is not a day or so either."

I saw violet and her sisters on horse back racing madly from a party of Glandelinian cavaliers. They were not intent on capturing the little girls but to sabering them to death as soon as they caught them. I saw my followers could not do a thing for we were too far distant though we would like mad to get the running horses to death. The little girls were instantly over taken and some of them already grabbed just as he got within a hundred feet of the scene. I felt my heart in my mouth for it was too late to save them. But my God, I was almost blinded by a terrific flash that seemed to envelope the Glandelinians and everything in view including the Princesses too, and the shock of what sounded like an explosion knocked me and half my troop from their horses. When I got to my feet there were the Glandelinians lying beneath their horses' bodies burned to a black crisp and the horses not injured struggling to arrive. The little girls were not harmed but were dreadfully frightened at the catastrophe for, could see it in their faces and also bewildered. At the time the Glandelinians were going to cut the little girls down a dreadful lightning flash struck at us and struck them killing every one. Six of the Glandelinians had their hands on violet and her sisters thus making a circuit and tying yet the little girls told me afterwards they had not even felt the slightest shock and their horses were not harmed either. There were fourty in the party and all the Glandelinians were killed. I have a hundred other witnesses including even Penrod to prove that for he too was with me on that dreadful occasion."

There was a pause and then Evans continued;

"I'll never forget Penrod's face when he saw that disaster. It was for quite a while that he would ever go near the Vivian and Princesses or talk to them because he was very much afraid of them. He didn't know they were his sisters then not did, and I had a terrible time to get him out of his scare. A party of Glandelinians who at a distance saw the disaster thought, had hurled a big of grenade at the Glandelinians attacking the Princesses, and despite it all they made a fierce attack upon me and my troops and we were worsted badly because of the numbers and the little girls were captured any way. These Glandelinians were different soldiers however and did no harm but carried us off to camp. And the little girls then a later managed to make our escape in the dark. But I never yet got over that awful experience. If it was n't a intervention of God through the angels I'll eat my hat. I feared was part of the disaster when the others captured us but nothing happened. I believed it was because the others did no harm. No hand grenades were found on us and the Glandelinians believed I had exploded only one."

Evans then stated many other things he could recall, and then said it was time to turn to tell what he knew.

"I know many but I'll tell two of which, was a witness of one of which was shocking throughout, and another which was shocking at the beginning and laughable at the end."

In one case I was even too far away to get to their aid in time yet to save them. A party of Glandelinians had captured the little Princesses and tied six to a tree. Believing that the little girls could not be saved by any one the soldiers slowly left, leaving one to do the work of hanging the little girls on the charge of being spies. I don't know what sort of a rope they used to hang her with that is, since but it was evident the one man left to do the work was to kill each one by one so they could suffer the horror of seeing their sisters die. Joice was the first to go up. I was close enough then to see in horror the proceedings but the horror had changed to startled surprise. He was standing underneath her and she had stones tied to her shoes. That is the way Glandelinians hang children to increase their weight so they would surely strangle.

She came down all of a sudden, the rope snapping off at the limb as if broken and she landed feet first on top of that man's head and crushed in his skull. She was thirty feet above him and was unhurt. Before I could do anything she had liberated her sisters and disappeared. Later I saw them come into camp. I went up to see what Joice had done, and believe me that man's head was squashed. I climbed the tree and tried to untie the knot but I couldn't. I tried to cut the rope off and the knife was spoiled. I never saw such a rope. It was to my eyes unbreakable and could not be cut, and yet it broke when she was strangling by it. I believe that was a miracle to save her. An angel purposely cut it with a fiery sword or something to let her down on the man. I went to see a farmer-inter whom, knew to ask for some thing badly needed for my scout troop and he gave me all the details. He told me the little girls came to him, with the rope still around Joices neck. He had to buy it loose and he said it took him two hours and a half. I forgot what he said, but he was so struck by the incident and his testimony that he took the rope to a rope factory to have it examined. He told me what it is made from and though, still remember I cannot pronounce the word. The rope can be burned, but it cannot be broken or cut, and yet it broke when she hanged there because, said it, and if you think I'm handing you an alibi then ask her for she had the experience and knows."

"Did the little girl ever keep the rope?"

"Yes," said Evans himself. "She claimed it from the farmer to prove it in case of necessity. Here's one truth of the statement" and Evans grinned. If you doubt it Bishop and my dear Cardinal I can prove it by going out side and showing you I'm strong enough to upset a uproot a tree by my hands. But kill me if you must, I cannot break that rope."

"I'll bet that rope was rotten somewhere where it broke," said the Cardinal.

"That rope doesn't rot," said Evans. "I have it and I'll show you the pieces. You can see where it broke at the ends. If that is rotten you can have the rope your self."

In less than a minute Evans produced the rope. It was long and coiled and of a dark gray color though at a distance it looked black. "I know that kind of rope," said the Cardinal. In Glandelinia they manufacture it. I know that kind of rope to be used for tourist hunters who wish to capture strong upon a live. You can capture a big porilla with that alive and he could never break it. It is much stronger than chains."

The Bishop looked it over very carefully especially at the ends of the rope. From the looks of Evans it could not be doubly doubted. He wanted to prove about the rope so he took them that he could do what he said but he wanted to prove about the rope so he took them all out side and made his demonstration. He tore up a good sized tree by the roots and to their great surprise (and interest of staring) who was used to such feats of strength laid the tree down as carefully as if it was not so heavy at all. Then he went back into the house. He wasn't pretending either, for they could see it on his face, but let him strong as he is try and break that rope. He only made his hands sore trying it.

"There now," said Evans, "cannot break that rope. Yet Joice told me herself that she didn't stay long. He had only been down until she was thirty feet above the rope and then she was suddenly down on the man and killed him. Though she choked for that half minute she nevertheless heard the crack of that rope as it snapped in two."

"Who cut it off the limb?"

"I did," said Evans. "I was then able to untie it after, shattered the limb against a stone."

little girls faced to get a good look at their faces. Yet it was too dark for them to see their faces and the Bishop no longer to use the candle. Finally he went over to Pen and said:

"I must take the risk if you wish me to help getting rid of their evil phenomena in that house, if you wish to help them win the victory over the demons. I cannot see a thing in the dark and I can tell things as, even while they sleep. If they are not angel possessed Prince things can come to a pass that such things as the evil phenomena can spread. Did you not know that?"

"Yes," said the Prince, "but if you awaken them you'll not be able to detect anything either, I believe."

"I don't think I will awaken them by a mere candle light if, hold it high so it don't give glare in their faces. I must know for sure. The other things I have heard do not sound really angel possession, only miraculous intervention from God himself."

It however took considerable coaxing before Perrod would finally yield. Finally he consented but reluctantly and the Cardinal himself took the lighted candle and held it high but close enough so that he could see the two little girls. He was looking on Violet and Joice. He then slowly passed from one of the other who did not say anything while he did this, but when he came to Jennie

he awoke her up. She alone was not sound asleep like her sisters were. At first she thought it was an apparition and sat right up in bed pulling from her a pillow and a cushion. But when she saw it was the two priests and Angelina Aronau she sobered up, lost her anger and asked:

"What's the matter with us in trouble too here?"

"No," whispered the Bishop. "To tell the truth we were looking for traces of angel possession while you sleep. We looked your sisters over but you awoke."

"How could you tell it in our sleep?" she whispered in return and she smiled sweetly at him. Oh, the Heavenliness of that childish angelic smile. The Bishop and the Cardinal surely evidenced the angel in that for even the sweetest children could not give so heavenly a smile.

"Early enough. I'll tell you and your sisters to morrow. Better go to sleep now for we do not wish to wake up your sisters."

He laid his down playfully and then kissing on her on the forehead the three left the room slowly and quietly and slowly closed the door. Evans was sitting in his big chair near the table waiting and he looked inquiringly at them as they came out.

"Well what did you find out?" the General asked.

"It was hard to tell at because there was no sufficient light. We'll make a better look when it gets to be morning and they are still asleep. I tried by the candle and awoke Jennie. But we did feel strange while we were in there. Didn't you too little girl?"

"I felt sort of good and when they call it like you were in the presence of something you do not like to leave."

The Bishop looked at his wrist watch and found it was only half past Ten. "Who is the head of this house whether you are here or not?" the Bishop asked of General Evans.

"Evans merely with a jerk of his head indicated a big picture hanging on the wall. The Bishop and the Cardinal looked at it and then smiled.

"I know but I mean the human head of this house."

"I suppose I have to admit that, am I right?" asked Evans.

"I would suggest why not destroy that old house and have you little Princesses occupy this place instead. Then we would not neither bother with the Phenomena any more."

"I suppose you are afraid to go into that house again eh?"

"No it is not that. I'm only suggesting that because we do not succeed to morrow night in our efforts. It only happens when it is God's will you know. Humans do nothing without His will because they can't and ain't allowed. For all we know they'd be possessing that place and when your little charges were there they'd have been glad to go for good but probably dissent. They were really afraid of the little girls and no doubt would give anything to get themselves but couldn't help themselves. We know the prayers don't command the demons to go. That is up to Our Blessed Lord if it is His will to order them off instead. If we don't succeed then we must be assigned and let the place go for good."

"Then you mean positively the place really is possessed without doubt?"

Evans demanded.

"Do you doubt the testimony of the little Princesses?"

"I'll tell you what," said Evans. "If you say that place is possessed by evil spirits you try and get that building destroyed?"

"Try and get that building destroyed. Why it's simple. Put up a good battery of cannon and let the building have a broadside of shells."

"Oh I see. And you'll see the evil spirits putting a hook on your planes right then and there. Violet told me it was attempted, by fire and by shooting of cannons and that building still is unharmed. If you think you can do it go ahead."

"No objection then?"

"No," said the Cardinal. "If you wish I'll even mount the cannons for you."

"Oh so you defy me to have it done," said the Cardinal almost scornfully.

"Well I'll show you, come ahead. Say little girl what are you smiling about?"

"Oh now Cardinal that's ridiculous," said Angelina Aronau. "Don't waste your time for it was tried. It was ordered to be done by General Evans. All those who tried to apply fire to the shells were either mystically knocked down by unseen hands or the shells thrown or pulled out of their hands or flung at them."

Artfully with solid shot was tried and the shots were hurled off their course by the unseen power. powers. Then they tried not a gun to hurl big shells. though it was proved absolutely the guns were in good conditions they wouldn't work. The gunners were dumbfounded and didn't know what happened. They examined the casements and got scared. They knew positively they had loaded the guns with high explosive gang-gang shells. When they opened the casements the shells were not there. A phenomena worked on their guns. Even the shells on the carts were gone. You can't destroy the house. Ask General Evans. I saw the whole detail and know. Even the demons have thrown stones at the house when the little girls were in the building. But if you try that you'll get knocked down."

"I never heard of such a thing before," said the Cardinal. "Just for experiment I have a mind to try it."

"No, no please don't try to do it," said Angelina Aronau. "If the guns do go off that big boom will awaken the little girls and they'll think an attack is made upon us. If you wish we'll try it to morrow. But we might do it now."

"If they're fooled they may be offended."

"But if you intend so audaciously to rout the demons out of the building and you say it can only be God's will if they do go, why do you wish to find out if Violet and her sisters are so really angel possessed?" asked General Evans.

"Because if they really are I must have their full co-operation in the work, as work as they are the ones so annoyed by them," said the Cardinal.

"But if you think God may not will it to send the fiends away, how do you expect co-operation from the little girls just because they're angel possessed and such?" said the General.

"Oh sure because of that and what the little girls are. Our Blessed Lord may listen to their pleadings more than our," said the Cardinal. "Little children always can touch His Heart more than us grown ups."

"I believe you are right at that," said Evans. "But suppose it is God's will that my change abdon that house and leave the crazy fiends to themselves."

"We can find that out by whether our gods avail or not. We must show our Faith you know. If they chose to have that building for their headquarters the Princesses have a more right to that place than the fiends have."

"But the fiends were there before they came."

"That doesn't matter."

"Well I guess," said Evans. "I'll go over and have a look at the old place. You two may come with me if you so desire. I'm game. do not need to take any chances of going into the building but in case I do I'll carry this crucifix with me and this bottle of Holy Water. I'll bring you and standing better go to bed. Our interview is over for to night. Keep the little angels in there company."

"The two were glad to obey. Though not scared they did not wish going up in that night into that dreadful place. However Evans and the Bishop didn't know the way to the place as he especially had not known it even existed. So finally though reluctantly he had to charge his mind and ask Angelina Aronau. "Abraham! Amonburg to direct the way to our home but did not need to go in. he however was willing to do so, and in fifteen minutes having gone on he was back they were dimounted at the gate of the house. ynd. Despite that it was so troubled it certainly was a handsome house and made of wood. It was three stories high the attic almost making four. It was about a hundred and fifty feet long and half that in width. The slanting roof was steep and high and it had a chimney at both ends of the same form and height. The front windows were very big and high. There was no forboding appearance of the building neither could they see anything wrong anywhere."

"What's this standing near the gate on the outside?" asked Evans in surprise.

He turned on his big pocket flashlight and saw a sign board standing upright. It read the words in big capital letters of red color:

"WARNING:
THIS HOUSE IS DANGEROUSLY POSSESSED BY EVIL SPIRITS.
ENTER AT YOUR PERIL."

SIGNED VINIANGIL PRINCESSES. 110

"I believe it is best for us not to go in until they are with us," said the general. "If this sign is made by the little girls it is a dread warning. I don't like the way it sounds."

"But you have the crucifix," said Angelina Aronburg. "Yes but the evil spirits can work at a distance," said the general. "They're treacherous. Even the yard is possessed if the house is. See that line of rope stretched there. That is a sign that is all the near-ecuriously seekers have allowed to go in case a phenomena occurs. If it wasn't for the sign and what the little girls told me, I would believe believe that was all hush. But no one can doubt them and they sure didn't dream it. Of course I'm game enough to try it but you see that sign is also a command. No one is allowed to go into that building."

"But you are the guardian and have the say and am over them," said the Bishop.

"I'm in equal rank with them," said Evans. "Why should I disregard that sign. Something may happen that we'll regret. Remember we are not angel possessed good as we are. Every body don't get that you know. And we'd take chances going in when the little girls are not with us. Nothing doing. I do not wish for any phenomena about me when I'm in a closed room of that house. I just came to see the house and this is as far as I go."

"I should say it is as far as you should go."

"They were dreadfully startled for the voice seemed to come as if from the gate, and yet they saw nothing in the strong moon light."

"But Evans did not fear who ever it was for he only said: 'Who ever you are hold your tongue. I'm not asking for your opinion and I'm not afraid to go in. I'm only obeying orders. If you defy me I'll get permission and do my best to rout you out myself.'"

However there came no answer.

"I believe it was one of the guards who are around here to keep any one from going in," said Angelina Aronburg. "No matter who we are the guards wouldn't let us pass the gate without the permission of the Princesses."

"If there is a guard, I don't see any," said Evans looking around closely with the help of his flashlight. "There is surely no guard at the gate. I can see that. But come let us go back to our head quarters. We are out here longer than is necessary. We will have lots to do to morrow."

The four moved away mounted their horses which they left at some distance and rode back toward their room headquarters. They reached their headquarters without any events and then as there was nothing to do they turned in. The Bishop and the Cardinal being given quarters there too. Though the other three still remained asleep the Cardinal and the Bishop got up just before daylight. It was always their rising hour any how about a quarter to five (not five). They decided too to have a look at the little girls while the day light would reveal their faces and then they could tell if there was anything unusual about them. He had been or they had been informed that the little girls were early

risers on many occasions but for the reason that the two wished to see them while asleep. Penrod had been warned not to awaken them in case he got up first. On occasion in April (or spill) it got a day light much earlier in the morning and therefore it was pretty light now but not as light as they wished it to be. He hoped to be able to see them soon however for they would soon be up as he knew the little girls were over-anxious for the Masses to begin in the Possessed house. They loved more than anything else to attend and hear Mass, and six Masses wouldn't be enough. The two waited until it was at least six o'clock in the morning when it was light and then slowly they stole their way into the room. To their surprise Penrod was not in bed not even in the room. He had got up early and gone out. He needed to get up early to make ready to fulfill his necessary plans. Violet, and her sisters were still asleep. Some of them were lying on their backs this time but only three. But nevertheless the two could see them very plainly this time especially their faces. The Bishop and the Cardinal did not say anything, even to each other but looked at them quite a while and then softly went out.

At the moment however when they closed the door one of the little girls happened to wake up, and seeing it was day light, and observing the time on the clock got up to call her sisters forth. Bellowed she and they were sleeping over time. Evans had just come into the bigger room as the two stepped out of the Princesses sleeping room.

"Well did you see anything unusual when you were in there? There?" the general asked.

"I am convinced without further investigation," said the Cardinal. "I believe they will be a great help to us. We're not going to wait until night to clear the building. Before we have breakfast the Masses must be sung. They're to be High Masses plain."

CHAPTER 10 TEN.

THE EFFORTS TO ROUT THE EVIL ONES, AND THE RESULTS. "AY (C).":

The entrance of the house was not so difficult as supposed, and even Evans accompanied them. To their joy and surprise the stairs set up in every room for the Masses had not been tampered with, and neither had the guards in those rooms been interfered with or molested, though they stated they did hear plenty of noise and clamor in the hall ways. Evans and Violet and her sisters were fearful however of the evil spirits being able to start something that would prevent the Bishop and Cardinal and the four priests from saying the Masses, but it was evidently through the sprinkling of the Holy Water as they came in that caused nothing to happen that would interfere with even their entrance to the various rooms. Neither did they come any interference when the High Masses began.

The little girls sang beautifully to the Accompaniments of the Mass and for neither them or the Bishops and priests there was no hurry about it either. At the proper time the attendants and violet, and her sisters received their daily Holy Communion, all except Jack Evans. The fact is he couldn't as he had received his at the earlier Mass in the Military Army church at which he attended. For what he needed to do he needed an earlier breakfast.

Penrod said before he went as Altar boy to the Cardinal at the Cardinals request, while some of the other boys boy scouts saw the rest. The whole Mass lasted an hour. Then led by the Cardinal the general Blessing of the evening, and the Mass of the place was added and the Cardinal followed by the Bishop and the priests made the rounds of the room and the yards four times, and even using the smoking incense. All these proceedings took about two hours and a half. This was hoped to stop the phenomena if it was God's will for the sake of at least violet and her sisters. A procession of Boy and Girl scouts followed the Cardinal and Bishop through the yards of the house. Then the Solemn Ceremony ended with the general sprinkling of holy water in every room and in the yard.

After this was over the Cardinal said: "Now we can have our dinner. It lasted so long that we all missed breakfast. Then all of us must remain within the house to see whether the Phenomena stops all right. Where is the Lady of the house?"

"They have gone," said Violet. "They were secured at the Phenomena that they said they wouldn't remain another minute."

"I guess I don't blame them," said General Evans. "To find out how we stand within the building about having our dinner prepared in the kitchen. I can cook it."

That was agreed to and just by the right time dinner was prepared in the dining room (not the room) in the front part of the place and every one took their places and had just the most dinner that General Evans knows how to cook, and nothing happened to interfere with it either. But violet jokingly asked her brother Penrod why he slipped her fork into her waist pocket.

"I didn't put it there," said Penrod and as she looked at him she could see that he was telling the truth and she feared it might after all be a continuation of the phenomena, and that he hoped for the ending of it would be dashed to pieces. She made a remark to the Cardinal about the mysterious placing of the fork in her waist pocket and then he looked mystified. But said nothing but he kept his eye on everything but nothing more happened and they began to believe the fork may have slipped in from the table by a mere accident. They all enjoyed a good dinner and after it was over and Evans was said Penrod decided to wash the dishes and to of the little girls were to dry them. The only place the dishes could be washed was in the kitchen.

.....

"What is the trouble?" said Penrod. "I can't get any water."

"Maybe it's another phenomena," said Jennie looking worried.

"I don't believe so," said Joice. "He had the water turned off since the water phenomena and it has been off ever since. Go Catharine and ask Evans to turn it on."

She did so and as he did not know where it was turned on she showed him the room, and soon the water came on. Penrod had some trouble washing the dishes as he didn't take time to make hot water but finally they were all cleaned and put away neatly. Every thing was all right now so far as no other other phenomena occurred and now violet and her sisters felt quiet as they had nothing to do they decided to remain in the house until the time for Benediction came. Then they would go to bed early and see whether they could sleep in peace. A. J. J. J.

Violet and her sisters themselves donned old clothes and so did Penrod and between them with Angelina A. Cuba helped helping they worked hard that a new moon coming and all the moon and also the Huk making everything sparkling clean again. For that age Violet and her sisters were a very good little women, never lazy and they would do anything for anybody just besides themselves. All during the time they worked nothing occurred, they were allowed to do everything in peace and quiet and often while working they even did a little singing by themselves.

Finally when they were all through with the cleaning, and it was mostly scrubbing the floors on their hands and knees, they washed and cleaned themselves up and waited for Evans to come back again and make up their supper. They decided to have their supper at six and Benediction would be administered in all the rooms at seven forty five. Evans came soon, than expected and made the preparations for supper, and had brought with him a good sized bag of oranges he found Violet and her sisters were always very fond of the fruit....

be cause Violet and he sister were always very fond of chocolate. He also brought chocolate covered raisins because Violet and he sister loved that and especially chocolate but it must be chocolate and nothing else with it. Ordinary soups and other sweet meats and things they were never very fond of like most other child - an are but sweet foods did not suit their taste. The only kind of pie they would eat was Apple. And that not very often. Evans cooked plenty of whole some things for that supper and though it was a little late they all had a good supper nevertheless, and then late followed Benediction at the regular time.

Glad to say however after this the place was never troubled again. The evil spirits had flown..

THE BATTLE OF WISKEY BAY AGAIN AND THE CHRISTIAN FAILURE.....

LANDMELINIAN FLEETS OF WARSHIPS had during the meanwhile in three desperate battles in the Abbeinnian inlands seized the fortifications and destroyed the forts that were there and simultaneously a christian storm of batt le advanced for another time into icy way to capture all the landmelinian ships and to carry the fortifications if possible. As the foolish christian ships approach the landmelinian fleets the landmelinian admiral said: *Landmelinian said*
"My noble officers and men, our enemies are almost within our grasp and at the gates of doom. Make ready to attack them."
The christian fleet began to spread out like two great wings of some

The gn Glandelinian fleets began to spread out like two great wings of some wild geese and at a distance of three thousand two hundred and fifty yards while the christian ships were already seen in their ridiculous batt le formation more like the scales of a fish on a ship overlapping the other a fine target indeed a fire at-

he distance between the glandelinian fleets and those of their enemy were shortened to two hundred and two thousand to five hundred yards. In a moment there came a white burst of smoke from the glandelinian ship Concentric, followed a few minutes by a roaring gun fire from every glandelinian vessel and the thunders of the cannons seemed to vibrate about as bus had as the time when the other attacks had been going on when five hundred thousand cannon were in action. At this several of the Angellian battle ships lost the top of their mast. It was a good lively firing but to high and no damage was done. The battle now became general. Angellian vessels began to appear in the distance, and the enemy's ships

Both fleets rained with fire the Angolan vessel engaging the enemy ship
a ship the gladiolus with right hand batteries and all the Evangelines thun
dering whistling projectiles were superbly aimed and fell with dreadful detonat
on on the gladiolus and soon it was surrounded by a fog of black smoke.

on the gl d landlin and soon it was surrounded by a fog of smoke and flames. Masses on masses of it rose and then loud explosions and flames were seen leaping out all over the landlinian ship. A shell had been placed in its main powder magazine. The other landlinian ships in the action about four hundred and of them in number within an hour were in general action firing as fast and as well as they knew how but however the fire of the Angellian battle ships as at answered with much better effect. When the conflict had lasted for fully two hours the landlinian prote ted ship circulation had wa wasted much ammunition by had shooting and seeing that it was getting baten it withdrew, and because of its spend failed to escape - but two of the fastest Angellian vessels the Rva and the Deep followed swiftly firing with deadly aim and their shells did great

he Glandelinian battle ship the St Thom^s a very fine big ship
sought to protect the circulation much as a big man defends a smaller one
and fought bravely for two hours and rescued the rest kept up a severe
other Glandelinian ships had secured and these with the rest kept up a severe
ction for whole day and onl^y when the Abhisandian fleet was annihilated and
he survivors taken prisoner after being rescued did the other reinforcement
christian ships withdraw from the attack. It had been the biggest
fleets ever seen in action during the war before and the commanding thunder of
so many thousands of the biggest guns was heard for many miles. Sixty seven
Glandelinian ships had been sunk four hundred were disabled and over thirty thousand
thousand men were drowned and four thousand injured. The Christians lost over
two thousand ships disabled four hundred sunk ten captured and over a mil
million in prisoners while forty thousand were drowned and twenty
thousand injured and one thousand killed.

million in prisoners.
thousand injured and one thousand killed.

After a great battle at McHollister once more in which the fierce victorious Manley's armies recrossed the Angelina river but nevertheless during he lost of the frightful masses violent being slightly wounded had been seized some of Federal men and buried up to the neck in sand and left to die alone from raving thirst. She was already scorched by the terrible heat and appalled by her terrible fate she wept and prayed aloud. The hat was terrific indeed worse than ever and seemed to burn her to the very marrow of her bones the sand falling like hot coals. Even her thirst became excruciating. The wind blew and howled ceaselessly

hot coals. Even her throat became
driving about so slowly but surley the low sand hills.
Here there was no vegetation no shade. The cruel wind seemed to render the
un still more scorching and the air was absolutely stifling while the constantly
oving sands made a sound like rain as if in pitiless mockery of the unhappy child
raving for a drop of water. Water. The very thought of it almost made her demented
er swollen tongue hanging out of her mouth. All things looked back though distinct
o her in the brilliant sunshine. Water or water, water. "She tried to cry but even
the words would not come from her swollen lips and in her insane desire for water
he attempted to drink for it with her tongue in the burning soil. Wildly frantically
he lapped with her tongue until it was torn and bleeding.

It was a whole week after this when Violet finally awoke as if out of a night
are to find he self lying in a comfortable bed in a cool cosy room with six small
hite figures sitting beside her. At the other side of the room two kindly men
are standing together near a window but it all seemed strange and unreal to her and

when she tried to speak her voice was so weak it was scarcely more than a whisper
 as she murmured;
 "Where am I?"

aint as it was the sound she made reached general 'loro viviania, the other viviania having had his command to ken from him for his refusal to advance, and he came swiftly to her bedside.

"You are safe in a great christian generals headquarters." Violet dear. "He answered ind tenderly; "But you have been very sick and you must be still and not peak just now."

the next day violet being better learned a ll the truth. Kjustas she was lapping the and with her tongue a division of Angellinan soldiers golf across the dannerthappen ed to pass that way and discovering her had rec rescued her in due time and that forward she had been hovering between life and death for a week."

The barbarity the murderous cruelty, and the utter horror which may be called the by-products of this great GLANDOLINIAN WAR-- were any day being more vividly impressed on the consciousness of the American world. Mankind were continually being becoming used to the acts and methods of wholesale slaughter perpetrated by the warring armies of "Lavinia until" deeds that could have aroused the horror and wrath of nations were now passed over by the Glandolinians. It was a mere necessary accompaniment of warfare. But even Lavinia accustomed to wars barbarity turned appalled at the reports of the wanton ravages which with the Christian fugitives had been handled by the oppressive Indolindin Glandolinian hordes and above all others things by the reports of the wholesale sale and massacre of the Christians of southern towns and cities at the hands of the advancing Glandolinians under Federal the human "Tornado" and other Glandolinian generals.

The glaudelinians had killed in the most horrible descriptions already more than three hundred thousand women four hundred thousand men and nearly a million children and made nine million six hundred thousand homeless. It is as though a horde of ferocious demons descended upon christianity slaughtering all they attacked annihilating its towns villages and cities and leaving the whole terror stricken a desolate waste. The massacres had been attended even by all the savagery of the glaudelinian leaders, high uppeled the soldiers aided by main force to deeds of rapine and hellish tortures. There by products of the glaudelo-angelinian war were pre peculiarly horrifying to the humane mind because they had not the scant excuse of helping to deter into the final results. The glaudelo angelinian war could not be settled by the glaudelinian campaign of murder and rapine against the defenseless christian children of both angelinia and galvernia. Yateven in the midst of the rare for slaughter that animated federal armies it would be well for the states of abheleandian cambodia and tripoligonlia and for all christian nations to endeavor earnestly to restrain federal from making any more bloody massacres more savage than ever characterized the stoia or amochers. And was it not necessary for these sister states of angelinia and abheleandian to stand aloof and silent when humanity was thus being outraged for no possibly military needs? Did the pitiful appeal of helpless christian women and children condemned to hellish outrage, slavery or death at the hands of the sanguinary glaudelinians awake in no response from the great hearts of the sister states? Had the states which in eighteen forty one hanged glaudelinia to its knees because of the same horrors existing in galvernia nothing to say of the present TORNADO TORNADO and HELL of hatred and slaughter which

the present TORNADO TORNADO and HPLI, of hatred and slaughter which Federal had let loose upon the helpless non-combatants. No and they had been exhausting all their efforts doing something and if it had not been for the Angelina would have been beaten long ago. In a few more days after the Battle of McHollister run six hundred thou. and more in the west had been driven from their homesost of them to die. Aton a point ten thousand children captured by the Grandellians went through horrors and rapine sinful to picture and sinful to relate and because they were christians. Villages and towns with their populations were burned. BARBARICUSINEST IAL? Yes but it was part and not an inconsistent part of the recent cities which had been shelled in the west.

The wreckage of the cities of southern California as stated before had never been so unintermingled with bloody bodies of victims as here in the west. In the lanes outside the city of Catherineia could be seen enormous craters in which many soldiers during battles already past had been buried by falling earth. Here and there only a hoot had protruded. So frightful had been the carnage at the battle of Mc-Whinther Run that thousands had fallen every minute along one small objective line and thousands a minute. The human mind could scarcely grasp the idea, the idea of such slaughter, and the imagination balked at the efforts to picture it. Whole columns of men during the battle had been literally blasted by high explosives, mowed down by machine guns seared with ever liquid flames or cut to pieces with cold steel and shrapnell. One of the most terrific features of the battle of Mc-Whinther run were the numbers of artillery men driven mad by the terrific almost preternatural cannonade. General Manley had declared that during the final last onslaught of his forces they came upon groups huddled around their guns which they made no efforts to serve. Some were dumb deaf and crazed, the teeth of others shattered while the others screamed wildly. The shouts of the Indochinese landmines

had mingled with the screams of the tiger infuoa infuriated Angelinians they plunged into the purple river of death in which many on the front contending fons had slatched one another by the necks in a desperate death grip. With an exaggeration during the second battle of McWhirther Ramin a female one of the furious quicksands to become the scene of action would have been found as long of bodies as the sides. During the bombardment of the city of McWhirther a gang-gangfell had struck a small three story orphan asylum and though its volcanic eruption like explosion virtually left no vestige of the tower the sights of the company, the mangled remains of legs, arms, heads, etc., etc., a ghastly and horrible scene, very disgusting and horrible. Sister Mild had face in shame and horror. To violent and her sisters it was indeed a sight. They had seen massacre after massacre of great Indian waves by scores at times, the engines of destruction, the guns and high explosives the huge clandestine armies now deluging the Christian works with horror and slaughter only to go back shattered and with losses of three quarters of their numbers made them sick.

Even when the landolins had won the battle they had indeed made the most ghastly sight the land had ever seen. Every city or town was blood red. Every where as far as eye could reach was blood and mangled bodies of the victims, groans and tears, charred bones and smoking fields the groans curses and weeping of the wounded and the murdered children and the million voiced interplay to the heavens. It was a scene of earthly hell and along the ridges of the back ground thick smoke hung as heavy as a nap pall of death and hell shutting out the light of the sky. All the foreground was strewn with the children corpses stark naked and open and all the network of intensities and broken machinery of war, and in the mist but visible to the horrified little girls is a Christ haloed and silhouetted against the dark scene; his right hand screening his bowed and weeping eyes.

Notwithstanding all this misadventure Federal had not been satisfied unless he should start a blazing hill of fire among the Angelinian jungles. A number of day days had already passed when violet and her sisters being out on a scouting tour noticed far ahead of them what appeared to be a solid wall of approaching smoke smoke clouds. At the same time they saw a snowy stream of flame plunging down a long ridge, till the very sky was covered with ascending mountains of smoke clouds. Violet and her sisters wore clothes were covered with dust. Their hair tangled being loose unheld only by a band. Suddenly violet stole a frowning frightened glance toward the snowy stream of fire and saw that it really was a big sea of flames and that on account of some obstruction in its path had divided into two advancing fire oceans, one part a hissing avalanche toward where they stood, and this was what made the appearance of the wall of smoke far in front of them.

Even from where they were they could feel the heat. A little boy was standing by Violet's side staring innocently into her face as she said in terror terror:

"O, oh lets go away at once; 'I'm afraid that advancing sea of fire will get us."

"Yes I guess we will have to go away," said Joice; "Or we will be overwhelmed and perish."

'Where shall we go if we:-----'

Jennin was interrupted by a soldier who came running up from the direction of the approaching conflagration followed by another who accidently seized his companion roughly as he tripped and fell.

"Come before the fiery sea catches us." Said Violet. And away they went, reeling the christian lines and gic giving the warnings. Federal had started this to cover his horrible crimes, what was what Hanson s. Hansonia had said who was far from the army at this time fighting the flames with the help of thousands of soldiers.

"Dat thut damn fool of a Federal anyway;""It would be a good thing if he was burn
ing in hell the old he devil.""

In the meantime general Noro Vivianina had occupied the advancing tornado of war moving his way but a part of Hannsonias army had been hit by the force conflagration and his armies though fighting the flames bravely were slowly but surely driven back by it inch by inch.

Large Abbeinnian and Calvinian forces were now moving down southward the reconquering first moved toward wickey Annula and had also progressed along

the region of the Julo Gallio railroad lines. Fresh Glandelinian and Concentinian armies were marching to meet the invaders but no fighting as yet was resulting for the outcome and which was believed to precipitate the crisis looked for. Big Abbeinnian forces were also advancing to the help of general Noro Vivianian who was pushing Huebaum Manley steadily northward and harassing his army cruelly for repay of the horrible damage done. General Vivianian had made an effort to surround Federalismain offender but by fighting he & his pursuers at the terrible battle of Granier Federal had succeeded in drawing away leaving however as prizes in general Noro Vivianian hands, one million prisoners, ammunition baggage supplies and sacrificed lives. Federal being separated from Huebaum Manley destroyed networks of rail, railroad tracks and blow up bridges to check general Noro Vivianian's advance and learning that a force of Calvinianians under Connelly was advancing to intercept him laid everything in waste behind him baffling Hansonian his main pursuer again and again.

It was one night when the little girls out scouting with Evans were again amazed to discover that other forest fire were approaching upon Hansonian army and as they watched the scene there came such an earsplitting roar as if the heavens were aflame, and the little girls saw that they must fly.

"If we stay here much longer we will surely perish." Said Catherine.
"Hark you crashing trees, hark you agonizing cries." Said Daisy. "Not a moment is to be lost if we value our lives."

In a few minutes the little girls were pacing the brilliant and smoke filled woods even then the darkness that covered the heavens increased rapidly so rapidly that it was with a difficulty they could guide their steps.

Already so dense was the reeking atmosphere that they could hardly see each other. At the little girls hastened onward. Onward also whether! The now could not see a step before them the blackness becoming utter; like the darkness of erabus the little girls becoming accompanied with doubt and horror at this sudden and horrible did disaster.

The darkness was now complete.

"Goodness how the darkness is gathering." Gasped Violet clinging to a tree.

At this moment sudden blazes of lurid light pierced the black canopy darting and quivering in many directions, while through the clouds a transparent veil of red light flashed luminously a crimson and burning hue which played and darted coruscations of vivid light and a sheet of lurid glows followed the cloud itself looking like some vast giant with arms outstretched over the burning scene. It was astonishing distant distinct the giant shaped cloud like the other conflagration seeming to be seated on the brow of a small ridge the different shades appearing to form a white robe that swept over the vast breast and limbs, it seemed to gaze forth with a steady face upon the fleeing little Vivianian girls to point with one hand over his plaiting hair and to raise the other toward the higher heavens. It was like the ghost of some huge titan brooding over the beautiful little girls and pitying their sorrow for their past miseries, yet with something of meanness for the future.

Excerpt

3 FED. RAJ. PLACES A SEA OF FIRE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND NON NORO VIVIANIA. THE RESULT. ..

This part of the manuscript my dear readers bears a large portion of the northwestern and western drama of war waged between Noro Vivianian and Huebaum Manley and other Glandelinian and Christian forces under various leaders. Here the Glandelinians try with all their might to drive the Angelinians out of Calvinian but without success despite their victory at Aronburgs run which they won. Here we saw some of the bloodiest battles of the Glandeco-Angelinian war waged simultaneously and successively with Vivianian and Johnston Manley, in the Angelinian against campaigns. These battles as we must bear in mind taking two more entire volumes to fill were many Glandelinian victories terminating into literal massacres in some places.

The bloody battles of Buna Vista, McHolliste and Aronburg Run were some of the deadliest conflicts of the Calvinian campaigns but finally ending with the evacuations of the Angelinian armies from the regions of the southwest the army advancing with relentless fury. These volumes show some of the saddest scenes of the entire war; with the most frightful conflagrations ever imagined, and the threatening downfall of Angelinia with the deformities of their state Calvinian. There are certain Aronburg mysteries relating to the murder of that child, the disappearance of certain pictures lost by Harper which are predicted to cause the downfall of the Christian nation if the pictures are not returned to him within a certain length of time.

Whether such predictions really are true or not there had been signs already as already predicted in the recent chapters. No one can perceive of the violence of the predicted battles between Noro and Huebaum Manley. While general Angelic Vivianian is repelling general Manley's desperate drive on Angelinia against Huebaum Manley's desperate move to take Julo Gallio it with all the available forces he can bring to bear against the advancing forces of Christians under Noro Vivianian. In the battle of Aronburg Run which is the bloodiest contest in the north west and one of the bloodiest battles of the war a tragedy ensues. In the fury of the battle the Huebaum Manley through the means of Federal's desperate onslaughts annihilates Noro Vivianian's right wing which is in command of Hansonian. In trying to rally the lawless and rickety survivors Hansonian receives a wound which proves mortal. Despite all this frightful carnage which makes a greater din than any fighting at Vivianian wickey with the Glandelinian forts and Christian fleets when for hours the safety of the Christian armies trembles in the balance the advance of the foe is at one point firmly checked after terrible insane slaughter but general Huebaum Manley finding that Vivianian is impaired in strength immediately resumes the mighty contest after an hour's lull and soon general Noro Vivianian is routed. Aronburg Run is almost as severe as Big Beppo or Henrett which happened a month later between Whillinsburger Zimmermann and general John Manley but more disastrous in consequences as Noro's right wing was annihilated. It was Tomas Federal and Tamarlane who helped general Raymond Federal to do it but Thomas McWhirther a very superior Christian general by his skill and firmness saves the day though he is finally mortally wounded.

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Suddenly like a strange sudden apparition there shot nine meteoric lurid lights which trembled and trembled and were gone. Then along the whole sky shot queer light lightest meteor like now and then as the smoke crackled along the ruffled and dark and now snow leaped fiercely to and fro darting across the vast clouds in wild convulsions and as suddenly bursting into tenfold brilliancy then suddenly vanished. Violet and her sisters halted to rest a moment and glancing back beheld with ineffable dismay and awe frightfullest rolling clouds swiftly rising and expanding for miles overhead in the form of gigantic wings. The surface as was as black as the blackest ink and the horizon line was of strange fiery colors which shifted and moved in its awful hues with every movement time and again becoming frightfully luminous, now of a dull and dying red, then again and again blazed terrifically forth with the most intolerable intolerable glare.

This they knew was the main stretch of the advancing hell of fire. "This is some more of the work of the devil," said Violet horrified at the sight. "Federal must have done this to prevent the advance of Connelly and general 'Horo' Vivianis; I almost can't help from feeling like a hating that child murderer."

The awful roar of the approaching conflagration was echoed back from the distant hills while the sharper and fiercer detonations of distant explosions mingled with the roar of the fire. At the same time in the woods not as yet reached by the little girls heard the universal shrieks of women and children and the cursing of panic stricken men who came rushing past staring at each other dumbly. In an instant more the terrible and inspiring mountain clouds of the great forest fires seemed to roll forward turning to a terrible blackness with fiery redness toward the horizon and which spread over everything. Frightful showers of sparks mingled with a rain of blazing embers and twigs were carried everywhere by the rising hurricane of encircling wind, setting fire to man, trees, bushes and vines far ahead the awful showers flying far and wide. With ear-splitting yells came a seething crowd of men, women and children who were in a frightful panic trampling recklessly over the fallen dashing madly pressing furiously against the others amid prayers, oaths and groans the terror-mad crowds vomiting itself forth from among the trees and shrubbery as if possessed by a cyclone. Many carried household gods and utensils of every description and Violet and her sisters dreaded the approaching crowds and the showers of embers and sparks that fell like a curtain of snow at intervals continued on hastily while darker and larger and mightier spread the horrid clouds above them.

"The forest fire. The forest fire." Resounded from side to side Violet and her sisters knowing of the dangers of this kind of a forest fire and the clouds which advanced darker and darker and cries and trampling rush of the crowds saw that they must escape at all costs.

"We got to get away somehow," said Violet sittingly; "God is forth coming on the wings of the fire elements and the whole region is really doomed. We must escape ere the advancing fires consume us."

"To the lake we must go," said Janine; "If we stay much longer in these woods we will be surrounded by the fire."

The little girls watched the swiftly approaching fire in terror than on they raced discovering to their right something that seemed like fire anywhere as they entered the smoke clouds. Violet who was now in the lead with her sisters her glittering hair streaming like a golden cataract, now to her left another wall of roaring fire checked temporarily by a wide ravine which was incessantly hidden by volumes of smoke rising to a height exceeding two thousand feet. At one point of the wall of fire was loosing some of its fury but at the right far ahead of the little girls thousands of small fire streams appeared while in the same direction smoke clouds poured up in unlimited quantities while strong glowing lights pierced them continually. Hot fumes were rising everywhere and as the little girls progressed on toward the light of the approaching forest fires became brighter and nearer. Strange gases were continually filling the air and through the black clouds of smoke shooting

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columns of flames extended to a great height, and the amount of the size of the forest fire was immense being the size of Lake Michigan in width and length the volume of which during its progress being continually doubled and advancing upon the war-torn battered cities like an avalanche of fire.

One of the dangerous torrents of fire occupying the width of the great Mississippi river was burning on toward the city of Mado Weldon with an indescribable roar turning away everything that obstructed its course. The other streams of the immense masses fire swelled to an immense volume and the fiery river roaring with turbulent fury and rage swept down in the ridge and into the valley burning many towns and villages in its path.

At the same time another terrible sea of fire burning with swift speed precipitated itself down a sheer fall of seventy feet, while another great column of flame drawn all to the center and contracting its flanks made one tremendous charge and turned its way through the opposing obstructions. Onward still onward progressed the flames the flaming tongues hurling themselves wildly into the air like so many curtains.

Other gigantic streams of fire dashed over more stupendous ravines advancing madly toward the straits of jungles and forests and more by the long streams of moss moss the roaring of the flames or the conflagration being frightful and it was advancing as fast as a tornado itself. As Violet and her sisters continued on their flight strong winds were rising first in squalls which almost smothered them with the driving clouds of smoke. The buffeting of the wind was indescribable the effect being like actual blows of the fist. For ceding onward the little girls came upon a round torrent of flame streams which they tried to burst through but were immediately thrown to the ground by a gust of wind. The furious speed of the fire streams became for miles around a raging hell. The line of flames extending from the Norma, soon to the Julo Chilio rivers and was advancing and burning so furiously that the center was heaped up like a moving mountain of hell fire the glowing waves of flame leaning on every side into the air like great tongues the fiercest fire storm pile swarming over them and driving their forest into the air like showers of fiery spray.

Even great logs and swayed trees came dashing down nearly the little girls taking leaps like pyramids. The depth of the fire flood appeared to be very great with the volume of smoke actually heaped up like a great ridge from which glowing waves thrown into the air in the very fullness of its rushing fury seemed to singe the sides far over them. The flames fairly fairly hissed and roared like cannons as they undulated, seethed, and writhed, a waves of fire tongues seemed to have life of their own and to be animated with dangerous fury. At certain points of a series of fire whirlpools were formed which sucked down flaming trees top foremost in an instant and instantly to vomit them out with every vestige of bark and branches turned away and consumed altogether.

At points where these terrible whirlpools of fire raged the scene was terrific the fire lashing, raging, seething currents of seething flames opposed greater currents, waves of flame fighting wave with hideous uproar. Sometimes an advancing wave was forced into the air by a fierce collision with another from an opposing direction and was broken into masses of roaring tongues which the fire hurricane drove in sheets of fire tongues before it on toward the untouched forest.

The furious waves of fire seemed to toss in every direction and at the same time were forced forward by the irresistible gale.

The forest clouds of smoke as the full fury of the flames reached the unburned portions was wonderful. They seemed mounting to indescribable heights to engulf anything living in the raging abysses of flame. They came wreathing up like exhausted lions from an incubator of den twisting their elms into fantastic shapes that seemed to stretch forth arms to seize the fleeing little girls and all the flames tongues and deafening turmoil and roar. The torrents of fiery tongues that incessantly rose into the air were wonderful to behold and the consciousness of the roar produced corresponding currents of air which beat and buffeted and twirled tremendous as if they were without the power of resistance. Indeed the columns of fiery tongues were drifting and expanding madly in every direction. First a torrent would pour across a ravine another would descend upon a great woods not as yet reached by the flames, the third third came driving across the river in great clouds of flame a fourth with an insidious snail twist moved to consume the bushes and the fire storm of wind flew with such violence that myriads of trees crashed to the ground.

All the while Violet and her sisters were stunned by a demonic cry of sound.

All the white violet and her sisters were stunned by a demoniacal array of sounds. The wind of the fire storm was fairly shrieking, screaming, howling, howling, howling, and roaring in all sorts of different notes while a cover all dominated the deep.

Leading rows of hundreds of thousands of trees as they stretched to the ground revealing the hollow sounds of the approaching conflagration. Between the advancing forest fires to the rear of the little girls great hemlocks and rubber trees with fine branches whose trunks were not blazing like cypresses bent at a most perilous angle and hanging over to their own expected and imminent fall when they turned through. As the little girls tried to run as fast as they tried to rise by the force of the windstorm which increased furiously made slow progress.

If any at all could not hear more plainly the mad furious roaring of the approaching fire and see its further waves of tumultuous flames while far in advance of them along the treacherous there was already a huge extravagant seething stretch of flames while below was a wall of whirling shifting flames which poured across a ravine with a tremendous roar stretching in thick glowing sheets of dazzling brightness way across the open plain forming a horrifying sky of flames. Close to the bank of the Pullaway river of which the violet girls observed in awe was the greatest of the main sea of fire. For here the gross volume of flames of fiery billows formed in one tremendous wall the surface of which was lapped and forward into the air and across the sky the very sky being full of floating clouds and as seething seas of flame. A score of buildings in the city of Oriskany was not only left by the flames and three outlying business districts were threatened with destruction when Glorinda was hemmed in by the great walls of seething flames advancing upon it. The flames vomited furiously it being one of the most spectacular forest fires ever known the heat being terrific so terrific that the fleeing multitudes were seriously handicapped many accidentally getting into the path of the flames of being overcome by smoke. Across the Pullaway river and 1 larger ravines which extended for miles, a descent on destroying all the houses and villages in its path. Flying fragments were blown in the distance of nearly four rods a second while strong detonational explosions occurred at times like the heaviest of cannon that succeeded each other so rapidly as to produce a continuous roar which cut the ground for many miles in every direction in a constant state of tremor. Along the banks of the Emerald the rush of the conflagration was frightful the flames having the appearance of fiery cirrus clouds stretching across the sky like long delicate streaks of fine spray. The rapid billows of fire grew across the conflagration progressed while into the air from a long long ridge rolled bulging purple black smoke in masses of titanic convulsions and frightful tongues of glowing flame far beyond the upper part of the cloud having a wiled light like the color of carbon.

At other parts of the ridge a pack of fat black clouds rolled up stacking them selves upon one another till they resembled a huge pile of round boulders which a gulf of puff of wind would have thrown down upon the unburned portions of the forest. At length the fire hurricane burst loose in greater fury. A series of more violent blasts rained through the swarming mass of trees like projectiles blowing in redoubled fury and coming a screaming tempest while the sky and the woods was covered and filled with a blizzard of flying sparks and embers.

Never before had there been such an uproar of wind and fire as the wooden houses in the town of Zimmerman already ablaze collapsed like cartboards before the fury of the fire hurricane. Whole houses were picked up bodily and dashed into blazing splinters to the ground blocks away carrying with them the bodies of their occupants. Indeed the very heavens seemed ablaze and the sparks began to rain everywhere. Violet and her sisters paying no attention to the dangers of the fire storm continued onward on their hands and knees, and far in front of the panting little girls there hung a yellow and ominous cloud which pattered darker and darker as they progressed onward. This strange coloring seemed to forewarn the little girls of some danger as assuredly smiting them, some danger violent and sudden, in its nature. Also to their right in the glow of the approaching conflagration a thin and ghastly mist which pattered darker and darker spread in waves across the sky. Then suddenly the whole woods and the whole sky seemed suddenly to become of a dazzling brightness, there was an appalling roar and the little girls looking around saw a horrible wall of fire advancing swiftly toward them roaring like artillery. It was only twelve hundred yards away and the little girls saw that they were in danger of being trapped. The little girls turned

this way and that seeking escape. The lake they were heading for was far off yet and they feared that they could never reach it and worse of all the fury of the windstorm had delayed them considerably. The upper sky simultaneously was covered with a mass of black clouds to the surprise of the little girls one part of it rising swiftly was funnel shaped which seemed to protrude from a bigger mass in balloon shape. To their aid had the appearance of a spiral cloud of smoke from a newly formed conflagration and it happened to be so all right it being the general sea of fire which was advancing with a roar which can be compared to the noise of scores upon scores of thousands of trains of cars going through a hollow tunnel at the same time.

The little girls saw that there was no escape however for they would never reach the lake in time and the little girls saw the only chance of throwing themselves into a deep ravine which they did and just in time for all at once there was a storm of swirling snapping trees in the air and the fire ocean passed by to their right filling the air with flame and smoke, and at onepoint the

little girls witnessed a regular pillar of fire. The storm of fire however fortunately had not swept their way having swept the ravine but the other section of it was coming and the little girls seeing that it was advancing slower continued on their way together toward the lake in a close group when two mysterious forms appeared at them.

Then other forms in shining uniforms were seen approaching on the run the little girls being surprised by the suddenness of this movement and were hardly prepared to resist so strong a force. In the darkness the little girls could not measure the number of their assailants. They tried to keep close to each other hoping thereby to better withstand the anticipated attack Violet striking out bravely with a branch of a tree and a blow on a man who appeared directly before her. Apparently however murder was not the object of the assault for no attempt was made to disable the little girls or cut them. They were seized in rough arms while dexterous hands wound cloths about their faces effectually preventing an outcry while at the same time their arms were securely pinioned. At that moment an automobile dashed up and the men now lifted the helpless children into the waiting motor car which at once dashed madly down a poorly paved road.

Struggle as they might the little girls were unable to release themselves from their bonds and at length they gave up their useless efforts.

Directly the machine was turned into a smooth road but nevertheless the speed was increased and after ten minutes of swift riding a halt was made. Then dragged from their places like so many sacks of grain the child captives felt themselves hoisted to the shoulder shoulder of their abductors. Judging from the sounds they heard they realized they were being taken into some sort of a building and they were awaited with some considerable anxiety some indication of the next development. This did not take long to come. A package was negotiated followed by a journey down many flights of steps. Then the little girls were presently deposited in not too gentle a manner upon a hard floor. Soon footsteps a retreating up the creaking stairway indicated that they were to be left by themselves. Jennie impatient and frantic efforts to free herself from the gag and bonds interrupted by voice full of venom; "You might as well save your wad little girl; as you will need it all before you get out of this." The little girls heard a final familiar voice say: "You seven little girls are no good at getting out of tight places; so go to it lets see if you can get out of this for once. You escaped massacres at St. Norma, slipped away from Manly many times and escaped Federal but you did it only because you had help. This is different. You can not get any one to help you here. You are in the cellar of an old convent that has been abandoned because it is threatened by the advancing forest fires. One side already is a sea of burning snags and on the other two sides only half a mile away is a sea of advancing warping flames. No one can rescue you is in this locality so you will have lots of time to think it over. Now you will never be able to interfere with Federal plans again like you did when you tried to arrest him. Do you understand?"

In despair the little girls listened and listened to their informants he closed a heavy door. This was barred on the outside and then heavy materials were thrown against it. Then silence reigned. For some time the little girls lay listening for sounds that would indicate the presence of others.

"Suddenly a movement showed that one of the little girls was lifting her position. Then there came a sudden snap followed by a violent exhalation of breath which showed that a struggle was taking place, then the tearing of cloth was heard."

"Gracious," gasped Jennie. "But this was a tough job. Did any of my sisters get loose yet?" She continued taking a stumbling step. Quickly she procured a searchlight from an inner pocket and it was the work of a few moments to find and reel in her other sisters. A great stretching or of arms and indrawing of breath followed this act. All were laid in their extensions of gratITUDE to Jennie and wondered at her ability to break loose from the bonds.

"I guess they did not take the trouble to tie me very tight," explained Jennie modestly, but the abrasions on her bleeding wrists spoke eloquently of the heroic struggle she had made. At this moment all heard a crackling noise and Violet gasped: "This house is on fire."

Jennie gave a gasp of astonishment and rushing toward the window she attempted to secure a view of their surroundings but everything was aglare. Driven before a gust of wind a puff of black smoke entered and causing the little girls to step back choking and coughing.

"Can we crawl through that window Joice?" asked Jennie. "No it's too small," she returned spying the window speculatively. "It would be like suicide to try it."

Four clouds of smoke drifted past the window while the crackling of flames grew momentarily louder. Joice was still by the window the smoke filling her eyes. With every breath she drew in great draughts of air smoke laden air until she was nearly choking.

Just as she poked her head through the opening a gust of wind fanning the glowing fire dashed a burst of flame toward the little girl. She jerked herself back but too late to escape the scorching onslaught and badly lacerated one ear. She escaped with the loss of some of her eyebrows and part of her hair.

"How about that side door?" suggested Violet. "Do you suppose we could batter it down. It may not be as solid as it looks."

"Never can tell until you try," hopefully spoke up Joice of winning the blood from her injured ear. "What shall we use as a battering ram? They failed to leave us anything. This floor is mad of hard packed dirt and there are no boards."

"Look at that fire up there," gasped Angelina excitedly. "The ceiling is burning through and it won't be long before it falls!"

Fire now began dropping from several places in the ceiling while the cellar filled with smoke. The crackling of the flames grew louder as the fire spread the little girls coughing and choking from the smoke they were compelled to inhale. Just as a door gave way before their efforts the fire blazed up with redoubled fury the entire ceiling bursting into flames no doubt augmented by the sudden rush of air through the now wide open doorway. The building was doomed. Bursting through the entrance the little girls noticed that the forest fire was only several hundred yards away and ran for it just as the building caved in with a crashing roar.

As the little girls continued on a loud rattle of musket shots greeted them. The little girls halted and saw men dimly outlined against a half smoldering forest sending no shot after shot in their direction and bullets whistled close to them. Highly incensed the little girls drew their own guns which their kidnappers had not taken away from them and fired. Instantly several screams echoed through the night followed by a return volley. A bullet ripped its way through Violet's hair causing her to jump. Then another volume of shots broke out and Angelina gave utterance to a cry of pain.

"Jennie help," she called. "I'm hit."

Jennie sprang to the aid of her sister noting that blood was flowing freely into Angelina's eyes from a gash in her forehead. Willing hands were extended to Angelina and she drew her behind a tree bandaging the wound. As Jennie worked on more shots rang out followed by shot after shot and Jennie received a scratch in the neck. At the same moment Violet saw a cloud of white smoke and then was startled to see hurtling through the air a large black object and which appeared to be approaching where she and her sisters were. Violet paralyzed with terror at the apparent fate of she and her sisters watched the missile until it fell to the ground but a short distance away. Scarcely had it touched the ground when there was a terrific eruption of smoke dirt and rocks and the ground was shaken and rocked by a mighty explosion and dirt fell all around in showers.

Violet and her sisters had clapped their hands to their ears as the missile fell expecting an explosion but did not suffer the painful shock that otherwise would have been felt. Where the shell had landed there was an immense solid cloud of blue smoke hovering above while an awful odor nearly choked the little girls and they turned to flee as another shell was coming. They hurried to run along a passage way of trees half smoking already, but one of the little girls stumbled on an uneven ground and fell. A shout from somewhere around her. Looking backward she could see a revolver leveled in her direction and Jennie lent no time in scrambling to her feet. Just in time she dodged around an angle in the grove while volley after volley came crashing into the back of trees at her side more men having appeared.

Luckily their aim was poor. In a half panic she raced violently like an earthquake. A burst of air from the rear sent the little girls off their feet while their ears were deafened by a terrific blast that shook the entire surroundings. Scrambling to their feet and glancing back they saw a vast yawning pit where once had been the group of pursuing soldiers. A heavy cloud of smoke hung over the scene. Astonished at the narrow margin by which she had escaped the disaster that had overtaken the men Jennie stood for an instant unable to decide what to do. Then her training prompted her to return to find whatever aid might be in her power to such as needed it but search as she might the child could find no indication of living men. Seemingly having been blown to atoms, and not far from her was a crater about one thousand feet wide and several hundred feet deep which had been dug by the high explosive.

As she was about to turn from the scene sick at heart she dashed aside a low growing brush and from an upper branch fell an object. It was part of a man's arm with a revolver still clutched in the hand. Jennie ran at full speed from the spot soon rejoining her sisters who had waited for her. Instantly there was a terrible screaming in the air followed simultaneously by the boom of a distant cannon. Instantly they felt the shock of the bursting of another shell of large proportion.

"Look, look," cried Violet. "It is one of those dreadful gang-gang-gang-shells that exploded. Look at the awful blue smoke." For a moment all eyes were turned in the direction indicated. It was indeed as Violet said. The dreaded passover smoke was there. Again they heard the scream of a shell and this time it exploded the tremor of the ground was greater although detonation was not so loud as in the case of the former shell.

"That hit into something," declared Joice excitedly. "Where are they coming from?" asked Angelina. "Who is shooting them at us?" "Those are the dreaded gandelinian shells," replied Jennie.

Suddenly a piercing scream indicated the passage of another of the giant shells and a roar told that it had landed and exploded. Beyond them to the right there came a great flash of light accompanied by the terrible roar of cannon.

"Where are we?" quivered Violet. "Can you tell?" "I believe it is gandelinians who are trying to place us between two fires to annihilate us," said Joice.

Gradually the din increased as battery after battery was added to the number in action. It seemed that a general bombardment was in progress and now a score of shells landed in among the tree tops and exploding covered the little girls beneath one of the trees with a shower of limbs, leaves and splinters.

THE BATTLE OF DONOHUS RUN.

While this forest fire originated by general Raymond Mc Richards Federal was going on in full away this very same gandelinian general taking advantage of Hanesias failure to advance struck Connolly's army whose lines ran east and west bending back the Abhianian front/ throwing his right flank at again the Abhianian left and slowly crowding the latter back toward Donu Donohus Run. General Dyson stiffened up the Abhianian front by putting one million three hundred thousand men into the narrow angle to hold the furiously attacking gandelinians at bay. The whole Abhianian line did not fall five million five hundred thousand men. Three corps, I Corps and six million six hundred thousand under general

lashed a being thrown upon the Glandelinians but they could not hold out even at the tremendous onslaught and three times that bloody day the Abhianians stormed across the plain and made vain attempts to retake the positions from the Glandelinians. One big force of Abhianians got into the woods near the approaching conflagration where they attempted with maddened fury at the enemy for hours in a sea of carnage but they were thrown out. Glandelinian and Abhianian wreckage filling the battered plain and plains and one kind of wreckage could not be distinguished from another. The works were littered with torn equipment, cups broken, rifles, used and unused cartridges and hundreds of thousands of mangled bodies many thousands of which could not be identified. Thousands of dead were found in craters made by kang-gah kang gango kang-gah shells. At the bloody angle serious Abhianian resistance against the Glandelinian onslaught showed horrible slaughter.

Here stood divisions upon divisions which held out for four days against the Glandelinians. The Abhianians here fought with utmost perseverance, divisions dwindling into regiments, regiments into companies and the companies melting away in that storm of death. No one could question the bravery and skill with which the Abhianians fought and faced a death on this beautiful fairy like plain. In the battle torn fields there had grown forget-me-nots, cornflowers, poppies and daisies but now devastation was only left to mark the terrible scenes.

When the Glandelinian artillery got to work it did fearful havoc in the charging Christian lines leaving the myriads of dead under tons of dirt. Time again the Abhianians stormed at the Glandelinians and swept down upon them with a fearful fire men dropping by thousands at every step. The worse execution was done little Glandelinians with machine guns the Abhianians meeting with a blistering fire from guns that were unmistakably the make of Angelinians for these fired three hundred and fifty shots at a crack. But the Abhianians plunged headlessly ahead until utterly overwhelmed, looses then they withdrew in panic.

More than three of four thirds of the Abhianians were dead and the rest retreated toward the main point of Denohuan Run.

Violet attacks on the part of the Abhianians and Galverinians southeast of Arona were repulsed with frightful slaughter and spirited cannonading in the section of Eleanor as well as Uweille lines and Wilens made a terrific din but these three Christian fronts managed to hold their own amid frightful slaughter. The last of the Glandelinian of Glandelinian though successful very heavy on account of a curtain of artillery fire the battle lasting fully seven days before it was finally over. The main assault of the battle batt is occurred on the second day the assault being made by many successive and very dense formations of men followed by immense detachments in column formation. Many of the Glandelinian troops were cut down by infantry, machine gun and artillery fire but more and more came to the assault crushing the Abhianian line cutting their army to pieces and taking thousands of prisoners. The main Christian loss during the battle is or after was considered as about three million two hundred. The Glandelinian losses as they had been mostly on the defensive were less than one million killed and wounded.

Something while it was reported that large Glandelinian armies were concentrating at poles 2 scroller along the He-pollster gun, violet and her sisters had a most trying experience, while being pursued by a large squadron of Glandelinian cavalry. They had reached a wooded country which was supposed to be infested by the enemy and seeing a certain tree decided to climb to the top and secure themselves some refuge from the enemy pursuers.

The thing that appeared to be a large plant stood about thirteen feet high at the most and resembled what is seen in Madagascar a *Crinoida parjeana*. To violet and her sisters the apparent tree seemed to have a most remarkable appearance. Its trunk which rose to the height of thirteen feet high had a strange barrel like shape covered with what appeared to be a queer mosaic sort of skin or bark looking more like some gigantic pineapple plant than anything else. At the top of this apparent trunk it was between eighteen and thirteen feet in circumference and upon it seemed to be fixed a most remarkable growth very much resembling a huge plate. From the top of this huge looking trunk there seemed to hang eight gigantic leaves of peculiar greenish yellow color. They were of extraordinary size, twenty to thirty feet long, two feet wide where they were hinged to the apparent tree widening to about six feet and finally tapering down to a point as sharp as a needle. They were plentifully strewn with huge venomous looking round cups which were not observed by Violet and her sisters, and inside these cups protruded long horrible looking things like thorns.

These things looking like leaves could not have been less than fifteen inches thick in the centre, and hung down heavily along the trunk their point trailing in the earth. Above these there stretched rigidly and horizontally sixty of strange looking branches about ten to fifteen feet in length. Flatly free underneath the plate-like arrangement there grew a pointing upward half a dozen frail looking stem-like things (would be a better name) that shivered constantly as if agitated by the wind. It seems that the plate-like affair on top of the trunk contained some thick sweet juice as some sweet thick pinkish stuff was running down the side of the trunk. Violet and her sisters becoming now suspicious of the strange looking object were afraid to go nearer the tree but suddenly without warning a storm of yells arose and suddenly springing into sight came the Glandelinian cavalry men rushing upon the poor little girls with unearthly shrieks and outcries. Terrified violet and her sisters shrunk back, and at that the whole crowd of more approaching Glandelinians set in with their yells furiously howling for violet and her sisters to surrender and keep their distance from the tree. For a while violet and her sisters trusting to their little guns resisted, and only getting wounded as a reward for their plucky defense. At last seeing that it was useless to fight any further they turned and faced the tree. For a moment the little girls stood still gathering themselves up for a supreme effort, then quickly they sprang for the tree. Like a monkey they were scrambled up and reaching the top inhaled and panted to get to save them. Seeing that the foe were edging away with a peculiar look of fear and amazement in their faces the little girls feeling queer jumped up, and started to jump down as they did not like the odor of the juice on the top and at first the surprised Glandelinians did not in that dim light notice what caused one of the as they all jumped down to shriek with terror. Suddenly her sisters who had jumped a great distance realized what happened and at first they seemed to be paralysed with horror. The apparent tree seemingly so dead and motionless a moment before had suddenly come to life. The palpi so frail looking had suddenly ceased to quiver, and had coiled themselves about Jennies, head, throat and shoulders, and also her left arm holding her so firmly that all her efforts to free herself remained absolutely useless. Simultaneously the peculiar green branches so short and rigid before began to writhe and coil themselves round and round her body like snakes. Then as the mass struggled with a peculiar noise there arose a horrible sight that her sisters will never forget—the great leaves started to rise, very slowly. Those evil looking cups with the evil looking thorns protruding their full length were now on the inside pointing toward the little victim and closing on her seemingly with the force of a hydraulic press, and as they started to come together tightly there trickled down the trunk a pinkish mixture, while now the Glandelinians themselves who were Guardians and human who had not pursued the children with the intention to murder fought with maddening fury, and almost lost themselves underfoot in their efforts to compel the strange thing to release the imprisoned child.

However a new and most astonishing thing, had happened. There was a swoop of a long light body through the air, a loud r drowning sound which was almost deafening, and the tree was suddenly hurled bodily into the air and thrown down a considerable distance where it had stood, being torn up by the roots. A Being of glomenean creature had seen the occurrence, and had come to her rescue in time. Violet and her sisters never forgot their experience with this kind of man eating tree which really it was.....

During the recent parts of the great war and while the war was still young in its third year of duration there had been many questions on the results of battles and the questions and answers were as follows:-----

I. "What battle ended Manley's three hundred days bloody Pandora Campaign?" The battle of Jennie Turner.

2. What two mighty armies fought at Evangelina Crania or Highburg Landing, and at Norma Roseanna in the first year of the bloody Landoo-Angelinian war? The Calvinians, Angelinians, Domobians, Goncentinians, Abbeannians, and Tripoligonians, against the glandelinians consisting the Gmarians and Mc-Hollesinians.....

3. Why does the frightful battle of Kittens Reicharts, Judge Evans or Big girlknool rank as one of the most important battles of Angelinians entire cause, and as one of the bloodiest battles of the war? It permitted though defeated as they were, the glandelinians to retain their most disastrous defeat throughout the whole eastern theatre of the war, and permitted Angelina to retain control of all the Calvinian and Angelinian rivers, menaced Gloria, and Mc-Whirther, threatened the abrupt fall, fall of Julio Callio and Norma, saved Jennie Turner and Angelina Agathia from capture by the enemy and caused the Landee Linian nation to suffer the first most bloody wreck in the war.

4. For what reason is the first battle of Osmondson considered a most important Angelinian victory? It was the first real halting of the Glandelinian invasion in the west of Angelina, and the crushing of the entire glandelinian cause in that section of the bloody war. It also was a real important victory for the fact that the Shoemannian army suffered almost annihilation in attacking the Heights of Hall Mary."

5. When was the last great campaign of the glandelinians toward Angelina Agathia, or Gloria as it is generally called begun, and when did it end? In May the first year of the war when the glandelinian campaign full of tremendous battles and massacres was shifted from the Southwestern part of Calvernia to the east. It ended in disaster at Big girlknool.

6. Who fought the tremendous battle of Antonieania or Angeline Run and which side was victorious? The Glandelinians fought under Manly the Third and general Vivian was a victorious. This battle is generally called the "Battle of Peppo Angelina the II. The battle raged around Jennie Tury. Hence was first called by that latter name.

7. What Angelina general defeated Manley the Third at Jennie Turner? Zimmerman is considered the main victor but reports are confirmed that general Hanson Vivian fought the entire battle and that general Zimmerman came to his rescue at Sunbeam creek when Hanson the main commander was dangerously wounded.

8. In what part of the war was the battle between Germania Vivian and his father General Robert Vivian fought? The Fourth month of the Glandelinian invasion of Calvernia in the month of June on the 21th 1911.

9. What was the most famous glandelinian naval victory in the Second year of the Landoo Angelinian war?

The victory of the glandelinians over the Angelinians at the battle of Jennie Turner Hill in which the bombardment and roar of cannons was so frequent as to be termed the war of the planets.

10. What is known at the near ending of the First year of the war as the battle of the worlds?

The bloody culmination of the military efforts of the four Glandelinian armies under Raymond Richardson Federal, and the three Manley's; in which which these Glandelinian forces fought against the Christians at Big girlknool and crushed the Christian armies, but in which one of the Manleys through a fault of his own retreated, causing the other Manley to fall back thus enabling the two Vivians to capture the Emporia Heights and the Sacramento Hills. Most of the battle raged around Jennie Kittens Reel Reicharts run but was by the government of the Abbeannians finally termed as the battle of the Big and little girlknools.

These reports were evident and it was enough to encourage the Christians throughoutly. The enemy invasion in the east had already been overthrown and general Vivian and Hanson was already rushing large armies eastward to help in keeping the enemy overthrown. The war itself was raging with scathing fury in the western section of Calvernia, and the scenes were equally as terrific as in the east. Of course the whole world as still more astonished at the violence of the war every day, and fresh news always was a new shock to Abbeannia alone. The reports of the recent two Christmas sorrows was surprising to Abbeannia, and the sorrows of the children of her own had increased Abbeannia embittered feelings against Glandelinia and she longed afresh to revenge the tragedy of 1840. The children of countries who had been more fortunate it was reported had said during the two years over three hundred million poor rogues, and the priests had offered great numbers of Novenas and Masses and other prayers that God would see fit to allow the Christians to force open the fortifications of Mc-Whirther and that the enemy would be immediately crushed. News was slower now than at the beginning of the tremendous war, and only those who would have experienced the sorrow caused by it would have felt just as they did.

Abbeannia felt the same as a dog having the rabies but not yet demented and she decided to push in as hard as possible, and had during the meanwhile builded new fleets of warships, and had forced those nations who had refused her aid on account of favoring Glandelinia to loan their fleets, or go to war with her.

So secretly the Abbeannians was fitting out an immense fleet with which to lay siege to Mc-Whirther. Zimmerman in the meantime was already starting his own movements, and learning that a great force of Glandelinians was concentrating again along the Mc-Hollesster Run with the intention to menace his own advance sent generals Vivian, and Viviananna to crush back Germania Vivian at all costs, and to wrest all points of the Mc-Hollesster Run positions from all of the enemy, and to drive immediately for Francis Atlanta, and strike Julio Callio and Norma Catherine from the rear. So these two Christian generals the servant of the Abbeannian Dragon as Zimmerman was called moved with the speed of a stampede down toward the Mc-Hollesster Run, and barred the advance of general Germania before the wicked traitor and enemy of God knew what was happening.

Other movements was also being made. Zimmerman finding that he had too large an army to move with him simultaneously send this to aid general Hanson Vivian at other quarters, and also advanced the army under general Lucille Francis Hanson to move the other division toward the section of Logan Zoe Rae Run called Mc-Whirther Pillars and to drive back the Glandelinians concentrating there under Mc-Whirther Francis Schmidt. These movements were made separately but almost simultaneously, and indeed all the time the war had raged with a peculiar movement in the west. In many a desperate and most bloody battle the Glandelinian armies had been driven hither and thither, either southward, or northward, but always anew Christian army had thrown themselves in the way and the whole Glandelinian cause in entire Calvernia was really caught in a seething cauldron of hell.

The condition of the Glandelinian situation in Calvernia was indeed indeed the most surprising indeed. At the beginning of the war the enemy were the invaders of Calvernia, and had repulsed every attempt of the Christians to drive them out. Now in the west the Glandelinian cause was smashed down like an eggshell under the foot of a giant, but her armies could not now escape Calvernia though they had tried to. The armies trampled under by Angelina in the east part of Calvernia had south to retreat southward through Angelina, immense armies moving northward under gun Turner and Aronburg Lucille had thrown themselves in the way and crushed the armies and again driving them northward and eastward in panic.

2 11

It was now Angelinia who had the swa in her hand. She had thrown three fifths of the armies held in reserve in Angelinia into Calvernia from the south just at the moment the last of the christian armies were standing their ground in the north, and now glandelinia in the East was in a critical situation, and many of the glandelinian generals decided it was now the best thing to abandon the Eastern part of Calvernia and retreat westward which appeared the only open part for them.

While four immensochristian armies was concentrating against the glandelinians along the Mc-Holleston Run Whilliamsburger Zimmermann was already nearing the point he most desired, and already concentrated his main forces along 100 miles of the great Mc-Whirther Run, and moving forward little by little, each section of his army at a time, he had suddenly closed every single access of glandelinia to Mc-Whirther, and the actual siege of Vivian Wickey had begun. Two weeks had passed since his preparations had been made, and daily now the ground for hundreds of miles was continously shaken by a day and night tremendous bombardment as Zimmermann was letting loose all his available guns with the intention of hammering the fortifications down and force them to give in. He had been advised by many to make an abrupt attack upon the fortifications with his whole force at once, but then he did not think it was wise to do so and consulted general Hanson about it who was moving forward to Giese Marie Osborne.

General Hanson's answer was;

"The best way to force thoman point main point is to reduce it by siege and bombardment, and by frequent sallies to capture important points whose capture would only close the sapor of Calvernia most tightly. Virginia Run, and Zannagustopolis, and Logan Zoe Rae run are some of the most important points in front of Vivian Wickey and their capture would soon cause the fortifications of Mc-Whirther to fall. Do not make abrupt assaults upon Mc-Whirther though as it would though successful would cause you too heavy loss, and we do not want to sacrifice too many men just for the sake of a hasty victory. Smashing down the opposition by a continual fire of all your heavy cannons and the sorties I proposed before is the best means...."

General Hanson Vivian.

During this time there happened to be another glandelinian general who like the one early in the war made a wicked and false false boast. He had been retreating before the advance of general Hanson Vivian's left wing without offering a single engagement, and finally finding out that his army outnumbered this division of Angelinians ten to one decided to close in instead of retreating and surrounding it make the whole combined surrender. If this was accomplished general Hanson Vivian would be struck a staggering blow that would put an end of all his attempts to move against the main force near and along the gormas run.

Of course this move had to be made with haste, and so he did so encompassing this christian army in a circle of glandelinian armies. He had even cut off all their supplies for their artillery, and much of their priv provisions also and felt so confident that he declared that not any one in heaven could help the christian army now. He had as it seemed the whole christian army in a trap in which there was no escape at all, and that they would have to surrender. This glandelinian general whose name was Fredrick Shrills declared to Manley;

"Now let God get the christian force out of the trap if he can. If he is so almighty let him show his power. I don't believe he could do it with the help of his whole host in heaven."

Hanson Vivian learned of the use of this glandelinian general and of how he had surrounded one of his main divisions cutting off their supplies without there being any means to obtain anything anywhere. Hanson acted promptly. He moved forward his cavalry as swiftly as possible and advanced his main body under Roswell Buster Johnston to take the surrounding glandelinian army in the rear.

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It took about ten days for Roswell Buster Johnston to reach the point directed but he came upon the rear region at night time and prepared for the dash. His scouts predicted to him the situation of the enemy's position, and he decided to do something clever which would obtain for Hanson a large army of prisoners. He sent a message through a Gemi in Gemiian messenger to general Jack Shellackey of the surrounded christians stating thus

General Shellackey;

I have arrived with my forces toward the rear of the enemy who is surrounded you, and Hanson's cavalry is coming fast. I have been advised by Governor Horsch Vivian to strike the enemy in the rear but I see a good chance to place the enemy between three fires, and if you follow out my advice we'll not only rescue you but capture this whole glandelinian army as well. I'm going to form my army into a large fan shape wave and to morrow morning I'm going to descend upon the enemy like the tidal wave descends upon a beach. As soon as you hear the roar of battle no move forward immediately and strike and tear your way through. The cavalry that is approaching will hear the strife as far as they may be, and as come up with a dash. The enemy then will be surrounded instead and we'll either compel them to surrender or make them face annihilation."

Roswell Buster Johnston."

Roswell Buster Johnston did as he planned, and in the morning just as the day was breaking moved a great wave of men forward upon the whole of the enemy's rear. The shock of the collision was terrible. There followed a tremendous battle that at first seemed one-sided. In a close and fury the Angelinian wave for the first part of the struggle was completely outclassed besides overwhelmed. The Angelinian wave appeared to have no chance against the huge and demented divisions of glandelinians who repelled charges furiously and crushed the christians back again and again and roaring like a million lions the waves of glandelinians and christians struggled madly in a sea of fire and smoke but general Jack Lavan and Whilliam Henderson of the glandelinians who were very high superior generals were killed, and the christians though repulsed and banged about a good number of times nevertheless had a good throat hold on the rear of the glandelinian army and any one would have betted their money on the Angelinians. And the Angelinians proved themselves thence lives true to the blood that was in them by holding on, and resuming their fierce assaults until Roswell Buster Johnston brought up the rest of the force and artillery. The Angelinians were beaten back like flails and held on. They were flung back three times all the way to their own positions and still they held on and tore their way once more through the gray lines in a most tremendous charge in double waves. Their waves seemed ground into the earth by the shell storm of the enemy but still they held on and could not be worsted. The force that had been surrounded by the enemy hearing the noise of the conflict also took a hand, and with the arrival of the cavalry kept up the attack and so sadly depleted the glandelinian army that the main glandelinian general in order to save his army from destruction was compelled to offer to surrender and do so. So three days later Roswell Buster Johnston received into his hands over sixty million glandelinians, immense booties and provisions, and many great lords and generals. This occurrence was more than Hanson had expected and he marveled over the greatness of the christian general. This was really the beginning of the fierce battles on the Mc-Holleston Run, and Roswell Buster Johnston after his brilliant victory had joined Vivianiana to help him hold general Germania at bay, and Violet and her sisters were now to see some more thrilling times at this seven days battles.

THE DEADLY FLEET OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS.

FURI U FURIOUS BLOODY MANUEVURS AT MC-HOLLESTER RUN.

THE BREAKING OF THE BATTLE AND THE FEARFUL STORM OF SLAUGHTER AND WORDLY HORROR. A WO WAR OF THE WORLDS ON LAND.

Federal and Tamerline with his hordes of blood thirsty warriors was now approaching the city of Dom nonolues Run i with the avowed intentions of razing it to the ground. There was no prospects of successfully opposing him and the people of the beautiful city awaited his coming as they might await the end of the world. Just imagine the scene outside the city when the dread warrior had kept his threat. Non-combatants put to slaughter and the city burned. On the other hand the Glandelinian armies acres of millions of marauders, on the others crowds of weeping children being cut up and blood drained, and worse things not pleasant to relate.

The same forest fires started by Federal had by the time the Vivian girls had been caught in it burned over eleven million two hundred eighty thousand acres, and cost 3,562 lives, while a branch of the same fire had already burned over eleven million, one hundred and sixty thousand acres with a death list of one thousand, four hundred and eighteen. This fire in its whole path had burned to death for total hundreds of thousands of lives caused annual loss in stock crops, cities and towns and even thousands of children were burned in the terrible scourge which was still raging. Federal by his ruthless destruction of nature itself as to say really deserved the name of "Human tornado" for there was no greater Glandelinian general than him or any that could do all he did.

Violet and her sisters though they had managed to escape the dangerous gang-gang-shells realized that they were still lost in the midst of burning woods. As they approached upon the little girls were literally ground fire also which took hold in the thick humus or vegetable mould that covered the floor of the forest, consisting also of brush fires and young trees feeding on grass ground litter, brush and young trees, while also they were endangered by crown fires which driven through the windswept through the tree tops in streams of fire.

The little girls really did not know what to do. They heartily wished that their friend Jack Evans was with them but wishing could not bring him. They did not know which way to go. The main conflagration was approaching nearer and nearer long rivers of fire and the flames made it almost as light as day. Indeed Violet and her sisters were running deeper and deeper into the danger. Lost in the blazing Galverinian woods with no compass to guide them they felt helpless. Indeed everywhere they turned was thick growth of turpentine trees with branches and leaves so thickly interlocked that the woods if not for the glare of the flames would have been terribly dark. Everything was murky with smoke and a terrific glare was thrown upon the heavens.

"This is terrible," gasped Violet; "I have never had so much hopelessness before." Suddenly she was startled by the report of a musket and Angelina threw up her arms and fell at full length amid the bushes.

"The Glandelinian sharpshooters," cried Violet; "Down sisters or we will all be killed."

They dropped almost as quickly as Violet did and without giving any further thought to their own danger they turned their attention to Angelina only to find her crawling on the ground with a slight scratch on the forehead. Suddenly there came a series of reports and bullets zipped through the bushes where the little girls were but no one was hit. Jennie trying Angelina's wound to stop the bleeding and not the enemy fired again the bullets being more numerous his time whistling through the bushes close to the little girls.

Then again came a perfect volley and Violet left as was hit by a bullet but it only creased the sleeve and did not make a wound. More bullets went zipping through the bushes but now the little girls began to crawl along. Again and again came the crack crack, crack, of scores of muskets and Violet felt the wind of the bullets but was not hit. The Glandelinians as she knew were keeping it up hoping to do some damage but unfortunately a burning gun was setting the leaves and dry bushes

on fire and this fire was blazing on the pathway where they had been firing shots and even at that moment it gained strength and headway. And this finally forced them to give up the attempt of an assesting the Vivian girls which they were really trying to do. Then as the little girls continued on they suddenly saw a force of gray coated horsemen led by Cannonia approaching at a gallop.

"They are Glandelinians," said Violet; "We are cornered."

The Glandelinians rode up within a few few yards of where the seven children children stood and reined up their horses. The children met the questioning gaze of the new comers bravely but at the same time wondering how it would end. With a force of mounted Glandelinians in front of them and dragging forest fires behind them the little girls might as well ask themselves which way shall we turn? The Glandelinians saw the little girls and in due time had them within their main lines and ready for trial of which they were not guilty of at all. They were immediately brought before general Federal who immediately sentenced the little girls to death. Early the next morning the little girls were led forth to their doom but fortunately general Wuebaum Manley though a fierce child but a kinder hearted in their behalf and their little lives were spared.

"It is up to general Federal to be wise and even mind your own affairs about the little girls," Manley said; "If they spied when captured then it is probably all right but not when they were captured from your dastardly forest fires which has harassed our armies more than it did the Christians. Here after mind your own business or I will see that some one else will have your command. You are placed in chief commands of the armies here by us Manleys and for your promotion you got to show obedience." And with this he withdrew with his fair prisoners.

"This is probably some of that Meldonia picknells interference I'll be bound," hissed Federal to himself; "I wish the hell he would die curse him."

THE BATTLE OF MC-HOLLESTER RUN A SIX DAYS FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE.

It was on June the 1st of eleven thirteen when general Wuebaum Manley received relieving heaven forces launched sweeping attacks upon general Noro Vivianias to save his left as general Noro Vivianias had threatened it for weeks. The onslaught was terrific and even was falling when Federal striking Hansen's frontal forces a terrible battle managed to force him back, and a large force came upon the flank of general Noro Vivianias right flank attacking his whole two wings on two sides and between two storms of fire at that time his main right wing was rapidly reduced into fragments within eight hours eight million have fallen and captured on both sides combined.

General Montfort sacrificed his whole army in repelling the raps lling Manleys storming attacks and the divisions under general Thomas

Evans and general John Evans ran into a line of mines and were all slain with the deaths of the two Christian generals and the probably mortal wounding of their only friend Jack Evans. Montford was killed also and general Noro Handenias, Hansen, Wuebaum and Galenningto were wounded the latter mortally. The Christian total losses on the first day of the great struggle were already considered four million one hundred and thirty two thousand four hundred and sixty six.

After spending their round for a twelve hours in a sea of blood and fire and corpses mangled and even intestines general Vivianias whole right was rolled up with the loss of two great picknells, Mandonia, Bicknell, and Consoe picknell who were mortally wounded in trying to restrain them.

General Wuebaum Furgersonia, Phillip Rinn, George Rinn and Walter Rinn three brothers all on the Christian side were killed and even Walter Shoemannia was killed. General Noro Vivianias center stood its ground near Mc-Hollester Run though both sides made the most desperate and gallant maneuvers even seen in the war.

Shoemannia rushed his light forces to the attack and so fierce was the conflict and the artillery fire that countless terrific explosions fairly and continually pierced the air in a volcano of flame and din and with an ear-splitting and continuous drumming like a roar.

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General Cannonia and Darginia crossed the Mc-Hollester Run and tore general Vivianias center with the fury of their attacks but made little progress and Darginia withdrew and Cannonia also then resumed the onslaught with redoubled fury as Shoemannias main line went into action with the full fury of bells roaring din. General Vivianias center was pounded to smithereens by Shoemannias desperate lunges but at night fall they still held and the attacks, as general Vivianias center was reinforced by parts of the main bodies of christians finally ceased leaving a battle field exposed which looked more like some conflagration than than an actual fighting field. During the night general Vivianias withdrew his right and center but his left could not be withdrawn in time and were forced to stand against fiercer attacks the next morning. The left wing made grand success however and despite terrific slaughter pushed on across the Mc-Whirther a roaring screaming battle line fifty miles long driving the Glandelinian columns shattered and mangled before them and capturing several divisions of pravocots on Bernards plains. In the meantime during the night general Noro-vivianias right had escaped Tomas Federal by starting plain and forest fires themselves and so the next morning just a little after the left got into action gave Huebaum Manley battle with main might and main.

So terrific was the battle that the battle of Mc-Hollester Run that orchards were laid in waste by the terrific rain of shells which made many holes large enough to swallow a horse in. The ravages of the battle wrought great havoc worse than than that seen at Mc-Whirther Run. The trampled fields was strewn with the bodies of the thousands of dead and dying, with broken weapons and artillery and the scene was a worse picture than any ever made yet.

Again unfortunately general Vivianias right failed to hold and along the left now there was changes also. Huebaum Manley's right being reinforced by a part of Thomas Federal's columns stood its ground fiercely and threw back the whole christian line at that point after sanguinary fighting smothering and beating great surges front to back, hand then pressing forward themselves over a sea of bodies attacking with such relentless fury that the works captured by the christians were abandoned the Angelinians retreating northward with haste. General Maldonias Bicknell's lines were torn asunder in the onslaught they made but their attacks were also successful and the whole christian line gave way and retreated northward. Along Manley's center the glandelinian artillery firing increased in intensity, expending a great quantity of shells so that the christian works were literally churned up by the high explosive and as all the christian guns from their batteries responded with tenfold fury the din became terrific.

At the same time divisions of Glandelinians charged forward in monstrous waves with valor beyond words of praise and with a passionate courage which swept away all the terrible resistance until heavy reserves came up to check their advance near Mc-Whirther, and almost simultaneously there were separate counter attacks north and west in which thousands of glandelinians facing a furious curtain fire were compelled to surrender to prevent from being all slaughtered.

The Glandelinian battalions from Angelina Run to Mc-Fern Run a length of cannon chain of twenty five miles seemed to continually fire together as if at some signal in the heavens. In the tremendous thousands of salvoes the earth and air shook with a great trembling which never ceased for a single moment for all the battle fury the din seemed to fairly tear the air.

The vast tumult of explosive force pounded with a sledge hammer strokes of some titan, thundering through a deeper monotone, of continual reverberation, while Shoemannias main attacks redoubled and what seemed impossible happened.

The din of the artillery as all the christian batteries became doubly intense so that all the region of the battle field and hundreds of miles from it shook as if there was a severe earthquake and villages and towns were thrown into grave yards from the horrible concussion thousands killed by the falling of their houses.

The fury of it was so intensified that the scolds of the Angelinians quaked at its awful significance. Never before anywhere in the war had there been such a roar of heavy cannons which seemed to have shells enough to blast each opposing line out of the way and indeed over seven hundred thousand cannon of all sizes were thundering.

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Federal's main attack began east of Mc-Hollester Run his men being in dead grips with the Angelinians. They advanced steadily over the trenches but their lines were smashed by the christian artillery fire that they crumpled upon only the arrival of Ambrose Fullerton's Tomas Federal's army from annihilation. V battalions and infantry disappeared into a fog of smoke from shells and locs of every kind. They fought behind the veil of death and immense streams of badly wounded told of the horrible casual casualties. Driven divisions of bravemen fought and fell battalions and brigades went into action against Tomas Federal but they couldn't hold and the Angelinians retreated northward. However the battle for the second day was not over as general Vivianias was determined to hold his own at any cost and save Vivianias army from defeat as if possible.

ASIZLING COMFTST.....21

Several more reformations were made by the christians during the evening which soon caused the enemy to give up their headlong attacks but in the next morning during a bloody conflict the Angelinians under general Hansonias Aronlurg clung to their works in the driving rain and pushed Wahlters mangled and crushed division of christians back to the trenches from which they were retreating and the whole were thrown upon the assailants and though Phillis divisions were repulsed during a counter charge the Angelinians however were able to maintain their works though Phillis one of their best and able leaders was severely wounded.

In the meantime meantime Shoemannias made a smashing assault which was backed by a steady succession of sledge hammer drives in double waves but continuously the Angelinians set their big bigges guns in tremendous action more severe than on the second day and blew whole waves, lines and columns into eternity. So terrific was their artillery fire that the city of Angelina Run in the heart of the main action resembled a Grecian city in ruins from the concussion. The Angelinian guns simply swept all barriers away and exactly five thousand shells per minute fell among Shoemannias advancing lines and the wooded regions looked as if some great typhoon had swept its horrible devastation.

Shoemannias however made great success but Huebaum Manley failed to pierce his enemy's lines and suffered heavy losses. Federal in the meantime advanced across a large turned section of woods to repel Hansonias who having recovered from the shock on June the eleventh was moving along the Aronlurg stretch to render aid to general Noro-vivianias. Both armies came together literally on the lined stretches like two Jefferies against two Jack Johnsons, and for a time amid the roaring sea of flame and hell slaughter, Federal was giving Hansonias a good wallowing on two sides when Connelly and ponbus came to Hansonias aid and intervened putting Federal's right wing between two withering fires and took sonking it in good old style. Federal was dismayed at his terrible losses and finding himself pressed back all along the line soon threw his main army into action and ordered general Cannonia to advance to his support. In the flaming hell Tomas Federal was killed and Thomas Federal severely wounded but now his lines though reeling hammering onslaughts were holding their own though they seemed out of lines outlined like some great smoky conflagration.

General MacHollester Johnston held a conference with his officers. "Hansonias right wing," said Nelson pointing in the direction of the carnage, "must be checked at all costs. Cannonia has been ordered to advance but I don't see the sense of it. His army will only be crushed. Look how the christians stare at each other."

"Put something has got to be done," said general Haller, "How about advancing... a force to the right and crush Hansonias right or left flank out of our way?" "That can't be done," said general MacHollester Johnston, "Can't you see how furiously those christians are pressing on. We dare death in his worse form there is but not suicide."

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"What can be done then?" "SIS II general Cannon, pointing to the north, he being the main commander under Cannonia; "If we don't do something Norman Federal will be crushed. I'm in for killing, while the killing is good."

"Well, then, strike their main flank and crush it in." Said general Mc-Hoo Hollister.

"That is my say." Said general Fritze, Patrick a young general with a stillish face but devilish disposition; "It is the only way to beat those yelling, howling mad-dogs." "That is the best thing we can do." Said general Mc-Fern as general Cannon with general Godfrey and Nolan agreed; "Here is our main commander now. Let's see his plan."

General Cannonia had been sitting on his horse like a woman but now he mounted in the right way not sitting sideways as before but fully upon his mount and dashed swiftly up to the group of Glandelinian generals.

"Federal is having a hell of a time standing his ground against those yelling demons and you fools standing here conversing." Said Cannonia in a rage; "We are ordered by general Raymond Richardson Federal to advance our main forces and go to his support. So forward it is under any conditions. We are to strike the flank of general Connolly's Abbeianians and crush them."

Many of the officers agreed that this was the right plan and general Dargen coming up at this moment he highest officer in the rank next to Manley came dashing up and shouted;

"Forward boys to your commands! Strike Cannonia as quickly as possible or he will carry all before him."

Soon every commander had their armies in motion. General Dargen was the first to reach the scene of action. The Aronburg stretch of woods which had been a burned region of about forty miles in length was now a sea of dead and wounded of both sides, Cannonia Connolly having fallen wounded and his army razed by Cannonia's flank movement. Cannonia's army continued to press on his lines hurricaning with a storm of fire. All of Federal officers were in this sizzling battle hell striving with utmost fury to stem the retreat there being fifteen ally alternates and these were named being Fairwell, Hollie, Gordon, Schroeder, James O'connor, Gorgeville, Rappah, Ghandgird, Cannon, Jack Johnson, Lanoster, Contemptorian, Setric, Srentilly, Penberton, Hel'jome. Those wounded were Watine, Cannonia, Tomah Bone, Harrie Zimmermann, a Fle head/victorian, Aberdene Schroederine, Connie Schroeder, Kuffmann, Withnough, Ambling, Shri mp Flynn, Brackets, James Cannon, Henderson, Brackets, Pendergast, Grated, Thomas Gordon, Richard rogan, James E Perkins, Migeau, Clinton day, G. and Connolly, Lewis, Hanson Gish, Hanton Jennings, Cannon, Fred Mary, Wab, Shuvan, in, Rolet Kempf, Dansk, Convention, Wall Ricknell, Shu Subunkia all being wounded.

General Mc-Fern met the purple coated friends throwing all his divisions into action but they could not hold and became demoralized. General Dargen came to Mc-Ferns aid but fell dangerously wounded amid the storm of hell. Mc-Fern managed to rally his men at Dargen's support and as his lines were holding against fierce maneuvers and herculean drive he fell mortally wounded. His lines were literally helled and withdrew like a lot of cattle in a wild stampede before a great fire in the plain. General Mc-Haller and Mellion were killed and their armies cut to pieces. General Cannon advanced his big forces to the extreme center and of checked Germans onslaught of hell fury but could not drive his Angelinians back as they let loose a fissure eruption and Cannon and Norman fell together just as Fritze Patrick arrived with cavalry both the officers being only wounded however.

He survived the ocean of destruction without a scratch but he failed to make a second charge and withdrew under heavy shell fire. General Godfrey and Nolan were killed during the slaughter cent-linlin the flank attack and though general Cannonia was wounded he retained his command and rolled up the Abbeianian army crushed and mangled.

Cannonia's heavy losses however began to tell on him and unsupported by the Abbeianians he was soon forced to recoil, Federal driving at him fast and furious. After continuous and desperate drives, Manley began to make abundant success along his lines and general Moro Viviania was threatened with utter defeat. General Cannonia's columns were trapped fighting his left wing fighting in three separate columns which gradually settled down into a steady massacre being like a repetition of of general Grants grinding methods in the Civil War, a test of strength in men, food and ammunition. It was already night and Cannonia made double retaliations without

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success as the fury of the attack was driven at him over shell turning area, the terrific laughter extending over thirty miles back and twenty miles in width, the attack sweeping upon these solid lines along their exposed front with a fury which no soul could withstand. In the fierce inferno of fire the Glandelinian columns and divisions were melted up but the main line itself was intact and victory for the Glandelinians was once more gained Cannonia's army being once more cut to pieces and routed.

On the fourth day general Viviania again repelled Manley's attack. Who could imagine the fury of the fierce star struggle of Cannonia's lines to surmount those flaming crest on Mc-Hollister's run. His lines first moving steadily forward in perfect order and then the flags high poised high poised and leading checked and broken continually on each successive rise. Under the storm of shells musket tearing, but bayonet and pike fixed ready at the final sweep like a heavy wave crest over the rock like barriers of the purple coats. Then reaching the last slope before and beneath the death delivering lines suddenly illuminated by sheets of flame and in an instant the whole first line sank as if swallowed up in earth, the bright flags quenched in gloom, and only writhing fragments of the second line marked that hide tide, halt of uttermost manhood and supreme endeavor.

Then a swiftback flowing with despairing efforts here and there to hear lack broken myriads of the bodies of the brave glorified by the Baptism of blood and fire. Again and again in the midst of a seething inferno the bold essay was repeated by millions of men in monstrous waves with the same results and the thickening seas of the fallen marked the desperate endeavor.

In these assaults Shoemania lost millions. Shoemania witnessed five mortal charges. General Cannonia's right had cut through the stubborn lines on Viviania's right flank but unsupported had been driven back and there after a brave onset had met a similar fate as elsewhere else elsewhere, and everywhere the air was clouded with horrible explosions. General Viviania however was worried and listened intently for Cannonia's guns. General Moro Viviania despairing of his left and seeing the repulse of Cannonia's heroic valor on the right ordered a general advance. First Henriquest troops then Augustine St. Clares attacked Cannonia's left but met serious resistance. General Rockefeller advanced to their assistance, Chancell's divisions being almost annihilated but Richardson Parsons and Rudolph forced and maintained a position until driven out by superior numbers. Shoemania again attacked Viviania but was repulsed by Miller who crossed the stream and engaged Cannonia again. At the same time a impetuous advance was made by general Viviania on the center the advance being supported by the deadly fire from long range batteries. The result was the gradual withdrawal of the Glandelinians to the Mc-Hollister woods where a terrible struggle ensued. Manley having been reinforced by general Leonia Ricknell's Glandelinians and scores of brigades under command which had just arrived on the field caused a slow withdrawal of Cannonia's center with their losses of their generals Madison and Jackson he himself having been severely wounded. The twelve divisions of Concentinians and Abbeianians under Darger and Scholadar had crossed the Mc-Hollister Run on the battle night by pontoon bridges and now moved forward to support general Viviania who gave direct orders in an ambulance. At the first divisions of Concentinians and Abbeianians advanced it found Viviania's men slowly retreating. After two hours of murderous fighting the first division was established across Aronburg's plain where they unfortunately ran into an ambush of forty Glandelinian brigades on their front and flank and right with the result of the practically annihilation of the divisions.

The Abbeianians fell backward by this the general Viviania's army had been forced with twenty one divisions and one hundred corps so badly crippled as to be out of action for the rest of the battle. General Dodd crossed his cavalry of Concentinians and placing his batteries on the ridge infiltrated the grav columns on his immediate front, and also gave support to Richardson on the left. Grogg stormed Huebman Manley's line but was unsuccessful and his attack was followed by Augustine's army with the same result. A part of general Moro Viviania's divisions tried to flank the Christians but engaged the extreme right and though subjected to a severe cross fire from the Angelinian artillery drove them back to Mc-Whither Run where he was checked by the army of Cokery which arrived at a very timely moment and crushed the Glandelinian assailants at this point. Shoemania's divisions which had followed encountered Sedwick's divisions occupying what was known afterwards as

hells plains.... Tiff nys Aronburg divisions crossed the Mc-Holleston Run and moved onward extending his lines to the left the enemy at this point making a most determined and spirited assault upon his Angelinians occupying the high ground the main attack being made on the central grand division of Vivian's left. Forunately the right grand division where the Shoemans and Hoeman were attacking, seemed to mass a strong force but which was now shattered by an inflating artillery fire of twenty batteries and as their line gave way before the assault Shoemans wheeled to the right and flanked and infiltrated the troops which had so tenaciously

held Hells plain. Three hundred thousand prisoners were captured for hundred stands of tattered and riven colors as well as important ground and the key to the position. The hell plain was literally covered with wreckage of guns, artillery, the foliage, and packed with dead and wounded of both sides. The cause of this disaster was a mystery.

In the meantime rumors came that Hoynes and Nero having recovered from their injuries sustained during the battle of Mc-Whirther Run and securing immense forces of Ab-leanians and Calverinians had been advancing to general Vivian's rescue. Hoynes army though in advance of Nero was very far off yet but general Vivian's army consisting the right grand division of Vivian's was receding swiftly toward him and he saw a chance to strike a blow.

In the meantime Hanson's army was in a crippled condition and was by Federal Hanson did not know what to do. The only thing left to do was to make another stand and this he did the Ab-leanians being the first to be hurled upon by the Federal following armies. The result was a terrible sanguinary struggle the worse ever raging between the two forces thus far during the battle. After two hours the Ab-leanian army was crushed to pieces by Federal's terrific onslaught and force into a rout. Federal's lines attacked with the utmost frenzy driving the Ab-leanians before them like frightened sheep. Hanson's left went into action against Federal's screaming hordes of gray coated fiends and the slaughter became terrible the Glandelinians pursuing across the Anna Aronburg plains like a seething storm of hell's legions.

Gravcoats went down in hundreds of thousands and the survivors who hurled themselves upon the lines in purple. The plains of Annie Aronburg became a vast morgue of cut up bodies and debris of every description the gray lines being torn by a tumult of horrid explosions, tempests of canister and storms of minnie. The onslaught was terrific but by uttermost determination and stubborn fury Hanson's left held against overwhelming odds, hurling back the tempest of gray coats time and again.

"That's it boys," said Hanson again and again; "Give them yelling demons hell. Go at them a pell mell."

In the meantime the center engaged Hanson's center the conflict becoming general all along the line. For many hours it continued with extreme fury and violence extending along the right and with final success for the enemy.

Fierce fighting on the grounds of Andean Run.

Hoynes in the meantime came upon a big force of Glandelinians with his left grand division under Cracken and struck against Break-in-the-neck's Glandelinian columns on the grounds of Aronburg of Andean Run forcing them back with great loss and Break-in-the-neck wounded severely....

Hoynes pressed on steadily across the body strewn fields carrying all before him until checked by new forces which showed terrible and titanic resistance for many hours. The Glandelinians again had the advantage and Hoynes' right wing was defeated Cracken having fallen being killed. Reinforcements sent to the right wing however reformed this section of the Christian line which soon regained the ground they had lost amid a terrible storm of slaughter and demoralization thus closing the action of the fourth day. During the night the enemy made a withdrawal but damaged scores of towns and villages and dared the Christian hosts to cross the Mc-Holleston Run

river and resume the conflict. During the period the sister and her sisters who had been prisoners among the Glandelinians for days managed to escape in the merle but had a duce of a time getting away and had to be rescued by hundreds of Angelinians. The Glandelinian armies after damaging so many cities and towns by their big guns intently watched the movements of the Christian armies which had been advancing during the early part of the night to avenge this unspeakable horror. The whole Glandelinian army which was falling back on the north side of the great Mc-Holleston Run river stretching along its shore for a hundred miles and the Christians were on the south shore their encampment stretching along for a distance of one hundred and fifteen miles. The eastern ends of the Christian armies were at Catherine Heights just across the river from Big Bethel.....

THE CHRISTIANS CROSS THE RIVER, WHILE FEDERAL AT ACKS HANSONIA AT MC-HOLLESTON RUN ONCE MORE. THE CARNAGE GOES ON IN GENERAL FURY.

General Dargin and Cammillian had made their way up the river a distance of two or three miles when they saw a large force of Angelinians at work along the edge of the stream and out on the river. It was a clear moonlight night and it was possible to see what was going on with tolerable distinctness and the two great great Glandelinian generals saw that there were thousands of Angelinians soldiers out in the stream in boats. The two Glandelinian generals saw plainly that the Angelinians commanded by a pretty little girl were making pontoon bridges using boats as foundations and placing long planks on them.

In this way a number of bridges could be constructed as easily in one night by keeping as many men at work as there was room for.

"General Gabeau Manley must know of this at the earliest possible moment of all," said Dargin. At this instant there was a rush of many footsteps and thirty six dark forms appeared and made an attack on the two generals.

"Angelinians," exclaimed Cammillian; "Give it to them." The two generals laid about them so lustily with their sabres that they brought their assailants to a sudden stop cutting down five of the purple coats. The rest drew pistols however and one called out lustily; "Surrender or we will riddle you with our bullets you Federal bastards."

Quick as a flash the two Glandelinian generals fired their pistols and dropped four of the purple coats, and then they leaped behind trees and just as this was accomplished there came the crack, crack, of weapon weapons as bullets whistled past the trees behind of which the two generals had taken refuge. But this was a game that two could play at and Dargin and Cammillian drew their other pistols and fired shots again with effect for two more of the Angelinians fell either dead or wounded. Other Angelinians were now coming and fearing that they could not hope to defeat the party Dargin said to Cammillian; "Come we must get away from here."

Then he darted away Cammillian keeping close at his heels. There were a couple of pistol shots fired by the Angelinians but none took effect and fearing that they were to lose their prey after all the purple coats started out in pursuit the leader calling out in a loud commanding voice; "Stop you rascally Federal bastards, or we will fill you full of lead."

But the two Glandelinian generals did not obey. "ST O," "ST O," again called out the voice angrily; "For the last time I warn you to stop."

The Angelinian leader might have spared himself the exertion of yelling for it would have taken more than words to stop the two Glandelinian generals. The Angelinians seemed to realize this and when he saw the Glandelinians keep right on he gave an order. The next moment a deafening roar rang out the Angelinians having fired a volley at the Glandelinian generals. Two or three bullets fell close around them but luckily

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the two were not hit. They on continued to run on with all their might their lips pressed grimly together and a look of determination in their eyes. Crack, crack, went the rifles again but the bullets did not hit the two Glendelinian generals and the next instant they were among the trees and were safe. Away they darted through the timber while there came yells of rage and excitement and then the crack of cracking of underbrush came to their hearing. On the two generals dashed and presently they could not hear any sounds to indicate that they were being pursued. They had succeeded in shaking their pursuers.

They soon reached Manley's position and having passing the sentinel Dargin alone made his way toward Manley's headquarters. The great general was in bed but the orderly awoke him and told him who wished to see him and what he said.

"I will get up right away and see what he has to say," said general Huebner Manley. Dargin did not have long to wait for in ten minutes the general showed himself.

"Well general Dargin I'm glad to see you," he said; "What is the news?" Have you discovered anything of interest?"

"Yes your excellency. I believe general Vivian is going to cross the river by means of pontoon bridges."

"You don't say," said Manley in surprise; "Where are those bridges being thrown across?"

"About three miles from here."

General Manley paced the floor for a few moments in silence looking down and pondering intently. Presently he paused and then said:

"This is a serious matter. He said as though I have half speaking to himself and to Dargin at the same time; 'I shall have to call a council and decide upon our course of action.'"

He summoned the orderly.

"Call all the general officers by telegraph," he ordered.

The orderly bowed.

"Tell them by telegraph that I wish them to report here at their earliest convenience and that matters of great importance are to be discussed."

"Yes your excellency." And then the orderly withdrew. Ten minutes passed and then a score of the general officers put in an appearance. One after another they came until all were there and then general Manley after pacing up and down the room for a minute told them the news.

"And now the question is," he said in conclusion; "What is to be done?"

The Glendelinian generals were surprised and alarmed except a few.

"So the christians are building bridges and are going to come across eh?" said someone.

"Well let them come," said Cannonier.

"That is just the question," said general Manley pacing up and down again; "Whether or not shall we let them come. We can strike them a blow as they cross."

"We could strike them a blow as they attempt to cross and make them give up," said Bicknell.

"But would that advise," asked general Raymond Richardson Federal.

"Why would it not be wise?"

"Well I'll tell you. To my way of thinking it will be a good move to let general Vivian's army cross the river."

"Why so?" from general Manley.

"Well it will give us a chance at them, not chance which we can get."

"Well it will give us a chance which we cannot hope to get as long as they remain on the other side of the river."

"Yes but it surely will give them a good chance at us and a good one too."

(Objected general Adair-de-parbe.

"But we have an unassailable position here on the heights and along the river also," said Federal.

"You think we could hold this against general Vivian's great host then?" asked Manley.

"Yes even more. We can ever thrust those christians down on level ground." Was

general confident reply.

Many of the Glendelinian generals shook their heads doubtfully.

"I'm not so sure about that general Federal," said Dargin.

"Nor I," from Cannonier.

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"Well I'm sure of it," declared Federal.

General Manley was thoughtful.

"I think we could hold our positions by stern resistance," he said; "But I don't know about whipping the enemy on level ground with their army green deal larger than ours."

"That is true to us I realize," said Federal; "But we have the best possible position and we can watch the enemy, and when we see a chance to strike them we can do it, and then if they try to get back at us we will be able to hit them as easily enough."

The other Glendelinian generals were not so sure about it. Some favored letting the Anglinians come across, but others were against it. There was quite a long discussion and after discussing for four hours and then it was decided to let the Anglinians come across the river. The idea was that as long as general Vivian's army was on the south side of the river there would be no chance to strike him a blow for revenge of their failure of the fourth day of the battle, but if he was on the north side of the stream they would have opportunity right he found to strike him severe blows.

It was believed that the Glendelinian position was unassailable and that this would make it a safe thing to permit the christian armies to come across the stream and take up the position on the north side of the river. It was believed that the christians would be able to strike the christians but to let them come.

"We will not attend to their case after they have passed across," said Federal.

"Said Federal."

The next morning the Anglinians were crossing the bridges in a column.

General Vivian's idea was to get a strong force across the river to hold Manley in check and as Manley had intended to do the same thing to cross a part of his force and take the christian positions on the heights on his left.

Vivian had ordered Hannonia to remain behind with his whole force and watch the stream of soldiers crossing the bridges was continuous and unbroken save where at intervals where horses dragging cannon along and wagons loaded with provisions and ammunition.

WHEN

GENERAL VIVIAN'S FORCES CROSSED THE RIVER GENERAL HANNONIA IS STRUCK BY FEDERAL.

The morning when the christians were crossing the bridges was clear and bright and while the christians under Vivian were crossing the river Hannonia was making concentration. Violet and her sisters had selected a point from which they could have a good view of the country having climbed a good sized tree to watch the christian forces across the river, and then turned their eyes in the direction in which the enemy under Federal would naturally be looked for.

The brave little girls more reckless now on account of the loss of their best friends and the severely wounded wounding of Jack Evans was in the tree tops from four o'clock in the morning until eight and soon to their surprise saw moving gray columns and the flash of steel among the trees. The little girls watched eagerly for an hour and soon realized that the force was advancing through the timber having recrossed the river along Hannonia's front.

Violet and her sisters descended and hastened back to the christian lines encountering Federal and his forces. He had discovered the same situation and the two general Hannonia's headquarters and were soon in the commanders' private room.

"What is the matter?" asked Hannonia saying them curiously; "Discovered something?"

"Yes it seems as if Federal's whole force is advancing, the big gray columns are stealing through the timber and believe they intend to turn our left flank and come around toward our rear."

General Hannonia summoned his orderly and told him to summon the members of his staff who were on hand and then the matter was laid before them.

The affair was discussed earnestly. Some were for remaining right where they were and not advancing to meet the enemy but to await until they were attacked by Bicknell's was eager to go down and engage them and he was supported by some of the officers in the view of the matter that he took.

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Along Hellertons lines the struggle went was fearful and dreading, that he would be overwhelmed he sent for aid. Logan being in the same danger could give no aid, and his brother general James, open was wounded, and no aid could come from his division which had been withdrawn with the loss of their general. Ben Logan, General Pennington's sent reinforcements for general Hellerton and Logan who killed their ground amid heavy slaughter. Hellertons assailants were now held at bay, but, open still met the fierce attack and his line being broken Tony Sengine and Feldwin reinforced him. Federal moving from Sherman's left advanced toward general Sengine's lines and now hell seemed to break loose with fierce fury.

The christian line under general Partick Nelson had already been annihilated and himself killed in coming to the rescue and Jennington also coming to the rescue fell wounded but the arrival of more reinforcements rolled up general Henry Conventions right grad division back to the christian lines from where they had been driven in panic by the "Lundelians" but convento convention was wounded, Mc-Holtester Reg was killed and general Manufacture was mortal'y wounded, wounded, wounded, wounded. General Pembers lines was also fiercely engaged with Adele-de-parte and by holding their ground like fiends of general Federal failed to sweep general windermere arm back.

The christian divisions under general's Pellertán, Paldán and Sanguine had also been reinforced and their they held their ground satiorly. Themovements

[Handwritten signature]

Q An unsuccessful attempt was made to turn Goodnows left flank. In the fiery battle conflagration Goodnow was killed and Bernard wounded mortally. These two divisions receiving staggering blows recoiled the divisions under Bernard Dunn and William void were overlapped and the two leaders fell mortally wounded. Rodoul also fell mortally wounded.

While this Landelien attack was in progress the other portions of Federal lines made one last determined effort to center the battle and flood it along the entire line and one portion of the Landelien column was broken and swept to pieces with the wounding of four brigadier generals Fragnard, Kalkile, Charles, and Bruce Hanson.

General Adolfo-de-garza's brigades of the first main line were cut to pieces, one of his main divisions was annihilated and he himself seriously wounded twice.

Lundberg drew back out of the inferno and the divisions of plandelinian's counter charge by general Jone of Angelonie were also crushed to pieces by a heavy cannon fire. Pearson, Jennings, and Johnson Angelonie were killed and finally their columns were compelled to withdraw. General Everington whose division was also engaged in standing their ground was also killed, but Pyrobores rushed to the assistance of these stricken christian columns and rallied them but he himself was killed. The Plandelinian made great fortunes here and there during their general attack on general Hanson and the christians had also suffered the loss of many generals. General William Wright left center was turned and rolled

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but despite all the fierce and desperate onslaughts general Hanson's line seemed to hold. Along the center Hanson had rallied his divisions by one thirty and here the struggle was bloody indeed. General McWhorter, Bud Fisher and McHolister Henning were mortally wounded, general Leo Henryson, Costelloe himself was killed and also John Accountants, while Biglow Sandfords and Bernard Shaw were also mortally wounded. Nicholas Glandlin was wounded, Leander Dunner killed, their division of purple coats being annihilated. Daniel Curran's purple line gave the Federal serious resistance and only recoiled when overwhelmed and trod on down. Indeed Hanson's whole line for all that morning had given Federal and Picknell a hot reception and with the help of Cornsue Hubbard Dickrell repelled a simultaneous attack which was made along the three wings of his Christian lines almost at the same time. The Klandelinians by making a bold and determined assault succeeded in occupying the works between Marco Cellio and Jennie Nichols where hundreds of thousands were slaughtered within fifteen minutes amid this blaze of storming hell. This most fierce and bloody fighting raged for hours and though general Hanson held his second line of works a whole line was in danger of being rolled up and displaced. Any temporary advantages had been gained by the enemy but Hanson, Hubbard, Picknell aided and succeeded a part of the main line but could not drive the assailants back and the being reinforced by General Hubbard Dickrell who brought up all his available forces and a screaming rushing carnage of balls with all its fires and for the ghastly damnation seemed to break loose. Both Hubards were wounded. It happened that reports came in that these two Hubards were mortally wounded with Hanson's aid and though these reports were false the whole Christian line gave way the Klandelinians pressing them hard. Hanson's army was also forced to retreat and Hanson's right and center had also withdrawn after both sides had charged back and forth in endless succession. It was now ten o'clock and the Christians seemed in danger of being beaten. In fact it now proved to be that Hanson's was severely wounded but the wounds did not prove to be mortal in any way.

GENERAL VIVIANIA TO THE RESCUE. THE RESULT AND HORRORS.....

General Phelan's Christians themselves in stead of being on the defensive had counter attacked but met a crushing repulse and he himself was severely wounded but in spite of his wounds retained his command. General Julian and Julian's badly repulsed the Klandelinian attack along their point of the line and in quick succession Hanson and Bernard Cannon of Kindermans center and right received the oncoming seas of human beings crushing their columns first to fragments and then almost annihilating them with a fierce gun fire but Sanguine suffering from intolerable losses was also compelled to withdraw. At the same time general Federal continued his general attack with frightful violence sweeping away and annihilating Millers right grand divisions and Eladors extreme right and center were also annihilated and these two leaders killed. Hanson's whole center had also been forced but Thomas Jennings and Norton's came to its aid and caused the withdrawal of the Klandelinian center.

The left grand divisions of Hanson's army also rallied but the right and center was hard pressed for a mile until rescued by the main line of Angelinian batteries which made a redoubled roar as ten thousand five hundred and sixty cannon let loose an avalanche of hell and damnation upon the Klandelinian columns and nearly three hundred thousand were mowed down in a few minutes. General Kindermans whole center was forced was now forced with murderous losses but he still held his right and left together which continued their resistance with amazing fury.

Benlign's right was rolled up and crumpled to pieces but his center and left held like a army of murderers and Federal was again wounded, this time in the left hand. Benlign met the fierce onslaughts but all suffered horrible decimation while the survivors were being hard pressed. The Klandelinians however made an annihilating fire along their left and suffered awful losses. General Sanguine made a furious counter onslaught but met a bloody repulse and withdrew only to resume the defense with unrelenting fury. General Federal had captured one of the Angelinian batteries and Sanguine and Benlign led four desperate charges to retake

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it only to meet decimation each time. A final counter attack was in progress however and hundreds of thousands of purple coats and gray went down. The main attack was repulsed however the whole Christian line being pressed back with terrific slaughter greater slaughter ever seen before and even Cedarline was scarcely more terrible. The scenes of carnage had but few parallels in the annals of warfare. General Hanson's whole line being swept as a tornado would the corn, being fairly decimated. Unmolested surviving columns were forced to withdraw. The right wing was driven back and broken simultaneously and destruction was holding wide its jaws to crush the Christian armies to a few divisions. For four more horrible hours Federal massed his victorious and exultant columns and hurled them as successfully upon general Hanson's remaining positions with dare-devil reckless desperation that in the moment of expected triumph lavishes oceans of blood and ages of life to make the final victory.

The divisions under Major general Sparring held its ground from first to last amid the tempest of confusion, and hellish inferno of shells, cannons and musket flashes, which made a scene as if the end of the world was approaching and the deluge of fiery damnation and death pouring upon them in torrents, completely run over by more than twenty entire divisions that had been shattered to fragments by the shock on the right and front, itself still stood as firm as a rocky wall a very break water against the tide of ruin, then by two by seven times saw the solid divisions in the hellish glare of shells, and musket discharges discharging the air, round and break up within short pistols range of its bayonets and fire from the horrible daunting slaughter. On this field whole Christian armies were baptized in blood. With one third of his thirty six hundred thousand men lying dead or mangled and bleeding on the ground they fought on. Federal himself himself with withdrawn in horror being horrified the first time in his life, yet he did not give up. But to again throw his forces forward only to again experience horrible slaughter. In the fury of the oncoming headlong attack the Christian center was broken and thereby threatened to carry all before them and sweep around the flanks leading to McHol.

But in the meantime large divisions of general Nero Vivianias army were recrossing the bridges and the first of these were hurled upon the victor's victory to flush the Klandelinians who were driven back in confusion. Federal's main columns met up the furious attack with unabated fury though mating meeting with frightful destruction of divisions. While all this was going on general Vivianias sent orders to all his officers to withdraw across the river and reinforce general Hanson whose army was still withdrawing at many notions.

In the meantime general Coyne who had kept out of the engagement thus far concentrated his whole army toward McHolister and Zinnerman and by morning of the sixth day redoubled the terrible carnage by opening a counter attack upon Federal's exultant center. Accountants division whose leader wounded as he was still retained his command and was forced back by Henryson Nero across the tracks of the Pandora Railroad lines but received heavy reinforcements as Manley's forces were crossing at another point, and Federal's columns having rallied Nero's columns were forced to withdraw but the main attack was soon resumed the Angelinians being desperately determined to regain the ground they had lost during the last day and during the action of the night.

The second assault was repulsed however and Federal himself again assumed the offensive directing a murderous assault. Federal's whole center advanced but seeing that he was failing to force the Christian center, his right again threw his right against the Christian left. The Christian left was assailed by overwhelming numbers but stood firm, but a part of the left wing of the Christian line had been broken pressed clean out of their position with heavy loss. Gallion Cannon came to its aid but the line could not rally as their leader general Henry Dargwin had fallen mortally wounded. The divisions were then heavily reinforced and the fury of the battle was redoubled. Such furious concentration was made by the Angelinians that soon the Klandelinians saw their center and left were forced to withdraw. General Denmark pressed after them but encountered an annihilating cannon fire from the heights and was forced to recoil.

A series of desperate and determined attacks were made upon Federal's line but each time the Christians were repulsed and again was compelled to resume the defensive. Yet the Angelinians were able to repel every assault made by the enemy and held the field amid all the frightful slaughter. Federal in the meantime resumed a series of bloody onslaughts on the Christian right but without success, and meeting a third wound but still retaining his command and in order to

Inspire his right wing threw his whole center forward and behind the slaughter was something frightful. The Alandelinian center was repulsed by the Christian line. However, the Christian line was driven back by the Alandelinian center. The frightful loss.

Federal's main divisions recoiled but the Christian line struck the Christian flank and kept it in a demoralized condition until Federal desperately rallied the center and drove the whole battle line back to their own position amid another hail of slaughter. Federal soon resumed the offensive and the Christian right was attacked with incredible fury. This attack was dominated by a counter charge of the Alandelinians, with terrible slaughter. Making an irresistible charge, the enemy managed to carry the Christian works but Alandelinian came to. However, aid and all the enemy's strength was spent and the Christian line was in a demoralized condition.

The attack was fiercest along the center the chief object of the enemy being to capture the line of artillery. This was successful but Federal was undaunted as heavy reinforcements were coming up to his aid and sustained his positions against a most desperate attack on his center. The first line of works were carried by the Angelinians and fierce attempts were made by Federal to retake them. Accountants men agreed to recover his line of works however though at awful loss but met frightful and decided determination in trying to carry Alandelinian works. Every one of Federal's attack attacks had resulted in crushing repulses and the loss of some more works.

Bladerlinia pursued his assailants driving them in confusion. Federal's right wing had also given away with the loss of their leader Mc-Hollister, Johnston who was severely wounded. The Christians had retaken most of the works though they had lost over a million men inside of an hour. General Leona, McHeldon, Pikes, Picknell had been withdrawn south of the heights the heights being followed hard by the Alandelinians who were bound to capture the heights the carnage still as using its most ghastly forms. The Angelinians advancing themselves still at other points forced the battle line at Grand Unionlandia and drove the Alandelinians to a hill and from it to another which they belabored and assaulted.

The Alandelinians being forced from this recoiled into a gully. Another hill was assaulted simultaneously the Angelinians carrying it amid the loudest thunder of guns ever heard before. Before the Angelinians capturing trench after trench. However the main position on the heights could not be carried by the Angelinians as he had not not enough men having lost too heavily in the other engagements.

A fierce attack was made on the Alandelinian right by General Frank-in-the-right but Federal with heavy reinforcements once more sent men to the rescue. Federal's problem was not to cut off a part of the Christian army as it had been his first intention the evening before but to execute the greater part of his army from its precarious position into which it had fallen. In other words the superior numbers of the Angelinians were aiming to execute the same movement against Federal's army, and cut off his escape as if with a knife. Already a Angelinian cavalry force of eight million was in the rear of Federal's right wing, the new force of Christians having recrossed that way. A cavalry of Alandelinians which had been sent to burn the bridges on the river could not arrive in time to check General Vivian's counter advance and the Alandelinians had to abandon their works in front of the Christian line while a portion pressed in the rear and the right were cut-off and captured. Seven times Federal's divisions charged but the demonstration met with heavy losses. The assailants broke through at one point but were driven back. It was already eight o'clock on the fifth day and still the battle raged and seemed to gain steadily in its utmost fury.

FEDERAL SURROUNDED FIGHTS AS HE NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE.

In the meantime General Vivian's army concentrated toward Jennie Jennie where a pun under heavy shell fire and learning that Hansonian had been wounded three times ordered General Baldwin's main force forward and these descended upon the enemy in a fierce attack and by overlapping Picknell's right in a thunderous sea of slaughter smashed and Picknell's right grand divisions all to pieces but General Federal marched a large force around Baldwin's flank, and General Vivian had to open a spasmodic artillery fire with one thousand guns to save Baldwin's forces from annihilation.

Federal threw heavy forces upon Pl Baldwin's army forcing him back toward the main line which he reached after five desperate struggles with the enemy. During the terrible bombardment Hansonian's guns were silenced Hansonian's lines being on new hills and incurred the fire of the Shoenannian main line of batteries. Hansonian then made a concentration but was puzzled as to the movements of the enemy not knowing whether they were retreating or whether Manley was coming to the rescue of Federal. General Nero was in the meantime ordered by General Vivian to move across the field with his divisions and to attack the enemy's left at once.

At the same time Mc-Hollister had forced his point despite terrific opposition but the left grand division of the Christian line was threatened and overlapped. Mc-Hollister crossed established his lines on the enemy's left and flanked his position. General Jennings led his forces to the right of Picknell's and a cooperating aided Baldwin's attack which was advancing on the center. General Barnhardt's massed his infantry supports in the gully on the left of Picknell's columns while Nero advanced to the attack deciding once more to turn the Alandelinian flank and destroy their only exit of escape.

General Vivian had issued orders that these attacks at all points now should be simultaneous and not successive as he did not want Federal to get away. Mc-Hollister, Mc-Hollister and Jennings soon became generally engaged and for two hours the carnage continued with ten fold fury, extending fifty miles in a terrible ear-splitting roar of firing, and then the Alandelinians began to give way retreating up the heights the Christians following and flinging themselves upon Federal's lines. They were badly smitten, and decimated however and hurled swiftly back for half the distance they had won.

However they were not driven into a panic and did not retreat swiftly all the way for closing up their shattered lines they came slowly away a regiment was nine hundred and ten men had been, a brigade hardly a regiment or a fraction of a brigade where a division had been. They had met at the heights fresh troops of Alandelinians who crushed and smote and bent their line and smothered it to fragments. In fifteen minutes the fortunes of the day seemed to have changed.

It was the enemy who was now advancing pouring down from the heights in seemingly endless swarms sweeping through the fields under heavy gun fire from which their latter comrades had just fled.

Hansonian sent in his largest brigades to meet them but they could not do the work and threatened annihilation withdrew. Hansonian called for others. He could not take it from his right because it would be in danger of annihilation if weakened and his center itself was threatened with annihilation. General Vivian gave him his best brigades which stood firm despite the loss of their leader General Henard and caused a second withdrawal of the enemy. Jennings' divisions vainly endeavored four times to advance and exhausted by the effort and their appalling losses fell back. Baldwin's divisions went to their relief but in an hour his divisions were crushed to fragments and driven back with Baldwin killed.

The left nevertheless was too much extended to be turned by the Angelinians and was too strong to be broken. Hansonian tried three times but at first could not even advance, but held his ground while General James and George Ring silenced a chain of Alandelinian batteries which for a hour had poured a storm of exploding gang-gang-shells on their central line. Hansonian left though heavily engaged was able to take care of itself his right had become impregnable and he also had ten brigades of troops still fresh and his center was a second time victorious. So Hansonian and Kindernine managed to advance.

Tony Sengulines fresh Ahysinkilanna Ahysinkilanna troops moved forward at once the batteries in the center advancing the whole right wing was called upon and General Hansonian himself went forward. Almost a storm of preternatural carnage followed fairly blasting the earth. Kindernine fell severely wounded but Hansonian survived amid the hailstorm of bullets, whistlers, shells and high explosives. The whole of Mc-Hollister's command was broken by a storm of exploding gang-gang-shells but with his right still untouched, and with the fresh brigades just above all with the advance of the whole central line he managed to hold his ground though the carnage had already become a screaming horror. The division under Mc-Hollister suffered suffering unmerciful punishment and badly smitten by heavy fire of obdurate war in a stampede and threw Kindernine's army which was already badly smitten into uncontrollable confusion.

The Alandelinians received reinforcements and the struggle along the center increased increased in a fury beyond describing. To extend his own front as far as possible

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Hansonia ordered Hero to move by the left flank. This was attempted by in the face of an oncoming hail of gunfire and Hero was three times severely wounded, his whole line of seven million men shot to pieces and annihilated. His adjutant general Coffe tried to rally and reform the troops but was mortally wounded. Other general officers tried to rally Hero and Mc-Hollister's lines but they were frightfully cut up and could not stand these officers not about seven generals by the names of Cooper, Randallina and his brother Henry Randallina, a "little" textile, Evaston, Darling, and "Iviania" were wounded amid the dreadful carnage. The whole of Hero's division was crushed and headquarters of their officers of all rank were down. Hero's division had went into action with eight hundred generals and seven million million men.

Twenty generals were stunned by the concussion of the battles and a score unnamed were killed and twenty unnamed were wounded and 999,566 men were the only remains that could be collected of this splendid division. Mc-Hollister himself was killed, their hundreds of colors were shot to pieces all their color guards and sergeants were killed or wounded and the scene was like a forest fire. General Hubbard Miller who took command of the divisions after Mc-Hollister had been killed exerted himself to the utmost to restore order but failed and was himself shot down a bullet piercing his brain. Hansonia ordered the split crippled lines to be reformed and sent many large divisions to stem the tide of disaster but the test was too severe under such an annihilating fire.

General Hansonia himself attempted to arrest the disorder but to little purpose and he and his sixteen horses were shot from under him and an orderly who was about to help him on another horse when he and the horse when down and fell together by a bursting shrapnell.

It was impossible to hold the position so Hansonia withdrew the division to the rear and once more the field was abandoned to the enemy. The assault on Ricknell Bicknell's right and center was something fearful but he held his ground firmly. General Luckwick was severely wounded, while gallantly leading a division and lieutenant generals Fallon, Miller, and Thomas "Colon" fell mortally wounded. Generals Beppo and Calsoe were wounded, while "Pohl" was killed at the head of his division and general Thomas Zimmermann was mortally wounded firstly a storm of shot then a killed by a bursting shrapnell.

Hansonias troops were greatly exhausted and had lost heavily but nevertheless "Hoyne's" division were still fresh. Forty thousand guns were still playing vigorously in the center making a tremendous salvo of cannonading heard from three hundred miles very plainly and so fierce was the cannonading that it seemed as if the ammunition for many of the christian batteries would be exhausted and several divisions were compelled to retire. All that had been gained for two times in the front had now been lost. The enemy's batteries were now advancing and mad, sad, and sad work.

Hansonia despite the critical situation believed that he could still hold his own and come out probably with a color flying but that another advance just now would be committing suicide. The enemy however seemed too exhausted exhausted to attack at this crisis and this enabled heavy reinforcements from general "Ivianias" who was still recrossing the river to arrive to Hansonias aid. Hoyne received fresh troops and formed on the left great love commanding one division which he sent forward along the river banks toward Mc-Whirther's glands in possession of the enemy, while general Beppo, Leopold was ordered to retake the fields which all that morning had been so hotly contested. Three million went forward on the run sweeping like an avalanche through the fields and fell upon the long woodland closed them in and held them against great odds though the firing there seemed like the earthshattering roar of millions of cannons going on.

HANSONIA'S ADVANCE.

The field and its ghastly harvest remained with them. Several times it had been lost and won and amid tremendous hell of slaughter. The two wings of Ricknell's army was driven back and though the Angelinian brigades were infiltrated by the "landelinian" batteries they held amid the maelstrom of cannon.

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Hansonia had at this very outset thrown his columns so far into the heart of the enemy's line under Federal that he was compelled to throw threaten Hansonias flank to secure the center and Hansonia was revealed but held his ground. Finally changes came at fifteen minutes after ten. Hansonia had managed to advance his batteries over the breadth of the fields in front supporting them with his heavy divisions and brigades of infantry and attacking with the most greatest energy the "landelinian" batteries. His movement was a bloody success the christian batteries maintaining their new ground under a deluge of destruction. For many hours Hansonia had been fighting with various fortunes but for a time final success. Tony Sanguine came up to join in this decisive attack but at this time the "landelinians" were transferring a large number of divisions to their right to meet the attack of Hansonia and Sanguine was forced to defend himself against heavy odds.

Hansonia broke the enemy's line along his front at ten thirty five and advanced slowly up the heights his batteries in the rear covering to some extent the movements of his division divisions. A desperate fight was going on on his flank his right while the "landelinian" batteries were in full play and became very annoying, while heavy columns of "landelinians" were advancing along the roads and over the hills in the direction of Ricknell's army.

Hansonia advanced with great rapidity and the most determined vigor up the heights in front, on top of which the "landelinians" had maintained their most dangerous batteries. About the same time the batteries seemed to open in all directions with great greater activity than ever sounding like the roar of legions of cannon instead of the number there were really there. The fights in the gaps were in full progress the batteries along the christian line breaking in continuous action like a hellish avalanche of din and horse horror, Ricknell's lines seemed on fire and every hill top ridge and wood along the whole line was created and veiled in smoke as from some great forest conflagration and the din was now doubly terrific and enough to stun the multitudes charging up those fiery blood soaked sides of the hills where the streaming avalanche of hell and damnation seemed to roar down in fiery cataclysms of hellish destruction and annihilation of the christian armies. And Hansonias artillery opened from the new position failed to control and silence the enemy's batteries but air batteries and Hansonias succeeded in carrying the heights but lost three million men on one withering discharge of musketry and galling line guns along the "landelinian" front.

HANSONIA IS DRIVEN BACK AGAIN.

But it was doubtful if he could hold it. The "landelinian" columns which had been moving to the left increased their pace steadily while the guns on the hills not carried hammered Hansonias lines with relentless fury pouring a curtain of fire which threatened the annihilation of very nature besides his crushed lines. In another minute a long grey line appeared at the base and moving swiftly up but so many columns were decimated at every step that the "landelinians" thought twice before they dashed into those hostile columns. There was a slow halt the right of the line made a withdrawal and staggered but the rest stood firm until reinforced. Then Hansonia was outnumbered and flanked compelled to abandon the heights he took so bravely. His position was no longer one of attack. He defended himself with unflinching firmness but was constantly forced to sent in an appeal for help as he was now hard pressed. General "Ivianias" saw this however and plied his main batteries on the advancing enemy who halted instead of pushing on.

The "landelinians" were so reinforced by Maldonia, Ricknell however and Hansonias fell back taking a stand on Mc-Hollister ridge. Federal's army had succeeded in withdrawing from the trap by his desperate battle just predicted. Toward the south end Ricknell was at first successful but Frederick Parsons' artillery decimated his columns and the survivors were driven hurriedly back, while at the same time Archie's Snatch of "Ivianias" left left found himself in terrible difficulties for his flank was turned. General Howards on the christian side was wounded but general "Harico" Glance who succeeded him was reinforced by dragons divisions at eleven o'clock and these attacked the "landelinians" on the "Ivianias" flank with all the fury they could assume but seeing the purple lines riven by big gaps from the fire of Hansonias artillery they poured through crushing the whole line to fragments and driving the survivors toward Zimmermann's sea of dead and wounded exposed after this success.

In unfortunate development left the christian right exposed near Erminian creek and Vansonia commanding there was forced in his turn to withdraw his main left grand division leaving once more the field to the enemy whose line seventy miles long had at this time been storming with fire. The half of general Vanleys army was crossing the river but did not arrive until this retreat was under way. General smash-in-the-heads main army was still on the other side and Vanley receiving information that the main christian line still held storming and storming with fire was worried. At this moment general Raymond Richardson Federal receiving heavy reinforcements advanced to carry the Salumata works which was gaurded by tired demoralized troops. Large christian divisions arrived to take their places however and the firing along this line seemed like the wing of death to the enemy, but finally supported by a seavere artillery fire the Mandeliniens carried the works and the Angelinians fell back to the shelter of their batteries which seemed to blow the enemy's ridges to pieces; with the storm of gang-gang-shells and shrapnell. Simultaneous was the attack on the Apple Orchids. This christian line from creeks gains meadows and across plains was stormed with murderous fury and amid the horrible carnage it held everywhere except in the vicinity of the headquarters of which Moyne had been driven from by a stor storm of shells and high explosives.

Here the divisions under Rudolph Resuendeheld were driven back but as Hairbreadth Perry the Mandeliniens leader was severely wounded the Mandeliniens were unable to hold it. Hodens position at the right of Federal division was also carried but the christian concentration and reinf reinforcements at that point was increased to such an extent that the Mandeliniens divisions shattered to pieces by the christian fire was forced to fall back.

Divisions of Federal's ninth corps had taken up a position at a southwest point of Vansonia's lines but the retreat of Vansonia's Christian column did not make a regular gap as he was desirous the christian artillery fairly pounded the Mandeliniens who had only succeeded in driving the Angelinians into a position which was advantageous of defense for the Angelinians and Federal having failed to turn either flank made a concentrated assault upon Vansonia's center which also stormed with fire. Vansonia's whole line was now in danger of being carried. Federal renewed the fierce attacks and tried to silence the christian batteries. He thinned the christian line at this point and kept it thin by threatening the flanks but he could not silence the christian batteries.

Large upon charge was made upon the christian center. More than ten thousand five hundred guns opened upon Vansonia's divisions ten miles long cutting it to fragments and assisted by infantry of general Gratic who came to the support of Vansonia's divisions the Mandeliniens were again driven back. The

Mandeliniens batteries kept up an annihilating fire upon the christian cannon which numbered back in titan threes until all the hulls for a hundred miles long echoed with the din. The artillery duel roared like a million explosions popping in hundreds per second, the artillery duel continuing for half an hour then eight million

Mandeliniens moved across an open plain in the form of serpentine wedges and for all the distance of a score of miles the Mandeliniens were shadowed by the trailing streams of death and destruction and three generals Dummer, Je main and Corpin fell in quick succession the whole three being killed.

The moment they scaled the works the fourth general Adelsberger he Adels-de-garbs Castellioe was killed. The whole gray line was broken into fragments and recoiled. Federal unsupported by the expected corps had fallen the heavy hand of fate. Ricknell now advanced with his batteries to cover the reformation of his shattered columns. General Vansonia decided the battle once more began another advance with nearly one quarter of his boy force. This advance was terrific and though torn ones of hell seemed to sweep their lines to pieces they could not be checked. Onward pressed the Angelinians until they were one hundred yards from the gray lines.

First first Federal's left let out a hail of fire then the center and right. The Angelinians halted and blazed back in such an uproar that it seemed as if the ground was blown up in some mighty eruptions. The whole left was now struggling in the battle. The hellstorm soon spread to the center and soon along each hostile front the uproar seemed to be at its height the volleys blazing and rolling with the uproar of a mighty line of volcanoes in eruptions, as thick as the sand around sound when an insatiable torrent of rocks pelt the cities roofs simultaneously, as thick as the fire, as we saw when the incandescent lightning amid the uproar of a

of a titanic typhoon frizzed the wind clouds. At this moment some of the Mandeliniens battalions became silent as they were felled. Three more Mandeliniens leaders had fallen this time wounded being Part Castellioe, Castellioe and Stanley. and now all the Mandeliniens divisions were furiously engaged. The conflict was tremendous but soon a large part of the Federal's center was forced and the fate of victory hung upon a soldiers thread. However Federal restored the broken line and the christian right wing being crushed to fragments withdrew from the line of assault the whole christian line giving way. Federal advanced after the christians in a sea of smoke puering persuing pursuing the Angelinians toward Zimmermann and Mc-Holter where hawes checked by the ear-splitting crash of a line of deadly mines and by general Vivianias concentrated artillery storm.

SOME MIGHTY CONFLICT!

THE FIERCEST PARTS OF THE BATTLE AT MC-HOLTER HILL.

NEVERT BELIEVE. Federal's left continued to press on and made a fierce and determined attack upon Ricknell's line now under Henry Phelan and which continued with unabated fury. In the meantime general Volcanias divisions sent out on an inspection encountered the full force of the enemy at Sanford plains and were routed with the loss of three quarters of the brigade. General Call saw this and notified general Pansie Evans who went to the rescue with his forces. Volcanias main division was soon in the action and checked the enemy along his front but Phelan was being worsted. General Jennings Hanson at this moment brought his forces into action and held his ground against twenty fierce attacks until general Germania Canso came to his aid. Germania's terrific artillery artillery temporarily checked the furious onrush of the enemy but the other forces were coming to the rescue and the attacks of Germania Vivianias became so fierce that Germania Canso feared that his christian division would meet annihilation. The struggle was fearful but the arrival of heropiles divisions came to his relief and had he not done so the whole christian line along this point would have been crushed to fragments. The main body of the enemy under Canso Ricknell made a movement to place the christians between two fires but after frightful carnage they were repulsed the Angelinians holding their ground like spartans. Fowler himself met the Mandeliniens with all his fury and though Germania left wing of Mandeliniens was rolled up with frightful loss, it took many terrific assaults before the enemy could reestablish this part of their crushed line.

General Vivianias began to send heavy reinforcements to Germania's aid checking the enemy's advance. Bernard suffered first from petty attacks which became general and terrific and so fierce that Wallenton had to come to his aid and relieved the greatest greatest force of the enemy's attack. Bernard's right wing was overpowered and if it had not been for Pateman's corps who arrived, serious consequences would have followed. Pateman checked the enemy and drove them back in great confusion. Germania's right wing also checked the enemy and threw them back with tremendous loss. Federal's whole force was advancing however and the battle became extremely fierce, Germania's whole line being now forced back but after an hour of harder fighting general Vivianias threw more heavy forces to the rescue and though Germania Vansonia on the side of the Mandeliniens was killed the Mandeliniens attack did not abate. In the meantime general Vansonia was also heavily reinforced and was again assuming the offensive attacking Federal's center with all the fury he could command assuming breaking the left wing at all points. The Mandeliniens fought with the most frightful fury, Vansonia's divisions being thrown across St. Clara's plains and fairly hewed their way through the enemy's lines which being crushed to fragments began to yield to their bound. Federal's left grand division was also driven out of their position as they had been flanked and reduced to a mere handful. The spolia on the christian side was killed.

Simultaneously while this was going on seven million Mandeliniens crossing the river made an attempt to strike the christian flank but without success though the christian general by the name of Kennen E. Stratrock was killed. The enemy continued to advance under a heavy cannon fire

An ocean storm casting all its wreckage of its violence upon the shore, tossing the fragments hither and thither in a relentless sowing of destruction, crashing and breaking the victims of its wrath, with forces marbled and fierced from primitive of pain could alone be comparable to the pitiful pitiless crash of men in deadly grapple for the mastery of those fated positions. Three thousand more cannon now barked to check Maldonia's reckless impetuous advance and ploughed hundreds of avenues in his main double lines....

General Vivian's Bat'erie as an opened upon the assailants attack attacking Hanson's divisions left grand division and several several times strategic points in the fields were occupied alternately by the graycoats but finally in the full fury of the bloody fury of the contest remains lines returned to the ground to become again furiously engaged there in the flanking movements that were taking place with the enemy or with an enemy as badly confused and crippled as ever could be in the now-raging inferno of the whole line of battle....

Maldonia was now wounded and Ambrose Fuller driving his columns back at naked Sanguine positions and the words itself resembled a fiery hell, the Mandelins falling in scores of thousands. Ambrose Fuller amid all this fiery uproar of an ear earthly inferno forced the blazing Christian lines at four thirty but Hanson's sent heavy divisions to the aid of poor Sanguine and forced the Mandelins columns to withdraw once more..... So terrible had been the roar of artillery and musketry that all through the bloody day many legions of cannon seemed to be in action.... Ambrose Fuller's attack had been repulsed with the great greatest destruction ever happening to a division but Maldonia's division was making new forces upon Hanson's whose frontal columns in turn, making a counter charge met with such frightful decimation that it seemed useless to contend with the repulsive and lines under general Shampoo which were hurled upon his line though his forces had cut them up considerably.

1,300 center-meter guns were opened on Ricknell's right and left wings but reaching reaching the right of the line after a rally Ambrose Fuller directed the rear columns to close up and maintain the lines and soon Sanguine on Hanson's left was hard pressed. In the meantime Manley having crossed heavy forces over the pontoon bridges all day long now led more than six million men against general Vivian's central grand division and amid stupid carnage also drove it back when general Sanguine's division advanced heavy reinforcements to the rescue and threatened the Mandelins columns with annihilation though the assailants had managed to push general Aberdeen McWhirther's lines from the main line with their leader wounded.

Manley could not make much progress just now his first grand division being already badly cut up and mangled. General Corns' Vivian made titanic efforts to retake the positions abandoned by McWhirther but as every assault met with frightful decimation, Baldwin with the aid of a terrific artillery fire made an attempt to reinforce the works but he himself was severely wounded and his force also half annihilated met heavy reinforcements of the enemy who pressed on capturing Baldwin's entire line of cannon and intrenchments. For two hours already Hanson's left had been hard pressed and fierce attempts were made by Ambrose Fuller to rout Hanson's from his strong position but was unsuccessful though Sanguine's whole line was cut up and shattered in fact his whole line was falling back. During those two hours he had withstood a simultaneous attack all along his line but now it was a series of desperate engagements and this enabled Hanson's to move some of his unengaged troops to the main point of attack and now the assailants met with more serious resistance. Adele-de-garbes though wounded several times during the battle would not leave his command and these he brought to their assistance Ambrose Fuller's right grand division was almost annihilated while Ricknell, Cannonian Johnson and McWhirther's Aberdennia forcing and maintaining a position near the McWhirther's plains captured a strong Christian battery. Scrambling the death-strawn plains at eight P.M. P.M. surged around to the west and went into fierce action against the Christian right. The result was the gradual withdrawal of Christians to the woods west of McWhirther's where a terrible struggle raged. Ricknell's columns having been reinforced caused a swift withdrawal of Moyn's line also but in the excruciating carnage he lost his best horse and received a wound in the hand.

Adele-de-garbes left grand division entering the woods was repelled so fiercely by twenty Abbeismann brigades that the divisions were reduced to fragments.

and Adele-de-garbes whole army fell back badly crippled but were not rallied and reinforced. Federal in the meantime made a most spirited and determined assault upon the Christian center but fortune favored the center where Ambrose's main columns were attacking and where they seemed to have massed a strong force had been shattered by a serious storm of fire from three thousand guns and as their whole line gave way before Federal's headlong assault it was quickly discovered that by wheeling to the left they could flank and infiltrate the troops who so tenaciously held McWhirther's plains.

The attempt failed with damming slaughter, but nevertheless despite all this frightful carnage assault followed assault, and only was abandoned when three million three-hundred thousand had been mowed down or captured prisoners.

His knell himself continued to storm the Christian line along his front and though unsuccessful made another only with the same horrible result and ten brigades were wiped out in a curtain of artillery fire which carried all before it like an avalanche of hell fire. Simultaneously Hanson's right after the most cruel sanguinary fighting was flanked. Richard Ricknell on the Christian side being killed but on the left and right the Mandelins divisions met with such frightful decimation that the survivors were horridly horrified.

Despite this the right held but the left and center recoiled, the series of desperate stands made by the Christians being fully marked by great winds of dead and dying miles long. Ricknell's main line continued to sweep to the attack rallied the left and center and in the pandemoniums of close fighting Jimmie Logan's batteries were carried with the death of their commander but Henry McWhirther's chain of deadly artillery landed a 11 approaches to McWhirther's plains and Ricknell himself found himself in the midst of a roaring inferno.

Never in all the war had there been such carnage and general Hanson and Richard Ricknell on the Christian side were seriously wounded, in a maze of exploding shells but the Angelins receiving heavy reinforcements annihilated their flankers and fairly crushed Ricknell's lines which held firmly on however till the arrival of some more of Federal's main columns who alone during terrific fighting managed to make some impression on the Christian lines though Federal was struck a terrible blow by McWhirther's heavy infantry columns. McWhirther had already fallen and also Jennings and McWhirther whose batteries were captured and amid whole wholesale slaughter.

Sanguine himself fell wounded and his army was still hard pressed. The exultant Mandelins pressed on but met a gallant fire from Aberdennia and Greathart's lines which roared like a hundred billion can on if believed. Ambrose Fuller's divisions gave way gradually and he was also wounded making indeed the loss of Christian generals very heavy.

One of Greathart's main grand divisions was being withdrawn to cover one million seven hundred thousand still stood fast though their leader finally fell wounded. Bernard Cannon rallied James Castellion's lines thus preventing a panic. In the meantime general Phelan had made a stand near the 'Arcecellion' lines and general Pennington got to his works in time to change change front and oppose Federal who was advancing large forces across Jennings river and in the frightful carnage fell mortally wounded.

The river banks were occupied but Pennington's men fell back. Federal's whole column was making the most fierce attack ever seen on Hanson's as extreme center which gave way many times already but was rallied by more fresh troops the Angelins making a furious and stoic stubborn stand. General Hanson's relieved reinforcements which was thrown upon the left grand division of Federal's army with tremendous fury, and in the furious fighting that raged both sides seemed threatened with annihilation or destruction....

General Hanson's reestablished his broken and shattered lines and withdrew slowly, the left grand division of Sanguine's army now under Henrique St. Clara being rolled up but Hanson's main line still held falling to give way and during the frightful carnage Henrique St. Clara was severely wounded.... Hanson's main line still held despite every effort of the enemy to dislodge him. One section of the attack fell with the greatest force upon Hanson's center under 'Edon Maldonia' which was overlanded and rolled up with the death of Sander, and general Sander also was killed as his forces and Federal's encountered an annihilating fire from 'Leo Castellion's' batteries the Mandelins however for some strange reason withdrawing in confusion. Directing a continuous murderous fire of many batteries Federal rallied the

disordered troops and moved obliquely to the left to meet the right of the retreating Mandeliniens. Federal with new forces tried to lead assaults against the roaring christian batteries but despite his efforts the Mandeliniens were temporarily checked in their sweeping advance by Ag Augustines batteries and it was three hours afterward before they could move forward again. It was already five o'clock in the night and Hanson's divisions supported by Aquatin and Agu Augustines flashing guns rallied and made a stubborn stand. General Federal having at last rallied his disordered troops led them forward to stop Augustine's batteries in front while he sent large forces to storm the flank defended by Molanne divisions. After incredible carnage the battery was carried and Augustine was borne from this as some of his artillery was mortally wounded. A few minutes later the batteries were retaken however while whole divisions were thrown upon Ambrose's flank with hellish fury.

General also came to the aid of the christians but was himself wounded and brought from the scene of carnage in a critical condition. Lockness made an attempt to flank Maldonia's right but he himself was dangerously wounded and his army of christians cut to pieces.

Also from the main christian columns Nicknell was met with cruel resistance and his whole assaulting line was threatened with annihilation. Ambrose Fuller tried to aid Nicknell but failed on account of the arrival of christian reinforcements and learning that General's divisions army was requiring large portions lost recently notified General Huebner that the battle seemed lost.

Nicknell's surviving columns were already hard pressed but he had long before received reinforcements and he again and again met the Mandeliniens with cold steel. Manley saw the furious advance upon his batteries and realized that it was impossible to check them unless Hanson's was sent back from his batteries crushed and broken lines which had taken defense now in a battle of battle smitten words. Many millions of Mandeliniens were sent to meet the assaults and found ants advancing in the batteries being led by Logan and Weber but these two christian generals had long before been killed, while Hanson's main line was thrown back across Hanson's front.

Though Hanson's was reinforced Federal's columns on the left being in danger of annihilation withdrew their leader being mortally wounded. Federal's whole line tried to advance but could not on account of heavy columns trying to retake the heights lost so long ago. The assaults on the heights were terrific and over four hundred thousand were slain. For a part of the heights was carried. In the meantime the struggle still continued along the long stretch of woods which Hanson's had taken and which he was now bound to hold for if the enemy recaptured it Manley would be enabled to regain the heights. After making many unsuccessful assaults Nicknell, Ambrose, and Hanson's withdrew from the heights the Mandeliniens pressing them hard.

Federal's army had lost

5,973,897 in killed wounded and missing in the full duration of his actions in the six six days battle already even past. The other generals had lost more than seven to eight or nine million eight hundred and seventy three thousand three hundred and thirty one.

Manley seeing the situation started one of the most terrific artillery duels ever seen since the war began.

THE MOST TERRIFIC OF THE NIGHT

The artillery duel began along the unoccupied portions of the heights and increased until the whole scene of infantry action was dominated by a sea of earth rending explosions. At the same time three or four big columns of infantry led by smash-in-the-head made a terrific assault upon Ambrose's batteries but was repulsed with terrific loss a part of his division being driven across the plain which was inflamed by general's divisions howitzers and sentinels. General Hanson's divisions rallied a part of the main columns and stood his ground against the Mandeliniens at attack but their leader being killed the Mandeliniens badly cut up withdrew a second time. As more artillery was brought into action the infantry again pressed forward to the attack moved by the left flank and against the christian line under General's Federal.

This column however being threatened with annihilation was compelled to recoil. The artillery duel continuing with the surefire of titans the Mandeliniens general's led another infantry assault but was again repulsed with frightful losses. Nicknell being inflamed by the Mandeliniens' cannon was also forced to withdraw to better cover. Learning of a general movement made by the enemy general's divisions ordered all his batteries into action and soon the entire scene of great guns was in a titanic uproar. An hour later Manley was rejoining with all his guns but could not silence the christian batteries. One million two hundred thousand Mandeliniens advanced to silence the christian batteries but came into collision with a part of Hanson's main line and though they succeeded in forcing a part they could progress no further and Hanson's was massing his columns drove them back badly cut up and destroyed. In the meantime Nicknell's army had been caught between August's divisions and the McWhirther plains and the war of hell and its duration seemed once more to rage here.

While heavy reinforcements were coming to Nicknell's aid General Hanson's learned that Federal's main army was striking for the great Catherine heights intending to retake it at all costs. A most fierce attack fell upon Nicknell's left flanking the heights once more into a blazing smoking inferno. After hard fighting the enemy but won Nicknell's left while the McWhirther line became like flaming fountains. A part of Federal's columns was charging General's advanced batteries near a wheatfield while the flanking force was pressing on the heights all rolling toward Hanson's lines in tumultuous masses sweeping up the heights. Hanson held against a fierce front and flank attack for a whole hour the carnage being terrific.

Nicknell's left and right was broken and seeing the enemy sweeping for the heights Hanson's sent Richardson's brigade and sent him to the heights which he did. Meanwhile the tremendous blow of Robert's brigade column struck the right of Hanson's brigade driving it in confusion. Hanson under a hot storm of fire managed to rally his right grand division and in that agonizing moment Richardson's brigade arrived and sprang into that frightful turmoil.

At this moment the flankers reached the top and the two lines met and broke and mingled in the titanic shock. The edge of the mighty death struggle swayed to and fro, with seemingly wild whirlpools and eddies of masses. Robert's and Hanson's McWhirther's charge however was repulsed though Hanson's lines had almost been crushed to fragments. The enemy rallied however and gathered in force but Hanson's knowing his weakness made a counter charge but met a crushing repulse though he managed to inflict frightful slaughter. Hanson's left being utterly overwhelmed was hard pressed, the other Mandeliniens divisions rallied and Hanson's again took defense and when his line ran out of ammunition Hanson made a right wheel the left wing of the christian line swung first. The advancing foe stopped, tried to make a stand but the frenzied bayonets pressing through every space forced a constant withdrawal to the rear. General's divisions having fallen, Robert's took command and withdrew the Mandeliniens toward Federal's main line who held the christian line at bay. Hanson withdrew his columns back to the heights which he had held so firmly against overwhelming odds.

Federal's reinforcements caused the assault to be resumed. The third onset almost succeeded, for Hanson's line was almost crushed. The struggle still raged in the McWhirther lanes and Federal's offensive advance of Manley's main army threatened to crush Hanson's left. Hanson's left and the fifth corps coming to the Mandeliniens' aid under Hallen could not hold. The formation of the battle line had broadened to that of a large and long fan with the foe pressing both flanks, and fearing that he would be caught as in a vice Hanson's fell back. Nicknell still held though his entire line was saved by the Mandeliniens' cannon. Hanson's seeing the situation ordered Nicknell to fall back but he refused seeing that it was too late as he must now fight to the end. The whole of the McWhirther lanes were the worse slaughter pen ever witnessed by the christian generals before. Nicknell's thousands of guns were utterly overwhelmed and outnumbered but his whole line strove with seemingly mortal in immortal valor against all the uneven odds in a hell furnace of devastation fire and smoke. However after hard fighting for three hours the brave Mandeliniens suffering heavy losses were forced to withdraw and Nicknell's established his line.

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However, Butler had steadily been advancing sixteen million men against the towering heights and now the foremost of these a host made a frightful assault the left ran left range. For some time Hanson's purple lines held but the assault was so overwhelming that the Christian columns were crushed to fragments and forced to withdraw in the slightest confusion ever seen in actual warfare. The Mandelins pursuing them pouring seemingly from everywhere. Threatened with being surrounded Hanson's division retreated in a perfect stampede and even when rescued by reinforcements could not be rallied.

Robin Kinderburg rushed to the rescue of the rest on the heights and amid that inferno of death and destruction the advance of the enemy was temporarily checked. At the same time this occurred Hanson's also was attacked with incredible fury and though both opposing forces were torn asunder amid the crash of hell the Mandelins receiving fresh troops steadily forced a part of Hanson's position.

Hanson's whole line was being struck cruel and unmerciful blows. His left grand division being hard pressed and threatened with annihilation. Hanson's appealed for help which arrived under General Mc-Cabe. His arrival prevented the enemy from penetrating any further and Hanson's managed to rally his left grand division the latter now raging with indescribable fury. Mc-Cabe, Hoynes and Hanson's now held the enemy at bay and so fierce was the conflict that it seemed as if the whole world was one rampage. The enemy along Hoynes' front being frightfully decimated. However, Hanson's was also successful but the enemy still held the heights and indeed by the time Hanson's and the armies who tried to retake them met with frightful destruction.

But the success of Hanson's was short it being only another temporary check of the enemy. Other parts of Hanson's main divisions advanced amid fearful slaughter. Hoynes' whole left was cut up but reinforcements arrived and Hoynes continued to make his desperate stand. Federal's men pressed on striking Hanson's blazing lines with tremendous fury and carrying all before him along his right flank a carnage more horrible than on the day before. Hanson's main line threatened to be cut in two but soon their headlong advance was staggered and crushed by Hoynes' reinforcing Abilene divisions and concentrated the Mandelins being badly smitten and forced to recoil even the other points abandoned by Hanson had been retaken. Mc-Cabe was hard pressed however and Hamilton ready to be sent to his aid and his Angelians met Federal's amid carnage which was beautiful to behold for hell's infernal regions.

Ready decimated Estrabrooks three million Mandelins forcing a part to withdraw. The main gray line pressed on however and attacked so fiercely and smothered such blood-curdling yells that Roswell Mc-Mollers' main left grand division was cut to pieces and annihilated, while Reedy threatened with annihilation also had to withdraw. Roswell Mc-Moller was seriously wounded and Reedy was killed. General Jackson's Evanson took Reedy's command but also fell dead. Richardson's line strong line also relieved the front of the fierce attack but could no longer stand before the enemy's fierce attack and were compelled to fall back.

Hoynes receiving immense reinforcements made desperate attempts to reform his army which had been cut up receiving a sledge hammer blow and succeeded as nine million one hundred and seventy thousand men were defending the heights and holding on like grim death amid all this unusual carnage. Hanson's himself was hard pressed and sent an appeal for help while Hoynes' line being crushed to pieces recoiled in a panic. Picknow's army covered Hanson's retreat and prevented the Mandelins from flanking him. Danger losing more than three quarters of his division was swept back clean from the heights. Along Hanson's front the enemy was checked and a large division of Mandelins tried to overwhelm his lines but was annihilated. Antonio Sanguine the brother of the wounded Sanguine moved down from August ridge to danger's rescue and held the enemy at bay for sometime, then he himself was hard pressed and his remaining columns were threatened with annihilation. Sanguine held his ground then he himself was overwhelmed and himself in danger of annihilation.

Picknow able to hold his ground informed General Hanson's that Sanguine's army was cut to pieces and in danger of being surrounded and that Hanson's lines threatened with annihilation was forced to withdraw. General Hanson's seeing Sanguine's danger massed all his available batteries upon the enemy but could not check them. Hamilton, Rosling, and Imleside swelled Sanguine's lines with heavy reinforcements but scores of their divisions were crushed to fragments and could not hold firm.

Sanguine held against three million horsemen, though he was wounded and

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but Hanson's lines were pierced and cut to pieces at one point and he himself severely wounded. A good thing too. At this moment Reedy's purple lines came to Hanson's support and the carnage was increased with redoubled fury. Hanson's left was crushed to fragments and driven in and Reedy receiving three wounds was borne from the field in a very critical condition. Prime thereafter opposing the enemy for an hour was forced back but by the arrival of Sanguine he got out of hell's slaughter but could not check the onslaught of the enemy. Hanson's for hours had been struck a cruel blow and punished severely but he met the herculean charge with indescribable ferocity though his lines were suffering terribly in losses. Diver was wounded pitifully, Puskak, Rachine, Maine, Broadine, and Benton were killed in this frightful massed, general Accountine was severely wounded, and in a bad condition, general Cleveland was killed and Abner though painfully wounded was able to retain command of these Christians having been at one time.

Hanson's lines supported by the divisions under Jackson's Evans were forced the latter being crushed to fragments. Beverly's army had been annihilated, also Washington's and Sanguine's and Grants and all of these generals also being severely wounded and one hundred and fifty other generals were borne from the field wounded and fifty others killed. Baird fell, then Ben L. Aign and Warner being mortally wounded. Hanson's whole right was hard pressed and threatened with destruction while Alfred Costello's army was almost crushed to pieces by the foe. Hanson's whole columns however were steadily receiving reinforcements from Virginia but the enemy still outnumbered them and so the situation only remained the same and there was not the slightest pause in the million can-on like roar of the terrific firing.

Hyde had suffered the fiercest punishment though he had been able to revenge his spanking. He stood for four hours against a fearful onslaught though his left and right had been crushed amid a sea of fire and destructive damnation. Hyde would have lost his position had he not been reinforced.

By such serious resistance the enemy's whole line was jarred wildly and August Jennings striking at their left threw them into instant confusion enabling Hyde to carry all before him. Hanson's left made a clean sweep of his desperate assailants cutting the main columns and sending the survivors fleeing for dear life.

Every Christian column swooped down upon the enemy's breaking their line all to pieces. The Mandelins now seemed to be making a wholesale success at the whole of Hanson's main assaulting column had not been there yet to contend with and these now arrived and struck Hanson's front with seemingly immortal fury and though suffering terrible destruction they carried all before them in a furnace of musketry firing then driving them up the heights their whole line crushed and mangled capturing an angle of works, Federal striking Hanson's left simultaneously a withering blow decimating his lines and carrying all before him but by the help of his terrible can chain of cannon which raked the gray front the whole length and called it frightfully, Hanson's managed to rally his shattered left and press back the assailant's starting in the path of one of the Mandelins' columns and threatening it with annihilation. Notwithstanding all this whole sale slaughter and carnage Federal's main columns continued the frightful assault with immortal fury and Hanson's in order to check them endeavored to entreat new lines of artillery but the battery could not be brought up quick enough and when it was brought up it could not hold and threatened with destruction withdrew.

Hanson's main line held its ground with a fury of which no language could describe and Federal's left wing having only crushed itself against the Christian right was compelled to recoil but the main line was still advancing though Federal's left had retired a short distance. But they had rapidly recovered from the shock and resumed their headlong attack with redoubled fury, but their whole line was mangled by a horrible fire and forced to withdraw again. Since the beginning Hanson's line had stood its ground amid the horrible carnage along four in the morning of the seventh day until nine o'clock. Seas of dead and wounded lay everywhere on the battle field. General Underbecker tried to carry the heights but their lines got a rough handling and even a spanking and choking like a mare trot

and sent flying with only a handful of survivors many hundreds of thousands having been captured the other out of the way of flight. However Federal main army aided by Connelly was continually thrown upon Vansonia's army, the left being again forced losing all the ground it had won and indeed the whole Christian army was now almost high exhausted by the blows of the desperate Federal columns. The Angelinians in the two main wings though fighting like wild bulls when cornered realized that Federal indeed was a real human cyclone but however receiving five million more men the Angelinians were again successful and checked Federal almost crushing his columns to pieces and giving him another slight wound. Connelly's army it self was in a situation like a helpless child being shocked to death and fell fast at the same time, so had nothing else to do but lay down its army arms, throw itself humbly down before Vansonia and beg for its----- indeed five million Angelinian troops surrendering without firing another shot to the reception it had received though after surrendering Connelly had committed suicide.

Ambrose Fuller's Gladiators still advanced however ascended the ridge, and attacked the Christians with the fury of a roaring avalanche of demons. For a time they threatened to force the Christian lines but so much reinforcements concentrated upon the assailants that the carnage became a horror between heaven and earth. The gray line at several points began to give way but Federal having far greater numbers rallied his shattered frontal columns and rolled up wackentires. Murderous slaughter now ensued and wholesale losses. Vansonia's whole left grand division was forced to withdraw but Federal's brother on the Christian side lost hundreds of thousands whole lines a mile long dissolving away as he was forced to yield. Yet as the assault continued the carnage increased with redoubled fury. Vansonia's line still striving with the utmost fury to also drive Gladiators back. Although Vansonia's men had held their position for two hours more against Vansonia's onslaughts and the Angelinian columns would have carried all before them and crush Vansonia's line had not General Vivian continually sent reinforcements. But this favorable circumstance did not entirely exempt the strong Christian line from being time and again swept and torn to pieces by the enemy's irresistible assault. The general attack on the Christian side alone could not hold however and had been driven back crushed and broken. Adele-de-garde continued to attack Vansonia's lines with Federal and Vansonia and for a time Adele-de-garde's army was again threatened with destruction, so fierce was the Christian resistance while at one point they were checked.

On both sides there was a woeiful losses in officers and men. Along Vansonia's whole front for forty nine miles in extent the attack had for all this time since it started in general during the night been pressed with furious desperation and General Vivian's having seen General Vansonia's plight had hurried forward division after division to his support and now he longed and yearned for a lull in the fur firing for the very din of it was almost driving him crazy from worry and had to have something placed tightly in his ears to shut out the awful sound of hellish slaughter and battles tumultuous pandemonium of roaring cannons and musketry while everywhere was a sea of smoke and flame. Jennings' column could not withstand the fierce onslaught of the enemy along his front and had to withdraw withdraw most of his men almost going insane and maddened and horrified from the din and from the scenes of slaughter.

The most fierce and bloodiest and longest attack in the war was going on bravely lines had been out like a knife and he himself lost his hearing and was even blinded for life by the din and wounded in the barrier.

There was nothing cheerful along the whole of Vansonia's front at all, and ever since he started his bloody notion hairbreadth Harry had continued his hammering assault against the Christian lines under Rudolph's assistance the carnage being too frightful to witness, the right and center of Rudolph's lines having now been rolled up and crushed and crushed to fragments in a furnace of flame and din which at the same time Jackson's right wing was over-
lapped by a tumult of graycoats but his whole line still stood firmly which prevented

it from being rolled up and checked the enemy's advance though thousands upon thousands were driven mad by the din while other lawless helplessness and writhing with frenzied horror and burrowing their heads in the earth to try and shut out the hellish din of a cannons which seemed to blast the whole left line with a screaming sea of death and bloody scenes. Evans was wounded three times Jackson was killed but their forces still held in ignorance of the fall of their leaders. In the meantime the carnage still continued along the Vansonia line by Vansonia's Christian

The disposition along Vansonia's left became untenable and it was soon rolled up and driven back in confusion with the death of their leader James Connelly. The center also gave way the wounding of their leader Corbionia while the Angelinians under Rudolph Rudolph Estrabrook had it out in fine style with his right. The foe extended his line as to overlap the Christian right under Vansonia, frustrated an attempt to turn their flank and driving Gladiators back troops back with the wounding of their leader overlapped the right or Vansonia's wing and drove them back attacking Vansonia's main line with the utmost determination but without success. Vansonia's right wing was fiercely engaged and so was Pickens' right wing who continued to contend against Vansonia's amid a furious volcano of flame and din. He continued his fierce onslaughts upon Vansonia but could not make further progress and General Sparr repulsed his assailants and drove him back pell-mell, while fierce attempts were made to force Vansonia's lines but the assailants along this point only met annihilation for their pains. General Jennings was now jeap jeopardized but Schroder came to his aid and managed to check the enemy though he fell severely and dangerously wounded.

Vansonia's lines were indeed attacked with the most determined fury ever seen before for as quick as the varied attacking lines would be cut and thrown up into great confusion other lines would go to it like calm and raging maddened fury causing the battle to rage all the time with the same utmost and steady and indescribable fury without a slight lull or pause in the deafening, asplittling din of thousands upon thousands of cannons and musketry the firing line extending fully one hundred miles long.

The attacks of the enemy had been utmost ferocious the bloody action also extending along Vivian's line the Angelinians falling in thousands of multitudes but their attacks had ceased not and now it was already ten o'clock in the morning and the battle had slowed not the slightest abatement. At the critical moment when the Angelinians were about to force a part of Vivian's lines to pieces amid the most frightful hail of carnage fresh troops arrived from the left of Vansonia's blazing lines and the enemy at this time was staggered by a withering curtain storm of double-shotted canister, shells, high explosives and missiles of all kinds the cannons of the Christians being loaded and fired as fast as men could work. However the enemy continued the assault with the same ruthless fury and Vansonia's central division was rolled up, displaced and forced back, by the heavy losses. However a long line of works resembling a lunatic was assaulted again and again without success.

Simultaneously Constable Mc-Hollister and Wallis Mc-Hollister his brother met a tremendous attack but with the help of log barricades repelled their assailants with success rolling the Angelinian columns back and shattered in many places. During the continuation of the furious onset upon Vansonia's lines a part of the assaulting line poured past his extreme right but encountered a deadly fire from a line of cannon and were forced to withdraw. Estrabrook then led a fierce assault upon the cannons but met a complete and devastating repulse, encountering the fire of Henriques' batteries, also Vansonia's assailants withdrew from his front. The attack along the whole of Vansonia's front was still very steady but the Angelinian cannon fairly pounded them though assault after assault was made by General Brooks while Estrabrook's receiving reinforcements resumed the assault upon the cannons with greater fury though his whole front line was withered by the Christian cannon fire. Estrabrook's Schroder assaulted Henriques' batteries but even at the beginning of the charge he fell mortally wounded. Major General August Brackemads desperate efforts simultaneously to carry Henriques' left chain of cannon but he himself was wounded amid the dreadful carnage. Another general Estrabrook tried it but without success and he got his abdomen cut open by a shell and revealed a horrible sight indeed.

Many fierce assaults were made upon the batteries but of no avail and having lost Vansonia Mc-Hollister's lines the Gladiators became discouraged though the assault never receded.

Though Vansonia was able to repel the furious assault of his assailants assailants by the aid of General Vivian's front main columns which arrived the assault of the enemy on the batteries continued with unabated fury, but however the Gladiators were failing to take the batteries and only met with the most frightful decimation. General Boge Angelinian columns rushing across Mc-Hollister's plains were banged inside out after fierce and preternatural slaughter. General Maldonia Estrabrook had led this fierce assault and now he was sorely pressed by the Angelinians though he strove with might and main to stand his ground against the

and a tremendous odds. The assaults of the christians coming from a le-whirther line was no fierce however that Ketrabrock was again forced to give way and was scattered like chaff he himself being mortally wounded. On the heights the conflict still raged. Manonias was now again contacted by many landelinian batteries which swept his lines from left to right and goodness and gracious how they did pitch death and destruction into his lines. The fearful artillery fire continued all the while his lines were assaulted by the enemy column after column of Manley's men having advanced to the attack and never before was the landelinians seen to fight with such fearful fury and thousands of battle flags on both sides were torn to rags by the pitiless storm of bullets. A very murderous fire had continually been poured into their very faces as it very but nothing had or could as it seemed stop them. At ten thirty o'clock the pressure along Manonias center became greater and greater until at last all those defenders at least the first line of battle were hurled down the slope broken and discomfited the landelinians now being unable to see anything from a sea of powder smoke were unable to follow as they would be closed in by the main columns, which in spite of every effort the other forces failed to carry, although at four points they had several times charged up to and over the positions. General Bert along had lost nine hundred thousand as his advancing landelinian column had been infiltrated and he himself had been wounded and his horse disabled by a shell. He left of Bartlett or Gully column had all the while been also fiercely engaged while nearly at the same time several divisions with artillery others with infantry had kept up a storming of hill of firing.

In another hour the battle along the whole of Manonias front had ended to grow to its full strength and the line of fire became like the murder of hell. Simultaneous to all this a titanic conflict had raged along general Viviana left where in one single hour ten million men were put out of action by the crippling of their forces one million five hundred thousand having been slain and as Marc Johnston brought half of his force into action the whole column of landelinians made a furious counter assault to repel them all them and so many reinforcements were concentrated upon the angelinians that they had to give more serious resistance mowing down a hundred thousand landelinians within the space of a mile.

The Angelinians held against these overwhelming numbers both sides surging thir to and for. Maldonias left wing was hard pressed and his whole line was forced to give way after fiercer fighting while the main intirecolumn of Antonio Genguine hastened to his aid and covered his retreat until he could rally what was left and sent them to the rear holding the enemy at bay.

The whole of Federals whole entire army was now in full action the fury of the firing having redoubled with ten fold violence along their whole line of both sides the entire battle being now in full sway and despite the furious redoubled of Forts Federal yet could not make any impression on Acknells firm line itself and the whole center under Ade-ede-garhe was crushed to fragments.

However it appeared that Acknells could no longer hold against such overwhelming odds and was forced to make a complete withdrawal the Angelinians retreating for a mile before receiving heavy reinforcements. Here Picknell again moved forward and met Federal with his fury the losses in killed on his side being more than four hundred thousand. In the meantime or at simultaneously Mc-Whirther's lines were incessantly shelled by three thousand guns and ext Federal extending his wings with reinforcements redoubled the fury of the attack still more crushing many a christian column. Weldon Cannon simultaneously secured the brunt of the heaviest onslaught of his time which he repulsed by making a counter charge and crushing his enemy to fragments. Many other great onslaughts had been made upon the christian line under Weldon Cannon but only with the same fatal result.

Manonias and Moynes continually repulsed fierce onslaughts made upon other sections of their lines at during the fiercest frightful carnage Moynes himself was severely wounded and borne from the field and a good part of his line was in confusion as it was fairly shot to pieces. Heavy attempts were now made to force the christian position under Moynes by battery fire but the Angelinians with their guns swelled the cannonading to a ware warfare of titans and repelled the fierce attack. Walthorn Jennings Pe-ings Jennings who also held against fierce attacks was overwhelmed

and forced to the bay himself being severely wounded. Wilmer covered his retreat until he was surrounded until Castellion was seen up checked thousands of Manley's men and held the enemy at bay. Fresh landelinian columns were rushing to the attack the fierce landelinian front swarming upon Manonias line was incessantly battered by a wall of musketry fire, the frightful carnage and battle and assaults continuing and frightful and horrible duration. The enemy forced landelinian lines forward making an al avalanche like assault but were soon driven back. The main attack upon John Acknells line was pressed with fierce determination and his right was crushed. Mc-Whirther held firmly however but his entire right was hard pressed and the center threatened with annihilation. Manonias whose left was again hard pressed, appealed again for help and general Viviana sent Acknells Penligan and Castellion Picknell to Manonias support.

Adelades Glanalinians one million in number swarmed over Manonias works and drove the christians back but Hampton came to Manonias aid and though the both could stay the assault inflicted the enemy with intolerable loss. Manley all this time had been gathering Shoemmas whole force and now they began throwing upon Manonias besides the others already assaulting, increasing the frightful slaughter. Finding that his entire line of batteries was telling fearfully upon Federals Federal left Manonias rallied the parts of his columns in confusion, and as his whole line still held their original position though suffering terribly from the frequent charges of shells thrown upon them frustrated a vigorous effort to turn his left by massing fresh forces against the landelinians at that point almost annihilating the daring columns of flankers. Manonias left was continually hammered by the fearful onslaught which never stopped one moment and by the storming fire of the enemy's batteries. August August Augustine whole line of batteries batteries came the landelinian cc, columns making the scene a field of blood and hell.

Federal saw indeed that he could not a "once any if further and now fought with the utmost almost fury of desperation.

The battle had now wavered back and forth again and soon August Augustine was forced to withdraw as Federal had the advantage in position. Federal mistook this as a retreat and ordered a charge but Weldon Picknell exacting titans and Weldon also had long before this stationed his artillery and opened a fire which nothing human could stand against. However though threatened with frightful annihilation Federal's main line stormed Manonias with incredible fury, while along Manley's left and Viviana's right the battle waged with more terrible fury. Every column moving against the massive christian line was met with frightful decimation and continually faced a long line of howling screaming roaring fire, column after column being literally mowed down.

However a part of Federal's right and center of his main right wing had drawn back from the works they had captured revealing a ghastly sea of lead and dying. All of Manley's line itself was aflame and so was Manonias, and Viviana's the assailants meeting a fire continually from an unbelievable number of christian cannon which decimated every brigade that came within range.

Manonias line had stood

so long so long that his whole purple line was badly torn to pieces but fortunately the enemy was still held at bay. Manley concentrated as fierce an assault upon general Viviana as ever he could and amid the stupendous carnage Manonias whole army was also decimated and broke into wild confusion. Picknell sent six million five hundred thousand men to the rescue and these were thrown upon the exultant landelinians a but could not reverse the tide of battle and in the spur to have six million fall in one hour on both sides combined, the shadow of hellish carnage hanging overall like a typhoon cloud.

The battle still raged itself with greater violence for the Mc-Whirther plains and the landelinians were successful for a time but now one million three hundred thousand angelinians after a terrific counter charge crushed the foe amid a baptism of fire and blood one million having fallen on the enemy side the whole conflict fairly given up to a slaughter and outrage. Fierce attempts

attempts were made to carry the Mc-Whirther works which almost succeeded but the death of general Cain caused a frightful repulse. The second onslaught was made by general Gregory which was almost successful but met frightful results in the end.

Gregory, J. J. Gregory and Farrell had almost fore forced their way when the whole line fell dead and a piece of the line was killed. The enthusiasm of their men that they fought until reinforcements drove them back. About the summit of the mountain fought his way up to the very works and which would certainly have been captured had not the attack from the opposite quarter been stopped by the deaths of Gregory, J. J. Gregory and Farrell. General Donaldson repulsed his assailants with the support of heavy cannons. Hardraff's attack was more determined. His death caused the attack to cease but six assaults more were made and each time met with frightful slaughter and all along the line the storm of shell and shrapnel fell ever increasing a tremendous clattering thunderous salvoes. Simultaneous simultaneously a new Mandelini attack every began a fire concentratedly upon the McWhirther plins. The whole platoon was the scene of one of the most violent bombardments of any battle ever witnessed before and explosively fell incessantly all about the Christian lines. The fire increased rapidly and soon volleys of projectiles of every description fell on the Christian infantry lines which never wavered and the Christian artillery kept replied the Mandelini fire and assaults increasing and now all the shells fell on the Christian trenches and already the parapets were being shot away. It was like being in the midst of a hail of rain fire the noise being more deafening than before, the air being shaken and thousands of gas generators of earth flew in every direction, and yet now no one wavered though from the terrible onslaughts going on the whole Christian line was almost untenable.

Despite the volleys of the Christian artillery the Mandelini increased the number of their explosive shells and soon the howitzers joined in. The Angellians decided had to use all their courage to stay the Mandelini assault itself despite their gang-gang-gang shells which came snorting from every side and burst with a formidable noise covering the Angellians with smoke and earth. There was already the destruction of one quarter of Manson's whole command since the battle began and the Angellian troops were showing that they would rather die than retreat and the Angellians knowing that the reserves were close at hand waited confidently to throw them against the continual Mandelini assault.

The Angellian machine guns continued continually moved forward the Mandelini columns and an uninterrupted rifle and other cannons fire continually shook the earth forming columns of smoke and flame the Mandelini still assaulting like an insupportable wave of the sea the hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of the Mandelini were falling over each other, but as the foremost men disappeared more monstrous multitudes appeared to take their places.

The attacking waves reached the trenches many times during the long and bloody assault terrible hand to hand fighting continuing throughout the whole battle and many times during the unadmonished pause-moments of every run of men and horses it was impossible to distinguish friend or foe. The Angellians were now a slowly falling back disputing every foot of ground against overwhelming odds. Meanwhile the reserves began to advance and a barrier of fire of gang-gang-shells which left heavy bluish smoke. The region of hell had to be passed at any price and the men plunged through the smoke clouds only to meet a new barrier of fire only a few yards beyond.

The day was almost over though nearly one quarter of the advanced force dropped and the survivors face to face with the line of battle seemed to be anguished in a furnace of fire. The Angellians who were attacked were still retiring pursued by the yet fiercer assaults. Then before the yelling Mandelini knew what happened the Angellian reserves were upon them.

ANDREW NEW YORK IN THE DEER HILL BATTLE
BATTLE, GREAT THE BATTLE THAN EVER AND THE BATTLE AT
THE BATTLE, FIGHTING AND FIGHTING BATTLE.

CHAPTER 13

The Mandelini tried for a moment to resist, they tried to hold their ground defending every ditch and stump but soon their line wavered and their units fled. Then all began to retire while at the same time the Angellian sent a firing line behind the Mandelini troops still attacking to prevent the savor of their reserves and succeeded admirably. Shells every second fell by hundreds on the enemy's assaulting lines and every where great clouds of dirt, chests abdomens, intestines, heads, legs and arms flew in the air. The Angellians were now advancing elbow to elbow under a hurricane of shells of every caliber and gang-gang-gang's and rifle and machine gun fire axes did anything that was to be expected. The Angellians now began to drive their assailants back by their counter charge but it was soon seen that it was impossible to maintain this advance because of a curtain of fire maintained by the Mandelini artillery as well as violent rifle fire. They held for firmly the points between the two and toward twelve o'clock the Mandelini line slowly abandoned the rest of the trenches they had captured but now their whole line stormed with a general fire that was exceedingly terrible and killed everything in smoke. In one of the captured trenches an unusual scene was exposed and if it was of a dead Mandelini.

He was standing stiffly upright with a dreadful smile on his face as the advancing Angellian soldiers passed by him and he lastly waving aside and running on after giving the dead man a single look. He had a bullet hole in his head which was not visible until the advancing Angellians were quite close to him. During the momentary great forces of Mandelini in a general advance came to reinforce. Another woman smiling his already badly killed arm as if that they were as good as new. Federal also received reinforcements under Tamarline and Lybourne and the Mandelini hosts was again threatening to be successful their forces now pressing upon the Christians in great waves. Robert Vivianus also came up with reinforcements but the Mandelini forces seemed to be outnumbering the Christians a good deal now. General Vivianus' left wing extended along the Angellian River region his center across a goodly part of the McWhirther run and his right across the McWhirther run. It was evidently the battle of McWhirther run was the fiercest fiercest conflict ever seen for over six days in duration and the losses on both sides had been immensely swollen by the greatest and most an hour of battle.

Manson had managed to push across the McWhirther Run and reestablished his lines on general Vivianus left confronting Federal and Tamarline who were now was storming in his furious assault and the general front which showed such great valor at Crowley Run now moved up with his forces toward Aronburg heights. General Vivianus' reinforcements reinforced general Vivianus' center and established lines of artillery along the edge of Gretchels plains facing the main line of Shue's main army and threatening to cut it to pieces. The scenes of carnage now became extensive and resembled hell with shells whirling down. The enemy was now assaulting the Christian line with almost preternatural fury and though suffering heavy loss still forced a part of the Christian lines on the main center and rolled up toward Aronburg right wing and forcing the whole line with terrible slaughter. The whole center was attacked with such a stubborn fury the left grand division of the assault was being reduced to nothing. For an hour more the center held against the terrific onslaught and forced the withdrawal of the enemy but at another terrific loss in general's lines, Tamarline, Stanton, McWhirther and McWhirther were killed while in general's lines, James Federal, Sherman Hanson, Edward Manson, and Fallon were severely wounded. In the meantime in a sea of smoke and fire Manson had pushed across McWhirther Run, and Federal's point

the ground of. If only they were... The enemy were rushing on with their back spread, while the other monstrous column was just arriving from the opposite direction to repel them. General Vivian looking his senses arrange forward toward the house and would have plunged in among the frenzied enemy but a dozen hands seized him.

"For the love of Mike general are you crazy!" Shouted one of his officers.

"You can't get there now sir!" Shouted Henrique dashing up.

"The Vivian girls, the Vivian girls," General Vivian is shrieking. "They are in there in that burning house!"

Sorrowful victims the men held him while the Angellians ran fought the landellians in frenzy and never before was there such a tumult of bayonets, men flaring stabbing each other shooting each other madly at point blank and making a terrible noise during the pandemonium of hand to hand fighting.

"The soldiers are the only ones who are able to do something," said Henrique. "See they are already unloading the line of artillery I brought up!"

"One hundred thousand dollars to the man who takes them out," he screamed. The surges of purple coats were bent back time and again by furious onslaughts flying sparks and gushes of smoke, but not with fewer despair the Angellians again and again with a might and main but fell in scores of thousands while flames now rushed from every window. The Angellians were doing what they could but it seemed as if the children were doomed. Death seemed to wait for anyone foolish enough to rush the enemy. Again general Vivian sank to his knees. In the women it he realized the limitation of human power only something more than human, some time divine could help them now. Then now the christianian column had been torn to fragments in their repeated bloody onrushes to save the children and they were being worsted despite the thundering roar of one hundred guns along this point.

"Oh God," he cried. "If Thou wilt; Help me. Thou who Art a merciful God I ask Thee in the Name of Jesus Crucified to bring them safely out of danger."

He covered his eyes with his hands a creature appealing with all the strength of his nature to the Divinity. It was a supreme moment and in the moment there was a stunning ear-splitting crash of musketry to the right followed by a deafening appalling roar all along the line then there came a more cheer louder about which men went up from the Angellians for the enemy had fallen back heavy reinforcements having decided upon their flank the Angellians driving them farther back amid the rush of flames and smoke. Then came another cry which forced him to his feet a yell which echoed and resounded was taken up again and again in a frenzy of joy for rolling staggering black covered out of the doorway falling smoke black as night stumbled the six little girls into the hands of the soldiers who rushed forward to receive them. They had been rescued in a timely moment for now the enemy had rallied and was now renewing the onslaught with redoubled fury.

Timeliness advance was discovered by Wrede who seeing the battle numbers of the enemy hastily prepared to fall back but unfortunately was not quick enough and was forced to stand against a herculean attack. He stood his ground against terrible odds then his right was overwhelmed crushed and broken from the side the enemy capturing in many hundreds of thousands of prisoners within a few minutes.

Wrede seeing that he was worsted by the black battle devils he called them and knowing his danger sent an appeal for aid but none could come in time to ward off a serious disaster and Wrede's whole line was torn to shreds and forced to retire from the field a badly beaten army and their commander mortally wounded.

This was general Wrede and general Wrede himself was badly wounded and his aide general Hennington killed. Federal main attack in the main maritime on Hanson's line was on ingreater fury, though at some points Hanson had managed to make a counter advance and this enraged Federal who was bound to win at all costs continued met Hanson's advance with terrific fury.

Hanson's battle line had narrowed down to fifty miles and the fury of the firing now became so extremely fierce and deadly that Federal became alarmed as to the safety of his armies. He had ordered all his available artillery upon the Angellians which in due time had checked their advance, irresistible advance but did not hurt them back and counter charges made by the landellians met with horrible destruction. Hanson's right in danger from the enemy's fire which made an appearance like a raging forest fire from their terrible discharge of musketry and cannon had made a withdrawal and Federal from his observation stations saw this

and taking advantage there heavy forces upon the left-hand right wing. The result was an unmitigated only with the slaughter of two quarters of the enemy's battalions. Federal was not discouraged and as the conflict became extremely fierce on these still more heavier forces and now the right wing had to withdraw before overwhelming numbers of the Angellians. General Hanson's center stood its ground under a terrible extensive volume of flame and din resounding the assaults time and again but they could not hold against the yelling demons and withdrew the enemy following and causing heavy losses. However to force the main sections of the line seemed just as impossible as before though general Hanson was now several wounded.

Along general Vivian's main center the struggle was just as terrific.

Henrique advanced his main forces to check Shoenman and in their murderous carnage on the McWhirther plains he fell riddled by bullets but nevertheless was only several wounded. Hanson's McWhirther succeeded him and was shot to death, and general Evans who took command of the already badly and torn and mangled division was mortally wounded. Shoenman's army led by Centackrascoop crossed the lines though their line was honey combed by shot and shell and drove the Angellians of Henrique's force back pell-mell. General Lawson's divisions coming to the rescue fell into an ambuscade and fought the slaughter. General Vivian's main center held its ground and soon recaptured the region of the turned headquarters where the slaughter of both sides was extremely ghastly to behold. A frightful cannonading of a hundred thousand guns was opened along the extreme line which fairly shook the earth while the Angellians under Ambrose Fuller redoubled the fury of their attack just as Centackrascoop fell mortally wounded in the midst of a scorching withering storm of fire. Centackrascoop's divisions already shattered by the extreme fire broke into confusion and if it had not been for the arrival of a part of Ambrose Fuller's troops they would have retreated in remarkable confusion.

Shells were hurling by hundred hundreds per minute everywhere but Ambrose Fuller rallied them and then he with them and his own force crashed upon the Angellians. The attack of such monstrous force redoubled the fury of the battle. Ambrose's right and center struck like a wedge against the left grand division of Vivian's center and the struggle was now at its highest fury and the fiercest all along the line roared like a trillion cannon and seemed to defy heaven and earth and those in heavy heaven with the very din. Though their lines were becoming terribly thin the Angellians held their own mowing the assailants down in frightful numbers.

The attack in vain.

Time and again whole columns fairly melted away but at last Ambrose Fuller was once more compelled to recede an after forming his own sea of blood and dead and wounded.

The other so grand divisions could not be forced either or along this point he christianian position gained by winds of battle was unassailable. Ambrose however was bound to carry this point at all cost and launched several assaults with the aid of a curtain of artillery fire but it served of no use as the christianian assailants were mowed down by many multitudes with the loss of many leaders.

Amio Ambrose tried to blast the battle with his heavy guns of howitzers but received such a spanonadic reply that again he was baffled and the general having twenty five horses shot under him launched a general assault in two direction which he lead himself. This movement was terrific and overlapped as they were on two sides of the line the Angellians even then failed to give way and Fuller believed from the fury of the resistance that he was really entering the very hell itself instead of clashing against the christianian line and losing two other horses and somewhat seriously wounded himself he had to abandon the assault for the moment.

General Hanson's divisions had been ordered to advance against the enemy south of Amio Aronburg but learned that the Angellians to prevent the successful advance of the christianian had fairly placed a sea of musketry and cannon fire in front of themselves the battle fairly setting fire to the stretch of woods and the destroy ing legion of battle's domination in the shape of a wide sea of smoke was driving forward and indeed the battle along the entire line seemed at its highest fire.

Fury and such heavy losses were inflicted that the christianian did not know when to withdraw or recede. But general Gule had orders to advance under any circumstances no order upon unhindered by the serious opposition the christianian of the christianian line the red battle hor or and slaughter typified by blind force.

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He swept forward. Indeed Gunn felt helpless before the power of the Angalindian fire. His force was and even though the forest fire, he did not want to let the fire win. The wind of the approaching typhoon, or black the Angalindian fire itself.

Many of the brave Christian generals who fought the Angalindian fire, were killed. The fire was so hot and so fast that it was impossible to fight it. The fire was so hot and so fast that it was impossible to fight it. The fire was so hot and so fast that it was impossible to fight it.

clatter of musket balls used in cleaning out guns and filling of chain traces they started forward into the jaws of death.

Hundreds of thousands of the Angalindians pressed forward and thousands around their leader to learn the plan of the great onslaught. The fire was so hot and so fast that it was impossible to fight it. The fire was so hot and so fast that it was impossible to fight it. The fire was so hot and so fast that it was impossible to fight it.

"The Angalindians did it before. They carried our left and set our wounded stretched on fire with their battle frenzy and we must land on an and drive them back under any circumstances. It's our orders."

"The Angalindians did it. They fired the woods to keep us back." Bitterness of the Angalindians against their foes and the destroyers they piloted into the green wilderness by their furious gun fire was fired anew by the spreading of the report. Gun picked the leaders just as the unlighted guns broke out in a ear-splitting crash and sent them in commands of divisions. The road ways offered the best point of attack and working on each side of the base the fighters could cut the enemy's main center and then attempt to turn it back on both flanks. Thirty miles wide was the straggling scene of carnage at this point and the road beatled it almost at the middle. Gunn's orders to advance in double line sent the army in motion down the grade just as the enemy drum-drum fire broke out anew. First went the brigades, then the infantry drag one and the rest supported by their own artillery heavier and heavier drawing the line of fire thicker and thicker grew the smoke. A roaring as of water in steep rapids assumed a deeper tone minute by minute and then a hand in the road brought a part of the advancing enemy in sight. The fire itself had started in a forest of conifers and the sparks from rubbing branches had lodged the blaze high up amid the inflammable tops of the trees as well as the brush smaller vines and between the feet of the plants. They were burning in a man or as if some one had set millions of Christmas trees in a hundred rows without cotton batting and strings of popcorn, substitute dry pine needles for all the space, between with here and there a long thicket of grassy scrub brush and then fired it. Fighting against the enemy in this was indeed very critical.

Stiff line blast of cannon fire, the myriads of bursting shells, and the high tongue of flame shooting up from the flaming ground while skeletons of flaming transverse as a slow torus torch had completed the diameter of the low sweeping fire by lifting the red tar or to the to the waiting tinder two hundred feet above.

Once the fire had gone up where it catches the full sweep of the wind it travels leagues to the miles of the one below.

Gunn threw out all his lines of offense to the right and left as soon as possible a quarter of a mile back from the firing line. While the main line crowded with the enemy thousands of other men with a shovel pick and axe took and ice held themselves to the task of throwing the fire back so as to make it advance on the enemy and set themselves to cutting a wide path through the undergrowth and across the advances of the flames. Here the hunters would wait with the wet shovels to attack the fire enemy when his head should be brought in by the hastily cleared timber wait in rolling smoke and flame to turn back the red tide against the oncoming enemy columns by trail a light scouting party managed to cut across the advance of the blaze to its distant right flank, there to select a stand the wide expanse of green brush with no mattress of pine needles for the fire to run on could balk the forward sweep of the flames; from the turn a line to back fire could turn the right flank and snuff out all that end of advancing destruction and make it go at the enemy as the fire was their only chance of winning and the fire they trusted to win for them at this point.

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Literally ten thousand thousand men were fighting thirty miles of fire. So heavy was the fur of smoke of lob the brilliant conflagration that the afternoon sun was entirely obscured while so hot was the furnace like blast from the near fire that men's faces and bare arms were baked red. Hundreds of the men worked like mad fighting for seconds. A score of axe blades bit and were not at tough too roots and the thick tufts of young spruce. Hoes and shovels were frantically at the pine needles mattingly at it and separating it to a dead line across which the conflagration should not advance. Smoke filled the workers' lungs and they gasped under the drive of supreme effort. Sacks were soaked in barrels through up and men plunged their heads down to their shoulders into the scolding depths. Gunn leading the firing line itself against the desperate Angalindian assaults rode back and forth along the line every time he worked among the fire fighters encouraging pausing to take a shoveler every time he worked among the fire fighters himself and with five minutes feverish work demonstrating where its greatest use lay.

The fire came up to the wounded toilers had scratched through the woods, men fought desperately with it at arms length, blackened dervises, they who failed their arms untiringly, whirling and prancing between the sword stabs of red tongues of flame. Wet sacks caught glowing coals and flung them on bare backs, white tenders came and went like ammunition passers in a trench under machine gun spray. Far head throats buried corpses at the darting arrows of flame which leaped the dead line and fastened too cried up spruce fashers beyond.

The fire came up to the dead through the woods, wavered jumped it in a dozen places and went roaring on.

"Get your back down, everybody this way. This fire has jumped the ditch."

"It has crossed." "Water quick I'm all a flame." Some one cried. Men sobbed in weakness and impotent anger but moved back under the direction of their leaders and began to throw stones against the fire enemy while the redoubled roar of musketry and cannon told that the Angalindians were still pressing forward.

"We will catch the fire right at this corner." Said one leader to a group of sneezing volunteers; "And it can't do a thing." Another was heard to say.

"When it comes up rush it low along this line and don't raise too many sparks with your backs."

The soldiers over to the burn had back fired it to a whisper: "Yelled Gunn: 'Come on now men we will smash the fire the other way and drive it forward toward our assaults. They made the fire and they are to keep it for their own use if they want it badly and." And he laughed. The general battles and blackened to a leader rallied the beaten volunteers and set them on a new line which held on until driven back by the fierce heat and the charring gratoasts while broke a part of the Christian line. Violet and her sisters in the meantime standing in Panosia's headquarters was interrupted by a telegraph which started madly. Then a telegraph telephone bell rang and as Violet clapped the receiver to her ear there came from far off a thin voice shaken by hysteria of great excitement.

"Is this general Panosia?"

"No this is one of the Vivian girls." Answered Violet.

"At right little Vivian girls this is general Butler Aronburg. Enemy can't progress any longer against his lines for the whole line is falling back before general advance of Christian reinforcements. And there are four general forest fires moving your way from the rear."

Violet her hand and voice unsteady shot a quiver sharp and incisive. "Over the main stretch of wood woods south of Mc south of Mc-Holleston Bug Run and the enemy retreating lines are about a mile apart and are moving forward toward the north about the same time and are hard pressed by the Christians. The conflagration itself it a great great one but it is not threatening our lines any. I saw fierce attacks and have been riding as fast as God would let me to the nearest available station. Yes little girl strong lines of Christian but is fierce carrying the main line of victory toward our armies are now moving westward toward the left." "Tell general Panosia right away."

Violet gave instructions and then rang off and notified Panosia for several minutes the great general waited his eyes straining through the near

orders to catch the Glandelinian fire, but was pointing the sky southward. It was the sound of the cannon of the Glandelinian line, continued battle in a dazzling red glow. The operator of the mountain exchange and put in a call for all the general officers to start a hasty advance of their firing line. An hour passed and the great general stood by the telephone sending throughout all the Glandelinian lines of the battle region his orders for a general advance against the enemy's lines. Every general heard it amid the roar of battle with joy and excitement. They general remounted their horses to catch the summons out of the dark. They came over all the barriers of the high places and after then the destroying legions of battle and flames sped the orders.

At this moment there was a general from many generals for out from a creeping arch of fire and musketry discharges along the Christian lines in the right section leaped and wavered many little flags of Christians and Glandelinian alike, their clothing smoked amid the terrific carnage and hand and soon appeared fresh lines of guns with men sitting on the carriage the point of the cannons standing out in smart blisters and these guns stopped with noisy explosions. General Aronburg, Aronburg and fifteen other generals had smelt their way through a part of the fire with a fresh battery of artillery and the nearest smoke of musketry fire surrounded at its midlewrithed and twisted at each end and the whirling smoke canopy dimmed the stars while everything seemed dyed red.

More! More! More! Now and now had now put their extreme armies in at this point against the concentrated attack of the enemy and despite of the inevitable accidents of account of the conflagrations the Angelinian front held its own and now with his sixteen million Abdeandians made an attempt to turn Vanley's right and during a conflagration of firing of cannons and musketry he succeeded in crushing two great divisions of Glandelinians at once and their splendid initiative was followed by Vanley's right wing being completely turned and it was forced to retreat across the Mc-Hollister Run pursued by the full blast of the conflagration of Christian musketry. General Liviania himself ordered a simultaneous advance and though the Glandelinians placed hundreds of thousands of men with the highest guns to try and check the flood of Angelinians it was of no use. The Angelinians pressing onward and backed by the conflagration and that which proved a friend instead of an enemy had secured a good grip on the wooded regions once held by the enemy that is the wooded regions of Mc-Hollister Run and the main stretch of the Aronburg and Kauffmann woodlands which a conflagration of Christian musketry fire was steadily advancing against a similar Glandelinian fire.

The enemy knew that should the Angelinians ever get a further grip of grasp of this region it would be to the complete destruction of one of their main wings and as they knew that the conflagration of Christian musketry was advancing at a terrific rate they strove to hold them back but scores of their generals fell in the mud maddened maddened carnage and from their slaughter the Glandelinians were appalled and disheartened and wished for a respite in the horrible struggle. The main fight against the Glandelinians was on the Mc-Hollister Run and Aronburg creek tanks and for a time some more success was made by the enemy on the Mc-Hollister Run as the Christians failed to advance in the face of a annihilating fire but it seemed that nothing human could stop the Christian advance now which was still making an inferno of slaughter.

During the height of the terrible slaughter general while general Liviania's army was pressing forward in the furnace of battle fire and horror the Vivian girls following them in their excitement of wish to see the victory and how it progressed were in constant minute danger of a horrible death and though the commanders had advised them to go back from the firing line they had refused saying that they will take care of themselves. During the advance they had a narrow escape from their lives captured by a gang-gang-shall thrown by some great Glandelinian krump run from the main Glandelinian batteries, and even by the soldiers many times it was seen that many a Glandelinian sharpshooter had pointed his gun at the little girls in nearly every region among the trees along the front but failed to find the mark, and even Glandelinians had been seen skulking around like human vultures waiting for a feast of blood.

It had already been learned also that the little girls would gladly relinquish all the honors and glories of their positions if it were possible for them

to be back in their own quiet country out of the region of such terrible war. At every sound of the explosion of exploding explosions they would start in fear and excitement and here in that time fail to express a cry of terror when ever they would see the gray column of smoke press forward and against the advancing Christians for they knew that the battle was now seemed yet lost for along the main right in winning far off the enemy had carried all before them even now and that along here only was there success.

Everything seemed to terrify them of over the threatening fate of the Christian line should the enemy reform to counter charge for nowhere did they themselves seem to be safe now. The little girls during the advance had been guarded continually by hundreds of soldiers but they believed and others too that Glandelinians were possessed of such devilish ingenuity and desperate courage that all precautions against them should they succeed in counter charging again would be in vain.

General Liviania many times had believed himself that he himself was more likely to be blown to pieces than to die in his bed and to confirm his statement during the final advance a gang-gang-shall treacherously made in the shape of a little girl was hurled at him barely missing him and exploding among his body wounding twenty horses and five hundred men and a wounding one thousand eight hundred and eighty others while the dress of the little girl was heavily splashed with blood and mangled pieces pieces pieces of flesh from the victims of the high explosive which poured a hole in the ground five hundred yards wide and three hundred feet deep.

However at ten thirty that night the sound of battle had suddenly ceased and such a silence followed that the survivors of the great battle felt as if they were to fly into space and go to pieces.

Christian losses in the battle were two million in killed and wounded while the losses of the enemy exceeded seven million nine hundred thousand and in killed and wounded. The terrible battle had raged seven days and luckily

it was that it had come out as a great Christian victory.

THE BURNING OF ANGELO (ARAGAT PA (SALVERINIA))

Three days had passed since the battle of Mc-Hollister Run and despite their most energetic exertions the whole woods of Aronburg Run reached by the other main forest fires already predicted had already become a parching sea of flames and smoke and hundreds, even thousands of soldiers gave up their lines in trying to stay the red path of destruction. General Liviania's whole army though victorious in the battle of Mc-Hollister Run was now retreating before the great conflagration, his flanks being seriously harassed by the forest fires. The conflagration had set a firm foothold on the entire stretch of woods of the Mc-Hollister Run and even a part of the Aronburg Run regions and driven forward by a stiff easterly wind was increasing with the roar of artillery burning all before it.

Notwithstanding the fact that the stretch of Aronburg had been struck last, it was the first of have been entirely crossed though legions of men fought desperately against its surging waves of flame, until they dropped by hundreds. It was hotter and more dangerous work to stand against this ocean of fire than it was to meet the fiercest onslaught of Federal men. The heat could be felt at its worse at the distance of three miles and the sky seemed to be filled with flames from Aronburg Run. The conflagration advanced as fast as the wind could force it ahead the tree tops flaring like a sea of huge torches torched made by some titan king. General Aronburg had directed the work against the flames on Aronburg Run his men having tried every means imaginable to check its progress, had mined

the trees to earth by the thousand, made wide ditches, fought the flames with wide buckets, and harnessed it, but were not successful, and one thousand two hundred and twenty two men had perished from being trapped, or had dropped dead from the fierce heat, which literally roasted them at even the distance of many yards.

The conflagration untopped by any one progressed forward for a great space and burned its way through the small Galverinian town of Angelina gathias, and fortunately it happened right at the proper moment that a heavy rainstorm approaching from the west, burst over the land, and had it not been for this, the whole region would have been wiped out...

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

A JOURNEY TO THE CHRISTIAN LINE.....

THE CLOUDS GATHER, THE DEAD FLY OUT BUT STAY.....

"I don't know what to say my dear-est because of the situation!"

"Why surely indeed Henry, you are not thinking for a moment of letting him go when the war is getting so bad?"

"Well I don't know what to say, but at times I am certainly thinking of it though I have not yet at all made up my mind. There are advantages and disadvantages at such times but he'd be safer as a boy scout in the Christian army than always at home. We'll have to move from this town as it is warned of the approach of General Tamerlines Glandelinian army. Of course we're foreigners but if we're Christians then the Glandelinians don't respect any one."

"But Hubby it is such a long way to general Viviania where's Christian army and to go among those boy and girl scouts and live and serve among them it would be hard for our youngest son as their discipline because they're all so very perfectly good may be a too severe for him. And yet it is said that they too at times do such dreadful things to the Glandelinians, but of course if he could be accepted into their ranks he would be all right, and as I have heard you say foreigners getting in there is so much red tape, and they pass all sorts of military laws, and too hold their little queens as some of the most greatest little nannies in the world. If you can get him there it would be good but the danger of meeting so many Glandelinian scout patrols on the way."

"Well those Glandelinian devils won't eat him my dear. And too his would be well trained and what is good news the Military Assembly usually conducted by the Princesses, or the Abbessian National Assembly or what ever it ought to be called has certainly been passing laws increasing the protection of the Vivian Girl Princesses and all their child scout followers, and increasing many of the rights and privileges of them all, and you must remember that if it had not been for all those Christian boy and girl scouts the condition of the vast body of the Christian nation of Abbessia would have been terrible. Every Christian army has about a million child scouts and even they turn in rescued child slaves into scouts too as an addition. The Abbessian cause is a very holy one their foes is very wicked and indeed now in the light of slavery ever known throughout the world were ever such masses of children more enslaved than child slavery by the Glandelinians. And the Christians will their freedom and if possible the conversion of Glandelinia, or her destruction if she won't amend. We have need be surprised therefore if against such wicked Glandelinians even child scouts will push matters to an excess, they have a right to. And with their aid the Christian nation will be able to maintain itself, and the child scout divisions can have a sort of constitutional government of their own in their armies. This is all the more reason why our son James should be going out there. You don't suppose that the child scouts will reject him because he is a foreigner if he can prove he is good. Why he told me there are foreigners in the ranks. No James will be safe among them as a boy scout much more safer than he will be here. As to the distance it's nothing like so far as if he went to the Angelina Agathia city for example. I don't see any chance of the enemy setting the whole country on fire here and yet it is dangerous for us to remain. This is a war that is having the eyes of the world watching everything in grave anxiety and fright. Glandelinia is dangerous. His school reports is always the same conduct fearful, progress in study unusually rapid--which means as I take it that he is going rapidly along. That's it isn't it James?"

"Yes father I think so. You see every body cannot be at the top of the form."

"That is very true observation boy. It is also if there are a hundred boys in the class, a great number of fathers have to be disappointed. Still of course one would like to be the father who is not disappointed and it seems fortunately I am one of them."

"I stick head to my work" the boy said "but there are lots of other boys too like me who seem to know the right words with out taking any trouble about it. It comes to them in Abbessia I suppose and to me it seems catching. Boy and girls in school here in Abbessia are so good, was astonished for finding it was a school. Boys never tease girls and hold them as very scared. When I first came to school and didn't know any better I did not to tease girls, but they're so forgiving, so kind and charitable that I could do it here."

"I have heard a lot of them," said James excitedly. "Oh please accept the offer, I should like it of all things, and even if I do ever get into trouble with the Glandelinian soldier-y I can any how be a good little hero when I get back."

are planning to join him with the
Dantonina next. But public opinion in all Calve d'nia is much disturbed over
the situation. In the National Assembly at Angelina Aethia, which is the same
as our American Senate there is a great spirit of apprehension over the
recent fierce Landelina resistance to the various christian a r i armies
and because of Christian defendants and some thing like a big disaster to the Christ
ian side had already been accomplished, and the civilian a r l s are again in
peril even within their own lines, and every road road two that christian

"I don't see it could make any differences." James repeated "and you see sir when I go into the boy scout troop I'm joining the army and there is war and I know and the father would be a great deal more anxious."

to them and help them to seize the enemy move. "You have stated a good idea my boy, and through that plan it would not make much difference, and as you are a good shot, and know how to fence and have back riding, the chances is no more that it need no influence our decision. But be careful and not impudent my boy. The Glendallians are a danger to you and you got to keep your eyes open. Well then James I am to consider that your decision is in favor of accepting this appointment."

And so Miss Andrews was informed by her husband that after talking it over with James he had finally concluded that the proposed arrangement would really be an excellent one and that it would be a great pity to let such an opportunity slip. The good lady was for a time tearful in her feelings that James would be in danger as he had read so much about the preternatural fury of Lancelotian soldiery, of which in three days it was a case of and national opinion that Lancelotian soldiery was winning the war every where, but she was not in the habit of disputing her husband's will, and when the letter of acceptance had been sent off by military secretary wires less she busied herself in preparing James' clothes for his long absence.

"With the prince?" she asked in great astonishment.

"Yes indeed, don't you remember seeing that letter Mablelena. Most foreigners are not much loved in Abbeinnish because many foreigners have shown bad reputations, but they do like Ameri Americans and therefore has no reason to be ashamed of his Nationality, and he will draw the loving and friendly attention of every one if he really behaves as well there as he did in school. He doesn't know his high position and I don't want him to know until he gets to there and receives the surprise. That Prince's good little sisters are in sorry need of a AIDS de camp special and he'll fit the position beautifully. He'll be a little scared of those angel possessed little girls at first because of their celestial like appearance but he'll get used to that."

"You will see much that is holy among the boys and girl scouts that is beyond your imagination, and perhaps a good deal too that will win you their ways, and as to them James my son, and it will be better for you to copy their ways, Abba's man I know you never criticize or give a hostile opinion about things Abba's man say, and that in fact you pine because all American is not that way I can rest easy, Take things as they come, and do as all the Abba's man boys and girls do, you see there is no difference in comparison between boys and girls."

and don't worry as to the religious and Abissinian customs except that they are more holy and beautiful than any saint's ever heard of, fall in with the ways of those around you, and adopt if you can the annually polite and courteous manner which is general among the Abissinians, and in which I ~~met~~ ^{met} any they are far ahead of any polite nation known. If you at all questioned you will of course give your opinion

Frankly and modestly it is the independence of thought among American boys and men which has so much attracted the attention and approval of the Vivian Glandelinians and their themselves. As a natural and as simply as the Abbissian boy and girl accoutrements, giving you self no airs, and you'll never see none on the parts of the lads and girls you are with, the other brother Penrod says you'll be treated as their equal, put upon the other hand do not even be on the look out for small slights for you'll never experience any, and you'll never hear any idle talk to any thing for when either I need not tell you to be always straight forward, honest and true to those qualities you possess as much as an Abbissian does as you've caught their strange good news from them. Above all things you'll never need to use your fists at any body, even though fighting comes naturally to even Abbissian boys, but if you're good and on their side they won't even have as much as a cross word, but above all things do not restrain any tendency to use your fists against any foreign boys who may be crazy enough to try and start something, and do not say even the slightest bad word—it is considered as brutal and degrading as a big one—dressing of the boy and girl scout troop is a deadly insult to God and their Nation and would never be forgiven. And what ever the trouble with the enemy you do not back out, abstain from sparing any Glandelinian soldier as boy and girl scouts do not give them any quarter under every justified reasons. Should you find that in any way your position is made intolerable by the Glandelinians, you will of course appeal to the Prince, or his beautifully good sisters, and you will obtain all the redress that can be made possible. I trust there will be no reason for complaints at all and that you will find your position an exceedingly pleasant one as soon as you become accustomed to it, but should occasion arise bear my words in mind."

Jim James promised to follow his father's advice implicitly but in his own mind he wondered what he would do if he encountered Glandelinian soldiery, however if he was going to be a boy scout even if not in uniform while on the way he supposed that he should under the circumstances do the same as boy scouts what ever that might be and he examined his rifle and his pistols carefully. As soon as the train was fairly past the city and out of it he continued his thoughts, until seven hours later the train entered the station of Turner Creek Town. Dr Andrews had requested the conductor to allow one of his porters to show James the way to La Polama Hotel. James had pulled himself together a little as the train entered the town, and was starting at the man in Christian uniform, when a man touched him on the shoulder.

"Now my dear brave lad the conductor tells me I am to show you the way to your hotel. God bless you for going to the service of the boy scouts for the noblest cause you ever took part with and I am proud of you my lad, which is your box."

James pointed out his satchel, the man threw it on his shoulder, and James with a feeling of joyful bewilderment followed him down the tracks toward the main station platform. Here he was accosted by an officer who asked him for his past port toward the Christian lines. James fumbled in his breast pocket for the document which his father had obtained for him from the Prince by mail duly vided by violet, and he waited notifying that James Ad Andrews aged nine, hair brown, height a little over four feet, eyes gray, nose short, mouth large, was about to join the Vivianite troop in the service of the Vivian Glandelinians. The officer glanced it over, and then returned it to James with a polite bow, which James managed to return just as perfectly.

"What a handsomely uniformed man that officer was." He muttered to himself as he followed his guide. "I wonder if I'll be attired like that? Well, I suppose I mustn't get high hatted about it if I go even when I get accustomed to it." The hotel, La Polama, was close at hand. In reply to the man's question the land lord said that the boy scout leader was within. The porter put down the satchel, pocketed the coin James made him accept with a "Good luck and God's blessings" young boy scout officer, went outside, turned and politely followed the land lord. The latter mounted a flight of stairs, knocked at a door and opened it.

"A young American boy desires to see you Master Starling." He said and James entered. A taller boy than himself, whose popo-tons at once surprised James to utter astonishment as to the tallness and stoutness of the Abbissian boys, was seated at the table at which he was writing.

"Master Andrews?" he said interrogatively. "I am glad to see you."

James surprised Starling by showing he understood the Abbissian language.

"That's all right," he said nodding. "How do you do, Master Starling?"

The taller boy bowed; James bowed, and then they looked at each other. There was nothing more to say. A smile stole over James' face, and broke into a frank laugh. The Abbissian boy smiled, put his hand on James' shoulder and said:

"A brave foreign boy. I like Americans." and James knew they were friends.

Walter Starling's face bore an expression of sunny good temper and holiness. Though a boy he was a half-inch taller with long curls, he had a soldier's bearing, his complexion was tanned, and though handsome of face he looked a tough military fighter and strong his eye brows were black and bushy. After a pause he said:

"Are you hungry?"

"You mean I'll eat anything?" James asked. "Yes I will if there is any thing fit to eat around here. I left by the Glandelinians if they didn't clean out as the skunk does. I begin to feel as hungry as a hunter and no wonder for I am as hollow as a drum."

Starling took his hat, opened the door, and bowed for James to precede him. Jim James at first hesitated he didn't like to impose on a boy scout leader when he had money to buy food himself but knowing it would be a polite way to do as he was told, returned the bow and went out. The boy scout leader put his hand on his shoulder and they went down stairs together and took their seats on in the salon, where his companion gave an order and in two or three minutes a bowl of chicken broth was placed before each of them. It fully answered James' idea as to the same mess of old fashioned good flavoured American chicken soup with pieces of chicken meat in it. But he was astonished at the piece of bread nearly a yard long placed on the table. Starling cut a piece off and handed it to him. He broke a portion of it and then started to eat and when he tasted even that good looking chicken soup he found it was even much nicer and better tasting than it looked.

"It is certainly much better than I thought it was." He thought to himself. "Anyhow despite the war bread seems plentiful and though it is the size unusual it is the same make of yeast bread we have over in the United States but nicer and richer. So there is no fear of my starving. He followed his friend's example and made his way steadily through a number of dishes not at all new or strange to him.

"This is the best slice of roast beef I've ever eaten, and it surely is worth the price of it, some of the dishes seem better than others."

Walter Starling offered him a small goblet of wine, which he tasted but shook his head for he did not like sour wine, but Starling told him the wine could do him good for the journey, and if it was too sour to pour some sugar into it and sweeten it. James did so and found it tasted better. Conversation soon began and James soon learned the Abbissian for knife, fork, spoon plate and various other articles which though he could speak much Abbissian he still was ignorant of, and felt that he was fairly well on the way toward talking Abbissian better than ever. After the meal was over Walter and James rose and both said the grace after meals, and then Walter put on his cap, and signed James to accompany him. (not here) They strolled through the small town, went down to the river quays, and looked at the many different boats, James was feeling more at home now, and asked the Abbissian name for every thing he saw, repeating the word over and over again to himself until he felt sure that he should remember it and then asking the name of some fresh object. The next morning when they started on their journey back for the confines of the main Christian lines, and arrived there at night after thirty six hours of travel. James was struck with the roads, which were far better tended and much more cleaner and kept than even the best of roads in America. Trees were peculiar in many instances and the leaves of many smaller trees when observed at a distance gave the trees the same of mish-rooms and for sets of pine trees the appearance of gigantic palms. At this part the extreme flatness of the country did not surprise him for he had seen many such in America, and build ings in the villages were of the same form but had high slanting beautifully colored roofs, and the variety of the church towers were excellent and imposing, and he saw much more to admire during the journey than he even could have expected.

"If it's all like this," he thought to himself. "I don't see how the enemy could be so wretched and devastating. Of the Christian lines he saw little because of the darkness. They were able to enter easily because Starling showed the passport to the picket and then the sentry. A blue bloused soldier carried his satchel what seemed to James a long distance from the place where the conveyance stopped. The broad company of streets were quiet and deserted, and enormous tall colored tents with sides yellow and the tops looking black at night stood on each side of the company street in a straight row and to James surprise were as high and big as Circus Tents. Only they did not have that shape.

"Here we are at last!" His guide said as he halted before a large and massive gate way surrounded by a coat of arms with supporters carved in stone work. Beyond was a big wooden house. He rang at the bell, which was opened by a aide de camp in livery uniform, who bowed profoundly upon seeing Starling and then followed with a military salute. Passing through the doorway James found himself in a spacious hall decorated with armor and beautifully made religious pictures. As he crossed the threshold Walter Starling took his hand and shook it heartily saying:

"welcome."

James understood the action; and nodded saying "I think I shall get on capitally if they are all as jolly as you are."

"Then they both laughed and Starling said; "You'll like us all when you know us."

James looked around wondering trying to think what was coming next.

Walter went out after Walter Starling told James to be seated and then to what surprised him was gone for nearly two hours. "I'm very sorry," said Starling politely, as he returned, "To have kept you waiting so long, but this is the head quarters of the princesses and I expected them to be here, but they are all away at their main head quarters with general Jack Evans. We shall stay a day or two to rest our selves here after our journey, and then start to join them."

He led James into a great salon magnificently furnished, pointed to the chairs and looking glasses and other articles of furniture, all swathed up in coverings and the lad understood at once that the Princesses and the brothers were away at the main part of the Christian lines. This was a sort of disappointment to him even though he was getting on capitally with Walter Starling for he desired to meet with the little girls who were said to be angelic, unpossessed and so pretty. A meal was speedily served in a small and comfortably furnished apartment, and James decided that the food even here in a camp was really nice, and that there was no fear of his falling away in flesh.

Walter Starling pressed him to try the wine again, and this he found to be a vast improvement upon the vintage he had tasted in the hotel in the town.

After breakfast the next morning which consisted of pancakes and oat meal and milk as you'll not find coffee in the army here not even for men they started for a walk, and James was delighted with the beauty of the tents for what in the night appeared to be black tops of the tents was really purple, the sides yellow and the upper trimmings red and which he could not but help acknowledging were vastly superior to anything he had ever seen in the American army.

Then he was taken to a quartermaster's store, Prince Penrod having commissioned his guide to carry out Dr. Andrews' request in this matter. Walter looked interestedly at James as he entered the quartermaster's store as if to ask if he understood why he was taken there. James nodded for indeed he was glad to see that no time was to be lost for he was desirous of becoming a boy scout as soon as possible. He had passed quite a number of boy scouts and girl scouts gorgeously uniformed, who all had saluted him and Starling.

"They sure do look as good they they as they are!" James thought as he looked at the boy and girl scouts he met. It would be better when I can mingle in with them especially if one is allowed to fight the enemy. "It was the same with a feeling of satisfaction that he turned into the quartermaster's store. The sergeant came up saluting, he didn't bow, Starling gave some orders and the sergeant produced various sorts of uniforms and other materials for James inspection. The lad shook his head, and turned to his guide, and pointing to the goods asked him to choose the things which were most suitable for him; Starling understood the appeal and ordered four suits of uniforms. Two of these were for ordinary wear, another was James' conclusion for the evening, and the fourth for ceremonial occasions. The coats of lavender color were cut long but very open in front and were fastened scanty to button, the waist coats were long and embroidered, a white and simple handkerchief went around the throat and was tied loosely with long ends edged with yellow lace falling in front, knee breeches with yellow stockings and red shoes with bun buckles completed the uniform custom. James looked on with a smile of admiration and burst into a hearty laugh of enjoyment when the uniforms were fixed upon for the idea of himself dressed out in these seemed to him magnificent in the extreme.

"How they would admire me at home," he thought to himself "if they could see me in one of these uniforms. The girls would give me no peace until they had had satisfied their curiosity. And wouldn't there be an uproar of admiration if I were to turn up in them in the school. Every body would be saluting me in cluding Sister Mary Ann. I'll surely prove I'm worthy of wearing them. I'll show these Glandell Jones some American ways and that is rougher than Angellman or Abbotman."

James was then measured. When this was done he took out his purse, which contained fifty six paces, for his father had thought it probable that the uniforms he would wear would cost more than they would else where outside the army, and he wished him to have a good store of pocket money until he had received the first instalment of his pay. Starling however shook his head and smilingly motioned up to him to put up his purse saying "Your uniforms are free. You only pay for them if you intend to keep them when

part of the army."

when his companion took him into another shop (a flop shop) and pointing to his own uniform which indicated that James would wear a quite some linen of this kind to be worn when in full dress uniform. James signified that his friend should order what was necessary, and half a dozen shirts with deep cuffs at the wrist and waist and at the breast were ordered. This brought the shopping to an end. In leaving the store they passed many boy and girl scouts and soldiers too all who nodded and saluted respectfully. They remained three days in this part of the Christian encampments, at the end of which time James clothes were delivered. The following morning an elegant carriage to the surprise of James with the arms of Emperor Vivian emblazoned upon it came up to the gate, and they started. The horses were swift ones, and James who had no idea how far they were going, thought the journey was about to be a very long one. He thought they would leave the Christian lines but not so they went down the company street, and two miles out they changed horses at a post station where a crowd of soldiers had gathered, their own returning from whence they came, and after this had a lay at each station, and traveled at a space or pace which seemed to James to be extraordinary rapid. He wondered exceedingly how extensive was the Christian encampments. They seemed never to have an end. The extensive mass of this camp was proved when they traveled for three days sleeping twice at night in a camp tent provided for them at the stopping places. The third day the appearance of the encampment altogether changed, and the tents were higher, and as they went through the company streets nothing but a crowd of boy and girl scouts were passing up or down the company street many looking at the carriages and saluting to Starling but looking curiously at James and nodding however with evident friendliness at him.

As evening approached Walter Starling pointed to a building standing on a rising ground within the encampment still some miles away and said "That is the main headquarters."

It was dark before the excellent carriage drove up to the headquarters. However the approach had been seen, for an escort of boy and girl scouts appeared with torches and led them toward the broad steps. Walter Starling put his hand encouragingly on James' shoulder and led him up the steps. In order to proceed to the main hall, when a door opened and a very classically dressed boy came forward and Walter Starling stood at attention and saluted.

"Prince Penrod my dear friend," Walter then said with a bow "This is the young gentleman you charged me to bring to you as the aide de camp of your sisters."

"Aide de camp to his sisters," James thought with surprise and couldn't say another word until Prince Penrod said;

"I am glad to see you, and I hope you will make yourself as happy and comfortable here as possible."

James was still too doubtfounded at what he had heard to say anything yet but he felt the tone of kindness and courtesy with which they were spoken.... He could however only bow, for although in the eight days he had spent with Walter Starling he had never heard anything of what he was going to do really when he came to the Christian camps.

"And you Walter Penrod," said "You have made a good safe journey I hope. I thank you much for the trouble you have taken. I like the boys looks; what do you think of him?"

"I like him very much," Walter said. "He is a new type to me, and a very pleasant and pleasant one. I think he will make a good companion and a good aide de camp for your darling sisters..."

Penrod then led the way into a great drawing room room and taking James handed him up to a little girl seated on a couch.

"This is our young English and American friend Joie. Of course he is at large at present but Walter Starling reports well of him and I am ready like his hand face."

The little girl held out her hand, which James instead of bending over and kissing, as she had expected shook heartily. For an instant only a look of intense surprise passed across her very pretty face, then she smiled sweetly and said "Good evening!"

"We are glad to see you. It is very good of you to come so far to us. When you know us well enough you'll be happy with us here. But don't stare at me like that my friend. I'm not an angel."

Just then two other little girls still pretty about your age and nearly the same size came in and stopped as they saw the strange boy.

"These are my younger sisters Daisy and Bertie Vivian, the will I am sure do all in their power to make you comfortable," Penrod said. The last words were spoken confidentially and significantly as if he knew how good they would be to him, and that that they were in a not a mistake about the two girls who had a moment before when coming in looked with great surprise at the new

boy then they advanced.

"Shake hands with him sister dear," Penrod said, "It is the custom of his country."

Each little girl in turn held out her hand to James, who as he shook hands with them, took a mental stock of his future girl companions. Their faces were so bewitchingly beautiful, and they had such an angelic expression and manners that he felt entranced and yet shaky as if he was in the presence of persons of great holiness and that he was not worthy.

"Surely they must be celestial children of heaven and not real girls," he thought to himself. "Indeed more like little girl angels than true flesh and blood. Their adventures in the army has however done them a world of good. I bet the littlest one could polish off two like me together with one hand."

"The rest of my sisters," Penrod said, said Violet, Catherine Jennie and little Evan Evangelina."

Four other little girls still more prettier had descended from their seats as Penrod entered with James into another room (the little girls having been busy at some military schooling work, and to James surprise (for to him why should Penrod do such a low rank boy like himself) when he should do it) each little girl made a deep courtesy as her name was mentioned, and James bowed deeply in return. James could see that Jennie was the tallest of the little girls and pretty far beyond his wildest imaginations, and also Angelina was almost her likeness and slightly nearer size too and also Violet but Violet and Jennie were oh so pretty beyond what the boy could ever conceive. Angelina struck him as being about the same age as his own little sister, who was between eight and nine years old. Penrod was about his own age, while Joice came between Jennie and Violet. Most boys would no doubt be very bashful and shy in the presence of these little girls but James was never shy or embarrassed under any conditions you couldn't embarrass him.

But he was astonished about their prettiness for he had never heard of how the Abbeinnian princesses really looked. Their manners were as graceful as they were beautiful but he could see there was nevertheless a tremendous amount of holy dignity about them that too was remarkable.

"Jennie dear," Penrod said to his tallest sister. "Take James out with you and your sisters and go home back riding with him before he gets scared and thinks you're from Heaven instead of earthly creatures. He just stands and stares. Do all in your power to eat him at his ease. Remember what you would feel dearest sisters if you were suddenly placed as he is in a strange heavenly country."

"I believe I would feel as he does now," said Jennie laughing in spite of him in spite of herself. "If he was allowed I believe he would kiss and hug us to his heart's content."

"Why not let him do it?" smiled Penrod. "He must first gain his esteem among all the boys and girl scouts or they would think we were strange to do that." Said Jennie more seriously. "But if he really comes to love us we'll let him." And smiling sweetly at him she motioned to James to accompany her and six of the little girls left the room together while Joice remained with Penrod. Unrestrained now by their presence, Joice turned to her brother with her customary merry smile.

"But it sure is a human bear you have brought to us Penrod dear, a veritable human bear---my fingers ache still---and he is to be our aide de camp. Always believed American boys were strong, but I did not think he would be like that. These Americans are like us."

Penrod smiled. "He is a little strange, but that will soon rub off Joice dear. I like him. Joice, remember it was a difficult position for a boy like him. We did not have him here to give polish to your dear sisters but to be your aide de camp. The Abbeinnians are not polished and neither are the Americans, every one knows that but they are as many and independent as we are. That boy bore himself well in your presence and that of your sisters. He probably had never seen little girls like you before in his life, your appearance was so out of celestial to him but he was not embarrassed or shy as I expected he would be and there is no fearfulness in his handshake than a mere kissing of the hand and it is calm and self possessed even though alone among strange strangers. In case Father would want me again and I am away for a time being he could surely do anything for you in case you are in trouble and remember Joice dear the Glandelinians will be soon finding out that Americans are different than we are in the method of doing things and in fighting and are not to be trifled with. That boy is good, but in a good cause I can see by his eyes he is dangerous. He would make a rough and swell defender for you and your sisters. And I like the honest straight look in his face. And look at the width of the shoulders and the strength of his little arms---why he would break your enemy Gerald Starling across his knee, and he and that Glandelinian boy scout must

must be about the same age. He is also a good Catholic went to Holy Communion and Mass every day with Starling's Starling."

"Oh he has brute strength I grant," Joice said. "So have many of our boy scouts too. Of course from the start dear Penrod I do not want to find fault with him, and don't in fact I do like him and if he really wants to hug me all right but only, hope brother dear it will not be necessary to give him my hand again. I thought he crushed my fingers and yet without knowing what he was doing. I must not declare at wailing but my fingers strong as I am are delicate never thickless."

"I do not suppose it will until he learns if he ever does Joice and by that time no doubt doubt, he will know what to do with that as to him hugging you he'll squeeze the breath out of you without meaning to so in case he does warn him not to do it too hard---but there is Walter Starling waiting all this time for you to speak to him."

"Pardon me my good darling friend," Joice said, rising. "In truth that squeeze of my hand has driven all other matters from my mind. How have you fared. This long journey with this American boy must have been safe for you as they say you met with no adventures."

"Indeed Joice," Walter replied. "It has been no hardship, the boy has amused me greatly may more he has pleased me. We have been able to say much to each other though as he knows our language pretty good but his face has been a study. When he is pleased you can see he is pleased, and that is a pleasure indeed and again when he does not like a thing you can see it. When we did encounter at some distance a small patrol of Glandelinians, some of them fired at us and I unsling my rifle and told him to go with his horse behind me to be safe he exploded. "What do you think I am a coward?" and he unsling his own rifle and hit six Glandelinians where, didn't hit one. From the look of him his honest eyes I shall believe without the slightest doubt what he says. That boy would not tell a lie what ever were the consequences. Altogether I like him very much. I think that in a little while he will adapt himself to what goes on around him and that you will have no reason to long to complain of his foreign ways."

"And you really think Walter dear that he will be a brave useful aide de camp and deserve that high commission my sisters and, will give him."

"If you will pardon me for saying so Penrod I am sure that he will---at any rate I am sure he can be trusted to get you and your sisters out of trouble which no one else could do. Americans are dangerous to the enemies of those they come to like. I saw that from experience."

"You are having the same opinion as I have," said Joice. "I too can see it in his eyes and I could even read what he was thinking as we were being introduced to him. He doesn't believe we are and my sisters are really little girls. He believes implicitly that we are little angels taking human form. When Hettie and Daisy shook hands with him he had a strong temptation to hug and kiss them instead but he restrained himself, even though the two little sisters of mine would not have objected if he did. Why didn't he the poor boob. That sure would make things top shape for him at once for that is more a sign of friendship than squeezing one's hand off. He is not at all awkward, though we wouldn't mind if he was for that is natural to a person I like him very well and some day brother Penrod, I'll bet even you will take him into your arms and kiss him."

"That is the true spirit of the Abbeinnian nobility Joice dear," her brother said. "Out side our walls too the Glandelinians seem nothing to us. I tell you my dear that the time is coming when nothing will suffice for us but to have a boy to aid you like this, American. Because of our own spy work, work and the many marvellous astonishing escapes from the Glandelinian armies you and your sisters have accomplished the Glandelinian nation is stirring, that crazy Glandelinia which we have so long ignored during this war is nothing is lifting its head and muttering the news from Angelina Agatha is more and more grave. The move is as dark as with a dreadful thunder cloud and there may be such awful storm of war sweep over our southern Abbeinnian States as we have not been since this great conflict started."

"But surely brother dear we should be safe within the Christian lines." "Not so good," Penrod said. "There is danger within as well as without. It is one thing to the other. There are hidden secret hidden spies within and you remember the advice of Catherine Jane Lee. She helped you and your sisters though though unseen perils when I was away and you had reports that I was killed on the battlefield of Ophelia Ophelia. If as soon as the tempo of the foe had been seen our guards had entered and cleared the position and closed up on the foe that would have been one way. But spies are many within our ranks even probably among our boys and girl scouts too and these are very troublesome, and therefore a boy like this one would come in handy for you and your sisters and even more so whether I am away or not. And precisely I do not

believe I will for a month or two now may be longer. It is like sliding down a hill, when you have once begun you cannot stop yourself, and you go on until there is a crash, then it may be you pick yourself up so only wounded and bruised and begin to recede the hill slowly and painfully, it may be that you are dashed to pieces. I can see that a new and dreadful storm is gathering and as for my brothers James and Germaine they go about shaking their heads and moving their heads more vigorously, their anticipations are the darkest. What can one expect when fellows like the Manley lead on such destructive foes. The heads of those Glandelinians should have been cut off the instant they began to take command.

The Glandelinian spies are at the root of all the trouble with their pestilent efforts against us but they operate against you my sisters more than our generals, but it is too late now the mischief is done. If we had every general as strong and determined as our friend and Guardian Jack Ambrose Evans all might yet be well, but many of the others are weak in decision though brave, they listen one moment to some other, and the next to our Father who is as firm and courageous as Evans, and so things are drifting from bad to worse, and these Glandelinian generals backed by the turbulent spies, scums of Glandelinia are masters of the situation. You're in greater danger now than when Catherine told you and that it was her suggestion to me to get some American boy though she herself is coming again to stay by you and Jannie."

For some time James lived a quiet life at the headquarters building. He found his position a more pleasant one than he had ever expected, and the Vivian Girls and all boy and girl scouts that accosted him as friendly and loving as if they had known him for years and if he was their brother. The orders of Penrod and Violet and her sisters that he should be treated as one of themselves and there was no distinction made between himself and many of the others. In the morning he and Penrod and even Timothy Grovaton whom he came to know, and so like very much worked at the task of boy scouting, in the afternoon he and the Vivian Girls rode and fenced under the instruction of Penrod, and in the evening before dark were allowed a little recreation and they went out to shoot game or fish as they chose on the nearby stream. He was surprised how during school hours one or the other of the Princesses started their time in their instructions to the boy and girl scout regiments that attended, learning new things, and James learned fancy horse back riding but strange to say did not need to learn shooting as he already had proven that he was a great crack shot. James got on very well with Violet and her sisters and there was more cordiality between them than was expected but it was no surprise to Penrod. Violet and her sisters were always that way toward those that were good. There was no haughtiness and insolence about them even to any inferior to them and from what he soon seen in the Vivian Girls, the thought of what they had gone through because of the enemy and what they would have to go through, was a source of as much exasperation to James as if he had gone through it himself, and what had only once been an hurtled interjection about the Glandelinian cause was now to him more bitter than ever and he was fast becoming an enemy that no one suspected. In fact as we will soon see it was this boy who was to bring the little girls through the seeming impossible.

"Those little princesses are too good to be treated that way," he would often mutter to himself. "I would give a good deal to have some of those Glandelinian generals in the United States for three months. Wouldn't they get their consciences and wickedness knocked out of them?"

At the same time Violet and her sisters were always scrupulously polite and courteous to their American aide de camp--much too polite indeed James thought for Princesses to be when he himself should be the polite one, and he alone bow to them. Too they had more good qualities than he had ever expected, Violet and her sisters were generous with every thing, and they were always ready to assist refugees in distress no matter what the sacrifice. Violet and her sister as too as James found were as clever as grown up school teachers despite their age, and James to his surprise and delight too found that their knowledge of many things was far beyond his own, and that any of the little girls in any books you hand them could construe passages in even English and German with the greatest ease which altogether puzzled him. Violet and her sister and all the boy and girl scout were splendid riders better riders he saw than even American cow boys were, and little as they were could keep their seats on the most fiery animals they ever rode. When they went out with their guns to scout on the enemy James too a good shot himself soon saw his inferiority. Very very much. Not only were Violet and her sister as the most excellent excellent shot but at the end of a long day sport too and vigorous scouting tours and exciting adventures with pursuing Glandelinian patrols they would come in absolutely untired and perfectly fresh, while James although

bodily the far more powerful, would be completely done up (if not down) and at military boy and girl scout gymnastic and exercises Violet, and her sisters could do with perfect ease feats which James could not at first dare attempt for fear of injury. But Violet and her sisters did not kid him as girls usually do, in his country, instead they did their best to help him to perform telling him that as at first as he was they believed in three months time he may be able to out rival them.

"When things are new like that," said Violet "I don't believe the strongest man could accomplish it. Things we have here is very hard to learn, but even our brothers have learned us things in the art of self defense which we thought at first would be a big miracle to learn. We have not got it as good as he can do it yet, but we have improved. So don't be discouraged. And don't fear that any one will make fun of you here when you fail at first for instead they'll only be willing to help you as long as we all have the same weaknesses even when we are good. Only God is perfect you know and can perform all things. So don't be discouraged. You'll need to know all these things to make your self as much a terror as the boy and girls here do to the enemy."

To please the little girls however, James to the greatest exertions and his muscles practiced in all sorts of games soon adapted themselves to the new exercises. He found too at recreation times boys and girls played here the same games as they do in America, but there were many other exciting games that were new to him played among boys. Boys and girls he saw were just as good at baseball and foot ball as any in his own country and good among boys there and that was a surprise to him. James picked up much better in Abbiennian too and the absolute necessity there was to express himself in that language caused him to make a progress which surprised himself and even at the end of a few days he was able to converse with the hardest words with little difficulty and having learned it entirely by ear he spoke with a fair accent and pronunciation.

Walter Starving who was the principal instructor of James took much pains to assist him to even read Abbiennian and helped him on in every way in his power and James saw the true goodness in Starving and every day around him. Nearly in all cases as James saw all boy and girl scouts were some what more good looking, handsome and even pretty, but there was a striking appearance in their eyes and faces that showed why the Glandelinians dreaded even a small patrol of them. They were armed with four weapons and though little girls and boys their sabres were the same size as the cavalry, their carbines too the pistols also and the lances whose points shaped like short swords. On one occasion when James said:

"How many lances in a fight get broken? One of the little girls laughed and said 'I'll let you break mine with that big stone if you want to' and the look in eyes was such that he said in Bewilderment:

"You don't mean to say those lances are unbreakable."

"They sure are," she said. "You are a strong boy but even general Evans could not break it with a stone as big as he could lift. That is where we have the advantage for our safety in lance fighting while the dirty enemy have not."

"I'm glad of it," said James. "I'm a good lance man and when I have one I'll show the enemy something the Americans can do."

In the evening there were pretty dancing lessons and although very far from exhibiting the stately grace Violet and her sisters who instructed him and others could perform the minute or other courtly modest dances then in fashion, the waltz, the two step and also the Grand March and the old lively famous barn dance James could nevertheless perform his part fairly. Two hours also were spent in the evening in the salon of the headquarters. Being with the princesses and they his instructive instructor he did not find this part of the day tedious, and Violet and her sisters also directed most of their conversation to him, asking him questions about the life of American boys at school in America, and about American manners and customs and James soon found himself chatting at his ease.

"Strange the distinction of classes is clearly very much the same with you in America as it is here," Violet said. "Only our boys and girls are too good to be doing the fighting which is among each other there there are no quarrels. It seems extraordinary that the sons and daughters of gentlemen should engage in personal fights with each other when they should be good and charitable to each other. Strange than enemy enmity can even come between brothers and sisters. Such a thing could not and would not happen here. A boys love each other. A boy can only become your friend here for one day and lose him by death the next and he'd cry his eyes out for weeks. I can see fortunately you are too good for that. Many nations think our's is a miracle have such a good reputation. But in case of necessity if he has to any one of our boys would hand you one if you forced it on him by bullying. If you were instul

insulted by such a boy, what would you do Penrod?"
 "If it is justified to do so and not a sin to kill him I should run him through the body." Penrod said quietly. "It is considered a sacrilege here to see a foreign boy of bad reputation strike one of our girls."

"And yet the Glandelinians do worse," thought James to himself bitterly.
 "Just so you are right," said Violet to James. "Glandelinians do worse, and I don't say and neither do my sisters that we are all in the right. No foreign boy here yet has ever behaved, in fact he has caught our ways as our holiness seems contagious, but I do not the way boys and girls over there do things is not of the best. That is why when they grow up they then have fights which turn out to be crimes and murder. The American gentleman as you say the same habits prevail, and that proves that so many do not use the Grace of God when it is given to them. If every body were like the people of our nation there would be no cause of wars. People do the same among each other in Glandelinia as they do in other countries. It is a coarse and unholy way and altogether at variance with our notions and notions and more so at variance with God's Commandments 'Love one another' and that they don't. That is why so that Foreigners find it almost impossible to be admitted to Abbiennia and when they do get in they must be like us or be deported in a hurry."

"That also does away with the reverence that the lower class should feel for the upper and also causes revolutions," Jennie objected.

"That is true Jennie. So long as that feeling generally exists, so long as there is as it were a wide chasm between the two classes, as there always have existed in many nations it would be wise perhaps for the upper to admit that in any respect there could be any equality between them but this is not so in our good and Holy Country where not so much equality only exists but where there seems as much charity as there may be found in Heaven. The American ranks of all ranks have a certain feeling of self respect and love of independence just like we do, but we have found out by experience with them here that any where else that no Abbeinnian soldier no matter how good or brave can fight with the ferocity and invincible spirit of Americans. The Glandelinians and these Christian foreigners with a awful terror. One thing comes to our mind when once we were spying on the Glandelinian generals some where. An American who was an Irish man by the name of George McCann, a German, and a Dago were captured by Glandelinians and brought before the generals on the charge of murdering foreigners and not in uniform. That American alone shot down in being fugitives more than four or five Glandelinians in that short time not counting what damage terrible too the other two did. We were hiding under the big table. When accused, the Dago being bad in the knowledge of the language didn't say much, but that German and the Irish American oh my heavens. We had never believed any one would dare speak to Munley and those generals like those two did and especially the American. Though not sinful in any way his language to the stupid Glandelinian general was shocking in the extreme, and he told the general that they and their whole Glandelinian government and nation could go to the bad place. They were really afraid too because the American told them he was under the protection of the American flag, and if he was shot on accusations which they couldn't prove despite their not being in uniform and foreigners Glandelinia would have the United States joining in with Abbeinnia and Glandelinia would be swept off the face of the earth by the United States alone. Staring as the language was we had to stuff handkerchiefs into our mouths to keep from laughing out loud. We secretly caused the three to escape after wards."

"But what about the Glandelinian soldier?" asked James.

"Why the result is shown by this war that is raging," said Walter Starving himself. "Our own nation even in her early days always relied upon her chivalry and the intercession of God and His Saints and Blessed in Heaven. In a just cause the horse of foot men she put in the field seems so far now to count for little because we are fighting people equally of our own race but who have gone bad. Glandelinia upon the other hand relies principally upon her infantry and her cavalry and her artillery, and as they have such well learned and courageously made generals it must be admitted it seems as if they are beating us handsomely. Then again in the wars around Vivian Wokey under the Glandelinian general Purgatorio their infantry and cavalry and artillery is always proving superior to ours. It is galling to admit it because our cause is such a just one, the freeing of so many child slaves little children stolen by the Glandelinians from the parents and orphan asylums of other Christian nations, but there is no blinking the facts that every body sees. Only general Jack Evans and Continental Aronburg are the generals that cannot be beaten by our force and Father and Uncle too. The other generals pooh they can't do a thing but retreat and retreat. It seems strange to me because that the feeling of independence and self respect which this English and American system gives rise to is the same among us of both sides, and the men of both

will render them man for man better soldiers than those drawn from peasantry and of other nationalities whose every lives are at the mercy of the floods and yet as seem to have such difficulty and can't even save our fastest sections of country from utter devastation. I think sisters you have done very well in taking Catherine Lee's advice as to having an American Aid camp for your selves as from your experiences you know that Americans are even to boys. If things were as they were years before the war it may not have been necessary, but it is different now. We are on the eve of great changes. I did not like the ending of the battles past except the six days conflict at Depressionsville at the Hollister run just past in which your little girls got caught in general Vivian's burning head quarters. It was a sort of Christian victory thanks to you and God first of all, but what will come of it no one can say, God only knows, but there certainly be changes, and it is a good thing that you have a American guardian. This lad is quiet and modest but has fighting spirit as fierce as a tiger, and he ventures to think for himself. He is not in the army from curiosity either he dislikes Glandelinians very much from what he has heard and seen of them. I scarcely enter the head of any Abbeinnian nobleman a generation back that we would even though so holy a nation to be compelled much against our wishes to be inter-coursed in so terrific a conflict as this, to restore the rights of the child ren held slaves and restore them to their parents if they can be found, and to adopt them among ourselves if not found. They are treated worse than the most undesirable animals are by the Glandelinians, they're belittled more than peaty roaches are, and receive not even the slightest consideration. To the enemy child ren of Christian nations have never counted for anything much less than peaty roaches or peaty rats."

In our country as well as in America from which I came the people have rights and liberties, they won them years ago. It would be well for us to copy the American way of fighting wars in the present day as they did in America and copy the doing of their generals. I fancy some day our armies will have to adapt adapt themselves to changed circumstances in this fearful war that Glandelinia wages against us, and the idea sisters that you will learn from this American lad and all your followers and I stand and I too will be a great advantage advantage and fit us good and proper for the new state of things."

It was only during lessons, at meal times and in the salon in the evening, that James had any communications with the Vivian girls or their brothers, because of all he had to do. If they met in the grounds they were saluted by all the boy scouts with as much formal courtesy as if the little girls and the child scouts were in Heaven and they were chief angels, the little girls returning the bows with deep courtesies. These meetings were a source of great pride and yet a lament to James and he was willing to do the same. On one occasion however the strange even course of one of these meetings was broken. All the boys and girl scouts had just left the most reliable weapons, which they had been drilling and had laid aside some of the school yards was at some little distance from the head quarters, and they were all hurrying hurriedly hurrying across the company street when they heard a scream from some where. At a short distance was Joyce her foot caught tightly between two roots of a tree and she could not get free despite her sister's efforts to help her. That alone would not have been so bad but something else was wrong. They stood the picture of excitement and terror for the sister's safety uttering loud cries for the boy and girl scouts to come and help them before it was too late.

Looking around in astonishment to discover the cause of the cries, James saw a large and long column of gray running toward the edge of the camp at a trot. He thought at this sight the boys and girls would run and leave the camp like children on a usual day at such a sight else what but to his astonishment and glad they didn't but grasped what was wrong. They had and previous previous day that the Glandelinian soldier in this locality had seemed strange and unquiet, and had ordered every body to be on the look out. He had also heard that Glandelinian soldierly never dared to ask a boy scout camp or girl scout camp but here was a column of them coming, and they were either making a mistake in thinking the camp was defended by soldiers or were advancing Glandelinians and had now heard of boy and girl scouts and were advancing bent on committing a massacre. I flashed across his mind at once that these Glandelinians were the only kind called Micopolitians as they are the only Glandelinians who wear blue uniforms instead of gray not dark blue but light, but being an aide camp he without an instant's hesitation called to all the scout troop to follow him and dashed off at full speed, and soon the whole column at his assumed leadership

threw themselves in front of the little girl before the foe reached 259
th. The Glandelinians knew there was a child in this camp and had advanced
with the guilty passion they had of committing a horrible massacre as they
usually do and were not expecting that the child would act like a soldier
but would scream and try their best to escape which would have been impossible
had they been so near enough to do so, put deploying themselves behind every sort
of object the child scouts at James' injunction awaited the coming attack.

The Glandelinians thinking the child scouts were mere children just dressed
that way, and had done this to think they could hide themselves rushed on with
fierce yells. They were within range and from every object there came a
frightful crash, and the front line of the Glandelinians was mowed down. Struck
with consternation the main body of the foe were thrown into confusion and
panic, but the impetus of the movement of the troops behind pushed them on
and they could not stop. Again and again came that horrid fire, and now to save
themselves and get hold of the position for that purpose the Glandelinians struggled
at a furious, but James showed his Americanism by getting his
comrades into still stronger positions and not only to remain the grasp
to the positions but to press forward to the surprise of the Glandelinians.

They had not expected this from children wearing so raggedly colored clothes.
They had heard of boy and girl scouts but did not think these were they.

In vain the Glandelinians tried to free themselves from this trap, or to
drive the little assassins through and from it, and struggled to get them
with their own swords to the fire. James worked the boy and girl scouts up to
a frenzy and they through his directions and encouragement maintained their
grasp of the position they had secured. At last James seeing an advantage
got them all to make a great effort when he and they were up to the top of the
Glandelinians were in panic, and managed to get the child scouts to rush suddenly
in a counter charge.

Mainly the Glandelinians threw down their arms and ran off like mad
the others strove to escape through a ravine but were shot down to the
last man as child scouts gave no quarter. They were pursued for quite a distance
till only a remnant of the foe survived and escaped and the boy and
girl scouts without a single loss to themselves came back, and by that time
James was running with them had liberated Joice but cutting one of the roots
with his big jack knife just as a number of other regiments of boy and girl
scouts and a wave of soldiers behind came running toward the spot, while Penrod
saw in hand arrived on his swift horse.

Joice too, paralyzed by fear had stood close by with her sister and her
foot still imprisoned while the struggle was going on. Penrod had dismounted
and was standing in front of his sisters, ordering on the other child scouts
to come up ready to be the next victims if the attacking column had overpowered
overpowered those defending Violet and her sisters under James' direction.
The distance too far for running up in time, and for a moment rooted to the
ground with horror at the danger his sisters were in, he and his troop
had not arrived at the spot until the struggle between James' column and the
Glandelinians was half over, and then had seen no way of rendering assistance
the Glandelinian attack was so fierce, but believing that the Mic-Hollatinians
the fierce fighting Glandelinians known were sure to be the successful
part of the issue he had placed himself and his oncoming horse before his
sisters to bear the brunt of the next assault too excited to know what had
happened to Joice. Terrible was the slaughter and through James' methods. Seeing
at a glance that his sisters were untouched and the troop
victorious Penrod ran on to James who had just liberated Joice and was stand-
ing panting and breathless, and threw his arms around him.

"My brave boy friend," he exclaimed, "you have saved my sisters from a fearful
death by your courage, devotion, and quick American wit. When they hear of it
how can I and my own parents ever thank you. I saw it all from the terrace--
the speed with which to get the boy and girl scouts with you to the defense--the
speed to which you made them advance forward successfully which seemed the impos-
sible--the quickness of thought with which you made the boy and girl scouts finally
strip and clean the territory of the Glandelinians. At the beginning of the
fight I could see nothing except the smoke from the sudden firing. You are not
hurt, I trust?"

"Not a bit Prince," James said.
"And you have massacred the wicked would be murderers--wonderful."
"There was nothing in that Prince. I have heard my scout master in America
say you could stop the biggest Glandelinian column or enemy troop if you could
secure a good position to meet the attack at once. So when I once managed to get
my comrades and boy and girl scout friends into the position I choose for I not
only felt it was all right, but that the Glandelinians mad with fury as they were
could not be able to gain an inch of ground."

"Ah I know you Americans well. It is well enough for you to speak as if it
were nothing," Penrod said. "There are few boys even on our own side indeed, who
could throw themselves in the way of a mad column of Mic-Hollatinians especially

such a formidable column as that. You have behaved with great courage
and mothy Glevaton and brought up the machine gun in time. I saw you wipe out an
entire company of Glandelinians. You expect them away like chaff.
and, say you were ready to give your life for my sisters, but you all
had the quickness and readiness of your new friend, and no one was too late. I
believe the survivors of those Glandelinians will remember these boys and
girls for a long time to come."

"It is that Penrod said in a tone of respect. "I am glad that none
of us were too late, otherwise we should have been useless and the Glandelinians
would have to run us down in a moment, and then fallen upon your sisters unless
some miracle protected them. James" he said frankly and with more friendly
emotion than he had ever shown before. "I own that a American boy is a splendid
I have always respected the games of which you spoke, but, see their use now.

When I saw that Glandelinian column I felt powerless for I didn't believe my
machine gun would be of any use in the final end, but you--you rushed to the
fight without a moment's hesitation, you even started it first at waste!

Trusting in your strength and your head and how to conduct the boy and girls
to such a secure position, can see that ground now and its nature. To assault
it when its defended is to run into a veritable death trap. Well done friend
James. You sure know how to choose and you ran the foe into that merciless
devastating trap. Not a loss on our side but look at that drove of dead
Glandelinian soldiers. Plenty of ammunition and weapons for us too. Yes your
American knowledge has made a man of you, while, and the rest are boys still."

"You are very good to say so," James said. "But I am quite sure that you were
just as quick and ready as me in these circumstances, for, say you place
that machine gun as you followed me opened fire on the foe, and you swept them
away in a minute at every discharge, but I am glad you see there is some
advantage in our arm. A American way, for in that when you all learn it you'll
make your camp camps as safe from the enemy as if there were no
Glandelinian arms in existence."

Penrod had put his hand approvingly upon James' shoulder when he addressed
James, and then turned to his sister. Poor Joice brave as she was had sunk
to the ground as her foot was sore and she could not stand upon it. The youngest
of the princesses had thrown herself down beside Joice to rub her foot,
while the others stood pale but quiet beside them. Penrod directed one of the
boys to run up to the head quarters and bid the doctor bring down water and
his bag to take care of Joice's foot, and then lifted Daisy and Hettie up and tried
to soothe them, while he stretched his other hand out to gentle her self.

"You are all shaken by these things," he said tenderly, "but you have borne the trial
well. Caught as you were without any weapons to defend and you realized I did not
have any of you scream as if you were frightened even though you called for
help from the troop, and you all behaved more wonderfully than I expected.
And yet at one volley those Glandelinians could have killed you."

"We couldn't help it we were frightened enough," Penrod said simply, "but
of course we were not going to scream; but it was very terrible, and
oh how noble and brave he was. Though I am a prince I feel so little beside
him now. And my sisters liked him much before but now we love him as we do
the rest."

"You see my dear sisters you have nothing to be conscious to bother you
for you never do judge by external things," Penrod said soothingly
as she hid her face against his coat, and he could feel that she brave as she was
and a hero for it after wards, but as I am sure that you have showed him
such a friend and companionship no harm has been done, and because you are so good
and a angel possessed god allowed this to happen. Believe me to prove to you
again what an American can do. Had he not been here at this moment, I shudder
to think what might have happened. And he formed a death trap for those
assaults and they ran plump into it. He said it was an American scheme."

"Oh I would love to hug and kiss him Penrod, shall I."
"Yes presently my dear sister has just gone off with Tim to see the result and
help gather up the enemy masks and cartridges belts which the rest are
doing. He sure is a wonderful boy."

"Soon the leading scout came back and saluting Penrod said:
"10,000 dead prince."

"10,000? But sure is exaggerating my boy. Are you sure?"
"Positive. We have counted the fallen of the foe and we have that many rifles
and cartridges left over. It was almost wiped the attackers out though
the direction of that American boy. What a splendid one he is."

"Only five hundred boy and girl scouts dead, ten thousand Glandelinian
soldiers. He is a marvelous man."

This incident caused a considerable change in James' position in the conce- n of the others. Ever before he had not been just accept in consequence of the order of Penrod or the Vivian Girls. They had liked him from the start, and all had treated him as an equal and a good com-ade, and had in their hearts looked upon him as good and as the sort of boy friend they wanted, while all the girls scouts had regarded him as a sort of ne- b- othe- t- othem, and thus as a creature too good for them and they not worthy of his companionship. They had shown true friendship but henceforth he appeared in a still better light than before. Penrod acted up to the spirit of the words he had spoken at the time and so had Tim and treated him more than before as a friend and com-ade to be respected as well as beloved. 2

Tim would play willingly with James some of the English or American games and the others would join in too. He even asked James to teach him to box but James surely had the good sense to make good excuses for not doing so. He felt a lot that Timothy G. ovaton though a good and able boy and brave was by no means what he was in strength, and that with all his good ness and good will he would find it difficult to put up good naturedly with being knocked about. He said that the before it could not be done without boxing gloves, and these it would be impossible to obtain in the army--and that in the next place he should hardly advise him to learn even if he procured the gloves from some outside town for that in such contests very bad injuries and bruises were often given.

"I KNOW THAT WE OURSELVES DO NOT THINK ANYTHING OF A BLACK EYE." HE SAID LAUGHING. "BUT I AM SURE YOU RESPECTFUL ANGELINA ARONBURG AROUBURG. ANGELINA ARONBURG WOULD NOT BE PLEASED TO SEE YOU SO MARKED, BESIDES YOUR BEST FOLLOWERS WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND YOUR MOTIVES IN UNDERTAKING SO ROUGH AN EXERCISE, AND YOU MIGHT LOSE SOMEWHAT OF THEIR RESPECT. BE CONTENT COUNT TIM, YOU ARE AN EXCELLENT SHOT, AND A GOOD MAN AND A HORSE BACK RIDER AND PERFECTLY GOOD AT THE LANCE, AND ALTHOUGH I AM IMPROVING UNDER PENROD'S TUTORSHIP I SHALL NEVER BE YOUR MATCH. IF YOU LIKE SOME TIME WHEN WE ARE OUT AND AWAY FROM OBSERVATION WE CAN TAKE OFF OUR COATS, AND I CAN GIVE YOU A LESSON IN WRESTLING--IT SURE IS A SPLENDID EXERCISE, AND IT HAS NOT THE DISADVANTAGES OF DISADVANTAGES."

All the girls scouts looked upon James as a hero, and hence forth when they were together many number of them gave him the same sort of implicit obedience they paid to any of their highest leaders. In most cases the ceremonial duties, tasks, scouting and so forth prevented anything like familiarity on the part of the younger girls scouts, though they liked him well too, but Violet and her sisters now always greeted him with a sweet friendly smile than before when he confronted them or parted to go out scouting with them and joined in conversation with him as with their brother in the evening. 2.2.44

However Violet and her sisters who regarded him with real affection refused him constant allusions to the depth they considered they owed to him because they saw that he really shrank from the subject. When one of them asked him what he would have wanted if he did for them he answered them;

"I want a great reward."

"What is it?"

"That I can see the day that you and your sisters have passed swiftly through this horrible war and will see the happy days that you deserve immensely."

That answer astonished them beyond measure and Violet answered;

"Well for you sake we'll try to make it so."

"And though my help it will be," he answered.

Since Penrod shortly after this incident went on a long distance scouting for a few days to ascertain the exact position of things since the past battle. He returned depressed and angry.

The violence of the Glandelinian advance from Mic Chills plain and other points of victory had increased from day to day. Some were being set on fire, the property of all Christian convents and churches had been destroyed and looted by the enemy and this measure had been followed by the seizure of the vast estates of an enormous church in a country town and the great massacre. All hope of driving the enemy back had been declared at an end, and because of the dangers a decision had been passed warning all people of various towns and villages in the path of the advancing scouts to safety before it was too late and to destroy if possible what they could not take with them. This panic and exodus had taken effect in the towns of the recently devastated cities of Wilford Greenburg and in other great towns and also in some parts of the country, two of which the Glandelinians were advancing but in La Pola

it had remained a dead town because the danger was so great the Glandelinian armies continued to pursue the loss of the most sweeping decision, assuming that the Glandelinian order the sovereign power and using it as no monarch of Abilennia had ever ventured to do, sending even even martial law to place a in danger until people could get away, seeing to it that everything was done so that no measures of the inhabitants could occur, every body was shocked at the head long course of events, and many who were more timid shrank back in dismay. James and Vivian however was advancing toward it that territory with an enormous army but it was believed he would not be able to get there in time.

"It seems to me that a general mad man and far too has seized all part of the country into the path of the Glandelinian advance." Penrod said to his sisters on his return "but at present nothing can be done to arrest it. I have sent a telegram to father to hasten with his army and sent two letters to my two brothers and they too are advancing. I have seen General Blain night long ago and heard him. They are resolved to do everything and might have means they are concentrating their armies. Memo said he would only let events take their course with an iron hail of cannon, and what would his action against the foe will be Heaven only knows. We save all refugees from the enemy who has such a strong passion for the future and murder of little children, the Asael assembly at the order my father has taken all necessary power into his hand to aid them by sending help and to get other Christian armies on the advance to check Stanley if possible. We know that the cruel violence of these Glandelinian generals are beyond all measure. At any rate there is nothing to be done at present but to wait. A large number of the city deputies terrified at the aspect of affairs, have left Calvernia to go to Abyssinians and I am sorry to say many of the nobles have gone too. That seems common sense to me. We cannot help them if they won't be helped, but it is sad to see the main here and check the enemy if he moves in this direction to join the smaller army confronting us. Nevertheless I am glad that the Calvernia Calvernia assembly has passed a law protecting by night and force all refugees who are compelled to flee from their threatened towns, cities and villages."

Although Violet and her sisters were much alarmed at the news brought by their brother, they did not think of questioning his decision. But it did not seem possible that within the Christian line there could be danger for them and even their followers within so strong a Christian army under General Jack Ambrose Evans. He they felt sure could cope with all the foe armies combined who fought in the separate battles just past. There might be battles terrible and furious far away, and even disaster following following but surely a more serious one would reach them safely.

"We have never thought it must be possible that you have to go up and take your place by father and my sisters will go and take care by mother," Violet said quietly. "We must do our duty."

That day passed quietly at the camp, there was none of the usual gaiety for a deep gloom hung over all the army, and still during the past days great hunting parties had been formed for the chase of Glandelinian raiders, for these often came down upon some unexpected part of the Christian lines and committed great depredations. 2.2.

Upon one of these occasions James and Timothy G. ovaton were in high spirits for they were to take part in the chase of the Glandelinian raiders. It was the first time James had done so, and at an early hour all the boy and girls scout were invited to take part in the chase began to assemble at the Vivian Girls headquarters. The great courtyard of the headquarters presented a lively and splendid aspect with the horses and attendants of the chasers and the splendidly armed boy and girls scout uniforms added to the scene. Inside a collar of baundy color of the boy and girls scout uniforms added to the scene. Inside a collar of golden was spread in the great hall, and Violet, and her sisters moved about among the boy and girls scouts, saying a few words of welcome to each.

"Who is that young man standing on guard in the corner eyeing you?" sisters no longer Penrod? James asked for since the adventure with the Glandelinian attackers the enormous title had been dropped (popped) and the boys and assessed themselves by their Christian names. "It isn't that ho is eyeing them because they are so pretty or rather wise but something else is wrong...." "GAA"

"I do not know the man. I have not seen him here before, but I suppose my sisters think it is well in these times to do the civil thing to all foreigners who are refugees within the Christian lines. He is a good looking fellow too and a man, can tell by his features but it is easy to see that he is a man not of good family."

"I do not like his looks at all," said James.

"Don't like his looks. That's strange James. A man cannot help himself by his looks. He has to take what our blessed Lord gives him."

"I don't mean that Penrod. Look what a strange coming in he put on na he eyes Violet, and you other good sisters. And yet I fancy he could be innocent

and saluting; through the leafless trees and they were there for a still moment to shape the scene in the direction whence they had heard the sound of firing. Presently again they heard the sound of shots, followed by several others, and then the bay of hounds. The sound to their surprise came to their left.

"They are chasing Glandelinians to a fresh place and they're coming here" said Jim. "My followers are close to us now. Penrod and his followers are unconsciously chasing Glandelinians toward us and us. That places them between us and they."

Tim signalled to his followers all who have returned and they got ready all turning their heads in the direction of the sounds and presently James said "they sure are coming this way." Louder and louder grew the sounds of the chase, then the deep tones of the hounds' baying and the angry barking and a fusillade of shots were heard.

"The Glandelinians are at bay. Penrod said Jim. We'll strike for Violet and her sisters as this band had been their worst enemy."

They moved forward and a minute later some notes were sounded on the bugle. "That is a call for help James. The Glandelinians are now numbered and are pressing them. We shall arrive before they can do any harm. Give no quarter." Five minutes later they rode into a glade where a great number of boys and girls were engaged with an overwhelming number of the Glandelinians who had retreated before but finding out the Christian troops had been thinned out by the division made by Tim were rallying.

The flank attack was a short and fierce one, and those of the Glandelinians who were able to escape with their lives can thank the God whom they hate. They fled in panic in all directions with the whole cavalry after them until not a Glandelinian could be seen. Sixty children were found to have been rescued and not a one had been hurt.

"Why Tim?" Penrod called after the end of the bloody conflict for there was loss on both sides even among boys and girls. Scouts too many of whom were wounded, and a great number of Christian soldiers killed, and still more were wounded. "We thought you and your troops had lost us. You have missed some who are good exciting conflicts, but what's the matter with you a arm, and what have you got there?"

"We have got the demon wolf Colonel Boondia." Tim replied and wiped out his band a a part of it that got away from you. "You have't had all the fighting to yourselves."

There was a general exclamation of surprise and great immediacy at first, and then every one who could rode over to meet them, and when it was seen that the object along between the two houses was really the Glandelinian colonel called the "Demon Wolf" there was a shout of satisfaction, joy and pleasure. A man the notes of the bugle rang out through the woods, and every one crowded round the two lads to congratulate them and to examine the dead colonel.

Tim was lifted from his horse, for he was now reeling in the saddle, and could not have kept his seat many minutes longer. His wound was carefully examined and Penrod pronounced fortunately there was no shoulder bone broken but he had an awfully deep flesh wound and out. A litter was made and four of the soldiers formed it in a hurry and one of the men placed it properly he was then placed on and two of the men hoisted him upon their shoulders, while four others carried the colonel still slung on his pole behind the litter. While the preparations were being made James had given the history of the battle and the slaying of the colonel saying that he owed his life to the quickness and courage of Tim.

"I owe mine to him now." Tim protested from the bunk where he was lying. "That Glandelinian officer was a powerful man and would have killed me had he not slain him and he was lucky in bringing down his horse with him. But the best thing was a joint affair."

"The slaying of the 'Demon Wolf' was so important an event as and as no more of the Glandelinians could be seen anywhere that no one thought of pursuing the Glandelinians who escaped any further. Now may be it was too late any how. James learned that no one had suspected that they had gone in pursuit of the 'Demon Wolf', and that part of the conflict had been kept all around the thicket, while the dogs hunted the avenger and to end but no signs had been seen of the colonel and the second section of his gang, and none were able to understand how he and his followers could have slipped between the watchmen. After the Glandelinians had been routed from the ravine the scattered party under Penrod had pursued the bloodstained and retreating flight Penrod had missed the two boys, and their followers.

No one had seen them see them and it was supposed that they had lingered behind in the forest. Two or three notes of recall had been blown and then no one had thought of the matter until they were happily pressed by the rallying

and Jim Tim and his gang had come to his aid and almost at once launched the attack. Then it was discovered who had the colonel. It was after noon when the victorious party arrived at the headquarters of Violet and her sisters. Before they started home word to the Christian lines Penrod had sent off two swift horse men, one to the Surgeon's quarters to bring a surgeon with all speed to the headquarters, the other to tell Violet and her sisters that their dear friend Tim had been hurt and that every thing was to be got in readiness for him, but that the little deaths were not to become uneasy or frightened, as the injury was not a serious one. The messengers were charged strictly to say nothing about the death of their worst enemy so far. "The human demon wolf."

Violet and her sisters and even Gertrude Angelin and Angelina Liche and others were at the entrance as the party arrived. The sight of the litter added to the anxiety which Violet, and her sisters were feeling but Penrod rode on a short distance ahead to them.

"Do not be alarmed dear sisters," he said. "The lad is not very seriously hurt. He has been to a bit by the sabre of the Glandelinian officer, and has behaved splendidly."

"The messenger said he had been hurt by a 'Demon Wolf' 'Demon Wolf Penrod' de ar but how came he to put himself in such peril, and where is the wolf?" "It was not a wolf Violet dear but a Glandelinian officer called a 'Demon Wolf' and he will tell you all about it. Here he is to speak for himself."

"Do not look so alarmed princesses," Tim said as the little girls ran down to the side of the litter. "It is no great harm only a deep cut, and I should not have minded it if it had been ten times as bad as long as we got rid of your worst enemy Colonel Boondia."

"Colonel Boondia," gasped Violet. "Is he dead. Who killed him. You and James?"

"Yes."

"Bring up the dead colonel," Penrod said, and "And James do you come here and stand by Tim's side." "Dear sisters," he went on, "you see that great gray coated dead man?"

"Yes."

"Do you know the dead man?"

"Yes that is Colonel Boondia who terrified us so often and who was the terror of so many mothers throughout Calvernia a man who throughout the war so far has been the dreaded terror of the whole of Calvernia," said James. "These are his slayers, and they and their followers wiped out a good part of his band."

"What?" gasped Jennie while she and her sisters looked as if they thought it was impossible to be believed.

"Yes Tim and James, they and the two alone without any one helping them have wiped the glory which every cavalier put on leader and infantry infant officer has been so long striving to attain, they alone in the first miles away from the second section of the conflict pursued and slew this scourge of Calvernia."

Violet and her sisters looked long at the two boys in evident surprise while Penrod put the bugle to his lips. Others who carried similar honors followed his example and a triumphant traralla was blown. All present took off their military caps and hats and cheered, and the hounds added their barking and howling to the chorus.

Still Violet and her sisters could not hardly believe the words they had heard.

"Is it possible?" Jennie said terrified at the thought of the danger that these two boys must have run in an encounter with these dreaded Glandelinians and their fierce leader. "Is it really possible that these two alone have slain this colonel, one of our most dreaded enemies impossible for us to face without terror and apprehension?"

"It is quite possible my dear sister, since it has been done, though had you asked me yesterday I should have said that it could not be, however there your enemy is. The two boys don't know why but they had to bring it on bringing the body that way as the horses were so strangely scared of the dead man that they had to blind fold the animals to get the litter on the saddles. Tim and James his brave friend have covered themselves with glory, they will be heroes of the whole encampment, but we must not stay talking here. We must get poor Jim to bed as soon as possible for a surgeon will be here very shortly. I sent a messenger to the surgeon's army quarters for one at the same time I sent to you and your dear sisters."

Penrod stayed outside for a few minutes while the domestics handed round great silver cups full of spiced wine, and then dismissing the troop troop entered the headquarters just as the surgeon rode up to the entrance. The wounded boy and girls could take care of their own injuries and they were not bad enough to need a doctor or a surgeon.

"Please tell us all about it," Violet and her sisters asked him when having seen the surgeon sew up the big cut and bandage the wound, operations which Tim bore with stoical stolidity as much firmness as if it were nothing, he went down to the saloon where the Vivian Girls his best friends were anxiously expecting him as the surgeon declared the wound was not serious enough for so strong and active a boy to be in bed and that it was better for him to stay out and be active. "All about it please. We have heard nothing much from Penrod our brother who confesses he was no witness and James went up stairs with our brother and has not come down again. Tell us and then too we have a startling story to tell which Penrod must hear above all."

Tim did not want to praise himself, but he was forced to tell the whole story and then Penrod coming down told his part more declaring how the great portion of the Glandelinian horde under the "De mon Wolf" had made their escape from the ravine unseen through the corridor and has had passed within sight of the two boys and their realivade some distance away, and hunted him and his column down and slain the colonel and massacred the rest and then came to his aid when he was hard pressed and massacred the counter-attackers. The girls shuddered at the story of the massacre of the picket line, and the short but desperate conflict the two boys had with the Glandelinian colonel.

"Then it seems that Penrod has the principal honor this time," said Jennie looking admiringly at Tim.

Tim shook his head and said it was a joint affair. "According to the boys it is pretty evenly divided," Penrod said. "You see Penrod brought the Glandelinian Human Wolf to bay by breaking his shoulder and James cut his leg with a bullet though him struck the first blow as the colonel was using on James with drawn sabre, the boy having been thrown from his horse. Then again Tim would certainly have been killed had not James in his turn come to his assistance and dealt the man his mortal wounds. There is not much difference, but perhaps the chief honor rests with James."

"No it don't," said James. "It rests with Tim."

"No it don't," said Tim. "You saved my life and you get the honor."

"Now about you Tim, didn't you leap off your horse and put yourself in front of me when I was attacked? The honor rests with you."

"I am glad and so are my sisters that you two boys stick up so good for each other," said Joice. "I think it is only right the chief honor should be with you both equally. Both of you had more than your share of the peril already, given both of you, one with your quick head and action, the other too with your machine gun saved our lives."

"He sure did and quick too Joice dear," said Jennie impetuously. "It was very brave of them both too to kill that dangerous foe of ours, but then I think it was even so much braver to attack a charging column of Mad-Mic-Hollistinians as he rushing on us when you Joice dear had your foot caught in the wet roots, and and we wouldn't abandon you. Don't you think so Penrod dear?"

"I believe both was equally as brave as dead," said Penrod. "I myself should have liked nothing better than to stand before the Glandelinian colonel with my sabre in my hand, but although if I had been near you when those fierce Mic-Hollistinians attacked and tried to enclose you my sisters I believe I should have been horribly frightened, and should certainly have been killed by overwhelming numbers for I should not have thought thought of carrying out so promptly the plan which James adopted of running the attacking Mic-Hollistinians into that fatal death trap. But yes there is no need to make comparison. On the present occasion both the lads have behaved with great bravery and I am proud that Tim is one of the conquerors of your worst and most murderous enemy the "De mon Wolf." It will start him in life with a reputation already established with our courage and James too. Now come with me and have a look at the colonel before he is buried out of sight. He was only brought into camp to prove to you you need not worry about him any more. That shows too how a lad of the Abbsinnian race, with an American boy of his own age but a little smaller size with the "De mon Glandelinian wolf man" of the Glandelinian army..."

Violet and her sisters then shocked their hearers by telling them that while Penrod and his companies of boy and girls scouts and the division of Christian Cavalry were driving the foe out of the woods, an unseen enemy had tried to shoot them through the window from a distance.

"D'you see safe spot inside the house we turned the fire-boys hotly and brought a lot of soldiers on the run," said Violet. "Who ever shot at us escaped though the soldiers who came to our aid and joined in the firing believed one of us hit some ones for two of the soldiers followed a train of blood for some distance."

"Penrod and James exchanged strange glances to the surprise of Violet and her sisters and Jennie said;

"What is the matter with you two? Did you suspect something?"

"Not in that line," said James himself especially. "Did you notice a strange man standing in a corner before we went out who appeared to be a foreigner?"

"Yes we did," said Joice. "He was a German. We did not like his face and avoided him. We saw him run out after you, and you party started to go."

"Wonder if he didn't have a hand in it," exclaimed James looking at Penrod.

"He might have. I can't see a member of that face. If I see him again I'll have him taken into custody for questioning."

Tim it was believed would be confined in the house on sick leave for nearly a month after this incident. Penrod now talked with James over the situation of the country and compared the evils which had and was taking place with the struggles elsewhere. Then came the talk on Abbsinnians and Americans.

"There is one point between the two cases," said Penrod as the little girls who liked to hear their brother talk gathered around him and James. "The Americans have a different method of fighting which is absolutely irresistible to with stand and the people have most of the power and elect their own President Governor Mayors and so forth. The people have always been also a check upon Roy al authority winning freedom of it from other nations like England. In both ways of living, and eating which, found out when, was over there was and the American Americans are alike, and our make of buildings bridges and every thing of manufacture and dress is alike but our way of fighting though good is much different and not so good. One way of proof of a American way of fighting is to study that for sadful American civil war from 1861 to 65 concluded for a long time both sides were so tenacious and stubborn and fought so desperately that for nearly three years the war was believed to be absolutely a drawn affair with no decision on both sides. I believe had not General Grant been in the army the Confederates though small in number might have finally gained the victory. If we could copy a American method of fighting would our armies fare better and put Glandelinia back where she belongs? That is the question. Glandelinia can fight better than we can. That is why the situation is so discouraging. At present our armies said to say under Father, and our brothers more than others seem bent on showing their incapacity to overthrow the foe even though they lick the enemy in battle. Only last week father told me he fears the outcome of the future. Manley is not the one to fear and neither is General Fitzroy nor Raymond Richardson. No one yet can and has licked Izner-Mylatze."

Penrod had in some respects the thoughts and opinions of teachers in the Catholic school he had gone to. He had studied American history till he knew at least the American Civil war by heart, and he showed now he was a daring good and noble prince pure and simple as to politics he troubled his head little about them. These were matters only in his opinion for the others. It was their business to find a remedy for the general ills of the country and he would with his father's advice and help lend all aid possible.

But he no his father could not do everything. As to the National Assembly of Calvernia, he regarded it with some light of hope. "In Glandelinia it must be from the middle class," Penrod said "that the worst of the Glandelinian fighting scum must have been drawn against us. It is they too who were farmers General, and officials and city folk of all kinds. It is they with their armies who try to ground down the Calvernia state and in their invasions want to enrich themselves with the spoils. All Christians are to have no voice, they want to make our father if they can a mere cipher. All power is to be placed in the hands of the worst and wickedest of Glandelinian leaders, the chosen of the scum of the great towns and cities, the mere mouth pieces of the ignorant mobs. It is not war these Glandelinian leaders are organizing it is a general massacre of all Christianity."

Such were the opinions of Penrod, but he was tolerant of other views, and at the gatherings at the headquarters James heard opinions of all kinds expressed. During his ramble alone that evening he entered into as much as he could into conversation with his boy and girl scout companions. He found that the apprehension, devastation and distress which prevailed every where was terrible, and he wondered how these child scouts got all this information. One girl scout told him the refugees fleeing before the advancing enemy scarcely kept life together, and many had died of absolute starvation even before aid desperately sent could reach them. The boy and girls scouts told him that among the refugees there was a feeling of despair and a dull righteous hatred of the Glandelinian army.

James motives in endeavoring to find out what were the feelings of the people at large were not those of mere curiosity. He was now much attached to Penrod and his sisters and their many followers and the Abbsinnian Cause, and the people that the boy and girls scouts were able to get from all parts of the war-torn country convinced him that the state of affairs concerning the advancing foe was far more serious than Penrod was inclined to admit. The capture of the town of Mic-Calls and the massacre of its defenders and inhabitants

the slaughter of many little innocent saintly children innocuous to the foe not only in the streets of Mic-Calls but in those of other great towns and villages captured and taken by the advancing enemy proved that the Glandelinian armies, if they once obtained the upper hand were ready to go to all lengths, while the dreadful number of the immense droves of the refugees who were flocking to refuge where ever a refuge could be obtained and even across the border States showed that among these bodies of refugees there existed grave and dreadful apprehensions as to the future. James had read in a book of the headquarters an account of the frightful excesses perpetrated by the Glandelinians earlier in the war at Norma Catharina section of Vivian Wickey Wickey. That dreadful unspeakable horror was not going on now but was going to undertake the task of trying to stop it should such a flame again burst out somewhere else...? Except superstitious Christians no army was able to stand against the foe. That Penrod with his father should face out any grave danger which might come seemed to James right and natural, but he thought that he was wrong not to send his sisters and little Jannie back to Angelina Arathia until the dangers were passed. But Penrod knowing his sisters were angel possessed had no fears. Some one had mentioned the past horrors of Vivian Wickey in one of their conversations but Penrod had put it aside as being altogether apart from the question.

"The Norma Catharina took place," he said over a year ago. The enemy then had the full sway in everything and were not as tame even as savages even though they know better and knew of the existence of God. Can we imagine it possible that at this day the Glandelinians at Vivian Wickey would be capable of such dreadful excesses when they know that the besiegers whom they cannot drive off would do in consequence to all prisoners held in the besiegers' internment camps."

The answer of the officer the prince addressed had lighted little with Penrod, but James and even Violet and her sisters thought it over seriously and so did Tim who was nearby.

"Of course the Glandelinian armies are dreadful and dangerous. Prince as you say but the size of your Father's various fighting Christian armies have unusually increased since the days of the battle of Big Old Knoll and Beppo Landin, but the condition of the refugees who have lost their homes through the ravages of the war and through the past Abbeann horror has improved but little despite the desperate efforts of all our kind people and the movement to relieve them. The darn enemy prevents relief from reaching them. Now the horrors of illness and starvation are growing worse. The Glandelinians in savagery and cruelty are regarded lower than the most vile of snakes, and the increase of the Christian armies of which you too have spoken of and from which the refugees have received no benefit because nothing can be done unless it is by a miracle. Thanks to the darn enemy make the people hate even more bitterly than of old the Glandelinians who so savage a holy count as I like this, and God knows that what is a righteous one and perfectly justified. Hatred of any body wicked and of wicked things is no wrong but just. I am a reformer I desire to see sweeping changes, but God alone can now help us out. We have a very good honest wise government in every state their government's representatives are good and worthy, but Heaven knows it seems that even they themselves cannot stop this tempest and lawlessness of the Glandelinians, and the whole of Calvernia desires vengeance."

"Well the Glandelinians will be soon getting all they want," Penrod said peevishly.

"The Glandelinians are passing every sort of martial law to please their own wicked purposes, and laws however wicked and absurd, that comes into the heads of their wicked government and leaders and so on. No one is so as it seems able to oppose them. They have got the reins in their own hands. What on earth can they want more. There might have been an excuse for this sort of rebellion and civil war many years since--the can be none now. What say you, Jim Tim?"

Tim seldom took part in conversations on politics but now being appealed to he said mildly:

"We must allow for the doings of human nature," Penrod. Glandelinia's head is turned with the changes in the last two years have brought about. The Glandelinian generals are drunk with their own success, and who can say where they will stop. So far they have found no benefit from the changes. They thought to gain everything by making the worse the worse of the war on all the non-combatants like the destruction of Abbeanna, Seliv Selica selicia and other places--but they find they have gained nothing, and so they will cry for more and more chances, their fury against us will run higher and higher with each disappointment, and who can say to what lengths they will go? They have already destroyed a whole country full of towns and cities, by fire, and flood, and are wiping out the Calvernia count by forest fire, next will come to that of destroying the country itself."

"I had no idea you were such a prophet of evil," Tim Penrod said with an uneasy laugh, while feelings of gloom and grave anxiety fell over the others.

the hand Tim was in.

"God forbid that I such be that sort of a prophet," Jim said gravely. "I hope and trust that I am badly mistaken, and that Glandelinia cannot go further in her cruel punishment of a Christian State. But you asked me my opinion Penrod and I have given it to you."

In the morning came news of other raids by the enemy, pillage and acts of massacre in various parts. In a score of towns County homes and convents and orphan asylums were burned and destroyed. In the south the popular excitement was greater than in other parts. In Angelina Vine State State which the enemy found it absolutely impossible to invade there was forth most part no symptoms of war, all was tranquil, and Penrod believed that as long as that State can keep itself free from the enemy and Angelina too the Glandelinians will then soon be cut off from their resources to and from Glandelinia, and the crushing blow to the rebellion can be struck.

Occasionally and at considerable intervals Jim James received letters from his father and Mother. The last letter declared that there was great excitement in Pandora over the events that had taken place with the battle and the enemy successes, and that his mother was rendered extremely anxious by the news of the battle of Depressionville on the Mic-Hollister Run which had lasted six days, and which though victorious the Christians had won at such a dreadful loss and the state of tumult and horror which prevailed, and of the big Glandelinian army concentrating before the army under General Jack Evans at Derrinda.

James in his replies made light of the danger, and told his father that even if he so desired he could not as they asked resign his service in the boy scout troop until his time of enlistment expired, and also wrote that after being treated so kindly, and shown such love and respect by so holy little girls like the Princesses it would be sinful and most ungrateful and like double crossing for him to break the engagement he had made for the duration of the war and leave such good boy and girl scout friends at the present moment. Indeed he loved all those around him, and like all around him was filled with the excitement of the situation but was not afraid. He told two in the letter that he was engaged in two battles and he and his friend wiped out a very bad Glandelinian officer called the "Demon Wolf," the chief and most treacherous foe of the Princesses. In spite of the almost universal disorder and confusion life went on quietly at their headquarters and General Evans army so far was at peace despite the size of the Glandelinian army confronting him because the enemy generals in command were afraid to attack him or molest him, and were waiting for Mylster to come up and help them. And he wrote too the danger of the times had brought the prince and the little princesses close together, and that they agreed between themselves that they had not spent a happier time than now.

"The news of the failure of a Christian army again at Mic-Calls Run was a great shock to Penrod.

"A general who knows nothing of the enemy and his way should never make an attack so rashly," he said. "Above all he should never make an abortive attempt at battle. It is lamentable that he should be so ill advised."

That early morning Penrod was shocked by receiving a letter that he must come to his father's aid as he was badly needed. His father was advancing with an enormous army but he was partly stayed because some Glandelinian army under General Baggio John Quincy Evans was annoying him dreadfully. "I must go again to Father's army," Penrod said showing the letter to Angelina Aronburg but Violet and her sisters were out scouting with James and Jim at that time. "In cases like that a place or the place for a prince now is beside the father. I wish my sisters could go with me but my father says he positively under any conditions forbids their traveling that way even with me because heavens the peril for them is too great every where. It again will be a sad parting. Good-bye, I cannot help it, how I hate the enemy."

And that of the girl scout Matron is also beside him. "Angelina Aronburg Aronburg said quietly.

"I cannot say no," the prince replied. "I wish you could have stayed with my sisters but my father as you see there in the message wants you with me. As long as they stay within this army my sisters need fear no trouble here but oh they will be lonesome for me and for them. Tim may well begin in my absence to represent me as they loved him nearly as much as they do me. I think we can leave this Christian army without anxiety, but even were it not so it would still be our duty to go. Because of my being separated again from my sisters I'll at sure strike a blow when I get there. Father wants to make a junction with Evans and only through my way of doing things he can then succeed only then can we see each other again, I and my sisters. There is another thing, want to speak to you about before we start. Joyce and Jennie my elder sisters are grave and more earnest than most little girls of her age. I never suspected it, it seems ridiculous to think of such a thing, but it is clear they have made

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or more of our staunch and tried friends here to rely in any way
on a foreign lad, but I do so. Not of course as before our faithful friends
but one whose aid is not to be despised."

The parting was indeed a sad scene than I could even think of writing. Violet and her sisters hated desperately to see their brother go, but as their Father needed his assistance they couldn't stand in his way. While they were parting a great number of boys and girls sang the song "Fare well to Thee, and also I be with you till we meet again, and after a tearful parting Penrod and Gertrude Angeline slowly at first went on their way.

Thus it happened that on the same day that Penrod and Gertrude Angeline started for the location of Camp Rock, vivianites away taking with them a small caravan of disguised boys and girls scouts, life at the headquarters of Violet and her sisters was dull after the departure of its two heads and Violet and her sisters were sad and gloomy. They had few high rank visitors now, the most frequent of them being Timothy Groveton with his arm in a sling. The management of their headquarters had been arranged by Penrod, Tim and Violet and her sisters were usually attacked to each other since they first knew each other. Tim had been and was a prominent general among all his followers and was one of those who had taken his seat with the third divisional assembly of the vivianites and had voted for the abolition of the once even small privileges of all Mandelminian prisoners, for the violence of the fury of the Mandelminians had aroused and alarmed him and made him terribly disgusted.

alarmed and alarmed him and made him terribly uncomfortable. James and Tim took their work up at the request of Violet and her sisters to prepare the child scouts for any emergency, for the going of their brother and the ever-darkening cloud weighed upon their spirits, and life was gloomy and unpleasant and fearful. The absence of absence of their brother and Gertrude and the general feeling of anxiety knit Violet and her sisters and their boy and girl friends closer together, much of the occasional observance which had on his first arrival surprised and even delighted and amused James was now laid aside, joy and its joys the visits and careful observance of him to her and her sisters and fearful of the prospects of some unseen and dreadful approaching danger, did her best nevertheless to make the house very cheerful. Once without thinking one of the boy scouts started to sing the song "God be with you till we meet again, and that slightly cheered the little girls some what. James who had liked her and her sister at the first meeting, liked her and her sisters immensely for they were even in times of sorrow most pleasant and agreeable, and the younger girls walked in the grounds with their boy and girl scout companions and chatted when they were gathered in the evening, just as James sisters had done at home. Jennie and Violet and also little Paisy were if the group broke up generally James companions, and sometimes the others. Ever since the day of the first fight with the foe, Violet and her sisters had treated him as their special friend, adopting all his opinions, and falling in with any suggestions he might make with a readiness which caused Tim one day to say laughingly to James:—

"One would think James that you were a thief rather than not be a Penrod. They listen to you with a good deal more deference than they even do to me. Look out you'll call that a real angel sickness yet" and then you'll be like them."

"I wish," was the bad answer. "An angel can do more to those accused Glandelinians than a human being. Two days came and went. Penrod reached the river Vivian early with Gert rude for a letter arrived from there from Penrod but the news was always in the same strain. Things were going worse and worse, there were sixteen new battle engagements, and Inez Myletze was advancing toward Poland. The Vigilance of the Abbiannian Assembly was over on the increase, fearing the advancing foe was the real master of the situation, the greater part of the refugees from a hundred towns had fled, a number of great Christian armies were also over on the retreat or had fled. As grave disaster threatened, and as the enemy was hurling great attacks upon Poland a Committee was formed in every city and town further north and virtually superseded the constituted authorities who couldn't do anything at the onsets of the emergency. Reports came in that recently two hundred country towns and two cities were burned by the advancing foe, and the town fold distasteful and refugees. But at present none dreamed of real personal danger. The refugees who started exodus did so because they found the situation and the heat and smoke of the great averaging fires intolerable, and hoped that more armies would soon move forward to aid the emergency to put down the victorious Glandelinian armies which constituted a danger to every body and national property in Calvinia. But as yet there was nothing to Fortshaw for shadow the terrible events which began would only take place to indicate that a Glandelinian movement which began would only increase the diabolical fury of the war and in disaster to blood and bloodier battles than ever and greater adventures so now and peril

of the little Vivian. It is she who had gone through so much to save any individuals in the world already. Therefore though Penrod feared the possibility of the increase of the violence of the war, he was thoughtful and uneasy. He knew that the safety of his sisters though he was deeply longed for them. He knew they were angel possessed, and that Jim or James could guard them well and Jack Evans too. He believed it was a wise plan of all army officers to the strict abolition of all the privileges of Glandelinian prisoners. His instructions were precise, that if a great horde of Glandelinians should ever make a sweeping attack or start a general battle in the location of his sisters' headquarters, and it was evident that a successful resistance could be made, Jim should send down to General Evans word of it and ask for help for the sake of his sisters or sent his sisters to Evans care and James too. But if the attack was general all along the line and the battle became very severe and dreadful, then Tim or James was to journey at once to the head quarters and at once report to the Christian army, or if possible escape if Evans was in danger and try and get to Emperor Vivian's army. But that day went on without disturbances though scouting parties frequently declared that the enemy was acting mighty ugly and suspicious and was under General Huebaum Mic-Whi-ther and Cannonia and that Deprassionville was still in danger.

At Calverline as elsewhere a committee had been formed and had taken into its hands the entire control of the management of the city and placed it under martial law and saw to it that all fortifications were heavily reinforced in case an enemy force would advance upon it. At its head was the Mayor of Calverline.

"I do not understand that boy Walter Starving," said Tim. "I do not like the way he works about things, though he is so ambitious and pushing, he is the leader of the advanced troop of Boy and Girl Scouts of the town, and is in communication with the most strong spirits of the Gemini, and has sent an urgent he appears most anxious to be of service to you princesses and has sent an urgent letter to Catherine Lee beseeching her to come. When I saw him he assured me of his devotion to you princesses but I can see by his face something wrong. He is most keenly to day princesses he prayed me to assure you that you need feel under no uneasiness at all, for that he held a mob of scout scouts and picket at hand every where from the strictest watch and would unswerving that no hostile movement of the enemy should be made against the Christian lines at our section without his observation, and timely warning, and in fact I know for I have taken the precaution of engaging the service of a Gemini who is upon the committee that Walter Starving is exactly exerting himself to bend it us."

It has been several times urged by Starving that there was danger of the Glandelinians making a most violent attack upon this part of General Evans' army but so far nothing had occurred. Starving had been and is a successful leader of the opposition to the proposition that Violet and her sisters should leave this army. He declared that while no one is more hostile than himself to the Glandelinian army, and while he would not only abolish the Glandelinians he considered that they were not doing anything as dangerous as to cause immediate fear, and that nothing should be done about you little girls leaving Evans' army until a decree to that effect is passed by the army assembly. If Evans was here all would be well but with Vivian only in command it is hard to guess whether he could hold against Huebaum Mic-Whi-ther again as he did before at Depressionville. Until that time Starving knew that every body should be on the watch. Of course many towns have been burned to the ground, but as the enemy out side of the army is so dangerous and the country itself in such dire peril it would be unwise and foolish of any one to send you little girls off through open country when the Glandelinian generals are striving so hard to take measures of wicked and diabolical vengeance against you little girls just because you are Ablesunna Princesses and more so because you are such holy little girls, and that therefore you should remain until the assembly see it is positively safe to proceed, but if we do go we must head for Emperor Vivian's army, and here after we must for God's sake never leave it again."

"I am sure we are much indebted to Walter Starving also our best friend," Joice said. "He often does a lot for us and is a worthy boy of his class. We love him and his companionship as if he was one of our brothers. Of course often he is very bashful and feels out of place among us because we are such good and angel possessed girls, but for a boy of his position he is brave and good."

"Yes," Jim agreed but in some what doubtful tone of voice. "So far as assurances go there is nothing to be denied and he has as we all know been loyal to us and you little girls, and yet some how, do not like the working he has. It strikes me that he fears the enemy is playing a treacherous game, although that that game is he or, cannot say. He has also been playing an unusual lot lately though he always did pray and he attends more masses during the day than he ever used to. At any rate I do not trust his story, he speaks a speaks smoothly

but I think he has a grave apprehension for the once said that General Cannonia in charge of this Glandelinian army, has a double face, and that he is cruel and treacherous."

"That is not like you Tim," said Jennie. "You who generally have a good opinion of everything. It seems to me that you and Walter Starving are over suspicious, but then who can tell. If there is anything he can discover he will warn us."

Disaster came again. The battle of the night was lost to the Christians under General Bruno Angle, and Walter Starving learned that the advancing Glandelinian armies were becoming more and more (more) violent, and that many secret spies and agents and other Glandelinian watchmen had been told off to see that none of the Princesses attempted to fly from General Evans' army to Emperor Vivian. He therefore wrote to the Ablesunna Prince urging that it would be better that his sisters should under a strong escort move to General or Emperor Vivian's army where it was felt sure they would be in no danger.

Tim replied he received a letter which showed that Penrod and also Emperor Vivian was frightened as to their safety, and begged him to start with the American boy and Jim as soon as the roads were fit for travel. About the same time Timothy Groveton himself received a summons from the Emperor in a separate letter to join his son at Big Old Knoll where the big Christian army was still at but starting to move out. The messenger who brought the letter to Walter Starving brought one also for Violet, and her sisters, from Emperor Vivian their father, saying that the great ruler and leader was of the opinion, that any spying act that they had intended to be doing must be still further postponed as in the present state of affairs all private military plans of their part and interest must be for their own personal safety be put aside in view of the terrific dangers that surround them already.

"They are quite right Tim," said Violet, "my father and brother, have felt for some time that when our cause was on the verge of a precipice of disaster it was not time for us to be throwing our lives recklessly away if we cannot succeed in finding out something any how. If there was some chance of disguising our selves my sisters and I so that the enemy could never tell us in under any condition we might try but we can make our make up as homely homely as little ugly witches and the Glandelinians would recognize us any how. As it is we must wait, even though we may know waiting may never come to an end. I have a conviction Tim, that our days of happiness are over, and that terrible things are about to happen."

"But nothing that can happen can separate us together and you brother Penrod Violet."

"Nothing but death Tim," she said quietly.

"But surely Violet you take too gloomy a view and it is said angel possessed child - an angel could be killed, no - will disprove take so gloomy a view. God will aid us in time. Death of course may be a part of our Penrod from you but the seems to be no need to fear him now more than at other times. The enemy is only advancing successfully at many provinces because the Christian generals opposing them do not know how to operate against them but what is that, and surely you brother has been no good to you little girls that I need not have fear for him. Surely you angels have preserved you so far they'll preserve you again and who knows - she hesitated for a moment and then continued "without your wish knowing it Penrod may be possessed by angels too. He can do such strange almost magical wonderful things."

"My dear Jim," Tim said Jennie herself quietly "You do not have ask a fierce savage wild about to send and out his way no matter what it is, what is the reason for his actions. I hope Violet may be wrong, but at least my dear friend we shall see each other and poor Penrod Penrod again before long, and whatever trouble may come shall share them. Of course we are righteous to perfection and so was Our Blessed Lord, and he didn't escape the avenging fury of his worst enemies and didn't try to. My own mother in her letter to us yesterday far from Angelina Arathia said that she was determined that as Evans is not in command of this army he must not only Vivian, we should try to join our father's army before all of it moves out of Big Old Knoll to advance for Penrod, for that although the fury of the war has now abated some what, she is frightened and anxious over the thought of cut being alone here, and in the present position of things they have no hope of being able to do anything for us either in case we do get in dire peril. We are secretly watched by enemy spies and we know it, she says my father gave very ill indignation at the report of so many child soldiers. Christian generals that is going on. In the first place he holds that they are deserting their post in the face of the enemy, and in the second place by their misbehavior across the Anorburgs in a River they are causing all the people to look with horror and fear upon the whole situation."

"I and my sisters have been bidding far well!" Jennie said "Not to you but our dream of happiness. We are always unhappy and now we are yet since Penrod had to leave us again. This cruel sorrow separating us too often to my way of thinking. We shall meet soon but, fear that will never return."

"We hope so Tim dau r---I pray God and His Blessed Mother that it may be so."

The change of life would have been great indeed, but as no one could dare leave the Christian army for Papero-Vivians nothing could be done. James had thrown himself however into the thick of all that was going on, and the salon of the princess's head quarters was crowded every day with those of the Gemini trying to think of a plan to forward Violet and her sister safely to Papero-Vivians army, but being a foreigner James was regarded with by no means a boy of extreme value and many of the leaders of the party with whose names James had become familiar with were also frequent visitors to Gligora, Debernard, Rodney Graves. James was struck with the variety of conversation that went on at these meetings. Many of the young members of the Gemini laughed and chatted with Violet and her sisters trying to cheer them up and make them forget their loneliness on Papero, and chatted with them with as much gayety as if the former state of things were continuing without any disturbance or disturbance, and an equal indifference to the public state of things was shown by many of the elders, who sat down and devoted themselves to cards, or other amusements.

cut, and to restore peace and happiness to Afghanistan. James himself moved from group to group, equally at home with all, chatting lightly with the court courtiers, whispering eagerly with the elders or discussing with the sons of a brave hero the views and opinions of the British. Jack Saunders and many of the girl and boy scout leaders were constantly at the house and strove by their cheerfulness and gaiety to dissipate the shade of horror and melancholy which still hung over violet, and her sisters and their ever-increasing loneliness for their Father and brothers.

On this same day General De St. Kauxar and his body of general staff officers on the left of General Alvinia was left wing became more and more anxious for they have been heavily assaulted by wave upon wave of Ghazalini soldiery hurled forward by General Hasbaum Mic-Whither, and the positions held by by desperately struggling Afghani soldiery were not most precarious; most of the troops under General Alvinia had been sent elsewhere to relieve pressure upon General Daniel Hudsons front, and those left behind not in action yet were discomfited by random shell fire hitting into their camps, and ready to join the mobs of those already on the white retreat. Two out of three Ghazalini divisions had been swept away and but one remained under General Sullivan and he was badly wounded. Of the National Guard, only the Battalion of William St. Thomas and part of the battalion of Saint Pierre remained to tell the tale, and the enemy attack was faithful and ferocious. Other Christian columns were opposed to General Hasbaum Mic-Whither but all seemed lost.

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At even that distance Violet and her sisters had heard the distant sound of conflict and at eleven o'clock A.M. (the hour that um) the Mill Military tocsin was hurrah'd to sound, bugles blarney, and the drum beat calling troops into line. All that morning, and even any all the day before there had been sinister rumors of circulation, but General Avilonia had sent privately to his generals that the danger was not imminent, but that they should nevertheless be prepared as you could not trust the foe any more than the cattle snake and as soon as the alarm sounded Jack Saunders left the head quarters of the princess princesses to go and see if he could get his boy and girl scout regiment to do some fighting of their own. He embraced Jean Saunders and also Violet and her sisters, who were calm but very pale and sad. One of his boy scouts who had been wounded recently asked to go with him but Jack said, "O my friend you are too badly injured and could not fight with the rest, but your sister is at present to your own comrades. Jack O James keep an eye on Violet and her sisters and see that no harm comes to them."

all over the general vivandises left wing princesses"he said.

girl had been better at moving to some safer spot."

Before leaving that had passed Violet, and her sisters insisted upon Jack taking refreshment and having his wounds bound up and attended to when he had finished his meal that two of the little girls prepared for him Jack began:

The attack we wished was so violent and severe that soon though we were not yet even near being assaulted one of the officers came to Angelina and pressed her to leave the position with her followers as it would be untenable.

[illegible]

and the soldiers. The fight was always at close quarters and we ourselves drove the Gladdellians from our own position with our own hands. We had our rifles and pistols and shot and killed them and we seized the cannon and turned them upon the same place opened an artillery fire of our own. The Gladdellians attacking us fled in terror, and I believe that as would have conquered all the armies of the Gladdellian army, had not the Christian armies all around us continued to retreat. The Gladdellians whom we had dispersed kept up a withering fire upon us from all objects.

Then taking better courage the Gladdellians seeing their comrades victorious else where took the chances and rushed us. We managed to fight them back without a loss and then were compelled to retreat ourselves or be left without a defense. Every Christian soldier who did not retreat was a martyred or shot down by hundreds, as well as many of the officers of the division. The mob of victorious Gladdellians rushed through a portion of the Christian camps driving the defenders before them seeking and getting the tents or fire. Then the Abyssinians retreated firing as they did so heavily, we made our retreat through a large plain, but most of the Abyssinians were soon attacked in the rear and their division literally cut to pieces. We rushed into a new position when again assaulted and massacred the first wave of those who attacked us and drove the other back, and in the lull made our way out of that plain and so escaped the worst disaster of that bloody day.

I getting off with only these few wounds, then after deploying my troops to defend our camp in case of attack, and all our leaders were doing the same I then hurried to this place and so you see here I am. The enemy are smarting under their defeat before at this town of Depressionville and are trying desperately to make up for it. The battle is raging still some where else but along the left I had gradually died down, but it may flare up again."

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"to question me y strainer that comes here."

"So my Doc" said General de Arredino extending his hand. "I was just doing our duty."

Although the incident terminated well it left the spy shaky and weak, but a narrow escape seemed that can of light-fuel been discovered all would have been over. As evidence it was an amusing darning as if he had been caught in the act of setting the fire to attempt it again was impossible, and he was glad to get on a ferry and go down the river to return to his own home. Violet and her sisters never knew of this narrow escape, for to avoid causing them extra misery Angelina, a young woman, had told her that she had had no evidence especially as no evidence could be found on the man though she alone thought letting him go was suspicious.

"Oh Princesses, princesses," Jack Sanders exclaimed hurrying into the salon in which the little girls with Tim Govey and others were sitting during the following morning. "I hear that it is rumored in the street, that many strangers who could not give a good account of themselves have been arrested. Many secret spies are being you."

It being a dark day, from the smoke again from the eastern forest fires being thick in the sky the room was lit up as if to receive company but the crowd which had thronged it the night before was gone. Very body was out watching the progress of the bloody battle. The Abyssinians had first with drawn, then the Dondobians had begun to fall off, for it had become dangerous for them to try and hold the position any longer. The only constant visitor now was Angelina, but to day she was absent. The news was not unexpected and neither that of the results of the battle. The violence of the Glendellian assault waves had been increasing since the battle on this morning had been renewed. Generals Obedience, Jackbin, Danton, Josephine and others on the Christian side had been killed in striving to maintain their positions against the attacking force and it was certain that at any moment disaster would occur. Such had been the state of feeling in the provinces that it was felt that it would be more dangerous for Violet and her sisters to go away than to remain in the Christian army here, and yet the queen and king and even Penrod had been a prey to the liveliest anxiety and flight in respecting Violet, and her sisters. Forcent many to their hopeful expectations they had not come. It seemed impossible that there could be so much danger within the Christian lines itself, for before there never used to be, but the blind fury of all Glendellians had been against the little girls to such a height that it was impossible to say that might happen. Now that they had heard that the blow was about to fall (the little girls drew her two young sisters instinctively to them as if to protect them but no word passed her lips).

"It might still be possible to fly," Walter Starving went on. "We have all the little disguises in readiness."

"While we are ill with the Christians lines as princesses do not fly from the action of Glendellia," she said quietly. "Out side of the Christian lines it might be different. If we fled from this army to another the danger would be just as great. No Walter Starving we have a good strong body of boy and girls here in this army, and it is not for us that danger and friends to leave that post here in the Christian lines because unseen danger threatens them, come what may, these Glendellian spies and agents will find us ready for them."

"But think of your brother Penrod Princesses. If you are destroyed how will he feel and your father too. Don't take such risks and bring them unnecessary sorrow." Walter Starving murmured.

"We won't perish," said Violet confidently. "The enemy tried that often on us and never succeeded yet. As for you my friend Jack Sanders,"

"I shall stand by you through it all," Jack said firmly.

"I no my sisters do not doubt your courage Jack and they wish now that we long ago had we warned you all within emperor Vivian's army, but who could have foreseen that the Glendellians fierce as hoed of it all beasts should win so easily a victory by hate against God and all Christianity. However although it is the duty of, and my sisters to either get to our fathers army or face the consequences here it is our duty also to try and save our child so out troop from destruction because this army is badly wanted—therefore a Walter Starving my friend I commit all my regiments to your charge. Save them if you can with the help of God and make for my father's army. Once there you know all the arrangements we have already made."

"But princess Violet Jack Sanders is most grateful."

"In this situation, can listen to no argument Jack," Violet said firmly and decidedly. "In this respect my will is law and backed by my sisters. I and they know what your feelings are, but you must set them aside they must give way to the necessity of saving one of the best and oldest regiments of girl and boy scouts from perishing.....""qqqq

"It is about your duty," Violet said. "I asked an Jack bent his head in a sign of obedience to Violet's order."

"I cannot do not think that we will be included in any grave peril as long as we remain within the army," Violet said. "But we are not going to stay here. We will go with James as he has arranged in the morning to the head quarters occupied by General Evans before he left and remain quietly there awaiting the course and events of this great gigantic battle. We have an old maid of our acquaintance there and we can pass ourselves very well as even of herself. We have arrived from some part of the of the country. You had better send a trust servant to prepare her for our coming. You James will of course accompany the boy and girl scouts."

"Pardon Princesses," James said quietly. "I am firmly resolved to stay with you within the Christian lines. I may be of great assistance to you and there surely will be no danger in me remaining for an a fortnight and have no nobles blood in my veins. Besides my traveling with Walter Starving would add to his a danger. He will have difficulty enough in traveling the unsurveyed country with two regiments of boy and girl scouts, and I would add to that difficulty."

"We cannot help that," Put in Jennie sweetly. "I and my sisters ought long ago to have sent you everywhere home and feel that we have made a mistake in allowing you to remain so long and face the same peril as we so often do. I must as well as my sisters insist upon your accompanying the boy and girls scouts."

"I am sorry that I have to disobey you Princess Jennie," James said quietly but firmly. "But Penrod you brother showing a slip of paper with pen rods and writing on it has placed me as your legal guardian in his stead until there is a reunion of the union and as long as I carry this slip of paper I am my own master and can rightfully dispose of my actions. I am deeply sensible of all your goodness to me but I for you makes cannot yield for I feel that I may be of some slight use here. Of course if any of you please indicating Violet especially with his head) really has more say than Penrod and will force me to comply with your command, then what ever will happen afterwards I will not be responsible for it. I don't want you little girls to think I am trying to make any thing of my self by saying so, but in spite of all your exparience in this war I can prove I know the enemy more than you do. As long as I am not seeing up to anything unusual and keep my own back to my own foreign clothing on and so forth no harm could come to me by the Glendellians as they do not generally attack foreigners unless they suspect that foreigners are Christians. I am a good one but you of ten said while I was here that I do not seem to act as good a Christian as I am. See there is an advantage for me and you can fool the enemy easily. There are so many at present in the Christian lines that there is little fear of my attracting notice if they would be Glendellian spies or Federal agents in disguise. A mouse may help a lion Princesses, and it may be but though a little boy I may be able to be of service to you Princesses and as I am an American I can do things in an American way."

"Do not urge him further," Jennie said. "Angelina said laying a hand on Jennie's arm as she was again about to speak. "James is brave and thoughtful beyond beyond his years and it will be some what of an effort to us to think that he can be watching over us, and as he has that paper that makes him secure because Penrod could believe we are fools to send James away. I and my sisters gratefully thank you James for your offer, to share that danger and so we do. I don't think you should say that you will do all that can possibly be done to protect us and help us in our work. You will be much more than to do so than any of our friends, for if they were with us they would likely be involved in our fate, that ever that may be, for you will be viewed as American boy friends and joint guardian with you. Save yourself and us. Any one of us must persuade him should difficulty be encountered as if he were our dear brother and be guided by his advice. And now sisters dear come with me to my room (the room) I have much to say to you."

"I implied the princesses decided after all to Jennie or Angelina said James. "Walter Starving said patting the back of his shoulder when the Vivian girls had really left the room. "For I shall feel comfort in knowing that you are watching over the little girls, how I love as for a time for I have much to arrange with Timothy Govey." After a prolonged talk with Timothy Govey, Walter sent for Jack Sanders. As soon as he entered the lad said: "Of course I shall obey Violet's commands, but it seems to me an an odd plan, putting a boy, scout officer to play, to be fighting the country and lead leaving James the only boy to look after the little Princesses and as I am the only one at that."

"He is hardly a danger," Jack said. "Walter replied. "He has been with us as one of us for even only a short time now and has already risked his life for Violet, and her sisters. You could not stay here without extreme risk."

For if our part of the camp isn't yet attacked by an overwhelming number of Glandelinian soldiers it will speedily be so and when they once taste blood those demon wolves will hunt down every one of us. On the other hand might proceed opening through the streets of a Glandelinian encampment without danger as he is a foreigner and Glandelinians don't pay any attention to foreigners not dressed in uniform, nevertheless they would not have kept him if he could have gone, but the little girls since Penrod made him their guardian in his stead had no power of controlling him and as he chooses to devote himself to them they thankfully accepted his devotion. And now Jack dear it may be that after our parting to-morrow, we shall not meet again, for God alone knows what fate is in store for us. I have therefore some serious advice to give you. If anything happens to me or the girl and boy scout troops you will, I know never forget that you are the head of the troop and that the honor of a great well fought regiment is in your keeping, but do not try to strive against the inevitable. Adapt yourself to the new circumstances and under which you will be placed, and to disguise yourself lay aside that Christian military bearing. As to the dear Vivian Girl Princesses, Violet, and her sisters are already provided for. I have already also sent off a message to warn Gertrude Angelina, and as it has already been arranged between us that while she will dare to stay and face defiantly what ever will come during this useful battle, which now is making so much din, it is her duty like yours to escape the danger which threatens us all, I trust that she will endeavor to leave the army and this part of the country also, but, I imagine that she will stop in general Evans head quarters until some means are devised for getting poor Violet and her sisters away. As to the child scout regiments I believe they will make a safe trip as the enemy would be afraid to tackle them. Cover Violet and her sisters secretly with all those child scouts if you wish if you do not deem to move them away, protect and make them happy despite the circumstances. Even now these thrilling times and the threat of danger in a way does not make them unhappy. It is the absence of their father and brothers and their dear mother. That to protect them you must see to it they're really scouts and no secret small fess in disguise goes without saying, but that is sufficient. Guard them carefully against you wicked treacherous brother Gerald Starving who is on the enemy side, and for example if in future time even real good foreign boys or girls of the rank of our American friend here of whose character you can entirely improve and approve, asked for the privilege of guarding Violet, and her sisters, do not refuse it. Remember that such a favor would have the cordial approval of their parents, and brothers and myself."

"A great over look of great surprise passed over Jack's face. It had seemed to him so much a matter of course that the Princesses should be guarded by noble people that the idea of the danger being so great that they must be secretly covered by as many boy and girl scouts in disguise as possible was surprising and unerving indeed.

"Do you really mean sir, that is my friend James were to be their chief guardian under Penrod's advice you too would approve of it."

"That is exactly what I do mean Jack. In the war stormy times in which we are living and passing through Penrod and I could wish no better protection for them. Were he an Abbeismian in the same position of life I own that I might view the matter in a different view of light; but as I have said in America the distinction of classes is much less marked than here; and more over in America there is little fear of disaster from Glandelinia, and besides if it was necessary to do so Violet and her sisters could flee over there."

A few minutes later Timothy Groveton entered with the clothes which had been prepared for Jack and his friend Jean Saunders. They were such as would be worn by the sons of Glandelinian workmen, he himself was attired in a clothing fit for a ragmuffin. Jean was aroused from the couch on which she had for the last hour been asleep, and she and Jack retired to dress themselves. In their new customs, Timothy Groveton accompanying them to assist in their toilet. Both child scouts had the greatest repugnance to the change, and objected till further when Timothy Groveton insisted it was absolutely necessary that Jack should cut his hair, and Jean should fix hers in long bob fashion dyed color it and smother their hands and faces with a little coating of iodine in water.

"My dear Hostess Jack," he said "it would be worse than useless for you to assume that attire unless at the same time you assume the bearing and manners appropriate to it. In your own uniforms we might for a short time walk the company streets as if the enemy captured the camp without observation--but if you sallied out in that blouse with your white hands and faces and your hands thrown back and a look of disdain and disgust on your faces the first

Glandelinian who met you would arrest you and find you are Christians in disguise. You must behave as if you were Glandelinians. You are representing a boy scout of the Glandelinian Army and must try and imitate his walk and manner. Gave you hands deep into your pockets, shuffle your feet along carelessly, let your head wobble about as if it were uneasy on your neck, round your shoulders, and slouch your head forward. As to you Jean your role should be impertinence. Put your hat on the wrong way, hold your nose in the air, pull some of your Glandelinian hair down over your forehead and let some of it spurt out through the hole in your hat. See how completely I have got myself up. You would take me for a back again. Again again in where ever you met me. I do not like it, but as I have to disguise myself, I try to do it completely."

It was however with a feeling of humiliation that the boy and girl presented themselves before Walter Starving the All High Chief of staff of the boy and girl scout troop. He looked at them scrutinizingly.

"You will do Jean and Jack" he said gravely. "I should have passed you in the Company street without knowing you. Now come in with me and say good bye to Violet, and her sisters. The sooner you are out of this house the better, for the battle they say is growing intensely and the enemy aiming more and more and there is no saying at that hour a general sweeping attack of the enemy may storm upon this sector and cause the enemy to possess this part of the camp."

The parting was a sad one indeed, but it was over at last, and Timothy gave them hurriedly the boy and girl scout leaders away as soon as Walter Starving returned with them.

"God bless you Tim" Walter Starving said as he embraced his friend. "Should I starve overtake us, you will I know be a good leader to us if you survive."

"Now James" Walter Starving said when he had with great effort of effort mastered the sorrow and emotion caused by the dolorous parting, which he felt might be a final one "go to Violet and her sisters. They're waiting for you as they have something to tell you."

James was led into their presence and how beautiful they looked even in their sorrow and misery and James was so touched that he almost cried himself. "Don't cry for us James dear it isn't necessary" said Jennie through her own tears as she tried to smile. "We are not grief stricken because of our peril. We'll face peril gladly as we like the excitement of it. But we're oh so lonesome for father and mother and our brothers. I called for you since you for our sakes have chosen so gallantly to throw in your lot with ours. I will give you a few instructions. In the first place I have hidden beneath a plank under my bed a bag containing a thousand dollars in Abbisannian money. It is the middle plank. Count an even number of planks from each leg of our bed and the center one covers the bag. You will find the plank is loose and that you can raise it easily with a knife; but varnish has been run in, and dirt swept over it so there is no need of fearing that it will be noticed by any of the Glandelinians who may pillage the house, which they will doubtless do when we are gone. I have already sent an equal sum to our house keeper Mrs. Jerry. Here is her address; but it is possible in your adventure with us you may need more money, and may be unable to communicate with us at our new headquarters, at any rate so you keep the bag of money in your charge and use it for our benefit and yours too. You had better attire yourself back into your old plain clothing but better wear the oldest suit you have got. I and my sisters will be ready in a few minutes. Little Jennie is to accompany us and she is already dressed, so we all at you help can slip out at the back entrance. Since Penrod put you in guardianship of us while you were in converse with Walter Starving we voted that you shall be our director also and leader, and we will place ourselves under you as if you were the top over us."

"Oh Prince see do not do that" objected James. "It is I who should; should;"

"I know" continued Jennie mournfully, "but we have to assume that rank to avoid all suspicion for as you act as our Master the Glandelinians will have no suspicion should they be in possession of this part of the camp. Should we be disturbed before morning, we shall place ourselves under your escort; for although I hope that all our servants are faithful one can answer for no one in these times. I would send them off now, but that the sight of females moving through the company streets at this time of night would be likely to attract attention on the part of victorious and drunken Glandelinian soldiery, one of whom is running from the battle field which is the center and focus of all the mischief that is going on. I and my sisters can give you no further advice. You must be guided by circumstances, place your trust in God like we do and then all will be well. If as I trust we girls can live undisturbed and unsuspected with our old housekeeper we will be best that we should remain there until the battle is finally over and Glandelinia is defeated again. If not and you advise us to go to the Abbisannian army and you accompany us

and my sisters must leave it to you to act for the best. It is a great trust for us to place in the hands of a youth your age; and a foreboding too; but it is your own choosing, and we have every confidence in you to help us pull through to safety."

"I will do my best to deserve it princesses." James said quite quietly. "But I will continually pray that you and Penrod and your loving ones will soon meet together again. I cannot believe that although just at present the Glandelinians are becoming so vicious they can in cold blood massacre you little girls if you were captured if you are really possessed of angelic souls."

"I believe you may be right." Violet herself said "but sometimes I fear that it is not so with our brothers Penrod. He goes to such risks for what he attempts to learn, and the Glandelinians are mad as demons so far, and they gladly follow the leadership of the arch-sound in Vanley and the like. I fear that before all this is over the whole of California will be deluged with blood, and now James when you have changed your clothes lie down ready to rise at a moment's notice. Should you hear a tumult or a battle raging in our quarters run at once to our long gallery. The girls and my sisters will join you, prepared for flight. Lead us instantly to the back entrance, avoiding if possible any observation from the domestic staff. As there sleep on the floor above and know nothing of the dangers which threaten us, they will not awake so quickly and I trust that you and us will be able to get out without being seen by any of them. In that case however closely questioned no one will be able to afford a clue by which you and we can be traced. If you pull us through and get us to Evans headquarters, we will reward you by allowing you to try later if it is necessary to get us to the Cape Horn, a fine army and the reward Penrod will then bestow upon you and my father too."

When he had changed his clothes James extinguished all the lights in the antechamber. Before this all the adventures had been told to him. Then he opened the window looking into the company street and took his place close to it. Gloom under the circumstances was inevitable. In the hours passed he thought over the events of the past few days. Indeed he was fully aware that the task he had undertaken might be full of grave dangers but to a healthy and active mind! A man can find a spice of danger in by no means a deterrent. He could of course have left his employment but for Violet and her sisters and that follows left the place but after his arrival to Evans headquarters to which all the child agents were going it would have been difficult for him to traverse the country and crossed into Canada, and he thought too that the peril which he now ran was not much greater than would have been entailed by such a step. In the next place he was greatly attracted to the little princesses, and the orgies of the Glandelinians against them of what he had heard in the past had filled him with such horror, disgust and hatred that he would have risked much to save any of the princesses, even a stranger from their hands, and too he loved the little princesses now, and lastly he felt the fascination of the wild excitement of the times and congratulated himself that he should see and perhaps be an actor in the fierce and astonishing warfare which in this story was occupying the attention of the whole civilized world. And he a little forebore too. As he put these he arranged his own plans in the best he could. After seeing himself in safety he would take a room in some quiet locality if possible disguised as a Glandelinian boy scout or other and in that dress pass his days in the streets gathering every rumor and so forth and watching the course of the bloody battle and its events. Morning was just breaking when he heard the sound of yells as steady as a loud wind storm and the added sound of the wildest number of shots he had ever imagined to hear and in the lull of that crashing sound came the other clamor of the thread of many feet and yells as of confusion and panic, and looking out he saw a long wave of Christians retreating in panic from the camp borne along by an added wave of men in gray headed by two whose black scarfs showed them to be officers. The Glandelinians had delivered a frightful and surprise attack upon this quarter of the battle field and was winning a sweeping victory. Victory for now captured cannons were being swung round and opened upon the retreating masses and many tents were on fire. James saw several cannons being aimed upon the house and then they were fired. Balls hit the roof tearing off much and exploding below in the company streets. As they reached the entrance gate where a strong mob of Angelinian soldiery had been firing upon them blindly the Glandelinians stopped. A shell crashed in explosion some where inside the building and plaster fell all about James. He at once darted away to the long gallery and as he did so heard the sound of fierce firing elsewhere and the sound of loud banging against the gate. Scarcely had he reached the gallery when a door at the further end opened, and seven little figures the tallest carrying a lamp appeared. The little girls too had been keeping at hand, and they were dressed in the attire of Glandelinian gamuff in boys

in a gamuff in boys so that at first James drew a pistol and cried

"Get back in that room there you'll not get away from here if I know it." "Why James thought you began Jennie in disdain and surprise thinking for the instant he had turned against them, but he interrupted; "By Heaven is it you and your sisters. How you fooled and scared me. I thought you were Glandelinians trying to interfere with my plans."

Little Daisy was weeping loudly for Penrod, but the elder little girls although their cheeks bore traces of the many tears they had shed during the night restrained them now. Or restrained them now. James quickly put up his pistol but his face was white at the fright he had received. When they reached James, the lad without a word, took the lamp from Jennie's hand, and led the way quickly along the corridor and down the stairs toward the back of the house. There was need of speed too for another shell crashed some where in the house tearing that part of the building to pieces and fire had broke out. "Everything was in the wild uproar of battle

where the enemy in successful range as it was the noise of the conflict loud as it was with shells tearing up the structure here and there had not yet aroused the servants, and drawing the bolt carefully and putting out the lamp, James led the way into the garden behind the house. Then for a moment he paused in suspense. There was the sound of axes hewing down the gate which led from the garden into the company street from behind.

"For God's sake quick princesses!" he said. "There is no time to lose." He took the key out of the door closed and locked it after him. Then throwing the key among the thick shrubs, he took the hand of Daisy and Hettie the two youngest, and led the way rapidly toward the gate, which was fortunately a very strong one.

"In here princesses!" he said to Jennie pointing to some very thick shrubs close to the gate already covered thick with the spring grown leaves. "Those Glandelinians seeing the house is supposed to be defended will rush toward it from the rear where it is not defended. When the gate gives way and they pass out of sight we will slip out quietly."

For nearly twenty minutes, the gate which was strongly bound with iron and even stone resisted the attack upon it. Then there was a crash of thunder as if from a cannon and a solid shot struck the gate which was splintered and gave way with a crash, and a number of Glandelinian soldiers armed with torches and rifles poured in. Daisy and Hettie were clinging to Jennie and those who whirling to them to be calm and brave, pressed the young sisters close to them, while the others stood quiet and still on each side of James looking through the bushes. James had drawn two pistols in case of necessity. A great number of Glandelinian soldiers entered and a minute later there was the sound of battering at the door through which the fugitives had just sallied out.

Two Glandelinians stood as if on guard by the shrubbery but they were within easy reach of James who small as he was leaped like a wild cat and struck each a knock out blow on the head with his pistol butt before either one of them could attack him or cry out.

"Now said James let us be going."

Emerging from the shelter a few steps took them to the gate, and climbing over the door which lay in a heap on the ground, they turned into the lane just as the wreck of the house burst into such a flame that the light was thrown far.

"Let us run before the light betrays us." James said. "We must get out of this lane before the rest of the Glandelinians get here and before before men come here and question us."

They hurried down the lane took the first turning from the house, and then slackened their pace seeing that great fires lighted up the whole company street far and wide. Presently they heard a number of foot steps clattering on the pavement but fortunately they reached another turning before the party came up and just before they got hit by a shell that exploded in the company street. They turned down and stood up in a large doorway till the foot steps had passed, and then resumed their way to comforted by the loud din of battle.

"It is still too early for us to walk through the company streets to get to the army section once ruled by Evans without exciting attention." James said. "We had better make down the river to the river and wait there until there may be hopes of the battle being reversed."

In ten minutes they reached the river near the same ferry to which the Glandelinian had been brought who attempted to set the building on fire and arrested by Gertrude Angeline. James found a seat for them at the foot of a pile of lumber where they were entirely screened from observation. Hettie the little girl had not spoken a word since they had issued from the house. Daisy and Hettie were dazed and sad but not frightened by the events of the night. The only misery was that their brother was not with them and had hurried along one mechanically holding Jennie's hand, the other James. 'S. Jennie's brain

was too full to talk, he thought was with her father and mother and the other two. And they wondered that Walter Starving had not come to them in spite of everything. Perhaps he was already on his way to Evans part of the army, perhaps in obedience to Penrod's orders he was in hiding too waiting the events of the battle or maybe he got his own boy and girl scouts on the move. That he could even have Penrod commended him have left the Christian lines as a fugitive without coming to see her and her sisters, did not even occur to Violet and her sisters as possible. With these thoughts the three mingled a vague wonder at the position she and her sisters were in. A few weeks hence since things had been all right and now she and her sisters petted and cared for as the best little girls of a noble Abbeysian only family now fugitives in the very streets of a Christian camp under the sole care of this strange American boy. It yet seemed to her wrong that Jim Groveton should be sent away by them after all and the assertion of James that he intended to stay and watch over her and her sisters seemed at once unusual and also absurd and presumptuous when they if really angel possessed should be able to take care of themselves as before in the face of any dangers whatever but she already felt that she had been wrong in that opinion and once Penrod said:

"In spite of being angel possessed sisters don't be rash or reckless. Remember the angels don't work miracles."

The decision in which James had at once taken the command from the moment he met them in the gallery and the quickness and coolness in which he had seized the only mode of escape had surprised and dominated her. And the shock she had received showed that when he drew a pistol on her and her sisters when mistaking them for enemies interfering with his plans showed that he had been also alert and prepared. Her own impulsive impulse when on opening the door she had heard the sound of the battle and the attack that was being made on the gate, was to draw back instantly and get herself and her sisters to hide in the cellar which would have been foolhardy as it would soon have been sure a death trap and it was due to James only that she and her sisters had got safely away. His hit her to although after the two incidents of the fights with the enemy, once in the child scout camp and in the woods, she had increased her love and respect for the strange boy and added great confidence and love friendship and regarded him as a boy some what in more intelligence than she and a brave hero despite her position as a prisoner. Indeed she had treated him and considered him as much younger than Penrod, and in good respects she had been justified in doing so for in his light hearted fun his love of active exercise and his shrewdness of any assumption of age he was far more boyish than Penrod or Jim even, but although her thoughts were too busy to permit her to analyze her feelings she knew that in some respects she had been mistaken, and felt a strange strong confidence in this lad who had so promptly and coolly assumed the entire command of the little party, and had brought them with such steady nerve through the danger. After placing the little girls in their shelter and arming them with weapons Jim had given them James had left them and stood leaning against the parapet of the quay as if carelessly watching the water but maintaining a vigilant lookout against approaching danger. The number of Glandelinian soldiers passed in increasing numbers but did not see him nor the little girls. Then soon there were no more soldiers in sight, and seeing that it was now safe to proceed, James returned to his companions. He had scarcely glanced at them before when he drew on them when mistaking them for foes, and now looked approvingly at their disguises which the little girls had during the long hours of the night devoted the most careful attention. Jennie had managed to make herself look like a boy older than herself. A few dark lines traced carefully on her forehead, at the corners of her eyes and mouth shaded added many years to her appearance, and she could have passed, except except to the closest observer as a small mother of her other six children or big brother rather, the dresses of the others being formed to make them look much younger than they really were. The hands and faces of the whole seven had been slightly tanned with brown to give them a sun-burned aspect in accordance with their customs and so complete as the transformation that the boy could scarcely suppress a start of great surprise as he looked at the group.

"No wonder," he said, "drew a pistol on you little girls in the gallery." Her hearing the talk of Glandelinian child scouts, I thought you were a gang of them who sneaked into the building to interfere with my plans. Had you been those instead I'd have killed you all in my intention to save you little girls like dogs. I have come to hate Glandelinians savagely. But I guess it would be safe now princesses to proceed. There are still plenty of Glandelinian soldiers about in the streets and there is now martial law, prisoners are captured but as the news had already no doubt been spread that the princesses have left the house it will be better for you not to keep together too long.

298 best for you not to keep together. I would suggest that the eldest of you should walk on with the youngest and you especially Jennie walk on with Hettie and your younger one and go on ahead. I will follow with Joice and Violet a hundred yards behind, so that I can keep you in sight, and will come up if any one should accost you. I got an American made revolver in my pocket besides the two pistols Jim gave me but the other is far better than a dozen of those and I could save you from a score of Glandelinians at once."

Jennie at once rose and taking Daisy's hand and Hettie's too set out but James cautioned her to go slow and not to look about at all but to pretend to pretend as if nothing was going on of interest. They had to traverse the greater part of the of the Christian camps to reach their destination and then the problem would be to get through. It was an unusual trial for Jennie, who never before had been in the company streets of the Christian lines to find them filled with exultant victorious Glandelinian soldiers. However she went steadily forward tightly holding her two youngest sisters by their hands and trying to walk as if accustomed to them in the thick heavy shoes which felt so strangely different to those which she had been in the habit of always wearing.

From time to time she addressed an encouraging consoling word to Daisy or Hettie as she felt them shrink from loudness as they approached groups of Glandelinian soldiers lounging outside of big captured tents, for there was little left for the Glandelinians to do in this part of the Christian lines and the Glandelinians when not fighting spent their time in some work or other in discussion of the events of the battle or joining in the moans which under one pretext or another kept the company streets in an uproar. Fortunately Jennie knew the way perfectly, and there was no occasion for her to ask directions, for she had frequently ridden through this section. And now she was approaching close to the division of the camp where she could make a new cut and get toward Evans main lines still unharmed by the battle though it too as fiercely attacked at some quarters as she could hear a loud sound of battle but the enemy here as not winning. He knew where Evans headquarters was and that her house keeper occupied the upper floor near the head quarters was in the north western part of the camp. A messenger on a swift footed horse in the north western part of the camp. A messenger on a swift horse had been sent to her on the night before, and she was on the look out for her visitors, but after they had gotten through but escaping under fire. She they were pursued all the way to Evans lines the Glandelinians trying their best to shoot the supposed boys down but couldn't hit or catch them. The Glandelinians were on horse too but the little girls directed by James went the way he said he putting up American way of being a fugitive so that he and the little girls managed to quickly surmount obstacles which the Glandelinians could not get their horses to even step on and so had to go all the way round.

In vain the Glandelinians who were the best crack shots of the regiment tried to bring the fugitive child down with their revolvers and rifles, and even flung hand grenades but you might as well have fired on empty air, or hurled hand grenades at nothing.

The pursuing Glandelinians were astounded and not believing the child was a armed pursued on, and on showing the utmost determination and some emergency in their efforts to try and capture the fugitives and tried all sorts of tricks but it was to no avail. Finally the boy and his charges reached the pickets of the Christian lines, and then as the pursuers saw the pickets they gave it up. Seeing that the eight little fugitives had been pursued by Glandelinians they opened fire but the Glandelinians escaped with only two losses. Then Violet and her sisters not only knew the counter sign but were able to prove who they were and whom the boy was, and indeed the soldiers thanked God that the little girls had escaped and tried to please the boy mainly but the boy only blushed and went on with the little girls until they reached the main Christian lines where they were well received and conducted toward General Evans headquarters. Mrs. Jerry was on the lookout for her little visitors and yet had a vague feeling of dread and heart sickness over her belief the little girls would not get through but finally when they did come she did not recognize them, and she uttered a cry of surprise and alarm as Jennie and her two smaller sisters entered the room.

"Is it you princess Jennie and you two youngest sisters," she exclaimed in great surprise, "and you my little angels! My eyes must be getting old indeed that I did not recognize you, but you are finely disguised. But where are the others and your boy friend James?"

"They will be here in a moment," said Louise, "they are just behind. But you must not call us princesses not even here, you must remember that we are just as we are supposed to be by our disguises, you are to act as our aunt and we you nephews, whom we have come to stay with. Glandelinian spies may be here too you know."

"I shall remember in time," the old woman said. "I have been talking about you to all the Christian soldiers around here for the last week, of how the situation

situation stands, how good a father and mother are, and how you were going to you may to them and Penrod under the charge of my American who was your guardian and how you were going to look after me and help me in the house since I'm getting old and infirm and the younger ones were to stop with me till they were old enough to go out to service. To keep up that disguise you must do all that as if you were my helpmate. He is the rest of the little dream."

"He is as true as the rest," Jennie said. "Thank God and his blessed mother we have all got here safely. Oh how we had been persecuted but James knew what to do and made us do it so that it was fun more with our sisters than the dread of getting caught. This Louise is the young American boy who is going to be main here at present and to whom we are indebted for having got us safely here."

"And you mother, the dear old woman," Louise Jerry exclaimed. "The darling I remember, what of her and your beautiful good father?"

"The message I got last night that some danger threatened them."

"They have, but been compelled to move their family out of Big and Knoll and it is so obvious and Penrod has gone the road to go there to be with him and console him," said Jennie mournfully as she burst into tears feeling now that the strain was over and the natural reaction after her effort to be calm for her mother's sake for God's sake mostly she had held up to the last and so she had her sisters, and had tried even to make the parting seem all her boy and girl's own friends as easy as possible.

"The dirty Glandelinian skunks," the old woman said stamping her foot. "Old as I am, I feel I could tear some of them to pieces. But there is an old saying: 'Useless as a y and you must be faint with hunger if you have a horse ready on the big stove, a plate of beef that will do good to you and I know you little girls don't like it but a good strong dip of coffee will bring you back to normal and bring back your spirits.' And you see Madie-James, you will join me, hope?"

James was nothing loath for his appetite was always a hearty one. "It is as if I have been thinking it would be of some advantage if you would take a lodging for me. The little girls rather would have me stay in here but as you see I am a foreigner and it would excite suspicion should spies be here and in case this camp too would later on get shot up. If you would say that a little boy who is friends are known to you has arrived from the other part of the Christian camps to make his way to Grand Lines, and they have asked you to see a lodging for him, it will seem less strange than if I went myself. I should like it to be next so that you can come to me quickly should anything out of the way occur but I should like to look in some times to see that all is well. You could mention to the soldiers that I traveled up with the new nephews and nephews."

"I will do that willingly," the old woman said. "But first my dears you must have some rest; you come in here and she led the way to the next room. There is a bed for you Jennie, and more beds for the rest. The room is large and hot that you are accustomed to, but, dare not buy finer things, though I had plenty of money from your mother and father to have furnished the rooms like a palace but you see it would have seemed strange to any one, do not know when I do not know whether they are spies or not, but at least every thing is clean and sweet."

Leading the little girls who were worn out with weariness and anxiety to sleep she joined James.

"Now James the boy, I will do your business. It is a comfort to me indeed to tell you that some one will be next of whom I can seek advice for it is a terrible and most dangerous responsibility for an old woman in such a dreadful time as these when it seems to me that every one has gone mad at once. You will surely have good luck in being so good to those little girls. What sort of a chamber do you want?"

"Quite a small one," James answered. "Just such a chamber as a young boy on the lookout for employment within the Christian lines and with his pocket very slenderly lined would desire."

"Why wouldn't you desire to be inside of some tent for it is hard to find any such a room in a barracks," the old woman said. "There is a good empty tent a few yards away, and is being tenanted by a friend of mine, a young soldier, who was married to my daughter twenty years ago—it is a quiet tent and the soldiers are all Abolitionists and could be trusted, and will guard you well and help you help the little girls."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

A VERY ANXIOUS SITUATION THE EIGHTEENTH OF APRIL. VIOLET ARRESTED. FREE. THE PRINCESSES AND WALTER STARVING.

"That will suit me fine," James said. "I suppose there is no one else around or guards to be posted by so that I can go in and out without being noticed."

"If there will be guards around, but they won't bother you, as long as you are known, and you can go in and out as you like. You could command one to accompany you and he would obey."

Half an hour later the matter was settled, and James was installed in his tent, which was scantily furnished, the tent opening looking into the street in front. James and the little girls had bought bundles of clothes with them in their flight as it would have looked strange going through the captured camps had they gone through without any clothing since they were there. They had not been bothered while trying to go through the camps but in their endeavor to leave to go to Grand Lines was where the trouble and pursuit started. For the Glandelinians had declared martial law and no one was allowed to leave camp. James had bought with him only underclothes, as he had heard of nothing else that would be of service to him now. No sooner had he put on his jacket than he went out to a quarter-master's tent to get a shirt and put on a suit for his army working child scout boys. This he did in his tent and dressing himself in it went out side and set out to get his things across the camp and get into the camp which had been captured.

He had some difficulty to get in but as he presented a sort of pass to the Glandelinian picket he got through with out difficulty for Glandelinians unless you are fighting against them they usually do not molest foreigners of any kind who the Christians do not molest. He was with only the States of Anglinia. He pretended that he was interested in the capture of a certain house belonging to the Glandelinian soldiers and saying that he wanted a little booty for his invalid sister at home (he really had one) asked if he could get any thing and that he would be allowed to join in the raid. A soldier looked the boy over and said:

"Do you know anything about those Vivian and Princesses boys?"

"Only what I have heard of them," said the boy.

"No kid but, have heard lots about them. Though I, as a Glandelinian I'm human and am glad they escaped, but come if you want something I'll show you the way to the house. But be civil to the soldiers and do not ask questions."

Then he finally made his way to the mansion of the Princesses. He found a crowd of soldiers going in and out. Those leaving the house were laden with articles of furniture (for they had put the fire out), clocks, pictures, bedding and other things and one soldier was carrying out a picture with the little Princesses dressed at their best standing in a line. He was going to throw the picture into a fire when James asked the soldier to stop.

"Oh you want this picture? Well that'll serve me for going to the bonfire. Here take it and get something else and take it home. You are welcome to anything you want."

James was glad to have it for he wished to preserve it if possible for the little girls. A complete sack of the building was indeed taking place. The servants had all fled, and the mob of soldiers had taken possession of the house.

The lofty mirrors too heavy to carry were smashed into a thousand fragments, the costly hangings were torn down, and after the Glandelinians had destroyed much of the beautiful furniture, every man and boy scout of the enemy began to lay hands upon what ever they fancied, and the country man in London was already stripped of the greater part of its belongings. Fortunately all this stuff was not the property of Violet and her sisters as the enemy supposed for the little girls were always sick enough to place their own personal belongings where they were positively sure they would not even be known to exist by the enemy. So this loss would only be to the ones who formerly owned the house. But he himself was dead having been killed on the battlefield at Cedar Nine and his wife was in the insane asylum having lost her reason for the loss of her husband. With his hands in his pockets (hot pocket), whistling carelessly James entered the building, and wandered carelessly from room to room (boom boom) watching the proceedings and trying to get his eyes upon something that he too could carry off. It was his purpose mostly to try and salvage some thing of smaller value but of more importance for the little girls, and at the same time if he did not go and take something he would surely place himself under suspicion as it is of the order of those to raid. Several barrels of wine had been brought up

into the wrecked salon, and around these were gathered already a mob of drunken men, singing shouting and drinking.

"Drink, drink I kid you a foreigner not a christian dog drink for christian dog s won't drink," a soldier said, holding a silver goblet full of wine toward him. "Drink disaster and confusion to the christian dog s, and down with liberty and freedom to child slaves. Hail with child slaves."

James drank the toast without hesitation and even helped himself to two more but in his heart he drank the same word to the gladiolians three times invoking God and the urge is to back up his purpose; and then he sat sick at the destruction and ruin, wandered out again into the street. He had found nothing except the picture that he could save. Clothing and stuff that would not do. Knowing too the anxiety which Violet and her sisters would be suffering as to the safety of Walter Starling he next took his way toward the place where Walter Starling had had his headquarters. It was a big tent. The tent was shut up but groups of gladiolian soldiers were standing in the road opposite talking. Sauntering a long James stopped near enough to one of these to hear what they were saying, and having taken a small bottle of brandy along with him for a ruse and having taken enough wine to make him feel it a little which was a case of necessity he pretended he was slightly drunk. He learned that the child scouts an under Walter Starling had all gone to Evans own army where they were joined by all others in so strong a body that it seemed dangerous to attack the army there in case the three child scouts could join in. All had been effected quietly and the child scouts had either taken all with them or destroyed what they could not take along, and had set fire to all their own tents so the enemy could not be in possession. Guards had been left but side of the tent partly it was said that in order the tent might be preserved from pillage and to be used for public purposes for the enemy, partly that the boy scout leader Walter Starling who was absent and yet had not gone off with the scouts might be arrested when he returned. As James knew that the boy scout had other quarters in the neighborhood he thought it probable that Walter Starling might have gone thither, and he at once proceeded toward the gate, by which he would enter on his return thence. He sat down a short distance outside the gate and watched patiently. A gladiolian soldier passed him and unconsciously James was holding the bottle.

"Give me a drink or of that will you?"

"No get it yourself over there," said James. "I had a hard time to get it and I need it."

"Stingy for you rage you little American big," said the soldier angrily. That aroused James not bluffing but really for what American would take such an assault as that.

"Call me an American pig will you," said the boy and he flung the bottle at the man narrowly missing the fellow's head. The soldier would have done something but other soldiers came up and one demanded:

"Here what is the matter?" He was a sergeant.

"I won't be insulted just because I'm a foreigner," said the boy. "He called me an American pig because I wouldn't give him a swallow of snapp s."

"But it is your quarters," commanded the sergeant. "No fighting with boys here John."

"Well the brat tried to hit me with the bottle."

"Served you right if he had. Get a long."

The men obeyed and the little boy was left sitting there still smarting under the insult. Soon there was no one in sight and presently he perceived a boy approaching on horseback. He back disguised as a gladiolian scout and from descriptions of him at once recognized it was Walter Starling. James went forward on to the road and held out his arms but first looking to see that no soldiers were about. The young boy scout leader not recognizing him, did not check his horse, and would have ridden him down had he not jumped aside at the same time drawing a sabre, and James had to avoid a swing. At the same time shouting to him by name to stop.

"What in the heck do you want and what do you mean stopping me when I'm in a hurry kid?" Walter exclaimed angrily, reining in his horse.

"You do not recognize me?" James said. "I'm no gladiolian but James Andrew whom you brought to the princesses, and I am here to warn you of the danger of proceeding."

"Why what has happened?" Walter exclaimed anxiously "and why are you in this disguise James?"

"The gladiolians have captured this camp and driven the soldiers of your country out of it and as you have stayed behind when you scouts went off the gladiolians are waiting inside and out side your tent to capture you as you enter."

Walter looked aghast and then uttered an exclamation of anger. "I am glad I did sent all the regiments of child scouts away to safety," he said. "When my own father had no doubt received a warning of what was about to happen, and yesterday at noon he requested me to have all my child scouts and all the other regiments hasten to his army under Evans before the attack came upon this sector. I wondered at his advising me so suddenly, and feeling uneasy did as he advised. This accounts for it. He knew that if the child scouts remained there nothing would have induced me to separate myself from them if they were fiercely and disasterously attacked by too great a number of foes while by having me advised to send them away he left it for me to do as I thought fit after a while, trusting that when I found they were all safe it might follow the council he had urged upon me, to make my escape to take charge of the princesses. But they too want me to make my escape if possible to Emperor Vivians army. How about the Vivian gladiolians?"

Then he added that they have been wrecked and aided, but they are safe with the other old House keepers. Quise Jerry, this is their address. The soldiers disguised as a midget man and her sisters are disguised as gladiolians but look younger and no suspicion will I hope arise as to their real position in case that camp is carried before I can convey them away again. Tim himself conveyed his boy and gladiolians out last night not that he thought it probable they would be included in the disaster as they were strong enough in numbers to do wonders but he said there was no knowing how things the gladiolians might go, and thought it better they should be over at Evans army to incur less the number of child scouts there and should disappear altogether from this sector for the present until God will a division comes up and captures this camp. Jack and Jane also went away with the scouts though I heard they had to fight and shoot their way through with some loss. After seeing the little princesses in safety this morning, I went down to see what had happened at your tent in order to assuage Princess Violet, and her sisters anxiety respecting your safety and found as I expected, that all the child scouts had been gone, and learned that a party were waiting inside and out side your tent to arrest you on your return.

"I am very thankful to you indeed my boy," he said "and most warmly. But I do not know what in the world to do. It is impossible for me to get out of the christian lines. My father is most anxious that I get to Emperor Vivians but I cannot go so long as Violet, and her sisters are in danger."

"If you try to escape from the lines as you are," James said "you are certain to be captured. You only chance would be to disguise yourself as I have done, and take a small lodging somewhere where you might live and act as a gladiolian boy scout unobserved."

"And in that way I can see Violet and her sisters sometimes," James said. "Poor girls. How I wish they must feel for their father. And yet I received a letter from him yesterday. He is dreadfully worried; that they did not come. I will try and see them at any risk."

"You could do so James agreed in a somewhat hesitating way. "But it would greatly add to their danger and to you're more still, and were you detected might lead to the discovery of their disguise, and even could succeed in saving them then you would be in greater peril. Besides the thought that you were liable to capture at any time would naturally heighten the anxiety from which they are suffering as to the loss of the father and the brothers. As dear old Walter, reminds me of the grief that came to them when that boy scout was killed who resembled you so much they thought it was you, and you was far away. Don't let them be grieved more. Be careful, little girls and you too like them ought not to suffer this. Be careful for you and their sake. I hate to see a tear in their eyes."

"But I cannot and will not run away and leave them there in danger," Walter said passionately. "The enemy won't capture me and would not have even if you were not here to warn me. Had I come and seen soldiers in front of my tent, I would have bolted and had they pursued I could have grounded them of my tent, I would have enough in my bag here to ground a whole camp."

"It would be sinful for me to advise you to do so," James replied. "I would only suggest that after seeing Violet and her sisters once if you can get the way with me you should lead them some how to believe that you have decided making for Emperor Vivians army and they will therefore have the happiness of believing that you are safe, while you are still near and watching over them. This probably we can both together work hand in hand in saving them from these gory-canted demons."

"That is all very well," Walter said "But what opinion would they have of me if they thought me capable of deserting them that way? I cannot do it no sir. If you would represent yourself in her opinion it would be but temporarily orders, and besides if you did suffer in her opinion it would be but temporarily for when she and her sisters learned the truth, that you had only pretended

303 to leave in order that their position might be entered and that their minds might be relieved, they could only think more highly of you. Do not believe you may be in danger of facing any firing squad on the charge of desertion they would not be that way having known you so long. Besides if necessary you could at any time present your self to them, then."

"You council all seems good James yet at any cost, will not follow I t it I know those little girls better than you do, and their father would pay dearly if they thought he deserted them no matter how great the sacrifice, so would any one amongst themselves or even their brothers or fathers if they thought I deserted them I'd be a prisoner in ten minutes. Then if I couldn't prove my innocence I'd be facing a firing squad two two days later. As you say I can at any time appear but I'm not going away. I'm going to try my best to get to General Evans line and stay there. If the battle rages there again and the foe starts to win I know what to do, put I'll not do anything else I will not pretend anything. Good as those little girls are God help those they suspect double crossing them. Think for instance of their wicked brother Germania Vivian. He's their brother and he but what they would give to get their hands on him. Where are you lodging? I will try to get to Evans line and take a room near and we can meet and compare notes and act together. I know how to get the re. I can make it. There is no such thing as can't."

James seeing he could not turn the boy about leader from what he feared to be a move gave him his address.

"But you can't lodge with me," said James. "There is a house nearby only a two story affair you have only to walk upstairs to the top story. My tent is directly opposite the house. But you must not come as you are. Disguise like I do, and if you like I'll tell them you are there."

"I will call on you to morrow if possible," Walter said. "I will ride my horse a few miles back and turn him loose in some quiet place, and buy at the first village not in possession of the foe the same sort of disguise you have on."

"I think," said James "that would be unwise. Walter it would look strange for a boy of your kind to make such a purchase. You might be at once arrested, or a report of the circumstances might be sent into the foe lines and lead to your discovery. If you will wait here for half an hour, I will go some where and try to secure a copy of the things you want at the first shop I come to within this camp if Glandelinians will sell me anything of the like. As you are of my size I can pretend I want them for my self. Then I can bring them out to you. Then you can ride back and loose the horse as you propose, but I should advise to you to hide the saddle and bridle as well as the clothes you are now wearing care fully. No one finds you who will probably appropriate it and will say nothing about it, so that all claw to you raiments will be lost, and it will be supposed you have ridden far away."

"Good James, you sure seem to have a head ready for all emergencies. That's you Americans all over I know what a high opinion not only the princesses but all of the boy scout leaders and privates had of you, and I perceive that it is fully justified, and considering myself as fortunate indeed in having you for a friend in such a time as at present."

"We have need of all our wits," James said quietly. "They and their dear brother were good enough to accept my offer to do all that I could to look after the safety of the little girls, and if I fail in my trust it will not I hope be from any lack of care or courage. We Americans are invincible and cannot be conquered. We in our wars have licked nations ten times our size as hostily as history proved. I'll yet show Glandelinians what Americans can do. And I got a grudge against them too. One of them called me an American pig."

The meeting had taken place at a point where it could not be observed from the gate, and the boy scout general withdrew a few hundred yards away while James went to look for a quartermaster's store in possession of the enemy as he expected it would be. Though he bought it from Glandelinians the boy had no difficulty in purchasing the clothes required by the boy general and returned with them in little less than a quarter of an hour and then having seen Walter start riding a side off, he sauntered back into the main section, and made his way toward the out skirts of the camp heading in the direction of Evans army. As long as he was a foreigner and had a pass the Glandelinian picket let him go without questioning, though they wondered what he was going to do with the "silly picture". Crossing the river he found a vast crowd gathered in front of a large country house that looked like a hotel.

The who the news of the whole sale success that the foe had made every where during the night had filled all these Glandelinians with joy and the air was full of shouts of "down with the Christian dogs". "Vive Demons", "Vive every thing else. Hawkers were seen as lying in the crowd Glandelinian news papers and broad sheets filled with the foulest attacks, couched in the

most shocking and horrible language upon the Christian papers and Emperors, and charging the Vivian girls as being black headed little cowards because they fled to "save themselves" from the Christian lines. At various points Glandelinian soldiers mounted upon steps or the pedestals of statues arranged the mob of Glandelinian soldiery, while from time to time the crowd of soldiery opened respectfully and made way for members of the Glandelinian military council, who were cheered and shouted according to their supposed sentiments for or against the persecution of Violet and her sisters. After remaining there for some time James made his way to the entrance of the Glandelinian military assembly. A crowd of Glandelinian soldiers and officer officers were gathered there, and a tremendous rush was made when the doors were opened. James managed to force and elbow his way in, and sat for some hours listening to the debate, which was constantly interrupted by the soldiers and Glandelinian boy and girl scouts in the galleries, who applauded with loud insane frenzy the speeches of their favorite orators, the deputies of the army, and howled and yelled when some thing was said not in their favor. It was late in the evening before the sitting was over, and James was unable to leave his place earlier. Then he went and had supper at a wine shop and after re-entering on the company streets until they began to be deserted and the army was moving on to support those still attacking the Christians who had been driven into a strong position far beyond the camp, for the report of battle had been heard widely all day, the boy again crossed the river and made his way to the same mansion. Not a light was to be seen in the windows and all was silent and dark. The great door stood open. The work of destruction was complete the house was stripped of everything that could be carried away. James made his way to the bedroom where Violet and her sisters used to sleep. The massive bedsteads still stood in their places having defied the efforts of destruction which had proved successful with the cabinets and other heavy furniture. Sitting down on the floor James counted the boards beneath one of the beds, and then taking out a strong knife which he had always carried with him he inserted it by the side of the middle board and tried to raise it. It yielded without difficulty to his efforts.

As soon as it was lifted he groped in the cavity below, and his hand soon came in contact with the heavy heavy bag. Taking this out and putting it beneath his blouse, he replaced the board and made his way down the stairs. He felt too weak and fatigued to walk across the main camp again and the efforts made his way down to the river and curled himself up for the night at the foot of the wood pile where the little girls had found shelter for the morning, and in spite of the novelty of the situation, fell instantly asleep.

It was broad day light when he awoke, and an hour or two later he regained his lodgings, stopping by the way to breakfast at a quiet mess hall, frequented by the better class of Glandelinian soldiery who were Quartermasters many of whom laughed and joked about the fact that the princesses got away one of them saying: "Good thing. I don't favor the doings of the others at all. As against children. What a crazy notion." As when he called out the day before he was so fortunate in meeting no one as he made his way to his own tent after a three hour travel from the new Glandelinian camp, to Evans lines which still was not yet reached. In the morning the first step was to get up a board from the tent floor and deposit beneath it the bag of money. Then after having changed his clothes he went out and made a variety of purchases for house keeping as he did not wish always to be obliged to take his meals at places where any one sitting at table with him might enter into conversation that he did not like. His Abbeinnian was quite good enough to pass in the saloon of the princesses but his ignorance of the Glandelinian slang spoken among the soldiery and boy and girl scouts would have rendered it very difficult for him to keep up his assumed character amongst them even though he was a foreigner and would have needed all the fabrication of all sorts of stories as to his birth place and past history, why he was here and what he was doing and so forth. Although in the position in which he was placed James felt that it would be impossible always to adhere to the truth and that a life of complicity was no sin he shrank from any falsehood that could possibly be avoided.

His first duty in order to carry out the task he had undertaken was to keep up his disguise and this must be done even at the cost of telling lies as to his antecedents and why he was here and so forth but he was determined that he would avoid this unpleasant necessity as far as lay in his power. At nine o'clock he made his way to the apartment of Mrs. Louise Jarry, his entry was received with a cry of satisfaction from the little girls.

"What is the news James?" Jennie exclaimed. "We expected you here yesterday evening, and sat up until ten o'clock, and that is that you got wrapped up in your arm."

"I was over the other side of the river discharging the mission you and you

date - a had confided to me, and did not get back till this morning. I presume preserved this picture of you and your sister from the glandelinians in possession of your head quarters."

"I knew he was presented by something," Jennie said triumphantly. "I told you no police department didn't find you feared he had been captured and had been killed."

"Yes Jennie dear - I was mistaken to be impatient and feel some but you will forgive me James. You can guess how; and my sister's suffered yesterday?" "It was surely natural you should have expected me. I said I was after a while afterward that I did not tell you little girls when I let you that I should not be able to come in the evening, but indeed I did not think of it at the time."

"And now for you - we have James." Jennie asked impatiently. "Have you learned anything from our Father and Mother?"

"I am sorry to say I have not, except that from the conversation of the glandelinians they seem sort of apprehensive as your parents must be moving from the place and know with immense armies to come down here and strike the glandelinians a blow. But don't worry. They'll get here sooner or later and run your enemies out of the country. But I have good news for you girls. After going first to your deserted head quarters and finding it in the possession of a heinous mob of glandelinian soldiers, who were plundering and drinking. I went to see what had taken place at the headquarters of Walter's gang. I found that all the regiments of child soldiers had gone! I learned that Walter's gang was absent and that a party of soldiers were within and without and without in readiness to capture him on his return. Thinking it probable that he might have gone else where I went out beyond the gate on that road and waited for him. I had the good fortune to meet him to warn him of his danger and preventing his return to his own head quarters. He rode away with a disguise similar to my own which I procured for him and was to enter general James's army camp in the evening. He is to call on me at ten o'clock if he can get here, and I will then conduct him. He thought it best to come in before I let you know that he was coming."

Violet and her sisters burst into tears of gratitude and happiness at hearing that their best friend whom they loved more than a girl loves her lover had escaped from the dangers that threatened him. Born out by the fatigues and anxiety of the previous night and their loneliness in the dark and also their parents, they had not succeeded in sleeping except for only two hours after reaching the shelter of the old housekeeper's roof; she herself having lain awake all night thinking over the danger of all those dear to her and her sisters, and the far away father, mother and brothers. They were now completely convulsed to recover some with the revelation of feeling.

"You are a dear baby James even though a foreigner," Jennie said with frank admiration, while Joice sobbed out exclamations of gratitude for causing suspicion through her arms around you and kiss you if it was not for fear of causing suspicion. "You do seem to think about everything, and now poor Joice will know that Walter is safe, I do hope she and the others are going to be more like her self. As I tell her they cannot check the advance of father and mother who through Fenrod's direction will come to our help in time. Mama said we must be brave through all things, and at any rate, I try to be, and so does Daisy and Nettie, though they do cry sometimes and oh we feel so lonesome. Fenrod was best protector and with him away we feel so sad and oh so scared. And now I hope Joice and my other dear sisters will be cheerful too and not go about the house looking so down cast and wretched. I should have thought poor Joice would have been the last person to be down cast for no one is so powerful as being a brave girl then she is, but she is the most down cast of us all."

"I shall try to be better now Jennie," Joice said, but she couldn't even so much as try and force a smile and she wiped away her tears. "We ain't scared of the enemy James dear - what we may go through because of the foe in the future. We don't dare danger but this sorrow of parting. Father and mother so far away, brothers still further, Fenrod gone, and a cruel traitor brother-in-law get him a prisoner - it'll go hard with him. But you my sisters if I can help it shall not have any reason to complain of me in the future."

"While this conversation is on the house raised by the foe once occupied by the little girls is now possessed by demons whose ever-wicked foe soldiers follow demons come."

"Put do you think James?" Jennie went on with a return of her own anxiety that it is very dangerous for Walter to come back to the camp I know that his father has long been praying him to make for my father's army." "I do not think it is very dangerous at present Jennie. I think though it maybe better if this fighting battle continues and the foe successes goes on and this part of the camp set in danger, but I hope that when he has once seen you little girls, he will carry out his father's wishes and make for you."

father's army for his presence here (an even more chance you danger and can be of no utility. I told him so but he feared of losing you. He says it is desperation."

"In a case of his own opposition with his father it is different," said Joice. "I wouldn't tolerate desperation even from my best loved ones and neither would my sister, but if he does this for us - I don't want him to increase his own danger for us, when it would do no good for him or us and he must carry out his father's wishes. We'll make him. It is not desperation. He must not get that foolish idea into his head. I am sure he would be found out if the battle raged here and became successful for the enemy which I am afraid will happen and he never could make himself look like a foreigner."

"Why shouldn't he?" Jennie said insistently. "James does, and he is just as good looking as Walter despite his foreign features."

"What a little champion you are Jennie to be sure. You got the angel possession all over you, can see it now. (James looked closely to make sure and felt a sudden awe and strange feeling, he seemed transfixed and more lovely than ever in her excitement) But in some respects Jennie dear you are quite a right. Clothes after all do go a long way in making either a boy or a man or a soldier. Still although I think it is very dangerous for James, I think it will be more dangerous for Walter, because you see I he is an Abolitionist and he has the manner and ways of our own old race, and would find it more difficult to pass himself off as a foreigner than James, who has got something of a foreigner."

"Enough now," James put in laughing. "Don't be afraid to let it be a prince, I won't feel insulted. The American are sure rough, rougher than any people of any nation and fighters too and you are quite a right, but roughness comes to advantage now and I may need to use it and be a rough neck. A glandelinian called me an American pig yesterday and it was just good luck for him that I didn't throw straight at him, there was a bottle at his head. I can assure you little angels is that with those thick shoes on I find it quite natural for me to stoop along as a American boys do, and it will be much more difficult for Walter, who being of the military always rides on - walks with his head thrown back, and yet a sort of strong air of looking down on all wicked things as a child does a dirty tasting medicine bottle."

Jennie herself smiled a little through her own tears. "That is a fair report. Walter is a bit of a coward and a coward. And my sister shall order him to go, and if he won't obey his father's wishes because for fear of thinking we'll believe he deserted us, he will have to go for us. If he won't for us then we'll cry. He hates to see us cry like poison."

"I think Princess Violet, if you are the leader," began James and then looked at her sisters.

"Yes," smiled Jennie "we do her bidding at everything as she is the clever head of us all."

"Well then," continued James it would be wise for Walter's gang to wait you else where than here as we cannot tell how many and what spies may be here. The arrival of seven little girls to stop with Mrs. Jerry is sure to attract plenty of attention among secretly disguised glandelinian spies and if they cannot capture you they may try to assassinate you. That is the plot I overheard since you escaped with me. You then will be the subject of being watched on and covered. My visit will no doubt be noticed and it will be as well that there should be more material for talk. If all soldiers here in this army were Christians it would be well but God knows spies are here in disguise. No doubt this grand section of the army has so far escaped a disastrous attack at all, but spies may be here and be on a sharp lookout for you and your sister sisters. I should propose that if you have no objection to such a course that you should stroll out with your sisters and your housekeeper through the fields to St. Dennis for a while. We can keep a sharp lookout from my window and follow you at a distance until we get clear of any observation beyond the gates. If I see you are followed by any suspicious person don't be alarmed if I open fire and shoot him like a rat. Americans are that way."

Joice and her sisters first looked at each other and then they looked at Mrs. Jerry who nodded.

"That would be the best plan my little dears. What James says is very true."

The less chance we give the shadowing spies if there are any to see you and watch you the better, for though your disguises are good, glandelinians as you know from your own experiences can read through many disguises, and if sharp eyes are watching you they may note something in your walk or sound of voices that may excite a suspicion. They couldn't dare do anything else but then if they had a chance and got you little girls without protection they'll play you like the devils they are."

"That being arranged, then you must excuse me for it is just the time the boy general was to arrive and I fancy that he will be before then than

the other behind time--so I must be going." And he kissed the hands of each. But little Catherine and then Hattie too instead of the new hair--arm--around his neck and kissed him to his surprise. He then returned the embrace and then reluctantly left blushing and nevertheless from the love and pleasure of it all. Indeed upon reaching the door of his room James found a strange standing there. It was about his size and thinking at first it might be a foe he drew his pistol and cried:

"What are you doing in here, spy?"

"Oh it's your friend James. I'm Walter Starling." James at once put up the gun for he recognized the voice.

"It is you friend James?" said James "but I got to be careful. I didn't recognize you in that make up and though some one invited my tent. How long have you been waiting?"

"I have been here a half an hour and began to be afraid that something might have happened to you and to imagine all sorts of things. I knew, fooled you with my disguise and to give the mistake. My but your face turned white as I met seeing me. I knew you'd draw at instant notice."

"It is still the same old friend James?" said James "but the time we agreed upon Walter?" James said in loud voice for at this moment one of the doors opened and a woman who seemed to be a servant came out with a basket on her arm and he did not like her looks.

He started to stand the two and James rose to meet;

"Have on, I'll call soldiers."

He obeyed with reluctance and James continued:

"I have been looking about as usual but without luck so far up the way they told me the battle is raging something awful along a forty mile front and the Germans are getting alarmed for the Nationalists will start a reverse. I suppose you have had no better fortune in your search for two?" He had by this time unlocked the door and the two entered together.

"I must call you by your Christian name Walter and will do so if you don't mind when alone as at other times otherwise the title might slip out accidentally. Will you on your part call me only and tell me you know the principles and their parents and brothers called me only James which is the ordinary way in America of calling any one whose name is James or John or so on that is unless he is a sort of a fellow, but I must ask them to call me Andrew. And now, James would never do here because it is too much of a saint's name no let me see no is Andrew an apostle of our Lord. Call me Henry. No that can't go either and I can't think of a name to be called so just name me 'personal'."

"Have you seen them?" was Walter's first question.

"I have just left them Walter and if you look out from that window into the company at west you will in a few minutes see them also they are just going for a ramble. Walter and the boy-titled women of St Dennis, and we will slowly follow them. The man with a wicked look in his eyes he drew out his American made forty five revolver with some they 're shadows by any suspicion persons this will come in handy." He added but, thought it safer not to attract attention by going to the house house and I also thought it would be more pleasant for you to talk to the little girls and their father (Jennie) he wink winked at Starling at the word father--out the rain the fields near the works, than in a little room with us present. In fact too I didn't like the looks of that old woman. I don't believe she is a woman. If she follows let me know."

"Much more pleasant indeed, was wondering if I should get an opportunity opportunity for a few minutes talk alone with them."

They both took their places at the open window and leaned out apparently chatting and watching what was passing in the company street and listening to the roar of distant battle. From what they could see it seemed that the distant encampments captured by the enemy was now under heavy shell fire for thunderous reports came from that direction in a lively fashion of reports and crashing sounds that was bewildering and a great cloud of smoke hid the scene. A quarter of an hour later they saw the house keeper and the little girls come out of the house.

"We had better come away from the window now," James said "The youngest of the principles might look up and then might look up and nod without thinking and with so many eyes we know nothing of we can't be too careful."

They waited three or four minutes to allow the others to get well shrouded and then started out after them, they walked fast until they caught sight of the others and then kept some distance behind until the party had left the inner section of the camp and were out among the fields which lay between the encampments and the artillery positions of the Christian line. The road was in the distance a double row of great cannons and a position in advance for machine guns too and it looked as if an assault upon this position if it came would be a rank suicide on the part of the enemy but they carried

at original positions of artillery than before.

They then quickened their pace and were soon up with them. The greeting between Walter Starling and the little girls was a silent one, few words were spoken but their faces expressed their joy and meeting again after the perils through which they had passed; there was a little pause, and then James as usual seeing the old woman coming on from behind took the lead.

"Will it be all right to St Dennis and back with the youngest of the little girls, Mr. Jerry can sit down on that assessment over there, and go on with her knitting; you or our good Walter can ramble on with Joice and Violet and Jennie by that path through the field, we will agree to meet here again in an hour and for God's sake don't do anything suspicious for I don't like that old woman at all. I'll tell you two over the top. Keep your eye on her and don't do anything or say anything she'll hear. I'm going to try a ruse and capture her if possible and find out who she is. I'll act as to make her follow me."

This arrangement was carried out, Daisy Hattie and the others really enjoyed their walk, thinking their disguise was great fun, and being naturally little mischiefs and being used to disguises imitated so well the walk and manner of a woman in child that that Angelina and James were greatly amused. He had warned them strictly however not to look back at any time, though he himself would slyly watch the old woman with the basket of flowers.

"Maybe the poor old woman is all right and only wants to sell some flowers to some body," said Angelina shyly for she was loved and respected the aged as all good children do.

"It's not the case of being an old woman," said James "but of a really. I suspect old people because my aunt and grandmother are noble old people but I don't believe that is an old woman. She tried to overtake something I said to Starling and I believe she's a German spy and a man disguised as an old woman. If I can play a trick on her I might. I might let her come up and sell some flowers and then pull her on that shawl if it turns out to be a man I'll either shoot or call for help."

"None of these I like this too James," Angelina said. "I have often been among peasant girls and so have my sisters and even dressed like them. We have always found it joyful to be able to walk and do and do just as you please without committing sin but though our military bearing it is hard to forget not to hold my head up, and we almost forget not to swing our arms, and we walk much too sedately for our safety though that is the proper manner of good people. But on its hateful now when we are in such peril and it is what makes the enemy recognize us through our disguises and we never thought of that. Once when we were disguising ourselves and yet complained to Giggles because of their no often discovered he said almost hotly:

"It is you traitor principles. Don't hold up your heads, and swing your arms, act like peasant or German child men do and for Heaven's sake when within the lines don't walk so confounded sedately. That is the complete give away. And don't let your voices out so sharp, try to disguise them. That is more a give away than the others especially to the enemy who know you so well."

"Might we not do a little cunning might not we asked Hattie. "It would do us a lot of good and yet throw off suspicion upon that lady that is following following. I got a sight of her and, don't like her either."

"Oh by the way girls please call me the name 'personal' now, for spies may happen to know or notice directly if you happened to say my name while any one were near. Both my names come after the St. James and Andrew you know and my middle name even is Peter."

"I like the saint names best," Angelina said "but of course I should not say it before any strangers, but may we do a little cunning just once?"

"Certainly you may--unail you like," James laughed "You and your sisters can make to those cannons and back as often as you like for an hour while you do I'll try to trick that woman. If she is only a true hearted old lady I'll beg pardon afterwards. But I won't be followed by spies. I kill who shadows me in these times."

Came on girls came on little Daisy flows "Angelina cried as she started and the four dear little human flowers ran at full speed toward the cannons, Angelina however being the biggest completely distancing her sisters. They were then smiling when James came up. He had seen no sign of the woman and wondered where she went. He really didn't know it, it was his own dear mother in disguise. She wanted to see if he was really doing good to the poor little principles. Let him hope even by mistake that he won't turn on his poor mother."

"That ain't the first time I ever ran a race," Angelina said. "I have often in my earlier days have wished to try how fast I can run, and I believe so much of my running and my sister's too doing it has often saved us from even pursuing soldiers on foot. I don't know how it is my younger sisters did not run fast as they usually could. What's the matter sisters, you look so played out too and so red in the face."

"Daisy has more flesh," James said smiling and so has Hattie. "They carry

weight too as we should say in America, while you being some what bigger have nothing to spare."

"and she is three years older than even I am" said Catharine. "but it never did make a difference before. Something must be wrong with us and yet we do not feel anything wrong."

miles he said while he could only stand it a mile.
 "Yes Hettie agreed frankly. We too have walked and walked and rode
 horses over and over so far without stopping and have got tired, while once
 we rode took a long hike with us and got so awfully tired and so sore
 on the feet we had to get the loan of a horse from a farmer to bring him
 back to camp. The soldiers said Penned has not been trained to let like we have
 and we believe it. He is a little better now and we hope he'll improve.
 He is a better horse back rider than we are though and better at any weapon.
 But when it comes to hiking or running that get a him."

"Here are you children going and who are you?" demanded the sergeant in charge. By their very looks and abrupt appearance violent sisters saw they were real Angelinian soldiers and not spies, and to avoid trouble by mistake Angelina proved their identity.

"By gad the lad may be right. Where are you little girls + residing?"

James and his little charges walked next to the left end of the battery, and though meeting with lots of soldiers and attracting the curious gaze of the artillery men and other gunners they then turned and reached the point where the party had separated a few minutes before the passing of the appointed hour. The four little girls ran away to Mrs. Jerry, and he chatted to her gently while James walked up and down until a quarter of an hour later, Walter, Starling and the three other little girls made their appearances. The party stood talking together for a few minutes, then adjourned with very tearful and pale faces, but with firmness on the part of Walter and the little girls, and then the princesses with Mrs. Jerry turned their faces to camp while James and Walter remained behind until they got well on their way. Violet and her sisters had not gone far as the two noticed when a party of soldiers on horse back stopped them from proceeding forward, the leader being a lieutenant riding up his horse. Finding disaster was taking the little girls the boys were about to draw when Walter, Starling recognized the leader. It was Frederick Parker one of his best friends. They saw Violet show some papers which the officer looked at then when which he returned with apologies showing that he too had been mistaken as to the little girls identification.

"I am sure it is better so," James said. "The poor little girls will have anxiety enough to harass to help their parents and brothers being so far away. It is well that their mind should be at least once concerned you."

"Not much risk I hope," James agreed, but there is no saying, what stringent steps these spies may take as times go on."

The y were startled by the question and looking round saw a strange boy scout in Abbotian uniform standing there and he had a pistol in his hand. "I have been watching you for quite a while since those little begamiffins left you. Are you spied?"

"That is well and good, let me see your passes and paper papers."

The boy saluted and went on.
Walter had taken a lodging a few houses from the tent of James. But that night he went out as he agreed and disappeared away down the company street. At its bidding James a sad good bye. All that day the excitement in the camp increased at the sound of distant battle, every hour there were fresh

questioning of of strangers and ten arrests already. It was late

late in the month of May news came that the Vivian armies were still advancing, as easily checked by a missive trying to oppose them as a little child checks a wave of the ocean, and a portion of the army had laid siege to Mic-Oulis Rand Hum and the enemy army there was starting to withdraw in panic, and now terror was charged from the emotions of former success which excited to madness the other Glandelinian armies which had been successful at other places. Superior Vivian had a motor car like no other brother was never meant to retreat set even if losing battle. They didn't know what retreat meant, defeated in battle or victorious, they were ever and over on the advance like a slowly moving enormous mountain.

On the afternoon of that day a crowd of soldiers and officers were gathered before an orator at which James attended and heard. "We soldiers of this encampment are exposed to two parts, that of the enemy without, that of the enemy spies within. There is a Glandelinian director which sits secretly within our lines some where and corresponds with the Glandelinian army. To frustrate it we must arrest all strangers. God help them if they can't identify themselves. The princesses must be protected at all costs."

The whole crowd drew death against all who directly or even indirectly acted in directly refused to execute or hindered the orders given by the executive power. Some of conspiracy from secretly disguised foes spies agitated the whole Christian camp and struck alarm into the minds of all the soldiers, while all those who had friends attending the Vivian princesses became more and more alarmed for their safety. So that evening orders were rigidly issued that all the soldiers were to stay in their tents no one to leave camp in order that a visit might be made by the delegates of the Military Commune, to search for suspicious papers and for suspected persons, and that a strong guard should surround the headquarters where the little girls were and no strangers to be among guards either. Ha indeed, as soon as the order was issued a man or two men, one by the name Harry Goodtooth, and Victor Hugo went to their lodgings, and telling their landlords that they had obtained work at the other end of the Christian DO, almost called them dogs. The camps paid their rent and left the camp by a secret way and for the next day slept in the woods. They passed most of their time discussing projects for enabling some way to get at the Vivian Glandelinian princesses and assassinate them by means of a bomb, for from the stringency of the steps taken, and the violence of the Military Commune against all spies pasting the officers and the princesses, they could no longer indulge in the hopes that in a short time they could accomplish their dastardly purpose. At the same time they could hardly persuade themselves that even such men as those who now held the supreme power in their hands since Evans left to take command some where else could intend to take extreme measures against so vast a number of secretly disguised Glandelinian spies as were now secretly hidden within the lines. Victor and Harry knew that the Vivian girls had at first escaped from Vivian's Viviananna's captured camp through the means of some boy, but whether they were still confined within a tent in Evans' army or not they were of course ignorant. Still there was no reason to suppose that the little girls had been transferred to some unknown hidden spot to shield them from grave danger. And too the main one feared feared, Penrod was not there. But when they found out by secretly shadowing that the princesses occupied the headquarters formerly used by Evans it was so strongly guarded that neither force nor stratagem was really available. The guards were the creatures of Colonel Hanton and Lieutenant Robespierre and any attempt to bribe them would have been dangerous in the extreme as to bribe them to try and give up the little girls would be the same as to bribe a man who loves his little daughter to give her up. He may give her up all right but over his dead body. Victor proposed that as he as well as Harry were well provided with funds, for he had brought to the Christian lines all the money which he had succeeded in collecting, they should recruit a band among the ruffian spies in the encampment and make a sudden attack upon the headquarters at night. But Harry pointed out that a numerous band would be required for such a dangerous enterprise and that among so many men one could be sure to turn traitor before the time came.

"I am ready to run all risks Victor to destroy these little Vivian boys, but I see no chance of success in it. I was once apprehended by a girl scout when I was going to set their headquarters on fire in the other camp, when I posed as a doctor. The fact they didn't discover the lighter fuel in the bag saved me from facing a firing squad. Even now the very first soldier we spoke to might capture us for how can we tell who are spies and who are not and if we were seized there would be no one else to do the work."

In the meantime some one suggested to James that he ought to try and bring out the Vivian Glandelinian Princesses out of Evans' lines and get to the Vivian town and village all the way toward Big Old Knool is in possession of the Glandelinians, and so is all territory, and the first man we spoke to might be a Glandelinian and denounce us, and if we were seized along with the princesses there would be no one to look after their safety. If they were captured and I still at large there would be some chance for them as I can plan the American way and that usually brings success. My first duty is toward them. I gave my promise to their brother and also to Tim and Walter Starling, and although it is not uprobably, can be of any use to them I will at any rate be at hand should occasion arise, and yet as long as no attack comes here or as long as one is not successful which doubtless would be the result as they tell me Double Day Federal is another general who never retreats, they would be safe here in spite of secret spies. The danger lays with them going out of the camp. That they must not do and I will not let them if I can help it."

James was indeed greatly anxious for the safety of the little girls and that evening warning James against again hastening there, but found that by the strictness of the guards that all was well, and that he had a hard time to get in and had to not only identify himself but show his passes, and having it all proven which he managed to do. Though that was great difficulty to him and some what embarrassing, he was glad for that showed the guards were faithful in their duty and when the guard was apologized James only said:

"I'm really glad you were so strict with me. That is good as it shows your care fullness. God to say though if you had let me in very easily I'd have to have reported you."

The deputies learning from the house keeper that really the princesses inhabited the upper story and no one else where in the place felt easier too though they did make a thorough search of the house to be sure no spies were lurking within. The little girls however were in a state of terrible anxiety about the slowness of the advance of the armies under their parent's, although Mrs. Jerry had avoided reporting to them the sinister rumors which came to her ears when abroad to do her marketing at the military canteen, for she now went out alone thinking it better that the little girls should appear as little as possible in the streets for some spy hidden in a safe place may open on them with a rifle or hand going machine gun and mow them down.

"It is terrible," Joyce said, "I think night and day of the armies of father and mother. Why are they slow, and why we don't get letters from poor Penrod and our parents now. I heard long Myletze with an enormous army is concentrating against him and he is at the point. Oh I hope not. Such a battle as there will be with armies so enormous. Can nothing be done? My little though a foe is not a bad man for we know by experience. He even once though knowing us treacherously treated us to a great dinner in his headquarters and gave us safe passes out of the Glandelinian camp. Can't something be done to pacify him. I don't him to have to fight father. My little never was whipped by any general or armies and I'm afraid. Barely we might devise some means for their escape from fighting him."

"I can think of nothing, don't even know where their armies are," James said. "I have heard of Myletze and his army is too strong and well drilled in the art of fighting to be worsted by any considerable force and it would be impossible to get that together when so many Christian armies are said to be retreating instead of standing their ground."

"Could we not bribe those generals under Myletze?"

"I have thought over that too," James said in reply, "but you see it would be necessary to get several others working together together and how could we find Myletze's army when we know of its whereabouts. If it is too dangerous your father or mother would be the wisest to refuse an interview like that with Myletze. One might perhaps bribe some general if you could get the other generals would not fail for it. I do not see how possibly that can be done and can't understand either the girls why a general fighting for so unholy a cause as Glandelinians cannot be lured."

"Would it be of any use do you think were I alone to go to general Myletze or some of his other generals in all my pretentious prettiness and plead with them not to fight with our fathers?" asked Jennie. "They say I'm the prettiest of my sisters and therefore I would do that willingly if you think there would be the slightest chance of success. I'm sure even if I failed Myletze if I came into his camp with a flag of truce would not make me a prisoner." "You have saved yourself from capture but it would be in vain when Myletze thinks he is doing his duty and you may have to make a big sacrifice for him to draw off from opposition with your father. You would only attract attention to the other Glandelinian generals of his army and they would believe you and your sisters would be weakening and look upon you as afraid."

"Could we not get hold of one of his gene-als and force him to sign an order for an armistice between the two so that Father could make good his escape?" Angelina suggested....

"Oh," James exclaimed in surprise. "Angelina, you have the best head of all to day. That idea never occurred to me. Yes that might be possible if, can his chance to get you little girls there. How stupid of me not to think of it. But first we'll have to find out where my father's army is and also where is his hide-out."

"Ten miles west of Angelina's father," said Jennie. "But do not run into any unnecessary danger on our account."

"Surely not," Angelina said earnestly. "I only suggested that, even such a scheme could hardly succeed."

"Certainly it will succeed if James dares to undertake such a perilous mission," said Jennie with implicit trust in his powers. "But, wouldn't it? But I would not let him take any such chances."

James laughed, and even Violet, and her sisters anxious as they were could not help smiling.

"I will try and deserve your confidence Princesses but, am not a magician nor a wonder worker of miracles. But suppose princesses that your father was so did get engaged with Myletze and Myletze came out second best. Myletze would lose his unusual reputation and you sure would have far more confidence in your father than even if, were you let your father take a chance with Myletze and offer him many masses as you can for his success, but, will soon to it over with a young fellow who is like myself a Christian boy scout. I saved his sister yesterday a six year old girl when she accidentally hanged herself almost to death when trying to tie a rope to the top of a colling beam. He has a father who is a prisoner of war in the enemy lines and will I am sure join me in any scheme to undertake, to even save you from the secret spies. Two heads are better than one, and even more are much better still than two when it comes to acting. And now I must say good night though I really hate to go as it seems I'm keeping company with angels disguised as little girls, and pray pray if, am not intending what sort of perfume do you little girls use."

"We use the Rose perfume of many kind when we have the chance to buy it. Why do you wish to give us some. If you do we don't want to take it from you for nothing. We don't want any one to sacrifice for us. We are not selfish you see."

"That is not the point," said James. "But, have bought for experiment all different kinds of perfumes which, could show you for proof I have in my tent by now and none of them give the smell your kind does. Have you several varieties here I'd like to test it."

Violet and her sisters looked at each other.

"Why," said Angelina "we only have one variety now and that is, rose. I'll get it and let you use some if you like."

But he didn't want to use it but only took a smell."

"Surely princesses you surely must use a brand that no one uses or know of and which you only probably can get," said James getting suspicious as he sniffed the air. There is something wrong and he felt queer. They could see it in his face and Violet herself the quickest to become mindful giggled.

"After a while you'll say we got perfume imported from Heaven," she said as he rose to go.

"Well it certainly smells that way and you look so transfigured to night every one of you," he said with a great feeling of awe. I don't hardly believe you are little girls. I'm afraid I'm entertaining angels unaware and they're testing my cause or work in the cause, took sides for."

"Here take a good feel of my arm," said Jennie. "When you can tell--"

"A spirit can make themselves appear solid," said James. "But I'm not insisting that you are. I said it seems so. If you little girls are not angel possessed as I've heard I'll eat my hat. But now though, regret it I must say good night again though it's hard to pull myself away. I hope when, see you again, I shall be able to tell you that, have formed some sort of plan to make enemy spies keep miles away from you. But again I must say don't worry about father or mother. I don't believe Myletze can lick them. Pray and have masses. Masses and asked the intercession of you angels and he'll win out and so will you mother. Then surely Manley will lose his record."

"But it is not Manley."

"I know but if Myletze cannot lick your father or mother Manley will lose his record as I heard it said Myletze is his record. If Myletze cannot win then there is a sure sign the war in the long run will turn out in your favor. So good night and please don't let anything make you lose sleep."

Vivian Hugo was as usual waiting near the door when Harry came mounting up (if not down).

"That is the news Henry? Nothing suspicious, hope. You are back sooner than usual."

"Yes, for I have something to think of. Here we have been planning in vain for the fourth night to hit upon some scheme for getting at those pesky little Vivian's but princesses and one of my companions had pointed out a way you and I never thought of...."

"What is that Henry?"

"The simplest thing in the world namely that we should seize one of the leaders of the guard around the head quarters and compel him to sign them over to us as prisoners. If that fails I'll try this. Have a fake letter made up as if the brother was waiting for them out in a road way and that either they or one of them should come out and meet him and lead him into camp. Then we'll capture them and lead them into an ambush."

"That seems certainly possible," Vivian said. "I wonder that it never occurred to either of us. But how is it to be done?"

"Ah that is for us to think out. That soldier has given us the idea and we must be stupid if we cannot invent out the details. In the first place we got to settle which one of them it had better be and the next how is it to be managed. It must be some one whose signature the guards at the headquarters would be sure to obey."

"Then," Vivian said it must be either Colonel Pantan or Captain Robespierre or, Robespierre or whatever you call him."

"Or," said Harry added. "I think he is as powerful as either of the others."

"He is the worst of them any how of those Christian dogs," Vivian said. "There is something straight forward about Pantan. He doubt he is as ambitious as any Christian officer but, think his hatred of us is all real and he'd die before he would sign anything. He is a terrible enemy general Marat and if the Vivian's are in danger and he knows it he will stick at nothing to cover them and protect them. They are angels to him. He is tug without and pitiless to those who persecute those little brats, but, I do not think he is double faced. Captain Robespierre is very ambitious too, but I think he is acting according to his principles such as they are. He would be pitiless too to those trying harm to the princesses but he would condemn also on principle. He would sign unmovable the order for a hundred heads to fall if he thought their fall necessary for the salvation of the princesses, but I do not think he would fact any one before the firing squad to satisfy private enmity. They call him the 'Incorruptible.' He is more dangerous than Pantan, for he has no vices, and they say he is fond of birds and pet a of all kinds. I do not think we should make any success if we got them in our power. The one would be like a wild beast in a snare. They could only rage with fury unbounded and could not be forced to sign anything what we require, no do I think would Robespierre and, cannot count on Marat either. He is simply venomous to those doing him and to the little brats. He hates the wicked world, and would absolutely rejoice in seeing those brats safe if he had to resort to slaughter of a whole Glandelinian army. So lunatic is he in appearance that even the Glandelinian prisoners shrink from him. (In fact he is really a very hard some man) He is a venomous reptile to us when it would be a pleasure to slay as it would be to put once heel upon a little snake. Men of his type are brave braver than the most courageous phantoms I think if we only had a lieutenant of the guards we might frighten him into doing what we want if we threaten him with burning at the stake."

"Then a lieutenant it shall be," Harry said. "That much is settled. To morrow we will find out something about his habits. Till we know that we cannot form any plan whatever, let us meet at dinner time at our usual place. Then we will go out side the Christian Dog Military Assembly and wait until he comes out. Fortunately we both know the lieutenant by sight. He will be sure to go about round as usual by a mob of his admirers to the headquarters of the princesses to change the guards and see that all is in perfect condition. From there we can trace him to his tent. No doubt any one could tell us where he lives but it would be very dangerous to ask when we have found that out we can decide upon our next step."

They were however saved the trouble they contemplated for they learned from the conversation of two men among the soldiers, who cheered the lieutenant as he entered the Assembly, what they wanted to know.

"Cap General Marat is the man to watch the Vivian's and princesses," one of them said. "He hates the enemy, he would destroy all to save the little angels. I never miss reading his articles in the 'Friend of the Nation.' His cry is,

"Protect them with your lives against spies. Protect them and help their boy guard them shield them." He is a great man but is just like one of us. He still retains his old head quarters since the army became stationed here though he could move if he likes into the fine head quarters usually occupied by the Vivian girl princesses as they have often entertained him to. He wants no servants but lives as we do. Give General Marat..."

"Where does the great general live?" Victor asked the man in a tone of great respect. "On learning the address they took their way to the part of the camp where the general was."

"General Marat occupies a part of this neighborhood in this company street. See he not?" Victor asked a soldier who was closing his tent.

"Yes in that small house opposite. Do you want to see him?"

"No, only I was curious to see the house where the great friend of the Vivian girl is live and as I was passing the end of the Company Street turned down, and so General Marat lives there; it is not much of a place for a great a Christian general."

"It's all he wants the other said carelessly. "But he knows a thing or two. There is often plots against the Vivian girl princesses, and those cursed Glandelinians would kill them in cold blood or bob bomb them if they had the chance, but their headquarters by his orders is closely guarded day and night."

In the evening Victor and Harry returned to the street, and watched until General Marat returned from the Military Army. Y.M.C.A. His escort of strong horsemen the front column with torches the others armed to the teeth left him at the door, but half a dozen went up stairs with him and until far in the night visitors came and went... Then the light in the upper room was extinguished.

"It is not such an easy affair," Victor said as they moved away, "and you see as that soldier cleaning his tent told us, there is an old woman who takes care of the little brats and cooks for them, and it is much too difficult to seize that man or to bribe the guards without an alarm being given and as to bribing Christian guards, you might as well bribe those little brats to commit suicide."

"That is so," Harry agreed "but it must be done somehow, every day though we are winning so far matters grow more threatening, and Empress Vivian's army is advancing, and those bands of Gemini have not been brought all this way for nothing. The worst of it is we have such a short time to act. General Marat does not seem to leave the headquarters the Vivian girl is alone from the same number of guards from early morning till next early morning and the guards are changed every half hour. Suppose too we did somehow get the order to turn them over to us from some head of the guards at night we could not present it until the morning and before we could present it some one might arrive and discover him fastened up, and might take the news to the little girls before we could get them out and we ourselves would be in hot water."

"Yes that is very serious," Victor agreed. "I begin to despair. Henri. There is no putting it over on Christian dogs."

"We must not do that," Harry rejoined. "You see we thought it impossible before till that soldier gave us the idea. If one plan is impossible the other is not. There ought to be some way out of it if we could only hit upon it. Perhaps by tomorrow morning an idea will occur to one of us, and there is another thing to be thought of we must force the little girls to change their disguises as they'll be known by the Christian dogs in what they wear now and would bring us disaster. It would also be of no use whatever getting them out of the Christian lines unless we could conceal them after we did get our hands on them. It would not do for us to go to any tent, too and the last orders are so strict about the punishment of any one giving shelter to the enemies of the country and of the little brats, that people that let them all be suspicious and caused cause us to be apprehended. The only plan will be to get them out of the Christian lines at once. If we have them it will be difficult to go on foot for in every town and village east of here is also possessed by Christian armies and the strictest look is kept for all suspicious persons. Still that must be risked; there is no other way. We could act and walk like Christians."

"Yes, we must see about that tomorrow Henri, but I do not think the little brats would go willingly on such a journey and may give us a lot of trouble which would also excite suspicion. Therefore I think that when we get inside their head quarters we should draw our pistols and shoot them dead."

"Yes that would be much the best plan Victor, and now we are here close home. I hope by the time we meet in the morning one of us might hit upon

plan on the forgetting hold of these little brats. They're a great danger to the Glandelinian cause."

"Say I think I have hit upon a plan Victor I'd fight now," Harry said suddenly.

"I am glad to hear of it for although I have lain awake all night last night I could think of nothing. Well what is your idea?"

"Well you see General Marat often goes out in the morning alone. He is so well known and is so well regarded by all the Christian army that he has no fear of any assault being made upon him at any time. My plan is that we should secretly follow him till he gets into some Company Street with few Christian soldiers about... Then I would dash upon him, seize him and draw a knife to strike, shouting, 'I am you Christian dog.' You should be a few paces behind and should run up and strike the knife out of my hand managing at the same moment to stumble over the general and fall with him to the ground. That would give me time to bolt. I would have a beard on, and would have my other clothes over the blouse. I would then rush into the first door way of a barracks run inside pull off my beard and disguise and then walk quietly down dressed as a Christian soldier-dog. You would of course run upstairs and meet me on the way. I should say, 'I had just met a fellow running upstairs, and should slip quietly off.'"

"It would be a rightful risk, Henri, I might be at a disadvantage, enough to give you a successful fight before, could do the stunt."

"No I think it could be managed easily enough. Then of course the general would be very grateful to you, and you could either get him to visit your lodgings or could go up to his and once you managed to be there you could manage to out last his visit at night, and then we could do as we agreed."

"But under no conditions would he do it," Henri said. "You must not forget he wouldn't sacrifice those little brats to his best friend. And you know we should have hardly any time in the morning."

"You are right, I have been thinking of that, and I have come to a second conclusion that our best plan would be to seize him and hold a dagger to his heart and threaten to kill him instantly if he didn't accompany us. Then we would go down with him into the company street, and walk a-m in a-m to your own lodging. We could thrust a lot of cloth into his mouth so that he could not call out. Had he the courage and desperation to do so, which I do think he would even if he knew that by making the slightest sound we would kill him. These Christian dogs will sell their wives for the safety of those little brats. Then we could make him sign the order and leave him fastened up the rest."

"It is hopeless you could not force Christian dogs to sign anything. The best plan will be to put a knife into his heart at once the minute you have got the order signed if you did succeed, Victor said savagely. "I should have no more hesitation in killing any Christian dog general than stamping on a snake."

"No Victor we could not dare kill him in cold blood for we would do more harm than good to the cause, for those Christian dogs would consider he had died a martyr to his championship of his and their rights and of the glory of the God they worship and would be more furious than ever against the Glandelinians and we would be hunted down like abjects with hounds."

"But his account of what he has gone through will have just the same effect Henri, for it would not be probable that he should keep the story to himself. What has happened once may happen again and besides his statement that two persons tried to force him to sign over to them the princesses which he refused to do even to save his life would tell terribly against us. And make him a greater hero in the eyes of the army. No I think he would tell everything that was going on. After we have got them safe away we can say them where the killing won't be observed. Then with the little brats a lot of the way we can not only claim the reward from the Glandelinian government but see Glandelinia win the war just as well... well."

"Five minutes start would be all that we should want." "The plan was not destined to be carried out it was the morning of May the 25th and as they went down into the quarters where the quartermaster tents and army magazines of old clothes were situated in order to purchase the necessary disguises, they soon became sensible that something unusual was in the air. Separating they joined the groups of men at the corners of the street a street wondering why no many columns of soldiers were prepared for marching, and tried to learn what was going on while as to say in the alarm "A hell of a firing was going on in the direction of the recently captured camps of Vivianians right wing. None seemed to know for certain. All sorts of sinister rumors were about, sinister to the army enemy hopeful for the little girls of course. Word had been passed that most of general Double Day Federal army was to be in readiness that evening."

every man was to see to it his rifles were well oiled and cleaned. Some bands of officers had dropped hints that a blow was to be struck by Double Day Federal who was determined to strengthen his even now powerful army by capturing the camp and land success to general Vivian before it was too late and half of the army was already in fierce action. Every where there was a suppressed excitement among all the soldiers and boy and girl scouts too who had fled to Evans army, and would be an aid of gloom and terror among the Glandelinian spies. The thunder of a myraid of cannon could easily be heard. At some time Victor and Harry came together again and compared their observations.

"It may be that a great attack is going to be made upon Cannonia," Harry said. "I hope it won't succeed yet. There are still many divisions of Cannonia's army which have not been in any battle yet and who should be able to stand and with stand the fiercest Christian attack. It may be that a blow is going to be made being struck against the captured encampments."

"We must hope that Cannonia will win and sweep an attack here too," Victor said. "But I am terribly uneasy. Double Day Federal is a dangerous Christian general to contend with. Strange he only got word this morning that general Viviania lost all in his right wing, but when he strikes he strikes with irresistible force. I'm terribly uneasy."

"Oh Cannonia will lick him."

Despite that he said this, nevertheless Harry had the same uneasy feeling but he did his best to reassure his friend, and propose that they should at once set about buying the disguises, and that on the following morning they should carry into effect their plan with reference to general Marat. The dresses were bought, two suits such as military work, men would wear on working days were full of purchases. There was then a debate as to the disguises of the little girls, it struck them at once that it was strange for two young work men to be purchasing attire for children when they knew nothing about, and the size of clothing they were to wear, but after some consultation they decided upon clothing girls wez wean, and these Victor went in and bought. Gayly telling the quarte-masters regret that he was buying a birth day present for the Viviania princesses and to hold to the lie and to prevent suspicion was for the sake of the pretty good clothing. They took the clothes up to Harry's room agreeing that they needed not to put it all on the little "beast" but they decided to say nothing about the attempt that was about to be made until it was over as it would cause an anxiety which the old woman would be probably unable to conceal from the little girls. Victor did not accompany Harry to his room, they had never indeed visited each other in their apartment since a meeting always some little distance away in order that their connection should be unobserved, and that should one be arrested, no suspicion would follow the other.

As soon as he had disposed of the clothes Harry sallied out again, and once joined he joining Victor they made their way down to some spot spot being too anxious to remain quiet and saw the immense columns of soldiers on the swift march. They were close to the head quarters of the little girls and saw that it was guarded as closely as ever. They could learn nothing from the crowd of boy and girl scout which was as usual getting ready for their own movement and who would not say anything. But the noise southward was increasing.

There was a general impression that some thing was about to happen but none would give any definite reason as to their belief. For an hour they wandered about restless and anxious as the noise of battle in the direction of the captured camps increased. They fought their way into the galleries of the Military Assembly, when the doors opened, but for a time nothing new took place, only the continuous "tramp tramp" of the marching soldiers and the sound of artillery wheels and gun caissons and the thud of enormous numbers of cavalry hooves. The military assembly in which the Christian leaders had a powerful voice had protested against the slowness of the army being prepared for the advance. The assembly did not lack any firmness, the Abbeannian Committee in the army every day had gained more power of protection for all. Already war ants of arrests were prepared against all strangers who could not prove themselves or not spies or under suspicion of whose names were not on the lists of the roll call which seemed to show very much protection to Violet and her sisters. In fact it was so far having its effects. Too scared and restless to remain in the military assembly Victor and Harry again took their steps to the company Street of company B.

Just as they arrived there twenty four persons of whom twenty two were dressed as women were brought out from a prison tent of large size by a party of soldiers who shouted:

"To the Execution field." These soldiers lined up in rank formation in front and rear of the prisoners one of them looking like a priest, shouting:

"You may not arrive at the execution field you murdering spies, the very people among the refugees are waiting to tear you to pieces."

But the refugees people themselves looked on silently in sullen apathy.

"You see them?" one of the officers shouted. "There they are, you army here is about to march on to retake the lost camps. These spies are of the Glandelinians who butcher wives and children. They were here to assassinate the princesses. It has been proven. Their crime is terrible."

Still the crowd did not move. The great mass of the soldiers had a real thorough horror to think that Glandelinian spies instead of just doing the noble deed of trying to learn plans and so forth had come within their lines to murder the little Viviania in cold blood, ordered by the violent leaders of Glandelinian backed by the whole Glandelinian army. A few shouts were raised here and there of down with the spies, charge down with the murdering spies, "Victor would have passed for a dead backless recklessly to rescue the spies had not Harry held him arm tightly exclaiming in his ear:

"Be strain yourself Victor. The soldiers and mob will turn on you. They are not having the spies or anything with them on they are all soldiers. They're only too horrified to think and if they rescue themselves themselves the guards could not even protect the spies, you can do nothing yourself. Come get out of the crowd."

So saying, he dragged Victor away. It was well that they could not see what was taking place in the captured Viviania. Victor would have been ungovernable, for several of the officers had drawn their swords and were hacking furiously at their prisoners.

"We will follow them," Harry said, when he and Victor had made their way out of the crowd. "But you must remember Victor, that come what may you must keep cool. You would only throw away your life unnecessarily these Glandelinians are fierce and for your wives sake you must keep cool. Your life belongs to her and you have no right to throw it away. These spies were a fool enough to all or themselves to come and they're caught."

"You are right Henry," Victor said gloomily. "But how can one of us look on and see seeing officers inciting others to the execution of spies because they tried to be caught trying to kill the little beast which is going to take place? We must follow them."

"I am ready to follow them," Harry said. "But you must not go unless you are firmly resolved to restrain your feelings no matter what happens. You can do no possible good, we cannot save our spies from these Christian dogs, while they can save their own, and therefore you will only involve in the destruction of others."

"You may trust me," the other said. "I will be calm for my wives sake."

Harry however had his doubts as to his companion's self control, but he was anxious to see what was taking place and they joined the throng that followed the coaches. But they were now in the rear and could see nothing that was taking place before them, then the carriages reached an open field the prisoners were forced to alight. Some of them were set on one cut down by cavalry soldiers when in desperation they tried to make their escape, the rest fled into a big roomy house where unfortunately one of the Committee was sitting. It's members however righteously did nothing to protect these murdering scoundrels and looked on while all save two were massacred unreluctantly unhesitatingly. Then the soldiers came out brandishing their bloody weapons (blood from human deaths) and shouting:

"The good work has begun; down with the assassins of little girls, down with spies who come to murder the princesses."

It seemed a horrible deed but it really was justified. Spies who come into the Christian lines only to learn intentions and plans and so on even do not meet a death penalty but only a term in prison for a certain number of years but when spies come to murder the princesses in cold blood, such holy little girls then it is too bad for them if caught, and these were caught and the evidence against them a sure proof before heaven and earth and they won't wait to hang or shoot either. The majority of the soldiers and refugees however had not followed the procession to the scene of execution as beyond the crowds were too great. They had been horror-struck at the words of the guards of the prisoners, and felt that this was the beginning of the rumors of the last few days or the fulfillment of them. The attempted murder of the little Viviania by these prisoners was indeed the signal for every soldier and refugee to draw back in horror and sorrow. All who had at first thought that the hour of unity and happiness for the little girls now commenced with the coming of Evans army under Double Day Federal, Evans to come with the hero Vivian, and who had gone heart and soul in the hope to see them get the right desert, and had now shrunk back appalled at the strange new spy horror which had sprung into existence. Horror and apathy had prevented them from doing what the officers said they might do. They were

or had been rooted to the spot in horror and grief. Each fresh act of usurpation of power by these many disguised spies had alienated a section and had frightened the whole army, now the spies got caught was from the fact they either didn't answer to the roll call or answered the wrong names. All the soldiers, and the refugees, had shrunk back, sick, and appalled, and as enraged when they saw that even in this treacherous way the lives of the good little princesses were so treacherously menaced.

Because the way Glandelinia had carried on the war, devastation of a whole country by forest fires, great floods, the world had never seen, explosions making volcano holes of a whole country, the massacre of children in a way that would be a horror to picture Glandelinia had no friend, and for all this time since the war had continued Glandelinia was standing forth in the eyes of the Christian world as a wicked demonish blood stained horrible monster, the enemy not of god and Holiness only, but of humanity in general.

And to offset the horror Glandelinian generals hired agents and spies to murder wholly little princesses in cold blood. Surely the angels were protecting them, otherwise whole sales of spies would not have occurred.

The crowds following the executions were composed almost entirely of what the Glandelinians would call them "The Scum of Heaven" Abyssinilian soldiers and soldiers who had long been at war with all Wicked Societies, who hated everything ugly and wicked, hated those who hated god if they didn't repent, hated all things cruel and wicked, and as they had seen children suffer more than even violet and her sisters could ever boast off, they had become wild beasts to the wicked murdering Glandelinians who were the products of that evil system of Glandelinian society which allows and commands children prisoners of Christian countries, to be tortured and massacred in all sorts of styles never seen in true history and far more horrible, too horrible to relate here, and which violet and her sisters fortunately had never seen.

What they had seen during massacres was nothing in comparison what Abyssinilian soldiers had observed and avenged. Abyssinilian soldiers don't give quarter to Glandelinians persecuting children. The greater portion of them were in the pay of the Abyssinilian Commune, and the shouts of the guards had been taken up and echoed by the mobs of soldiers. Savage cries, and shouts for vengeance against the Glandelinians filled the air. Can't leave the princesses alone. Well they'll die for it. Blood of the wicked assassins had been tasted and all their angry righteous instincts against bloody murdering assassins were on fire.

"Henry! this is horrible, those accused Christian dogs," Victor Hugo exclaimed. "I feel as if I were in a night mare, not that any night mare could compare in terror to this. Look at those heinous faces--faces men are glad because those little brats were threatened, exulting in the thought of seeing the execution of our brave heroes who had tried to slay the little brats, lustful for the deaths of these brave spies, and to think that these creatures are the masters of Abyssinilia. Great Neptune what can come of it in the future? Are those little brats so important to them that they'll do that to spies trying to kill them. What is going to take place now."

"Organized massacre of spies I fear. Victor! What seemed incredible for Christian dogs to do, what seems impossible, is going to take place; there is to be a massacre of all the captured spies."

They had by this time reached a large open field. Here a large number of prisoners had been collected. Many prisoners were also within a long building. It was a sort of prison. The soldiers entered who commanded the coming execution, and the prisoners were called by name to assemble in the field. First a spy disguised like an Archbishop was hurled, then the soldiers fell upon the others and hewed them down. Two men who were spies, and who were also had been disguised as bishops were among the righteously slain, and the executioners did not desist until the last wicked prisoners had either been shot, hacked to pieces or hung. Bodies had already been dug and carts were waiting to convey the corpses there, showing how carefully the preparations for the massacre had been made. Then the number of executioners returned to the big building, and with a crowd of followers entered the hall. Here one of the officers organized a sort of tribunal of men taken at random among the crowd of accused refugees, refugees because of the wicked foe. Some of these men had seen the loss of their all. No more spies who had been arrested were brought out. They were spared the face of the trial as there was too much evidence found on them, they were ordered to march out through the doors, outside of which the executioners were awaiting them. Some hesitated to go out and cried for mercy. A young spy with head erect was the first to go and pass through the fatal doors. He fell in a moment pierced with a bullet. The rest followed him, and shared his fate. The mob of soldiers and refugees had crowded into the galleries which surrounded the hall of the long building and applauded with furious yells the execution of the would be assassins. In the body of the hall a space was kept very clear by the armed

320 follow follows of the Commune around the judges table and a pathway to the door from the interior of the prison to that opening into the street. When about thirty of the spies had been massacred, the trial of other prisoners commenced. One after the other the wicked prisoners were brought out. They were asked their names and occupations, a few questions followed, and then as evidence was produced against them the verdict of guilty. Six of them were conducted to the door and slain. Ten received life sentence at the inland prison. Two others by the witness of their answers and by the fact that no evidence was proven against them amused the soldiers and were thereupon acquitted from the death penalty and were sentenced to four years at hard labor. Victor and Harry were in the lower gallery. They stood back from the front, but between the heads of those before them they could see what was going on down below. Victor stood immovable his face as pale as death. His cup had fallen off his hair was dark with perspiration his eyes had the look of concentrated horror his body shook with a spasmodic shuddering....

In vain Harry, when he once saw what was going to take place urged him in a whisper to leave. He did not appear to hear, and even when Harry pulled him by the sleeve, of his coat he seemed equally unconscious. Harry was greatly alarmed and feared that at any moment his reckless companion would betray himself by some terrible outburst.

After the thirty fourth spy had been brought out, and disposed of, a tall and stately man was brought into the hall. A terrible cry, which sounded loud even above the tumult, which reigned, burst suddenly from Victor's lips followed by a curse.... He threw himself with the fury of a mad man upon those in front of him, and in a moment would have bounded into the hall with sword up raised. Had not Harry brought the pistol butt with all his force down upon his head, Victor fell like a log under the blow....

"What is that? Is the matter?" shouted those around.

"For some reason or other my comrade has probably gone out of his mind," Harry said quietly. "He has been drinking for some days too much coffee, and his hatred for the enemies of Abyssinilia, and the Vivian girl princesses has turned his head. I have been watching him and had just knocked him down he would have thrown himself fore most off the gallery and broken his neck...."

The explanation seemed natural and all were too interested in what was passing in the hall below to pay any attention to so trivial an incident. It was well that Harry had caught sight of sight of the prisoner before Victor did so, and was prepared for the outbreak, for it was his father who had been led out to execution as a spy. Harry dragged Victor back against the wall behind and then tried to lift him.

"I will give you a helping hand (not on the left end)" a tall portly stranger in the dress of a store mechanic who had been standing next to him said, and lifting Victor's body onto his shoulder made his way to the top of the stairs Harry preceding him, and opening a way through the crowd of soldiers and refugees. In another minute they were out in the open air.

"Thank you greatly sir," Harry said. "I do not know how I should have managed without you. If you put him down here somewhere I will try to bring him a round...."

"I'm quartered not far from here," the tall man said. "I will take him to my tent. You need not be afraid," he added as Harry hesitated. "I have got my eyes open you can trust me...."

So saying he made his way through the crowd, gathered outside. He was frequently asked who he was carrying, for the crowd feared lest any of the wicked spies should escape; but the man replied given with a sudden rough laugh.

"It's hot in the re and he swooned----" satisfied them. Passing down a long Company street the man entered a large tent and laid Victor on a cot, then he carefully closed the door and struck a light.

"You hit him awfully hard on the head my friend," he said as he examined Victor's head. "My goodness I should not have liked such a blow myself, but I don't blame you. You were just in time to prevent his betraying himself, and better a hundred times a knock on the head than those Christian gun men outside. That door I had my eye on him too and felt sure he would do something rash, and I had intended to choke a him but he was too quick for me. How came you to be so foolish as to be there?"

"We wanted to see what was going on," Harry answered for he saw that it would be the bestest policy to be frank. "It was as I believe his father whom they brought out to execute as a spy as an assassin in spy."

"It was rash of you young sir. A person might as well try to save his mother from the tiger who has laid its paw upon her as for you to try and kill the one little Vivian girl great goodness. Gracious to think that in the early days, was fool enough to go down and do spying my self. But I have seen my mistake. What has it brought us, nothing. And now what are you going to do. My wife who helps me in spying on these Christians is out but she probably will be back soon. We will attend to this young fellow."

She is a good nurse and, tell you, think he will need all we can do for him."

"You don't think I have seriously injured him?" Harry asked in a tone of dismay.

"No, no, don't make you self uneasy. You have stunned him and that's all, he will soon get over that. I have seen men in the Glandelinian army get worst knocks in a drunken row and be at work again in the morning; but it is different here. I saw his face and he was pretty nearly mad when you struck him. I doubt whether he'll be in his right senses when he comes round; but never fear we will look after him well and prevent Christian dogs from getting him. You can stay if you like, but if you want to go you can trust him to us. I see you can keep your head, and will not run into danger as he did."

"I do want to terribly go terribly," Harry said "terribly, and I feel sure that I can trust you completely. You have saved his life and done all mine already. Now you will not be hurt at what I am going to say. He is the son of Duke Heigo the last man we saw brought out to be massacred. We have plenty of money. In a belt round his waist you will find a hundred dollars in Abbeinnian money. Please do not spare them. If you think he wants a surgeon call him in, and get everything necessary for your household. While you are nursing him you cannot go out to spywork. I do not talk of reward one cannot reward kindness like you're, but while you are looking after him you wife and you must live."

"Agreed," the man said, shaking Harry by the hand. "You speak like a man of heart. I will look after him. You need not be under any uneasiness. Should any of the Christian dogs come up to ask questions I shall furnish something excusable to say for instance. This is a young army work man who got accidentally knocked down and hurt in the crowd and whom having nothing better to do I have brought in here."

"If he should recover his senses before I come back," Harry said "please do not let him know it was I who struck him. He will be well nigh heart broken that he could not share the fate of his father. Let him think that he was knocked down by some one in the crowd."

"All right that is easily managed," the man said; "Jacques Hedarter is no fool. Now you had best be off for, see that you are on the run, and leave me to bathe his head. If you couldn't have time or the chance to come back soon you can depend upon it I will look after him until he is able to go about again."

On leaving Victor in the care of the man who had so providentially come to his aid, Harry hurried down the Company Street toward the big long building, then he stopped to think--should he return there or make his way to another prison filled with spies. He could not tell whether these captured spies had been moved to this execution Tribunal building or not. If they had been so it was clearly possible for him to aid them in any way. They already had fallen. The crowd was too great for him to regain the Gallery, and even there he could only witness without power to avert their execution. Were they still at the other prison he might do something. Perhaps the executions had not yet arrived there. It was now nine o'clock in the evening. The Company Street was almost deserted. Most of the army had gone forth to battle, trembling at the horrors facing the Vivian girls of which reports had circulated during the afternoon. At first there had been hopes that the Assembly would take steps to put a stop to the massacre of the captured spies, but the Assembly did nothing what even General Danton and his ministers were absent. The distant cannons resounded perpetually. There was no secret as to what was going on. The Abbeinnian Communists according to the other spies at live liberty had the "insolence" to send commissioners to the bar of the assembly to state that the soldiery was wished to break open the doors of the prisons and this when two hundred spies had already been executed.

A deputation indeed when to the field to try and persuade to the executioners to desist, but their voices were drowned in tumultuous cries. The Communists in the camp openly directed the just massacre. Officers of all rank went back and forth to superintend the execution of their orders and promised the executioners twenty four dollars an hour. On a living in front of the other prison Harry found all was quiet there and with a faint feeling of hope that the massacre would not extend there he again turned his steps in the direction of the long Tribunal. The bloody work was still going on, and Harry wandered away into the quiet streets to avoid hearing the shrieks of the victims and the yells of the crowd. A sudden str thought struck him, and he went along until he saw an old woman come out of a low tent.

"Madame," he said "I have the most urgent need of a bonnet and shawl. We will you sell me those you have on? The shops are all shut on account of a battle

regarding in general vivianians for it to you, would not trouble you," he said as he ran up to her to hear "You have only to name your price and I will pay you."

The woman was surprised at this proposition, but seeing that a good bargain was to be made she asked twice the cost of the article when new, and this Harry paid without question. Wrapping the shawl and bonnet into a bundle he retraced his steps, and sat down on some log within a distance of the long Tribunal building which would enable him to observe any general movement of the crowd in front of it. At one o'clock in the morning there was a stir and a large body of armed soldiers moved down the street.

"They are going to else where," he said after following them for some distance. "Oh if I had but two or three regiment of Glandelinian soldiers here we would make mince meat of those fools."

He found they were going toward Prison camp number two, he did not enter there where the scene was taking place at the execution field--for in spite of the speed with which the trials were hurried through--these massacres of spies were not finished there--so great was the number of prisoners--we were peated. At this prison number two there were a spies. They shared the fate of the others being hung on trees.

Also here were many Glandelinian lady spies imprisoned who had also had a hand in the wicked and cruel conspiracy to help in the murder of the Vivian girl princesses among them one called Princess De La Morido, they shared the fate of the male spies, also being hung, but the head of the princess was cut off and stuck upon a pike and was carried in triumph under the windows of a building shaped like a temple, where a man and woman spy husband and wife were confined, and was held up to the bars of the room they occupied for them to see. Harry remained a little distance from here tramping restlessly up and down half mad with rage and horror and at his powerlessness to interfere in any way with the proceedings of the soldiery who were carrying on the work of execution. At last at about eight o'clock in the morning a boy scout ran by.

"They have finished with them at the execution field," he said with fiendish glee as it seemed. "They are going from there to the main spy prison camp at the south."

Harry with great difficulty repressed his desire to slay the boy scout, and hurried away to reach that prison camp before the band of executioners from the execution field arrived there. Unfortunately he came down by a side street upon them when they were within a few hundred yards of the prison. His great hope was that he might succeed in penetrating with the executioners and find some one he could aid in escaping through the mobs of soldiery in the disguise he had purchased. But here as at the other prison camps there was a method in the whole sale execution of assassins spies. The agents of the Communists took possession of the hall at the entrance and permitted none to pass further into the prison, the warders and officials bringing down the prisoners in batches, and so handing them over to execution. In vain Harry tried to penetrate into the inner part of the prison. He was roughly repulsed by the soldiers guarding the door, and at last finding that nothing could be done, he forced his way again into the open air, and hurrying away at some distance threw himself on the ground and burst into a passion of tears.

After a time he arose and made his way back to the house where he had left Victor Heigo. He found him in a state of delirium arising over and over again the scene in the execution hall, cursing the judges and executioners and calling them all Christian dogs, and crying out that he would die with his father after killing the Vivian brats.

"What does the doctor think of him?" he asked the woman who was sitting by Victor's bed.

"He did not say much," the woman replied. "He shook his head and said there had been a terrible mental shock, and that he could not give an answer for his life or reason. There was nothing to do but be patient to keep his head bandaged with wet cloths, and to give him water from time to time. Do not be afraid if we will watch over him carefully."

"I would stay if I could," Harry said, "but I have other things I must see about. To avenge this slaughter of spies I would give anything to kill those brats of the Vivian girl princesses."

"The little brats," the woman said. "It is terrible. My husband was telling me what he saw, and a neighbor came in just now and said it was the same thing at the other prisons. My brother too, he was dragged away and executed. How is it that things can be Christian spies get away from us. Don't you see?"

"We cannot tell," Harry said sadly. "As for my self I cannot hardly believe it. though I was an eye witness of it. They say there are over four thousand prisoners captured who could not give satisfactory answers and if evidence are against them that they had a hand in the attempted murder of the little brats they will all be executed."

Such a thing was never heard of within such a camp of these Christian dogs. I can hardly believe that I am not in a dream now."

"You look a most like one dead yourself," the woman said pityingly. "I have made a stew for my husband's breakfast and mine. It is just ready. Do take a mouthful before you go out. That and a piece of bread and a cup of red wine will do you good."

Harry was on the point of refusing but he felt that he was utterly worn and exhausted and that he must keep up his strength. His husband therefore took his place by Violet's bedside in readiness to hold him down should he try to get up in his savings, while the woman ladled out a basin of the broth and placed it with a piece of bread and some wine on the table. Harry forced himself to drink it and when he rose from the table he already felt the benefit of the meal.

"Thank you very much," he said. "I feel much stronger now. I must go and try my duty."

So Harry first went back and waited outside the prison until the execution work was over, but found on questioning those who came out when all was done that the spies had all been executed for their dastardly plots upon the princesses.

"But good night," the man whom he was speaking to said; "But these wicked accursed Glandelinian assassins in spies have courage. Men and women were alike there was not one of them but faced the judges of the court manfully and bravely and went to their deaths as calmly as if going to a meal. There was a man and his wife. They brought them out together. They were asked whether they had anything to say why they should not be punished for their crimes of attempted assassination of the Vivian girls. Princesses. The man himself laughed aloud scornfully.

"Crimes of attempted assassination," he said. "Do you think I am going to plead for my life because it was my duty to slay those little brats. Come my love. We go together."

He gave her just one kiss and then took her hand as if they were going to walk a minute amidst together and then led her down between the line of guards with his head erect and a smile of scorn on his face. She did not smile but her step did not falter. He watched her closely. She was very pale and she did not look at all proud but she walked as steadily and calmly as her husband till they reached the door where the soldiers waited. He was hanged, she faced the firing squad, and they died without a cry or a groan. They are foul bodies were these Glandelinian assassin spies. They have fattened on the life blood of countless little children no doubt, but they knew how to die these spies."

Without a word Harry turned away. He was deciding that spy ing within the Christian lines was as fatal as suicide. What should he do, give it up. He was too determined. He decided to get revenge and therefore he wrote hastily on a piece of paper of some letter he had stolen from one of the Vivian girls; com copying Pen's old hand writing!

"Come at once and lead me into the Christian lines. I have sent this messenger to you my dearest sister Violet."

Penrod!

Her sisters were not at home when the man who received the note presented it to Violet, and she was so anxious to see her brother Penrod that being deceived by the hand writing she couldn't resist the call, and with a prayer of thanksgiving to God she set out with the spy Harry. At first she didn't like his looks, but as looks usually do not betray character and as he spoke civilly enough she was not afraid of anything. He walked with Violet and soon was close to the outer limits of the west end of the Christian camp, when a officer of high rank on horse back wearing a large red sash, which showed him to be a general of the Abyssinians came along at foot pace. It was general Fred Wick Nance. His eyes fell upon Violet's face, and then charged to that of the man and rested on both, at first with the look of doubtful recognition, followed by a start of surprise and satisfaction. He reined in his horse instantly with the exclamation;

"Two more dirty spies looking for the Vivian girls. Princesses."

For a moment Violet shrank back, her cheeks paler than before and her hand flew to her mouth as a stifled gasp escaped her. His eyes were burning into her like two fiery coals. For a moment she turned away unable to meet the terrible look in his eyes. His face was ashen, his lips tight and bloodless, his eyes blazing with an insane fury that made Violet feel dead. His expression fairly frightened her. Fred Wick Nance was a dangerous man to spies who attempted murder of the little girls and he had mistaken her for one in her disguise. She had heard what happened to the spies and she was horrified. Then recovering herself she said calmly;

"I'm princess Violet not a spy."

His voice from her horse didn't sound natural to him.

"It goes to my heart," he went on with a sneer "to be obliged to do my duty, but however unpleasant it is it must be done. Claiming that you are Princess Violet will go harder on you than before. Good-bye," he said waving his voice "I want two men."

Several soldiers within hearing came forward willingly.

"This boy scout is a Glandelinian spy in disguise and claims he is one of the dear Princesses. He went on pointing to Violet. "In virtue of my office as deputy general and member of the Cmo Committee of Public Safety of the Vivian girls I arrest him and give him into your charge. Where is that scoundrel of a man who was with him? Recognized his face instantly? Seize him also on a charge of using the boy as an accomplice."

But the spy Harry was gone. The moment general Nance had looked around for assistance he was gone. He knew the general being a true Christian was only making a mistake, and would find it out in time, but as to himself he would be out of luck and get it worse for having her in his possession. He would have to give an account of that and he had intended as soon as he got her to a lonely spot to kill her. Seeing what had happened he had instantly slipped away among the crowd, whose attention had been called by general Nance's first words, and dived into a small quarter-master store, where he at once began to bargain for some neck ties.

"There in Henry's name is that man!" the general repeated angrily. "His name and person, know well. Had he got to their headquarters he would have murdered the princesses. I'll bet this brat was luring him there."

"What is he like?" one of the bystanders asked.

The general gave a good description of him for he not only noticed that Violet had been speaking to the man but knew him personally but his description did no good the scoundrel was gone.

"Confound it," he said in a tone of vexation. "Never mind we shall find him later one. His capture is most important. See that no one leaves the camp."

So as yet he set out with Violet walking beside him with a guard on either hand. In the next Company Street he came on a party of four soldiers of the Assembly and ordered them to take the place of those he had first charged with the duty, and directed them to proceed with him to the prison where enemy child scout captives are kept. Violet was taken at once before the Committee sitting on permanence for the discovery and arrest of all suspects trying to harm the Vivian girls. Princesses. It seemed a lucky thing for Violet that she was arrested by mistake but unless she could get herself identified she would face dire peril for if any one was trying to murder her and he insists on not even a child spies would be exempt from death.

"Charge this boy with not only being a Glandelinian spy in disguise and leading one of those Glandelinian spies probably two of the Vivian girls head quarters but also with claiming he is Princess Violet. Have him examined and cross examined. He is one of the followers of whom were executed only early to day because they would not leave the princesses alone. I am sorry that it should fall to my lot to denounce these sort of spies but I feel that my love and duty to the princesses who army best of friends stands before any private considerations. Have the little imp examined."

"You have done perfectly right, General," the president of the Cmo committee said. "As I understand the Vivian girls have been in grave peril from so many of these secret spies I will at once sign the order for that little fool's commitment to the prison. There is room there still and she can be among her own kind if that little spy is a real girl in disguise."

"We must have another jail delivery of spies," one of the committee laughed and a murmur of assent passed through the chamber. Violet was brought for an Abbis Abbaianian detective soldier by the guard. They brought the accusation and the detective leaned across the desk to her.

"Now look here," he said sagaciously to her shaking a pencil two and her.

"It does no good for you kids to lie. We know all about it. The general was looking every where for you. A hundred of my followers all swear you were the last person seen out with that man spy. You better make just what happened. Were you not leading him two of the headquarters of the princesses?" "No," said Violet. "I am princess Violet." They arrested her by mistake. "The office looked more savage. He felt indescribably lonely as she sat there and faced him. If she could only say the word of prove her identification she would be released with plenty of apologies but through some cause she had temporarily lost her natural voice so it could not be recognized. He knew now that who had brought the message was a fake, that she had been with a real Glandelinian spy luring her to death and that this mistake had saved her life. But if she couldn't prove her identity she would go to her death any how."

Ever since she and her sisters were in such danger the soldiers were apprehensive and in savage fury and spies would be put to death in a short time and children spies of her own age too if they were at her and her sisters. She knew now that companion with the note was guilty, and knew he had now added to his other war crimes that of attempting to murder her and the timely arrest by her friend Nance had saved her. Deliberately she twisted the truth and then telling it better saying that the man who had been with her was the real spy and she showed the decoy note which she still had in her possession. Yes she had been lured by this man with the fake note but she was no decoy of him his knowing nothing of his intention. The military detective leaned across the desk at her.

"Then I'm to understand this man was a spy," he snapped sarcastically. Then pounding the desk with his fist he thundered:

"One of our officers was shot with his own gun--and you held that gun. That gun was found in your possession. Then began an ordeal of cross questioning as he tried to shake her story. After a long ordeal of this in which he won nothing for the agents upheld her--she was taken into another room where a number of officers bombarded her with many questions. Finally when they got tired of third degreeing her that day feeling her she was fed a latex and hysterical, to a cell."

3 He spent a ghastly night with his thoughts wondering what his sister would think and do and could they dare cast their disguises go to Fredrick Nance and prove to him his mistake. Sleep was impossible, although she was physically exhausted. He never needed Penrod's company so much in his life as she did now as she tossed upon her jail cot. But Pen - Penrod was many miles away. He buried his face in his hands and cried bitterly. It was all because of that treacherous spy who had hoodwinked her with that fake note. It was all so unexplainable so impossible to believe. And she was accused of shooting down an officer who had never even seen the gun before. Her exhaustion must have finally claimed her for it was now the next day when she felt some one shaking her as she opened her eyes. A Matron was standing over her, a soldier by her side.

"Well my spy had you a-re going to be cross examined again. First we a-re going to find out who and why you a-re here as a spy!"

Poo-Violet didn't believe him. Feeling she was to be grilled further she was taken into the chief of the military detectives office. He waved her to a chair his manner as beque as before.

"mother of the spies has confessed so we are holding you for investigation [in] investigation. We are sure you are a decoy of the spy who got away and he wouldn't give himself up so they are searching for him high and low. Even though you are a spy and face the penalty of a spy I cannot help but admit it even though you were trying to shield a criminal criminal who would have murdered the princess through your help."

Violet found herself too weak to answer. Then her emotions got the best of her and thinking how her sisters would feel if she were to die as a spy the tears came streaming down her cheeks copiously.

"When she had gained control of herself she asked if they would not get proof from her sisters that she was telling the truth. The chief detective hesitated a moment, then nodded his assent.

"If the Vivian girls can be located and prove our mistake all will be well" he answered.

"Is there not anything I can do?" she asked wildly wishing fiercely there was for she could imagine a feeling of the rope already around her neck, and to be killed by her own followers was the saddest thing of all.

called by her own followers was the saddest thing
 "No, I'll have to find proof." He was led away to his desk to where the telephone
 was and she started miserably back to her cell. She was led to the
 bench and she tried to pour out the whole truth of what had happened and saying
 that she was not a boy but a girl, and the Princess Violet. He listened
 grave and silently respectful. She could not seem to understand why then
 she had so foolishly gone with the spy in the first place.

"How can we believe it when we do not know whether you are telling lies or not just to save you -self from hanging," she said expressing doubt yet.

"But I am princess violet" she cried passionately passionately. I am no Glandelinian boy spy. How could I fail to think when my brother is so far away and I'm so lonely for him and revealing that note."

"Well I can't do nothing as you have no proof" she said. "The general would not take my word for it without a proof. General Nance found you what that spy Harry Donohue a notorious Mandelminian spy who is bent on killing the Princess and you being with him as a decoy put you in very hot water. How could you expect him to believe otherwise. And your voice doesn't sound like that of the Princess."

Violet dreaded the coming of the next day execution day. Would she really hang. Would not there be a way to safety before it was too late. For the woman was. For the woman was right. Just at that time too the detective came and said no trace of the princesses could be found out where they lived. Violet listened

to him in silence and grief and dread, the one little spark of hope she had no desperately clung to snuffing itself out like a candle. Now that her sisters were her sisters could not be found she felt completely out and she prayed desperately for the guardian or possession angels to shield her. Captured by the Glandelinians was sport. She could easily get away nearly every time. No escape. To escape when a prisoner among the Christians was impossible. And she was to hang to morrow on the charge of deceiving a spy was the vivian girl Princess head quarters. The hours dragged toward the dreaded time. Just two hours before the time set for the short trial she had an unexpected visit from a military court marshal defendant. He had introduced himself. He introduced himself and he was ushered into her cell, and he came at once to the purpose of his visit.

"This is a rather delicate mission he ; come on" he began watching her closely. "you have as you know being captured with a spy named Harry Little or no defense at the trial, and ; come to ask you to come out truthful with you and or and it may be better for you."

and it may be better for you."

"I hear as id" in what way can I help myself? I'll be only too glad to do all I can to prove that not only am I innocent but that I am what, say."

"G od that is what I wanted to hear. Now here is what you are to do. I'm building a scaffold for your defense on an unwritten law plea and, want to cooperate with me by testifying to that effect at the trial."

"You mean to swear that I am to swear that I---"

"Exactly" he said quickly sparing himself from putting it into words. You are to tell the truth that you did kill that officer to save you - whom when you surp

He surprised him in his tent. It's your only chance of saving you - self."

"She stared at him dully."

"No I came of my own accord," she answered. "You could plead that you went with that spy under stress of compulsion, that you confessed under duress, and that you had no intention of leading him toward the headquarters of Violet and her princess sisters. But the fact that you almost got caught red handed with him makes this ridiculous. That one chance of your acquittal rests in you rhania."

"but I can't do that," she said slowly, desperately. "I cannot say that, I am some one else when I am not."

"You mean you wouldn't do this to save you a life kid. Do you realize you may go to hang on the charge of harboring or being accessory to a spy and shooting to death an office man?"

"You don't know what you are asking me!" she cried out protestingly.
"Oh yes I do," he returned calmly. I am merely doing what you want me to do what any one else would do under the circumstances if they had the opportunity. You were arrested by General Knes Nance and he is terrible to those who try to harm the princesses in any way."

"Oh let me let me be..." she cried suddenly jumping to her feet. "Do n't you know, I know that --- I, a little girl in disguise as a boy and I can have it proved that I, m Princess Violet herself, a rrested as a foe spy by mistake." He got up from his chair picking up his brief case. At the door she hesitated as she sank back on the cell bed.

"Then you will have to prove it. If you can't and am really what they arrested you for, I'm so sorry. I gave you a chance and you refused it." "God help me that I can prove it" she said. If only she was not so broken down and excited she could have thought of her disguise which she could have removed in a hurry especially her head disguise.

After she left the matron came. Violet turned a tear stained face up to hers.

"What else can I do. I cannot be somebody else. Et the spy pay for the crime for which I am not to blame. Oh I feel it was my fault."

for which I am not to blame. On the other hand, if you are innocent then I will be the happiest woman on earth for I'd hate to see such a good looking little boy like you strangle by the rope.. But where did you get the perfume."

"You must have had some on you" she said as she prepared to leave. "That afternoon the trial started. Through it all another spy sat unmotional and dare devil and stolid never once betraying what was going on in that passible and passive face of his violet could not help from crying. Two hours after the two hours after the trial if she could not prove her identity she would be gone from her sister's forever. He feared not for her self but for them. If she was dead they would never recover from the shock. She knew that that spy himself was no man to deserve any sympathy. Then she was called to the defendants

post. She never shall she forget her feelings as she took the stand in the front row of spectators as her eyes fell on the matron. Her eyes were all sympathy for the poor little "boy". The prosecuting attorney asked her a few questions and she could see that he was trying to keep her in the background to disconnect her altogether from the actual murder of the officer. When he finished another soldier stepped forward a smile of confidence on his face. He began shooting questions at her. Defiantly he led up to Violet an admittance that she had received the fake note and whether she herself had not compiled Penrod's handwriting to cause trouble for the prisoners. Then suddenly he let fire at her in a piercing dramatic voice;

"Tell us frankly, in your own words--just what took place in the road when General Vance arrested you."

A tension gripped the court-martial room. She was the cynosure of all eyes. Altering but not ashamed, she began her story, of how she had received the note and went with the man thinking he was leading her to her brother Penrod.

"And you were in that man's possession when you were arrested." The man flung at her. A hush had fallen over the court room.

"Yes."

"Then what have you to say for yourself?" he demanded his eyes searching her. "Or have you thought up any more allies to stuff the court room with?" Violet couldn't answer. She felt too choked up.

A few minutes passed and the trial was over. She didn't know what would happen as she wasn't proclaimed guilty or not guilty. Maybe the judge was a little suspicious and determined to find out facts before going ahead. The other spy was declared guilty, and sentenced to die.

In the meantime James had seen the disaster overtake Violet just at that appointed hour. He saw the general check his horse before he and the man. He for some reason or other recognized the man instantly, but did not recognize the general. His first impulse was to rush forward to her assistance but the hopelessness of any attempt at interference instantly struck him. The only hope was of getting her sister to follow. He must tell them as he knew where she would be taken. To the National Assembly jail.

At first when he reached the house he could not assume courage to enter it but stood for a short time outside until Mrs. Jerry put her head out of the window. He succeeded in catching her eye and placing his fingers on his lips signed to her to come down. A minute later she appeared at the door.

"Is it all true James? They say they are executing the wicked spies who attempted to harm the little girls."

"It is true Mrs. Jerry. I have seen some of it myself and though it was horrible God knows it was justified. If they can't leave a little holy child alone alone it would be a sin not to. But Violet is captured, she's a prisoner."

"Oh my Dear Blessed Mother!" the old woman cried, bursting into tears. That pretty good little girl, the pretty holy transfigured little baby I nursed. To think of her murdered and soon captured by Glandorians and the poor young things up stairs but not yet home. They are at general Double Day Federals. Oh what shall I do, my God what shall I do James. Oh angels that possess her protect her."

"The situation is not bad if they can come and identify her," said James. "Just east easy Mrs. James. She is not captured by the enemy but by a Christian general who mistook her for a spy. If they know they can go to her rescue. You must break it to them. Do they know how great the danger of the spy house was?"

"No I have kept it from them. They could see from the windows that something unusual is going on every one can see that. But I told them it was only the soldiers were advancing. They are anxious very anxious but quite unprepared for this."

"Break it quickly to them Mrs. Jerry. Tell them that Violet is captured not by the enemy but by the Christians and that to save her they must go to the assembly dressed as the lowly selves and identify her."

"But will you not come up James, they will be back soon, they must in you so much. Your presence will be a support to them."

"As long as I do not know when they will be back I can do nothing. Nothing now." Har James said sadly. "All they must do is to stay and identify her. They know the way to the assembly. I will come this evening. The first burst of grief will be over then and my talk will aid them to rouse themselves to her rescue. As long as they can prove she is their sister I do not fear for her as her arrest is only a mistake. It is deceiving that even her thousands of spies who were bent on murdering her and her sisters would be put to death, but it must not be that she should share the same awful fate when she is not an enemy. It would be even disastrous to the cause."

Finding that she could not persuade James to enter Mrs. James turned to perform her painful duty, while James throughout exhausted made his way home and throw-

328 the throwing himself on his bed fell asleep and did not wake until evening. His first step was to plunge his head into water, and then after a good wash to prepare a meal. His sleep has used his energy, and with brisk steps he made his way through the company streets to the headquarters of Violet and her sisters. His knock with his knuckles at the outer doors of her apartment. The old nurse opened it quietly.

"Come in," she said and sat down. They are in their room and think they have striven hard to find traces of her sister but could not. They are in their room and have cried themselves to sleep. My heart has been breaking all day to see them. It has been dreadful. The youngest of the little girls cried as if they were lost angels and sobbed for hours and could not be comforted, but Jennie Joice and Angeline did not cry. Joice fainted, and when I got her round she lay still and quiet without speaking. Jennie poor child she is the worst of all believe she still is sitting on her chair with her eyes staring open and her face may still be as white as it was. She did not seem to hear anything I said at all but at last when the sobs of the young ones were stopping I began to talk to her about her little sister Violet and her pretty ways, and telling her that surely she would be saved in time by the possession angels and that her arrest only showed the soldiers were more vigilant than they then supposed and really would mean that such a mistake shows no spies will be able to do anything. But I could not comfort her. She said her sister would be hanged before she could prove her identity, that she had no means to do so and she broke down, and cried so terribly and wildly that I was frightened, and then Angeline and Joice cried too, and after a while I persuaded them all to lie down and as I have not heard a sound for the last hour I hope the good God has sent them all to sleep.

"It may be good but I must see them as I know where she is having found out and they must get to her before it is too late," said James. "He hanged to night at six o'clock. It is now two in the afternoon. I must see them. They must get there with me and identify her."

He entered carefully and found they were not asleep. When he entered Daisy Hettie and Catharine ran to him, and one of them throwing her arms around his neck burst into a passion of tears once more. James felt that this was the best thing that could have happened for the others were occupied for some time trying to soothe her crying quietly to themselves as they did so. At last her sobs became less violet especially as James sat in a chair and held her in an embrace.

"A nd now James," Joice said turning to him. "Will you tell us all about it?"

"Do not I pray you ask me any questions now. We must think of saving her while we have time. I know where she is. I must lead you there dressed as your own selves in your own uniforms to identify her. Fortunately you must remember that these human tigers have been executed and that you can probably go the company streets without disguise. Come. Forget your crying please and for God's sake act girls. She'll face the rope at six o'clock. It is ten after two."

"What are we going to do James. How can we get there in time?" Jennie asked.

"I know what I am doing, Jennie. I will tell you presently."

They quickly discarded their disguises and then in their best came out.

"Oh James for God's sake do you think we can really save her on time?" Hettie exclaimed bursting into tears again while Jennie stood outside in the company street motionless.

"Oh for goodness sake don't be so despairingly," laughed James.

"Oh we won't be said trying to smile through her tears. "Our place is with her, and where she goes we will go. You are so good to lead us to the prison. Let's go to her at once."

"We can do her good if we get to her in time dear princesses." James said gently.

"We all can help if we are in the hands of the foe we could not do so and then it would only add to her misery if you were also in their hands. But she is a prisoner of those who even really love her because they do not recognize her in her disguise. Trust to me girls, we will do all in our power to save her and there is no risk."

Little Daisy was still weeping as they started along. "Our dear Daisy do not give way, I depend on your dear little head to help me take the shortest routes to the prison, and Jennie till we get her back you have to fill Violet's place and look after your younger sisters."

The appeal was successful even though Jennie burst into a passion of tears at her words. James did not try to check them and in a short time the sobs ceased as they came toward a large building and Jennie raised her head again.

"I feel better now," she said. "Come sisters, dry your eyes darling. We may not need to cry any longer."

"That's the building," said James pointing.

They soon reached the structure and being known well by the guards were as the law required challenged but allowed them to pass. They were soon before

the President of the Military spy Committee. He and the members welcomed the little girls as if they were his and their own beloved daughter and then James spoke up.

"I'm positive sure he said that the boy that General Nance arrested if that sister violet in disguise. Could not allow these little girls to prove her identification."

"If we have made a mistake and the general too we can be heartily sorry," said the president. "But you understand princesses we made no wrong. You little girls were in such dire danger from assassins in spies that we arrested any one who couldn't identify herself or himself. The little spy doesn't speak like a girl though he claims he is your sister violet. Is she missing?"

"Yes," said Jennie. "But James can prove it because he knows the disguise she wore and saw General Nance arrest her."

The president gave an order and the marshal went out to go to the prison quarters of the assembly. He found violet praying and weeping on her bed in her cell. He roused her and said more gently:

"You have a chance to identify yourself my child. Tell me the truth. Are you Violet Angelicivian?"

"Yes."

"Positive?"

"Yes Yes."

"All right you have a chance to prove it. If we made a mistake we are dreadfully sorry but it was for your own good. Come out to the Assembly Hall. There are little girls out there who too claim they are your sisters and a boy says he too can prove it. If you are we will give to all the redress possible for our mistake and treatment we accorded you."

She was sobbing out

she was led sobbing out and when she was given time to control herself she was brought out into the assembly hall. James said nothing. She only looked at her and then gently snatched away her head and disguise and she stood the unmistakable likeness of violet herself a little girl whom no one could really truthfully duplicate. It seemed from the crowd she suffered that she looked more prettier and transfigured than ever.

"He is our sister," said voice. "We can prove it in other ways."

"I believe we had better notify General Nance so he won't think we gave up her by mistake," said the president. "He holds us responsible for her."

The president went to the telephone and getting connected with the general headquarters called for the general. When there came Hello the president said:

"General the Princesses are here and they have proven you have made a mistake and arrested Violet Angelicivian in disguise as a boy. Unless you come quick and suspend the sentence you'll be in trouble. This is the president speaking. Yes come quick. It is Princess violet you had arrested. All right. Good bye."

He turned to the little girls.

"He'll be over only by six o'clock. He said he cannot get off his duty now. But he'll withdraw the sentence, but if she is really violet he said she must get rid of her disguise and wear what she usually does, put on the disguise in her possession. Have you brought anything along for her?"

"I have my original uniform under my disguise," said violet. "It's only a matter to change my hair to its original."

"Then do so, but you'll have to wait here until six o'clock. He hardly doesn't believe because his voice was very sarcastic over the phone and he wants a proof. He believes too you little girls could also be hoodwinked by some body. As you are in such a corner in such dire peril every one of us have to be awfully watchful. If we do not be you could hold us responsible if any thing happened to any one of you."

"Yes that is so," said voice, "and despite the mistake we appreciate it very much for that shows no one who is disguised can get through any where and so we know we are safe, put violet dear" almost reproachfully "why didn't you stay home. How come you were out in the open where you got arrested by mistake."

Violet who still had it showed the daisy message.

"That man fooled me," she said tearfully, and spitefully. "I found out later had General Nance not arrested me by mistake he would have tried to murder me in the open, but I don't believe he would have. I could flash my knife in a hurry. He escaped when I got arrested. But General Nance knows him."

"So," said Jennie as she looked over the note as she thought for a moment of her experience once and of Fredrick Lowden. "It was Fredrick Lowden?"

"No," said violet. "It was a man, by the name of Harry Donohue. He was not old though and did not look suspicious. I would not have thought anything if when I was arrested General Nance didn't mention it. He ordered his arrest too, but he got away."

"I'm surprised though you fell for it after knowing of my experience," said Jennie.

"Oh but I was so lonesome for a friend that all other feeling got the better of me," said violet tearfully. "I never suspected treachery. I believed it was my angels that caused the general to come along at that time and arrest me in my disguise. But justly I sure wish he had captured that snake too. But he got away the coward."

The little girls were motioned to benches to sit on by the president who said "You may be hungry. I'll order some supper for you which you can eat while waiting. It is too bad your sister was taken by mistake but as Violet said it was probably the designs of the angels who possess her though why they would permit his escape is a mystery to me. So his name is Harry Donohue. Sounds foreign to me, like I wish. If he is a foreigner and is captured he'll get it worse for spying for the enemy. He has no business being with them."

As if to make up for all the trouble Violet suffered the president had a pretty good supper prepared for them, and then they were called into the dining room used by the officers of the assembly where they had one of the best meals they ever tasted for a long time. When they were finished, as Violet and her sisters are always very slow eaters it was just about half past five. Though they came not for it, just to accuse them in better spirits the president insisted that the children should drink at least two small cups of strong coffee without anything in it, especially if they have to drink it it is the only way they will, and after some considerable coaxing, Violet and her sisters did, but James wouldn't saying he didn't need it but would take a little wine which he did. Of course the Graces before meals and After James led.

When they were through the little girls offered to wash the dishes but the president declined the offer saying:

"We have employees for that. Don't cheat them out of a job in these times." However it was not a long wait, for some how or other General Nance came sooner than he had predicted. However violet alone first was called to the Detective quarters and her sisters had to wait, in the Assembly.

When violet was taken into the chief detective's office again he waved her into a chair looking intensely surprised at her features, his manner not at all brusque this time and he was more respectful than anything else. Standing near him was General Nance and he looked sad and embarrassed.

"Well Princess violet," said the detective you can go home now and sleep all you want to," he said. "We are sorry for our mistake and hope you'll forgive the general for her. You disguise, and the fact of being with that scoundrel whom he knew as well as he knows himself completely deceived him, and your voice too didn't sound like you. We are going to let you go."

At first violet couldn't hardly believe him. Still thinking she was to be killed for the she still stood and did not sit down.

"A little after you were captured why didn't you reveal your true self by discarding your disguise," said the general himself slightly reproachful. I could not help it if I made you a prisoner when I thought you was a Glandelinian boy spy, and you being with that scum of Glandelinia entirely fooled me and your voice sounded stern at range. You know you and your sisters were in danger any minute of being killed as many spies were discovered with all sorts of murderous implements in their possession even bombs powerful weapons powerful enough to blow the house up at one explosion and they were all put to death for that reason. We ordered that to show the enemy he is going to fight. The fact that orders were to arrest all in disguise and who couldn't give a satisfactory explanation of themselves caused this blunder so that is the reason I arrested you."

"What happened to your voice. Have you got a cold," he added.

"No, I lost it by so much talking before," went out, said violet.

"Well it grieves me that I made the mistake, but you must pardon it Princess by knowing it was my duty when you and your sisters are in such a danger and no one can be free who cannot explain themselves. The reason why you were not sentenced as it seemed was because the president wanted to investigate and find out who you really were so that even though rumors were you a harg at six o'clock was false, put as it is you fathers orders we cannot exempt Glandelinian child spies from the death penalty because of the wickedness of Glandelinian cause, and because they won't exempt you from the death penalty. Let them quit persecuting you and we'll withdraw the death sentence for their child spies too. We hanged three hundred of them to day and many were girls."

I would suggest that you little girls go now and stay at my own headquarters and do not disguise again as spies know you any how, and besides it is too dangerous if you were mistaken for spies again or your sisters. Disguise only when going out for your sakes don't let us make the mistake again. When I saw so many child spies were also here to try and slay you little girls my fury was beyond control and princess allow me to commend, that good forbearance of yours in this trial you had the most dangerous of all. I can't help but admire it, even though you know you saved a chance of death without

any escape whatever but listen to reason, and don't wear disguises within the Christian lines, and stay at my place and have your house kept the same too. My place is more strongly guarded and as most of the spies are totally disposed of you are safe now. And another thing why disguise. If it is true that your little girls are angel possessed, all Hell will try against you and cannot even touch you. Don't be alarmed. Danger can threaten but would not come. Don't be alarmed. We'll keep up till we capture every spy still at large."

Violet who had finally seated herself found herself too weak to rise for a moment. She was free again. Then her emotions got the best of her and the tears again came streaming down her cheeks, but the general produced his clean handkerchief and wiped them away saying:

"When you are turned to your sister please don't go in crying. Let them know that all is forgotten, just take my advice and for God's sake don't wear disguises within the Christian lines. It is extremely dangerous when no one knows who you are, and you too my boy James. Get that off you got on and wear your own."

"And said the Chief Detective you must remember what a lot of trouble we go through for nothing when we get fooled. Six times persons have been arrested who were no enemies because they were disguised. Not only should you little Princesses cast off disguises in the Christian lines but should issue orders positively forbidding the use of them under penalty. Wearing disguises here may cause serious complications and you know Violet you had a very narrow escape from being hung. Think what would have happened had we done that. It would be disastrous to us all. Go if any one wears a disguise within the Christian lines and we arrest any one by mistake remember it is absolutely not our fault, even if we happened to hang that party. They take their own chances. Those spies can't get you. I know it. If they could they would have gotten you long before this. So dear take our advice and cancel wearing disguises within the Christian lines. It would only put you in hopeless peril should you be arrested by some one who knows you not, and who would not even believe any one claiming either one of you is a spy and take good advice and leave off disguises within the Christian lines. And I believe Princess Violet from what you went through last night is a less lesson by experience which I hope you won't forget. That shows it is more dangerous to be caught within our lines with a disguise than within the enemy's. In our lines you know well escape is impossible."

"We will take your advice," said Violet, and my sister will too."

"And I better take up quarters at my place where you will be safe until the reign of terror caused by this Depressionville battle is over."

said General Nance, "as he gave her a kiss on the forehead. "That is a dress for my mistake. My place is much better than that old ramshackle place you are in now, and I'll try my best to see to it too that you'll be able to regain your place in General Nance's army until the army moves. My spies will hardly paste you any longer."

"I will do so," said Violet. "We won't wear disguises in the Christian lines again. I had enough of last night's experience and feel awful shaky yet."

She was soon back to her sisters.

"I'm free," she said. "The general is heart broken also that he made the mistake but he says we are foolish to wear disguises within the Christian lines. He advises to reside at his headquarters and have our house kept with us and James there. He said it is a better place and cleaner."

"Are we to go to our old home first?"

"Yes. We must tell Mrs. Jerry."

"Have they taken that spy too?" she asked of James.

"I do not know Princess Jennie, that is the first thing to find out, for if they have, other spies will be full of vengeance, and then General Nance's advice is true, it would not be safe for us to return. Let us push on now get home and pack up and go to his headquarters, and let off the disguise business within the Christian lines. I'm going to discontinue mine before I even go out or I might even be arrested and you would not even save me."

Mrs. Jerry was out when you was captured Violet and she went out when we came to get you believing to make a good hot supper for you. Here Violet you need something to steady your nerves. Take a little nip of this brandy. It won't hurt you and will do you good. There, oh not such a little swallow. That's right. Now you'll feel better. We will go inside the house and wait for her but I recognize that spy. You go in girls I will place my self at the corner and wait for an hour while you and the house keepers make preparations. The spy may be mad and will spend some looking for the many of your little girls or Violet, but if he does not come by the end of that time, I shall feel sure it is because he cannot come, and in that case he may be captured, but if he does come believe me I'm going to open upon him good."

They hurried on until they were nearly home, the brisk walk having as James had believed it would do had the effect of preventing their

thoughts from dwelling upon Violet's capture even though she was now free for fear of the after-effects of it. They went in and he had been not more than a quarter of an hour at his post, when James gave an exclamation of satisfaction, stepped behind a tree and shouted with all his might:

"Halt there Mr. Donohue. I know you."

The man however did not halt but fired a shot, and then disappeared down a side company street, James having answered the shot but missing. Violet and her sisters ran to the windows at hearing the shots with their own pistols ready for they too would have opened fire. They saw the man run down a side street, and they poured in their own fire downing the man dead in an instant from even that distance. A great crowd of soldiers ran to the spot, some going toward their headquarters in dismay.

"They killed the spy who deceived Violet," cried James. "I fired first but missed."

"Good old James," laughed one of the soldiers. "Don't bother yourselves about him. He was getting it coming to him and got it. Some of us will move his unworthy carcass. So at least as can be seen those who do harm to the little girls."

Then while the soldiers were taking the body out of sight, came another report that a spy was found in the care of two others, one delirious, the ill one was of course disposed off into a hospital the two others arrested. Then came the house keepers laden with something to eat while and the little girls left the house and hurried to meet them.

"Thank God and His Blessed Mother your sister Violet have been spared you and you are all safe dear," she exclaimed with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I thought of you poor Violet in the middle of it all but I was sure James would see what was being done and get Violet out of it. And Violet didn't deny, how did you double cross her away. I have been terribly anxious thinking that he might come here and shot as you through a window or bomb the house, and that would have been dreadful."

"So he might have done," said Violet "but James got him."

"James got him," said the boy. "You are greatly mistaken princess. I detected him and you shot him."

"We shot him but you got him it is true," said Jennie. "But for you he would have escaped. You shooting brought us to the window and he was within easy sight of us going down a side street. We had handy rifles ready and plugged the treacherous snake."

"How did he escape when you was arrested by mistake?" asked the Housekeeper.

"My said Violet, when the general looked away for a moment, he to create confusion almost knocked me down, and slipped away into the crowd of soldiers. I didn't see where he went or I would have caused his capture which would have been bad for him when I succeeded in proving who he was. He shouted to the soldiers to seize him too as the general recognized him but he was gone, the soldier even getting descriptions of him couldn't find him."

"I felt sure," said the housekeeper that your possession on angels guided you and that James would come home again with you."

"It is General Nance's advice that none of us use disguises within the Christian lines so as to avoid another mistake," said Violet. "He also must lodge with General Nance he is one of our dearest friends, and was broken down because of his mistake but it ain't our fault. That snake was responsible. What made it hard for me is because I was with him, my voice could not sound natural when I spoke and so he thought I was a clandestine boy scout acting as a decoy, and then impersonating myself when I said I was Princess Violet."

"General Nance has the best idea," the old woman said. "But I don't think Princess Violet you would have very quickly met a tragic death. Some one would have some how by the protection of your angels found out the truth for they would have been sure to publish the fact that you had been taken and with you missing from your sisters and knowing you had not gone out of camp, all soldiers would begin to say, 'The dear Princess Violet is missing and she has not left camp.' And then they would have talked, officers and generals would have investigated, gone to your sisters for details and so on, ask you of the nature of her disguise and the end of it would have been you would have been discovered and freed. Will you accompany them to Nance's headquarters."

"I will come after it is dark Mrs. Jerry. I have to go home also and pack and I have to see by boy scout friend Louis. He was wounded yesterday by a shell concussion and is delirious."

"I hope you do soon. What will be your plan?" asked Jennie smiling sweetly through her tears of gratitude and placing a loving arm around his shoulder.

"As soon as possible I can make up one more than that, I cannot tell you now. Some day further on when you and your sisters are together I will tell you the events of the last forty-eight hours. Fortunately your sister Violet escaped the dreadful peril she was in because I saw to where she was taken when arrested, but it may not be so another time so we'll take the general's advice and not wear disguises here. I know how lonesome you are too for your brothers and Penrod but we cannot turn our thoughts to us making our way to the Vivian army when there is such peril every where outside the Christian lines that it may cost a miracle to save you. The enemy no doubt has cut off all communications so that even you can't get word to your parents and brothers. They can't get word to you. Do not believe any notes sent to you. I think it will be useless for us to try and reach the Christian army under your father and mother just yet. Men in towns possessed by Christians they will be on the look out for fugitive spies and so forth and no matter what the you wear your own clothes or disguise you could not escape observation and if they arrested you and didn't know you you would have a lot to do to prove your identification. I think then if you really late on desire to try and get to the Vivian army we must make for the McHollister Run river and to go so by an under-sea boat too. That would be only the way, but as there is so much danger we must not hurry. In the first place we must settle all our plans carefully and prepare our disguises and find where you can get a submarine and allow you can trust to operate it, in the next place there will be such tremendous excitement when the news of what has happened here is known that it would be unsafe to travel. I think my self it will be best to wait a while till we find out the termination of this battle now raging. Or until there is a lull. That is what I want you to think over and decide. Now that so many deadly spies have been caught and executed you will not be in any danger and those who are still at large will be too scared to pester you, and from what I hear thirty others have been captured and are marked out as the next victims. They say Stanton has denounced them and proof has been found on them. At any rate it will be better to get everything in readiness for to go to General Nance's head quarters as he suggested and we might get him to find a way to get correspondence with General Vivian who can communicate to your father and what ever brothers are with him. Then when all is safe we can leave at once for the Vivian army. I believe too Penrod is as much upset over the separation as you are if not more so. A boy loving his sisters as he does really may feel more lonely. Often recently I have heard that song played by bands "God be with you till we meet again" and it was my favorite piece I used to play it on my Phonograph as often as I can. But girls don't look reproachful if I say that since all this, I can't bear that song, hate it it brings a lump right into my throat and often I see the tears in your eyes. If such a band plays that command it to be stopped or you will feel worse and worse till you can't stand it."

James was pleased to find that his suggestion answered the purpose for which he made it. The little girls helped the housekeeper get everything in readiness for the moving and their thoughts were turned for a slight time from the separation from Penrod they had sustained. After an hour's talk he left them greatly benefited and before going to his place to pack up went to see his friend Louis. The fever was still at its height, and the doctor gave but small hope for his recovery. The doctor said that the boy had been struck by a good sized shell fragment in the hip. He was glad too to be main within the Federal army, and this was more than easy for the new army from some provinces showed that the situation was a very where as bad as it was at Depressionville, even though the camps had all ready been recaptured, and reestablished, but the battle was still on, and the enemy was making attempts with insane fury to retake it and the conflict was more severe and bloody than ever.

Indeed just for the sake of Violet and her sisters all Glandelinian prisoners found General Double Day Federal army a perfect sign of terror more than the reign of terror in France during that dreadful and bloody revolution. The Abolitionian Commune had sent to all the military committees within the still safe portions of General Vivian's lines and other committees acting in connection with them throughout the whole extensive army the news of the execution of the deadliest enemies of the Vivian girls captured with evidence against them to destroy the prisoners, and urged that a similar step should be taken at once with reference to all spies who it could be proved even there had entered the Christian lines with the same deadly purpose and they had the evidence against them. The order was promptly obeyed but no such spies however were detected there. The rage of the battle itself was a carnival of massacre of soldiers on both sides and horror beyond description, and the madness and madness of the battle raged as it seemed

through out the whole country. Such being the case James had found it had found it by no means difficult to dissuade the little girls from taking instant steps to try and get to the Vivian army lonesome as they were for their parents and brothers. He however was in a state of great glee and easiness now. He knew within the Christian lines they were safe. Deputies of Glandelinian spies had been seized, others being discovered had sought safety in flight, and the search for suspected persons was carried on more vigorously than even Van in the face of being captured again by mistake it was difficult and dangerous to travel through that part of Calveinia with the little girls, and therefore he would not attempt it unless it could be done by river and in a submarine. As soon as he had about packed up his belongings, he received another surprise and at first a shock too. He had bought a paper from one of the soldiers shouting them for sale in the street, and sat down in the garden to read it. A great portion of the space was filled with lists of the enemies' deadly enemies of the Vivian girls who had been caught with dreadful evidence of their intentions and had been justly executed by the whole sal, either by shooting, sword or hanging.

James from curiously glanced at the names his eyes traveling rapidly down the list until he gave a start and low cry. Under the heading of persons executed were the names of Francis Ernest, Jules Ernest his brother, and Peter Tullery, chief and conductors of the spies arrested and executed in the act of endeavoring to leave the Christian lines in disguise after having been accused to try to blast the Vivian girls' headquarters with a high explosive bomb. The shape and size of the bomb was shown in the paper and the faces of the three ring leaders of the spies. For some time at thinking of their narrow escape the little girls sat as if stunned. He had scarcely given a thought to spies of this kind before. He knew of the escape of these spies before their capture however, and when he thought of their escape it had been already as in the fog lines. He had thought that if they had been arrested on the way he should have been sure to hear of it, and the leading spy Peter had such sagacity that he believed he luckily that he would certainly be able to escape with his two companions through any difficulty and danger justly against them which might beset them. And now he saw that his fears of their escape had been ill founded—that these arch scoundrels had been arrested when almost within sight of the Glandelinian encampments, and had been executed.

At first he felt crushed by the news of the narrow escape of the little girls. A very warm affection had sprung up between them and him, while from the first the dear good little girls had attached themselves to him, and now their possession angels were working, their three worst spy enemies were dead. Upon one thing he determined at once, and that was until his charges were safely in the army of their father and mothers they should not hear a whisper of this narrow escape or they would not sleep at night for fear of some one trying to repeat where the three scoundrels did not succeed. Indeed it was good too that the little girls had discarded their disguises through the mistake of General Nance for also before this because of their disguises and the soldiers not knowing who they were in that house, their suspicions had been aroused, and they might have been arrested there as little spies in disguise.

After this he went again to his little injured friend.

"He is quieter, much quieter," the red cross nurse replied. "I think he is too weak to have any longer, but otherwise he is just the same. He lies with his eyes open, talking something to himself, but I cannot make out any sense to what he says. The doctor has been here all morning and he said to me that another two days will decide. If he does not take a turn then he will die. If he does he may live, but even then he may not get his reason again. Poor young lad I feel for him as if he were my own son, and so does the doctor."

"You are very good both of you, Nurse," James said, "and my boy scout friend is fortunate indeed to have fallen into such good hands. As it is some time before my princesses' friends will be ready I will sit with him for an hour, and you had better go and get a little fresh air."

"That I will my boy. The lady brother is asleep. He was up with him all last night, and I had a good night. He would have it so."

"Quite right," James said, "you must not knock yourself up, Nurse. You are too useful to others for us to let you do that. To-morrow night if I can I will take my turn."

After dark James presented himself at their headquarters and then they went to General Nance and got there in the proper time not saying a little ahead of time.

All that time during the trip Violet and her sisters could not help express their loneliness for their parents and brothers and to make it worse they passed a band that suddenly for some reason or other started "God be with

yes, till they get again

you till we meet again." James was so really tempted to shout at them to stop it and Violet reading his mind said;

"Don't we can o r have to bear it. If you do you'll commit an offense and we couldn't even ou r selves save you f rom a punishment. They have to play that."

At e r they were settled down in the new h a headquarters, the little gi rls excepting Violet herself went to bed to try and sleep. Violet wished to solve a plan with James if possible and as soon as all was quiet and she was sitting with him alone;

"Have you thought of anything James?" was Violet's f i r s t question. "He was now alone for he r elds r sister s had i n down and he y oung e r ones had c ried themselves to sleep in the loneliness."

"Thought of what?" he asked.

"Of how we can get any commu n i c a t i o n to Pen r o d o u r p a r e n t s. Neither seems to have written a single note and I believe no l e t t e r s can get through to us."

"I have thought of a number of things," he r e p l i e d, f o r while he had been sitting by Louis's bedside he had turned over in his mind every sort of scheme by which he could help Violet, and he r e s i s t e n s g e t a l e t t e r to the p e n r o d and Pen r o d, "but at present I have f i x e d upon nothing. I have questioned many officers and they said they and the whole army of soldiers have been expecting l e t t e r s f r o m home and elsewhere and nothing comes. I cannot carry out any o r i g i n a l plan of telegraphing unless it can be w i r e l e s s and I found out there is not one wireless station in the army so far and none to r i g i t up. It would r e q u i r e more than one to carry out such a scheme, and the f r i e n d whom I r e l i e d upon before can no longer aid me."

"Who is it?" Violet asked quietly. "Is it Walter John Star r i n g?"

"Why blest me angel child?" James exclaimed in surprise. "How in the world did you ever guess that. Did you r e a d my mind?"

"I felt sure it was Walter all along," said the little gi r l. "In the f i r s t place I never believed he went away. Jennie told me she had begged and prayed him to go, and that she believed he had just pretended to go to please her, f o r she thought she did see him once. She seemed to think it was r i g h t that he should go f o r his safety, but I and my other sister s didn't think so. A boy like him would not run away and leave even a stranger in danger behind, even if they told him to. I felt sure it was not likely. Why here you a l i t t l e foreign boy are staying here and d e s k i n g r i s k i n g your life f o r us, though we are not r e l a t e d to you, and have no c l a i m upon you, while we believe you have a c l a i m of our love f o r you."

"I have no such claim," protested James.

"Oh yes you have f o r what you have done f o r us. And how could Walter Star r i n g run away. But as Jennie and I seemed please to think he was safe I and my younger sister s said nothing; but I know if he had gone we should never again look upon him as a f r i e n d. But we all felt sure he wouldn't do it, and that he was here within the Christian lines, having secretly followed us. Then again you did not tell us the name of the f r i e n d who was helping you, we knew at our f i r s t question you almost slipped and mentioned the name, and we felt sure you must have some reason f o r your silence, so putting the two things together I was sure that it was Walter Star r i n g. What happened to him? Is he mistaken f o r a face in his disguise and arrested and can prove his identity?"

"No he is not arrested," James said "but he is very seriously wounded. He got wounded in defending some of the girls when he went out scouting with them," and as far as he had heard he r e l a t e d the whole c i r c u m s t a n c e s to her. "I blamed myself f o r having let him go, as you may suppose Violet, but the doctor said it was his duty to scout to shelter you and your sister s, and he was responsible a great deal f o r the capture of so many of our deadly assassins who had tried to kill you and your sister s. He is not delirious and not injured enough to be prosecuted in bed but his doctor won't let him remain on duty f o r several days. I may try and see him if possible but he is in a hospital some distance off. Still I should like like you r sister Jennie to know it. I am very glad you have guessed the truth, f o r it is a comfort to talk things over with you as they all say you have the clearest head."

"Poor Jennie and my other dear sister s," Violet said softly "It is well they never knew about it. With their readiness f o r the return of father and our brother s, the thought that Walter had got safely away kept them up, and now tell me about your plans. Could I not in disguise dress myself up in a sort of make up of Adaldefob like my brother did, and help you seize a guard of the enemy's lines so I could get through and sent off a l e t t e r to Pen r o d and father?"

father and an angel little gi r l

father. It is true, I am a little gi r l and I don't look it f r o m my shape and size and the delicate appearance of my arms but I could prove I have the strength of a man. Angel possession gave that to me. I am good at a knife and I wonder if I couldn't flash one and tell the guard I would kill him if he c r o u c h e d o u n s o u n d s the alarm, surely could do too James f o r I could prove it."

"In case he would not know that though he would show fight and so I'm afraid that wouldn't do Violet," James said with a slight smile shaking his head. "It would be a most desperate enterprise f o r even sixteen others with us. But too it would never do f o r you to run the risk of being separated f r o m your other sister s who are so broken up about their father and Pen r o d, and---and---confound that band passing by. I wish they would stop that song. I ought to tell them not to do it here, but remember you are leader to them and they can not get along without you. The next plan I thought of was to try and get appointed as a sentry boy scout at General Doubt Scoble's headquarters, but that seems full of difficulties, f o r I know no one who could get me such a berth, and certainly they would not appoint a boy of my age unless by some extraordinary influence."

"Oh yes they would," Violet decided. "But why be a guard. That would not get us a chance to pass a l e t t e r through enemy territory then; thought if I was to go to the fox lines and pretend to give myself up saying I desire to desert the Christian lines I might get arrested, and put in some prison camp at the rear of the fox lines, and might then get out later and sent off the l e t t e r f o r what, hear the prisoners are not separated but live altogether in the fox lines."

"No, no, James," Violet exclaimed in a tone of sharp pain "you must not do that of all things, f o r it might look too real and you would get in bad by our side too. If they thought you deserted us even if it was your scheme to help us the army would never forgive and I could not save you o r my sister s and f o r the reason we cannot under any conditions cancel the degrees f o r desertion. We too only have you now and if you are once captured even in that fashion by the glandelinians you might never get out again, and if you did, you would not dare return to our arms f o r you would be arrested on the charge of deserting to the enemy, and unless we could prove your real purpose we would be absolutely helpless to save you, besides there are lots of other glandelinian prison camps, and there is no reason why they should send you to one in the rear rather than any where else. I will never consent to that plan to send a l e t t e r through to father and mother and Pen r o d. That is too rash too dangerous."

"I could reveal my plan to the generals first so they would know there is no real desertion on my part but only a scheme to get a l e t t e r through." "No no," said Violet. "The enemy is too dangerous. You know the glandelinians too well to try that."

"Yes you are right," thought it seemed too doubtful to myself James said "Of course if I knew of some other plan to get into the fox lines and out undetected by night I might risk it. But as you say they are dangerous and I know them well, I am glad we killed that dirty snake who played that treacherous trick on you and caused you to be arrested by General Pence by mistake and ran off the sound belly coward, after being a guest at your last headquarters--but I don't see that, that would or will do you and your sister s any good. The most hopeful plan seems to me to try and bribe some of the glandelinian sentries. Some of them no doubt would be glad enough to take money if they could see their way to letting me through the glandelinian camps to sent off the l e t t e r without detection."

"But you know we thought of that before, James, and agreed it would be a terrible risk to try it, f o r the very first sentry you spoke to might shoot you down like a dog f o r it. If you could get an Omani on guard there might be a chance, chance but there are no Omanians in this army. They're mostly Moabites, Amalekites and Qamarians and they're dangerous."

"Of course there is a certain risk Violet any way with even a Merab Omani even though they're more humane. There is no getting any sort of l e t t e r through to the Omani army without running some sort of risk, the thing is to fix on a safe plan as we can. When I did get discovered and escaped then what would it do, the l e t t e r would be lost, however we must think it out well before we try so Pen r o d will know you and your sister s are safe in Double Days army, an army as strong as your father's. A failure would not let the l e t t e r through, it might be fatal, and I do not think there is any pressing danger at present of failing in sending it off if we hit upon the proper plan. It is hardly likely that any of our soldiers are clever at any letters, I have not even heard f r o m my own parents yet, and likely too I hope there will be no repetition of the whole sale slaughter of this battle to me now, and if there is anything like a conflict

there will be such numbers engaged, that that even may give us a chance. The battle may be a blessing to me now. I do not mean that we should trust to that only there is time for us to make our plans properly. Have you or your sisters thought of anything?"

"I have thought of all sort of things since you left us this morning James and while even in prison when mistaken for a foe despite my grief, but I was so excited by my peril as being suspected as a foe by spy that they are like you as just vague sort of schemes that do not seem possible when you try to work them out. I do not know whether the soldiers of the enemy would let you inside the lines to sell everything to the soldiers because if they did I might go in with something and see if there was a chance to slip a letter through, or find out how it could be done. Often I spied on the enemy and never failed."

James shook his head...

"I do not think the Glandelinians would allow any one in even for that, nor how good the material you sell, but if they did it would only be a few to whom the privilege would be granted."

"Yes I thought of that James, but one of them might be bribed to let me in and sell something if I give the sentry some of the things for nothing."

"It might be possible" James said. "but there would be a terrible risk, and I don't think there would be any advantage gained by it. Even if you did get in you would be no nearer near getting any letter through. Still we mustn't be disheartened. He can hardly expect to hit upon a scheme at once and, don't think either our heads are clear to day, and you're especially because of the dreadful horror of your imprisonment by mistake, so let us think it over quietly, and perhaps some other idea may occur to one of us. I expect it will be to you with God's help. When you pray before going to bed pray pray for help in your plans and I will do so too. Now good night, you and I must get some sleep, I keep you awake up. I rely very much upon you, Violet, and you don't know what a comfort it is to me that you and your sisters are as calm and brave as you are unusually good and that I can talk things over to you and them. Speak of it to your sister Jennie to morrow morning. I don't know what I should do if I had it all on my own shoulders."

Violet, made no answer but her beautiful eyes were full of tears as she put her hands into that of James, and no sound came to her lips in answer to his good night. She was too overcome.

"That little girl and her sisters are real angels and as brave as they are, and no mistake?" James said to himself as he went to his own room. They have got more pluck than any girls I ever knew of in my own country and are as cool and calm as if they really did come down from heaven. Most little girls would be completely knocked out if they were in their place. Their father and mother far, far away and their brothers too, she and her sisters still set secretly threatened by those dirty Glandelinians lower than the worst gutter-snipes to me, and danger hanging over the little princesses no matter where ever they go, and even within the Christian lines. It is not that they don't feel it. I can see they do quite as much, even far more than people who sit down and howl, and weep to raise the ceiling scream and carry on, and wring their hands. They are a trumps those little girls are and no mistake. I believe it the first time I overheard of time in news papers and from my father but see more now than ever believed. And that is no mistake either. I wonder how it can be when they are as good as people in Heaven itself and all the nation too, but I suppose questions would be raised as "Well why did our Blessed Lord and His Mother suffer so when they were never guilty of any sin either. Some enemies of God I know will persecute His friends to the extreme. This is different than the pagan times. In those times no doubt God said "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." But Glandelinia curse he does know better. He is know no more than Abbiennia does. He knows the Will of God more than any pagan Nationality does and yet she is a foul enemy of God, Heaven and all my own Nationality. Why does God allow this? wonder I suspect God knew what was coming, and that is why he possessed his little beloved ones with angels. I didn't understand such a mystery at first and was almost inclined to doubt it but Heaven I have seen enough of it. That smell of perfume from the little girls is no earthly perfume. I've found that out for, have many various perfumes in my old headquarters which I finally gave to them and they have given it to the more needy ones God Bless them instead of using it all themselves. And how about getting that letter proposed to their parents and Penrod. Oh how sad they looked and they tried their best to hide it from me. I saw it with my quick eye and it cut me to the soul. Damn it there goes a band with that confounded song again. Ain't there enough grief without that reminder's mind. I'm going to take a chance." J Hey "he learned

out of the window "Will you fellows of the band can that piece. At least for the sake of the princesses. That song brings memories they do care for and grieves them. Have a heart."

To his surprise the band stopped the piece and marched on silently. Getting over his excitement he then thought, how about the letters to their parents and brothers. They must be got through some how, but how? That is the question. I don't see any possible way except by bribing the Glandelinian sentries to let one go through, and, have not the least idea how to set about it. I think to morrow, will tell the doctor and the red cross nurse who attends the boy Louis all about it, they may know how to accomplish something like that, though it isn't likely that they do, any of three heads are better than one. Maybe the doctor may know some one who knows how to dig up a wire less."

A good Accident, the next morning, he took the doctor and the kind hearted nurse into his council. When they heard that the little princesses wished to find some way to send a letter through the enemy lines to Penrod they were greatly interested and full of sympathy, but they shook their heads when he told them that they were determined at all hazards to get a letter through to their parents and brothers.

"It isn't the risk so much" doctor Jacques said. "That I look at. Life doesn't seem so much account in these sad days of bitter war but how could it be done. Even if you made up your mind to risk your life to get a letter through, I don't see that you would be putting any letters any nearer to Emperor's army. Viviane's army--and the Glandelinian armies are too strongly guarded for anything to get through, except a head long irresistible assault, or a violent wind storm."

"No I don't think it possible to succeed in that sort of way; but if the guards could be bribed, and some other guards put soundly to sleep by drugging their drink, it might be managed. Or we could communicate with somebody who knows how to rig up a wire less station that need not be so high as to be seen by the enemy scouts."

Doctor Jacques looked sharply at James, to see if he was in earnest, and seeing that he was so said dryly:

"Yes if we could do those things, we should no doubt see our way, but how could it be managed."

"That is just the point doctor. In the first place it will be necessary to find out where such a wire less station can be erected without drawing the fire of the enemy, in the second to let Violet, and her sisters know we are working for them, and to learn if possible from their eldest sister, if they know of any man who could know how to erect one, when that is done we should should of course try to get hold of him. Of course if there is such a man he doesn't remain in the prisoner camp all day. However we can see about that after we have found out the first points."

"I know a refugee woman who was ill who is a mother to one of the electrical engineers of the army." the Red Cross nurse or red cross nurse said.

"I don't know whether she is there now or not. Martha is a good holy soul and I know that she herself has often been inside the base hospitals to attend to wounded soldiers. Here her son is at, I don't know, but he is an electrical Engineer's office in the Christian army, and if we can find him he would be just the man to help you."

"Yes Doctor Jacques assented. "I didn't think of Mrs Martha. She is a very good soul and would do her best I'm sure."

"Thank you both" James said but, do not want you to run any unnecessary risks. I don't want spies to learn my intentions. This woman may say you say be ready to help us, but hard to tell her son might have fallen in battle long before and even if we did get him and we ain't on a safe and spies learn of our intention they may betray or frustrate the whole of us."

"We all risk our lives every day." doctor Jacques said quietly. "I am sure Mrs Martha's son is still alive, and she can surely rely upon her brother too if she can locate him, and also her husband as they too are electrical Engineer's office. We will set her to sound either one of the, them. My little girl scout will go and see her to day and you shall know what she thinks of it when you come this evening for your nights watching."

Greatly pleased with this unexpected stroke of good luck and thanking God warmly for His help James went off at once to tell Violet and her sisters that the outlines of a plan to get a letter through had been fixed upon.

To his surprise and at first by her tearful face he saw only violet and feared something wrong had happened to her sisters. But no they were still in bed feeling a little ill from their worry over their parents. Violet had brought them something to eat but they had not eaten much. put the little

girl's face brightened up at the news.

"Perhaps even now we may be able to wire a letter to help them. I should like to send them just a line to say that my sisters and I are well but oh so lonely some for them. Do you think it can be done?"

"I do not know unless we find the man who can set up the station violet. At any rate you can rely on that if it is possible and all goes well, we will attempt it, but be sure to give no clue as to why which other Glandelinian spies might find you at, if the letter falls into wrong hands. Tell them we are working to soon try and get to them when every thing quiet is down, and ask them to brother Penrod if he can suggest any way of getting to his army safely, knowing the country he may see opportunities of which we know nothing whatever. Write it very small and in English--by the way does your parents understand English, no, well write the one to Penrod in English, the one to your parents in your code for only on small pieces of paper, so that the engineer can hide it anywhere in case he suspects spies and then sent it for you."

Violet wrote the little note--a few loving words, signed her sisters names to it and the message also James had given her.

"Do not sign your names to it," James said as he saw the names written down. "They will know very well from your handwriting who it comes from, and it's better in case it should fall into the hands of some Glandelinian spy."

And with a rubber she then erased the names. That same morning but later James was sent for by the Red Cross Nurse to his surprise and learned that the nurse had found the woman and she had consented to sound her son, who was really a mechanical engineer.

Then the little girl's pipe up.

"I am to see Mrs. Martha this morning. He will go straight from me to see her son. He says your little princess friends are safe for discipline concerning those usually spies are strict to day than it used to be. There is a close watch kept over all strangers. He says her son is a very good man and very fond of helping your little girl friends out. He is always talking about the little princesses, saying he'd give anything if he had little girls of his own like them, and she said that he would do so at any risk, for he hates the Glandelinians more than ever for the terrible things that are being done now."

"He seems just the man for us," James said. "Will you tell your friend, when you see her in the morning, that I will give her twenty pesos and her son a hundred if he can succeed in communicating with the Impero-Vivians army."

"I will tell them my boy. That offer will set his wife to work, I have no doubt."

James then gave her the note Violet had written, for the woman to hand to her son for delivery if he proved to have the ability to be able to erect the signal or wireless telegraph station. James had a quiet night of watching for his friend Louis lay so still that his friend leaned over him several times to see if he breathed. The doctor had looked in late and said the child was at hand.

"To morrow your friend will either die or have a turn for the better. He is asleep now and will probably sleep for many hours. He may never wake again, he may wake recognize you for a few minutes, and then go off into a last stupor, he may wake at ringer and with a chance of life. Here is a draught you will give him as soon as he opens his eyes, purposed as there of our spoonfuls of soup down his throat, and if he keeps awake do the same every half hour. It was not until ten o'clock in the morning that the boy opened his eyes. He looked vaguely around the room and there was no recognition in his eyes as they fell upon James face, but he had lost the wild expression they had worn while he had lain there, and James felt renewed hope as he raised his head and poured the draught between his lips. Then he gave him a few spoonfuls of the soup and had the satisfaction of seeing his eyes close again and his breathing become more and more regular. The doctor when he came in and felt the boy's pulse, nodded approval.

"The fever has quite left him," he said. "I believe surely he will do now. It will be slow, very slow, but I'm sure now that with God's help he will regain his strength, as to his hand of that I cannot say anything as at present. That stone that hit him when hurried by the explosion hit him hard on the head and left an awful bad scalp wound."

About midday little Marie returned.

"I have good news James," she said. "I waited outside the Hotel de la icars headquarters until Mrs. Martha came out. Her son has agreed to help if he can but he said that he did not think that it would be at all possible to get a letter through until he can first see the lay of the land and where to erect the signal tower without the detection of the enemy scouts and observation

posts. There are many of the Glandelinian scout patrols sweeping the whole country every where and they are watchful, but you need not fear spies passing your little princess friends for there is greater vigilance than ever to insure that none of their worst enemies escape. He says he will think it over, and if it is in any way possible he will risk it, but he wishes first to declare that he does not think that there is any way of you or your little friends ever reaching Impero-Vivians army for months unless it comes here itself as there are too many enemy patrols. He will send the letter on the first opportunity, and get an answer from your parents and brother, which he will send to his sisters as soon as he gets a chance. But the good news is this. A letter from their brother Penrod had gotten through to this army by some miraculous chance and here it is!"

"Thank God," said James as he took the letter she offered him. "God is good indeed to those poor little girls who in my opinion ought not to suffer this. I did not expect that it would be an easy business, or that the man would be able to hit upon a scheme at once for the erection of the station, but now that he has gone so far as to agree upon it, the thought that he may if he succeeds, soon have a better commission, will sharpen his wit up wonderfully."

Little Louis too was better. Better.

Little Louis was better he was no longer unconscious, but followed with his eyes the movements of those in the room. Once he had said, "here am I!" but the answer you are with friends; you have been ill, you shall hear all about it when you get stronger," had apparently satisfied him. At James he looked with doubtful recognition. He seemed to remember the face, but to have no further idea about it and even when James said cheerfully:

"Don't you remember your friend James, Louis?" he had shaken his head in feeble negation.

"I expect it will all come back to him. Doctor Jacques said as he gets stronger and after all it is much better that he should remember nothing at present. It will be quite enough for that when he is better able to stand it."

"I agree with you there," James said. "And I am really glad that he did not remember me for had he done so the past night might come back to him at once, and feeble as he is, that would have completely knocked him over."

Upon the receipt of the letter just as he closed James at once started off at full speed (ahead) and soon had the satisfaction of handing it to Violet who was the first to open the door for him.... she tore it open.

"Do you know what it contains James?"

"How could I, Princess?" James replied. "As you see the letter is addressed to you and your sisters. Of course, should not think of looking into some body else's letter."

"Why not in our case? We would exempt that. You are as much interested in it as I am. Sit down between me and my sisters and let us read it together. Oh goody, see it is from our dear brother Penrod. By it is quite a long Epistle."

It was written by typewriter. Type written upon a long type writing paper, and ran as follows:

"Big Girl Knool Road,
May 10 1914.

"My darling Violet and my other dear sisters;

"You can imagine what joy I felt and so did our parents and the whole of our armies in general when we observed in the National News papers and heard that you were not only still safe, but what was being done to spies who tried to do you up in double day Federal army. Father said it was perfectly right. I could hardly believe my senses when buying a news paper which one of my sentries thrust in my hands, I found that you through the boy James had escaped the clutches of disaster in general. Vivians right, and that you were all safe and well. Tell James that there is very little chance for any one to reach us from here there as the enemy patrols watch every thing too closely. I took a long time to write this long letter as I was so busy with Father that I could only write a few lines at a time. We are advancing swiftly but we meet a lot of opposition. We were engaged at Elverson and on was it a bloody battle.

We have captured a bunch of murderous spies in our lines who were here intending to assassinate you believing you were with us here. It is a strange mixture. Here are many of the best blood of Glandelinia, together with deputies Glandelinian spy agents detectives, advocates, and writers. Very day some names are called out, and these go and we never see them again. Do not fret about me or how our army is advancing my dear little sisters, we are all in God's hands and as you really a angel possessed no harm can befall you. If it is His Will he'll select a day whence you can be able to travel to us, if not we must face bravely what ever happens. We are pushing on toward Depressionville but we fear we'll never get there. It is a dry since I wrote last. A strange thing has

already happened which will make you a blood boil as it did mine. I had line
 min-I was called out this morning to a little council room where we usually
 see certain visitors, and who do you think was there. My arch enemy that
 spy who looks so much like "Matt." He's Panj, a man the dangerous wicked into national
 spy the man who once denounced and almost caused by capture years ago because
 I defended the girl Jennie from him. He had been brought in to see me
 under a flag of truce and what do you think this wicked had the insolence to say?
 That if I would consent to leave the Christian army and go back to the United
 States until this war is over and take you little girls with me he could
 get Manley to withdraw his persecution of you little girls. He said that his
 influence would suffice, and he told me that he would give me time to consider the
 offer, but that I must remember that in time nothing could save you little girls
 from the Mandelins if I refused. What do you think I did? I said I was something
 very much not like the act of a gentleman, I'm afraid. I made a step closer
 to him, and then gave him a wallop across the face with my riding stick and
 the stick broke; then I made him a deep profound courtesy bow and said;
 "That is my answer. He's Panj. Get out of the camp before it is too late. You
 truces expire in twenty minutes." and walked into the great hall again.

Do not however let me waste a line of this precious letter that I should be
 writing to you more about this watch. So far, cannot see no possible way dears for
 you little girls to get to our army, so do not buoy yourselves up with hope.
 The only hope is that Father makes a junction with Double Day's Federal which
 he is striving to do. I have no hope other-wise and if you only imagine how
 fiercely and savagely we were resisted at Plattsburg. It was a terrible battle
 and the losses of our army something dreadful. Yet strange as it may seem to
 you we are not very unhappy here except of course father and I are very lonesome
 for you and wish that we had not got separated but the cruel fortune of this
 war did it. I have a plan that can be carried out so it'll never happen again
 once we get the united ones more. There are many of our old friends and some
 of the generals once under Evans. In the dreadful battle we kept up each other's
 courage and held our own against the terrific attacks of the enemy. We talked
 of other things too just as if we were in a drawing room.

So do not think of me as wretched or unhappy even though I am equally as lonesome
 for you little dears as you are for me. And now my sisters I must say adieu.
 You must trust your lives entirely to your brave good possession angels and
 a lot to you brave American friend and friend as you would trust me your
 brother. He will do all that is possible to take you and your dear sisters out
 of this unhappy land if General Double Day does get so badly engaged with the
 enemy that it would be dangerous for you to stay, and conduct you further
 north, and if for a time he cannot find a Christian army he may take you to
 his own home at Pandora. Thank our friend and others from me, and from
 our dear parents for their goodness and devotion. That your lives may be forever
 happy my dear sisters, will be my many prayers and the prayers of your loving
 parents...."

Your beloved brother
 Fenrod Vivian."

Inside the letter was a nothe r tiny note addressed to Jennie Vivian
 private. "Private." Having read the other Violet handed that one to Jennie
 herself, who took the little note and walking to the window opened it. As she did so
 a burning flush of color swept across her face to her very brow to the surprise
 of her sisters and James. She folded it carefully again but with trembling
 hands, and stood looking through the window silently for another half an
 hour before she came slowly and with faltering steps back to the table.

"What is it Jennie dear?" Daisy herself asked. "Have you been crying Jennie dear
 you look so flushed."

Jennie didn't answer and Angelina herself said;
 "You mustn't fret. James says we must not give up hope for he believes he may
 hit upon some scheme for getting to our dear brother yet. He says that it is
 only natural that he should think there was no means of getting through the
 enemy lines, but it was only what we expected. We have accomplished many difficult
 spy work on the enemy before and can do it again. It is we who must invent something
 something."

"Yes dears we will try but it isn't that," Jennie said with a quiver in her lip.
 "It isn't that," she sobbed. "He--he in that--that note warns us--we have
 been--been--trayed by a traitor" and then she suddenly burst into tears.

"A traitor?" gasped James his face suddenly turning white. "Give me that note
 Jennie please."

she with a shaking hand handed him the note and his eyes gave a look of horror.
 "You mustn't give way Jennie," James said when she recovered herself a little
 and her sisters had sunk back on their couch breathing as if suffocating. You
 "You know how much I trust to your advice, if you were to break down I should
 lose heart. Don't think too hard of this situation and if the spy is in this part
 of our army I'll move heaven and earth to get that traitor who do not think either
 of Fenrod's letter as a good bye. I have not lost hope yet by a long way. Why we
 have done wonders already in managing to get a letter to go through the foe lines
 and before that to even have this letter and don't worry about the traitor
 let me keep the note as it gives a description of him. I'll try and catch him
 cause his capture will consider half the difficulty is overcome, and you know there
 are so many child scouts in here who are all our friends. I'll inform General
 Nance."

"I will not try to break down again," Jennie said. "It is not often I give
 way, but oh to learn we were betrayed. Oh how it hurts a man some where
 who had pretended to be our best friend, and is a traitor. And to day I
 am not feeling quite myself, and that letter, and then the little note finished
 me and my sisters too. See how white they are. You will see I shall be all
 right to-morrow."

"I hope and pray so," James said as he rose to leave, but I think you had best
 ask Louise to give you something--your hands are hot and your cheeks are quite
 flushed, and you look to me as if you were feverish. I like to see main longer
 but this must be known by General Nance. Is he the main commander for Double Day?"
 "General Nance is."

Then I'll see him. Good night dears and please for God's sake don't worry
 over it."

"Ha, ha, ha," said James. "Ha, ha, ha." What next. I see on it all. Now a damn traitor.
 Ain't it enough that they suffered before. What's the matter with everything
 any how. But for heaven's sake I hope Jennie or her sisters are not going to
 break down. If she or her sisters were to get laid up now that would be the
 finishing touch to the whole affair, but perhaps as she says she and her sisters
 will be all right in the morning. I'll offer my holy Communion for that. I then
 tion to-morrow at the earliest Mass no matter how hard it is to get up so early.
 I thought at first it was the letter but it was this note. Ha, ha what a shock it
 gave even me when I read it. I wonder if I'm delirious or what am I laughing for.
 I confound it my heart burns with hate for that traitor. I'll slay him like
 a dog if I see him. Such a warning note as that would upset any poor little
 girl, even such plucky ones as Jennie and her sisters. I noticed she
 looked sick."

"I certainly will have this looked into my boy," said General Nance. "Go that
 skunk is within my camp eh. Well I have made a duplicate of that note several
 times and you keep the original and do you part in watching any man in that
 sort of clothing though I hope he is one of the suspicious characters
 already arrested. So their intention if they could do so of going to Fenrod
 through the Big Girl and Knoll was betrayed to General Thomas Federal eh. Ha. Some
 doings, but rest easy. We'll fix him."

"Yes, but however I'll fix it is of the poor princesses I must think now. It was
 a brave letter they received from their loving brother Fenrod, and how
 he found out this dastard deed God only knows but he sent the note. That is
 a bad business about that traitor and his name is John Lebatte. I used to
 wonder some days back he used to come so often to their headquarters on business
 that could have been done just as well by a messenger. He saw how things were
 going, and thought that when he betrayed their intention he might get a big
 reward from the Mandelins. General Nance, however it is most unfortunate that
 he should have had this interview with the poor girls, and strange
 that they given the gift of mind reading couldn't detect his thoughts, but they
 may not have thought of doing that I suppose. If it had not been for that it might
 have passed well. As it is no doubt Lebatte will have all the portions of the
 Big Girl and Knoll round what died now. I suppose maybe he asked of some favor which
 they couldn't grant and took unjust revenge. He will flatter himself of course
 that when the last moment arrives, and they get so lonesome for their brothers
 and parents they will charge their minds and do the favor if possible. There is
 one thing I'll see him I will kill him like a dog for he will be responsible
 for what ever happens to the little girls through his double crossing as much
 as if he himself had cut their throats. I would do it at once if I saw him."

"I'll give direct orders about him," said the General. As James prepared
 to leave. "Go to bed my son and do not worry about it."

James however was no upset by the note that he could not sleep. He went out side in the company street and walked about for some hours, scarcely noticing where he was going. It seemed to him that there must be some way of getting the poor little girls to see their parents and brother again if he could only hit upon it. He turned over in his mind every plan he had ever read of, but in one in most of these the party was some one who got inside help from within the lines, some have been helped secretly even by relatives who fought on a foe's side, but did help help their relations nevertheless at any risk, but this was not feasible here. No one had friends among Glandelinian soldiers. The Glandelinian army was not even a place where any one could obtain entrance for to try to do so was quite sufficient in the eyes of the foe to mark any one as being an enemy of Glandelinia's wicked cause. He was suddenly aroused from his reverie by a cry and the sound of curses, and beneath the dim light of some lantern hanging on the side of a tall tent, he saw a short man feebly defending himself against two others. The boy being a strong little lad sprang forward like a phantom, just as the man fell and with his long stick he always carried struck a sharp blow on the uplifted wrist of one of the assailants, sending the knife he was holding flying through the air. The other turned upon the boy instantly and swung at him with a long club but the boy dodged the blow, and drew his pistol from its holster, and then the two men at once took to their heels. James fired twice, three times but the culprits got away. James placed his pistol, and stooped over the fallen man just as a good number of soldiers soldiers having heard the shots stooped or ran up demanding what was the matter.

"Are you badly hurt mister?" he asked.

"No I think not but, do not know. I think I slipped down, but they would have killed me had you not arrived."

"Well let me and this soldier offering to help get you to your feet sir." James said holding out his hands, but with a feeling of great disgust at the abject idea of two big men attacking such a small fellow. He too was indeed trembling so that even when the soldier and James helped him to his feet he could scarcely stand and James felt he couldn't blame the poor fellow.

"You had better lead against the wall of this tent for a minute or two to recover yourself," James said. "I see you have your coat cut on the shoulder, and are bleeding pretty freely, but it is nothing to be frightened about. If you will give me your handkerchief I will bind it up for you."

One of the soldiers at James's request unbuttoned the man's coat, for the poor fellow's hands shook so much, that he was unable to do so, pulled the arm out of the sleeve, and tied the bandage tightly around the shoulder. The man seemed to belong to the class of refugees, and evident was very careful as to his attire, which was neat and precise. His linen and the ruffles of his shirt were spotlessly white and of fine material. The short waist coat was of pink cloth with bright metal buttons, the waist coat extending far below the inner coat being of a light bottle green color, broadened with a small pattern of flowers. He wore in the center of his breast a large crucifix. When he had bound the wound James helped him on with the coat again. He was by this time recovering himself.

"On that occurred double crosser because he knew I knew he betrayed the Princesses to Federal how he attacked me," he murmured.

The word startled James. What was this? He had not interfered, as he supposed to prevent the robbery of some refugees by foreign ruffians in camp. It was an attempted assassination that had been attempted—a vengeance by one of the accomplices of that traitor who himself would lay hands on if he could and by the traitor himself. He was mad clean through that he had not killed those two men. He looked more closely at the person whose life he had saved. He had a thin and significant figure—his face was a pale and looked like that of a student. It seemed to James that he had seen it before but where he could not say. It thought was one of regret that he had not killed the two men he had interfered with, and almost cursed himself for allowing the allowing the opportunity to slip.

"My young lad," the stranger said, "will you give me your name and escort me home? You have saved my life, it is a humble one but perhaps it is of some value to the Christian cause. I live but two company Street away. It is not often I am out alone in these stirring times for I too have as many secret enemies as the dear little princesses, but," was called suddenly out of on business, though I have no doubt now the message was a fraudulent one, designed simply to put me into the hands of my foe."

The man spoke in a thin hoarse voice which inspired James he knew not why with a feeling of repulsion, he had certainly heard it before. He offered him his arm and walked with him to his tent.

"Come in I beg you," the stranger said.

As both went in a young woman and two children suddenly faced them in surprise. Having been seated at a table on which was a large kerosene lamp.

"Why George my dear husband," she exclaimed on seeing his face, "you are ill, you—face is white. Has anything been happened?"

"I have been attacked in the street in the company street," he said, "but am not hurt much though had it not been for this young lad it would have gone badly with me. You have to thank him for having saved your husband's life and for causing my poor children to be fatherless. I knew he was the man who had betrayed the Vivian girls and he with another man tried to kill me."

"Oh the poor little dear," said the woman with real compassion. "and turning to the boy," "And I suppose you were surprised when the two cozeners escaped."

"I only regret that they did more than anything else," said James bitterly. "Had I known sooner who one of them were they would be dead now. I'm trying to get him my self."

The tent was plainly but neatly furnished. There were some birds in cages, which late though the hours was, hopped on their perches, and twittered when they heard the master's voice, and he responded with several words of greeting to them.

"Be it the supper dear," he said to his wife. "The brave boy will take a meal with us. You know who I am I suppose?" he said to James.

"No," James replied. "I have a collection of your face and voice, but I cannot recall where I have met you. I saw you once though in an elegant uniform of a high general in rank."

"I am General Memo, Buster John Memo," he said.

James gave a start of delighted surprise.

This man who he had saved (behaved) was the whom he had so often praised to the little princesses, one of the leaders of those who had caused mainly the capture of all the secret and deadly foes of the princesses, and lightedly deluged the country with the blood of them—the man next only to General Double Day Federal, was hated and feared by the highest and best generals of the Glandelinian side. His family was one of respect and admiration, but at the same moment the reflection through his mind the thought that chance had favored him beyond his hopes, and that the comedy which he had planned with Walter Starling to carry out had come to pass without premeditation, but with General Memo as the chief actor, put so surprised and delighted was he that for a moment he sat unable to say a word. General Memo was gratified at the effect which his name had produced. He was a strangely mixed character, at once fierce and bold, shrinking from the personal danger of the princesses within his command and yet ready to urge the most extreme measures for their protection and for the protection of all his friends. Simple in his tastes, and yet not vain and avoiding all applause, domestic and affectionate in his private character but ready to shed a wife's blood for the protection of a violet and her sisters. Pure in morals; passionate in his resolved against the foe, incorruptible and inflexible, the more dangerous because he had neither forgiveness of mercy on such a foe, that as long as a violet and her sisters were safe the life of Glandelinian spy soldier was nothing, because had he considered it necessary that half a Glandelinian army should perish for the benefit of the endangered princesses he would have signed the death warrant of that half without emotion or hesitation. To him the Glandelinians were the scum of hell.

"You are surprised my lad," he said but the way of late are inscrutable. The intonation of a young lad had thwarted the wicked schemes of the deadliest and treacherous enemies of the princesses. Had you been but ten seconds later I should have ceased to be, and one of the humble instruments by which Heaven is working for the safety of the nation and the princesses would have perished."

While the general was speaking James had rapidly thought over the role which it would be best for him to adopt. Should he avow his real character and ask for an order of a strong escort to lead the princesses safely to Emperor Vivian's army as a recompense for the service he had rendered the general, or should he retain his present character and first obtain the general's good confidence and wait until the time was ripe for such a move. There was danger in such an attempt outside the lines for above all things the general prided himself upon his true incorruptibility, and he might consider that to allow the princesses to go out on such a dangerous journey would be a big breach of duty to the cause. He resolved the better to keep silent at present and saving an appeal to the general's gratitude for the last extremity.

"Pardon me sir," the boy said, "he had rapidly arrived at this conclusion my emotion was naturally great at finding I had unwittingly been the means of saving the life of one on whom the eyes of the whole world are fixed. I rejoice indeed that I should be the means of preserving such a life."

This statement was strictly true.

"He will talk more of the supper," the general said. "My wife and I see in ready with it. Indeed it is long past our usual hour, and we were just sitting down when it was called out by what purported to be an important message from the Vivian and Princesses."

"From the Vivian and Princesses?" gasped James. "At what hour?"

"At six o'clock my lady."

"Why sit I then the young legal guardian appointed by their brother Penrod. I was with them past that hour. They never wrote a note to any one. If you must know they are to send lonesome and gloomy to do anything just now."

"I see. And then the letter was a decoy to get me out in that lonely company street. I see it now."

The general dined continuously as the meal went on, and James asked him self in astonishment whether he was in a dream, and if this man before him talking about the little princesses and their good ways and of their lives before they came into the army with their father the emperor, could really be the Christian general the enemy dreaded so much. After the meal was over his host said:

"As yet I am totally ignorant of the good name of my young princess."

"My name is James Michael Andrews," James replied.

"It is not an Abbeinnian name," the general said in surprise. "I hope you are not English. English. Many of them always double crossed us."

"I am of American parentage," James said quietly, "but have been resident with my parents for some years in Abbeinnia. I have been for some time in the service of the beautiful and angelic Vivian and Princesses who are as righteous and holy as angels themselves, and have been doing every thing for them what I could despite the fact that General Manley has sent so many spies to try to kill them, and, am also on the look out for a spy that had double crossed them."

"Glandelinia is our worst enemy and a wicked senseless enemy of God and all heaven and Christianity," the general said, raising his voice angrily, "the enemy of all Holy Religion, and liberty, and you are such a good American to rigenera on in your plots with our cause and defend the princesses."

"I know plenty about the doings of the Glandelinians," James replied with a smile.

"And indeed about all the way they carry on the wall 'm not complaining but I can't make it out how our Blessed Lord permits it without striking himself especially those horrible child massacres and the dreadful persecutions of the princesses. I don't want to slight the saints, but, I don't believe any saint went through what they did. I am but little past nine and so that I can defend them I do not ask for anything else. It is quite trouble enough to see such things and at times I almost imagine they were my sisters in peril and there fore, defend them as I would my own. If you can put me in the way of doing anything to show these accursed Glandelinians real American ways which it is said they dread the most of all I can consider that I am well repaid for the little service I rendered you."

"Assuredly I will do so," General Nemo said. "I am a poor man in money matters you know, I do not believe in putting my hand into the public purse just for service rendered to my holy cause. And, and my wife where ever the army goes live as frugally as we did when I first became an officer in the army. My only gains have been the wicked hatreds of the Glandelinians and the love of God and the people and the princesses. But though I have not money, I have influence and I promise to use it on your behalf. Until I hear of something suitable you can if you will for the spare time you have work here with me as my aide camp and share for you - solve and the princesses what I possess. My correspondence is very heavy. I am overwhelmed with strange letters from the provinces imprisonment of Christian armies begging me to inquire into grievances against the princesses heard of and receive as they wrong which I certainly will do courses on the rascally Glandelinians. Can you read and write well in Abbeinnian?" for from James words he supposed that he had held some menial post in the headquarters of Prince Penrod and his darling saintly little sisters.

"Yes I can read and write fairly well in Abbeinnian," James said.

"Are you as perfectly acquainted with our tongue?"

"Yes sir."

"And are you acquainted with the Glandelinian tongue which though the same had or has a lot of slang in it?"

"I have known enough of it to speak it but I am not sure about its way of spelling at all," James said. "I can manage it if I have a copy of their crazy language."

"If you can speak it that will do," General Nemo said. "There are sometimes Glandelinian news papers captured, and I should like to hear for myself with what that perfidious people say of us Abbeinnians, and there are few here who can translate the slang of their language. Do you accept my proposal. I won't take up too much time because you must be with the princesses more of the time than

with me."

"Willingly," James said.

"Very well then, come here at nine o'clock in the morning, but tell them first before you do so they'll know where to find you if they need you. Put mind you are only filling the post of my secretary until I can find something better for you to do."

"The post will be a better one some day, general. Ere long you will be the greatest man in Abbeinnia, and the post of secretary will be one which the foolish sinners would well envy."

"I sh I see you know how to flatter," General Nemo said with a smile much gratified nevertheless with James words. "You must remember nevertheless that I have no dignities, do not deserve it, that I care only for the welfare of Abbeinnia and her rulers which are our holiest holiest of persons."

"I know general. That you are called 'Nemo the incorruptible' James said, "but nevertheless you belong to Abbeinnia, and emperor Vivian will assuredly see that some day you have such a reward as you richly merit."

"There was no fault in that," James said to himself as he made his way down stairs. "These human tigers who have so often tried to slay the poor princesses have met their doom on account of him. I've often seen it in the papers. He is a strange count as this man, but, suppose he is righteous at it. His food was fit for a king despite the way he lives and, sure have not told the general have of my opinion of him. Emperor Vivian is proud of him and, don't blame him. I'd hate to be a Glandelinian general with a division of even the bravest Glandelinian soldiers and dare try to withstand a charge he would lead and direct. He's like a tiger that could lick a hundred lions that general. But this is glorious. What news I shall give the little angels in the morning. If I cannot insure their full protection now I shall be a bugle indeed. Here I had the planning of the events of this evening, and they turned out better for us than we supposed thanks to our Blessed Lord and His mother."

It was the first time that James had called at their headquarters as early as eight in the morning after keeping his promise of attending the early mass and receiving Holy Communion, and Jennie herself leaped up from the breakfast table as he entered. Her sisters remained sitting at her request.

"What is it James. You bring us some news don't you?"

"I do indeed Jennie capital news. Whom do you think I had supper with last night?"

"Had supper with James," Jennie repeated. "What do you mean. Not with general Nemo surely?"

"Now in the world could you guess it. Sure, I had supper with general Nemo."

"With general Nemo?" the other little girls repeated in absolute astonishment. "You are joking James dear. Violet herself went on but you cannot be doing that; you have accomplished such wonders for us already. Tell us how you came to have supper with that great general who half the time dresses in civilian clothes."

"My dear princesses! regard it as a special providence, an amazing news from our Dear Blessed Lord to our pray prayers for our preservation. I had the good fortune to saving his life."

"Saving his life. Why James who in the world would have dared attack him?"

Jennie exclaimed. "Who attacked him?"

"Two Glandelinians, one who double crossed you. I shot at them but he escaped."

"But I'm a dumb ox if I'll not remember his face."

"What happiness. Then he can help us in our plans later on to get to Penrod and father's army."

"I do not know if I need to promise that Jennie for one reason."

"Said James. "While at supper, saw a news paper on the table and from what I saw there you father without intending to insult should be known as the

"human steam roller has crushed all opposition in his path. The enemy has

tried every believable scheme to check his advance but it can't or if it can be

accomplish, do not yet know how it is exactly to be done. Is army is immense

the battle of plavero was a crushing victory, he had swept the enemy before

him and is moving forward like an irresistible mountain. One section of it is

moving toward Depressionville, and other sections is already within fifty

miles of Pandora and advancing on Big Red Road near the Polans. put such

a plan of good fortune would never have been sent to us had it not been intended

by our Blessed Lord that you must see your beloved ones again. Now sit down

quietly all of you, and let me tell you all about it, and I'll give you the

news paper to prove what I say, for, have to be at general Nemo's again at

nine o'clock. He's some general. I almost wish my father was like him."

"Oh Thanks be to God that is good fortune indeed," Jennie exclaimed when

he had finished while her sisters looked over the news. "Naturally he cannot

refuse any request you may make now."

"If he does it must be because it would be a miracle to accomplish it," James

but to attempt assassination of the general. The general had been frequently interrupted by callers. Member of the Military Committee of the Abbeisnannian public Safety, leaders of the St Michael and St Johns C. Club, and others dropped in and asked General Names advice, ordering discussed measures to be taken, and after a few hours or so, two (not a Jew), James found that it was very seldom, except when taking his meals, that the General was alone while in the house, and as his wife or even children were in the house, the idea of a spy trying to get in and compel the general to sign any thing against his will was clearly impracticable. Each day too after his work was over, and this was generally completed about one o'clock, James called to see how Walter Starling himself was getting on for poor folks had died and was a burden. Walter was gaining strength but his brain

The doctor told James that in time his case was hopeless.

"His strength seems to have absolutely deserted him," he said, "and his mind is now a blank like a one-year-old, but but . . . by no means despair of his gradually recovering, and if he could hear the voices of the princesses it might strike a chord now lying dormant and set the brain at work again."

James decided to have the little girl see him as soon as possible he could get them to go there as the hospital was some ways off, but as to try and find a way to get them safely to Impero-Vivians army James could do nothing, what he would be traveling without encountering enemy patrols, and he could only wait until some chance in the situation might afford some opportunity for action. He had asked the General four times already but the General only shook his head. It was evident that the enemy too was not pushing matters forward but that the preference remained to remain in the provinces provinces and leave the horrors of loneliness work upon the little girls and so break them down as such: loneliness usually kills persons in time. There however had been no lull in the execution of prisoners who were dastardly enough to have harmed the little girls, and then James and violet and her sisters got a surprise. All eyes throughout the Christian nation turned to the spectacle of the trial of Augustina St. Claire in Impero-Vivians lines.

From the time Ferrod arrested the dirty scoundrel he had remained a close prisoner in the internment camp, and because of what he had done to the

Vivian, the Princess Jennie the whole army was determined upon having his worthless life for it. Why the trial was so long delayed was that Penrod would not hurry me matters a matter a just to torment the prisoners. The trial had commenced on the 10th of April. There was no one found to defend the culprit and he was condemned before hand. The two elder brothers and Jack Evans led the assault. Evans a witness of the scene and Jennie's plight caused distaste and order when he stated the scene. The question was then put on the Military Assesment Assembly; "Is Augustinia St Clair guilty of assault with intent to kill on the little Princess Jennie."?

With scarcely a single exception the Assembly returned an affirmative affirmative answer, and two hours after the final vote was taken. Three hundred and fifty thousand voted for death at the stake and fire, two million for life imprisonment, two hundred and eighty six thousand for detention, banishment or exile or unconditional death, for hundred and forty six thousand for death by hanging, but after a short delay with a wish that the Assembly should revise the sentence. Sentence of death by burning at the stake was pronounced. After a sitting which lasted for forty seven hours an hour and ten minutes, there was another struggle between the advocates of delay and those of instant execution, but the latter won, and the scoundrel died at the fiery stake. The Glandelinians looked on amazed and appalled at the act which however was justified.

Before Joe James had a chance to bring such news he had asked the Princesses a little history of what their father did in the army out side of military life;

"My Father and mother does a seven, and attended all morning Masses on Week days and goes to daily Communion, then he puts on his uniform and is with our brother till nine, when he comes to breakfast with our mother. After breakfast my father gave us lessons till eleven o'clock, and then my brothers played till midday, when we went to walk or riding together whatever the weather was. Our walk or ride continued until two in the afternoon, when we dined. After dinner my father and mother some times when not busy played at some games. At four o'clock my mother would go upstairs with us because our father usually took a nap of went out to visit the Church. At six o'clock my brothers were in bed, and our father gave us lessons till supper time. After supper my mother soon went to bed. We then went upstairs to our little palace chapel and stayed there a long time. Father came in two times and stayed till eleven. My mother and father worked much at tapestry and had us study or play and frequently read alone and went to mass every morning also with us. My aunt too did mostly the same and so did our Uncle. We all read many religious books, usually aloud, but that was before the war. We had time to play with lots of other children and our lives were sure happy then."

When they heard the trial of the trial and execution of Jennie's arch enemy it had at least the good effect of diverting the minds of Violet and her sisters from their own anxieties.

Jennie and her sisters however were passionate, and Daisy tearful and so sorrowful in their indignation that the traitor who had betrayed them to the Federal had remained at large. Over and over again Jennie implored James to try and cause the capture of that scoundrel. The whole army was shocked and a lienated by this news, and Jennie urged that James might, from his connection with General Nemo, obtain some search warrant which would enable the Marshal to be captured, but James couldn't see how that could accomplish anything on that matter.

"In the first place Jennie, it would be utterly impossible for any one watched as they are to escape the Christian lines, and no pass or permit that even a person could get from any one would be of the smallest utility, but that does not mean that he would be captured by those who know him not for he is disguised as an Argentinian officer and assumes the name of an officer who had recently resigned and which General Nemo knows nothing. You must remember that all though every one unites against you foes, we can't capture every one of the spies. General Nemo is only doing his best, and although the spy is the most prominent because he double crossed you and your sisters, he cannot get out of the lines even though he could win a pass from General Nemo as the pass without being verified would not be respected. I will tell Jennie and we must have patience. In the next place Jennie, I have a name the only one to recognize him. I am staying here to do what little I can to watch over you and your sisters, for the sake of your dear parents and brothers, and because I love you all. The responsibility is heavy enough, and could I could, even capture the traitor I would not do it if the act in the act in the slightest degree interfered with my freedom of action toward you and your sisters and caused you to go into danger which only a miracle could take you out of."

"But that traitor may come and try to molest or do some awful harm to us."

Violet said passionately.

"Hear, pily Violet" James replied coolly I'm positive that your possession

argals would prevent that, and as you will lives is in my eyes and your safety too a thousand times not only more of consequence consequence but of practicalness than that of any outside King, and as your chances of safety to some extent depend upon mine I do not mean to risk one of those chances of his trying to come here to do you little girls a hurt. Besides to tell you the truth, in accordance to save your lives, therefore have no liking for my own if I cannot save yours, you have a lot more right to live than the best of these Glandelinians have and I have as much a marked objection to see any thing happen to you as a coward has an objection to losing his own life. You see I have people at home in Pandora who are fond of me, and who want to see me safe at home again, alive and well, but what would they think and say, if because of my slackness in my charge you perished. No, no, don't fear when it is God's will I will get that traitor Nemo leave the rest to God. If you are really possessed of an else have no fear even if the dirty snake is at large. I know him and when he crosses my path God help him."

"I know, James dear I know" Jennie said with her eyes full of tears. "I did not understand that you knew him by face. That is one good consolation to us, but sometimes I and my sisters fear it is awfully wrong that you a foreigner should be staying here asking your life for us instead of going home to those who love you. I think some times I and my sisters ought to go away to the armies ourselves and leave you go home." And Jennie burst into tears.

"My dear Jennie" James said soothingly. "Do not worry yourself about me or your dear sisters either. It would have been just as dangerous at the time we fled from the victorious enemy at Depressionville for me to have tried to escape from the army elsewhere as it was to stay there,--in fact I should say it was a good deal more dangerous--and at present as General Nemo's secret army, I am in no danger at all. It is also not at all disagreeable serving a man like he is, and he is a very decent kind of kind of man, and not at all hard to get on with. As to what I have done for you and your sisters, so far as I see, I have done nothing beyond bringing you here in the first place from General Nemo's captured camps, and coming to have a pleasant chat with you and your sisters every evening. No with the best will in the world have been able to do the slightest assistance to you in my plans to try and get a way to go for your return to your army. These darn Glandelinians, know, wicked as they are cannot be trifled with by any one, not even you brave little girls just now. As we say at home in the United States my intentions are good, but so far the intentions have borne no useful fruit whatever. Of course if you decide to go forth at any risk I'd be willing, but even princesses though you are General Nemo and Nemo says they wouldn't let you attempt it under any condition until the Big Gid Knool, or Yellow Brick Road as it is called is perfectly open. Come Jennie dry your eyes, for it is not often that I have seen you cry and I can't stand it either. Oh I tell you truthfully as much as you know the enemy I know them better, no Abbeismian in any army I'll bet hates the Glandelinians as much as I do and I have good reasons. We have thrown in our lot together, and we shall swim or sink in company. You little girls keep up my spirit and I will keep up mine. Let your possession angels protect you in all adventures forced upon you and do not lose heart. Don't let there be any talk about gratitude. There will be time enough for that if I ever get you safely to Pandora. Only from there can you find a route to get to your Father's army. Then perhaps I may send in my bill and ask for repayment. And that that payment I will ask is your everlasting friendship."

James spoke lightly, and Jennie with a great effort recovered her composure and after that, although their trial and danger were nightly discussed by many officers and lamented, Violet, or her sisters never said a word as to any possibility of the catastrophe being averted and kept up their abject prayers to our blessed Lord for protection.

"I don't understand this" said James to himself as he went on his way toward General Hemo tent. "I have kept these little girls company now for quite a while and their goodness and holiness is about the same as the perfection of the holy ones in Heaven itself. No sin, they can't look at a crucifix without tears in their eyes, and all other qualifications and yet they are treated like this. What I can't understand is how it is possible when they're angel possessed. And do the angels suffer what they suffer. Of course if I would complain of this to some one here they would say 'Well it is awful I'll admit but remember our Blessed Lord and His Mother were innocent too and see what they suffered. But I can't see it that way about those little girls. It certainly ain't right. Some other will say 'Well they ought to have stayed home where they're safe, but then that would have been cowardly when they should follow their Father and Mother and besides in their nation that is at stake and it is their duty to do this. General Nemo was surprised and looked at me in disdain when yesterday morning, burst out indignantly at him and gave my opinion of him before his face because he mentioned the word Glandelinia. But how could I help it. I hate that very name like a child hates Castor Oil. I was surprised too ever since as he never mentioned that word again especially in my presence. I'll get even with those Glandelinians yet."

That morning James felt a thrill go through him, as glancing over the list of persons among the Christians to be warned of personal danger because all spies could not be apprehended, he saw the names of Violet, and her sisters concealing the traitor who had betrayed them, although his knowledge of the character of the glandelinian petrels gave him little ground for hope, he determined upon making a direct appeal to the general praying that the general would see a way.

"I see you, Excellency," he said for that was the mode of address among universal at that time. "That among the list of persons to be warned are the names of B Violet and her sisters."

"Say the Vivian girl Princesses, 'or the Darling s of the nation," said the general reprovingly. "Yes what would you say about them, poor things."

"I told you your excellency upon the first night when I came here, that I had first been in the service of their brother Penrod. Although I know he is a good prince I am bound to say he placed me in his own stead when he was forced to leave for Imperovivians army. Since I knew them the little Princesses showed me many marks of kindness and are so unaturally so unethically good and holy that this I would fa in now re turn your Excellency I did you a service on the night when we first met, and I ask you now as a full quitance for that aid that you will grant me a strong body guard and help us get over to Imperov Vivians army. Whatever they do suffer and have suffered is absolutely not justified they do not deserve it and I feel even their guardian angels would not have it so for some say that at times there is weeping in their headquarters than no one can account for and it is not from them or any one in the place. They are so good more good than they are pretty and therefore I implore you to give me some help which will charge their loneliness and sorrow to happiness."

"I am surprised at your request," the general said calmly. "These little Princesses belong to a race who have for centuries made Abbeinnia what it is to day, and if the angels that possess them cannot find a way for them to go forth safely God only knows I cannot only on the account of the obligation I am under their own care give you even this request which is too perilous, such an act would only sent them to a ruin of which I would be responsible for, and an act of treason to the people and the army, and I hope you know well enough by this time to be aware that nothing whatever will induce me to do such a thing you ask, when I know as I am so far have not even dared go out on a scouting tour which is usually my customary habit. If you say you know the glandelinians as well as you do you must have gone mad to ask me to do a favor which would require a tremendous miracle. If there was a possible way to do it, I would be only too glad. Knowing their loneliness I had recently asked General Nance whether he could make an advance to make a junction with Imperov Vivian but General Nance answered that the situation is so serious he really is afraid to take the chances. Of course is if there is a way open I would do so willingly. Ask of me all I have it is little enough but it is yours, but this thing I cannot grant you, for I did, I would be fully responsible in the eyes of God himself if you and the little girls were captured or went to their destruction at the hands of the enemy."

For a moment James was on the point of bursting out indignantly against the glandelinians in a way that would not have sounded good to Abbeinnians, but he checked himself and without a word went on with his writing, although the tears of disappointment for a time almost blinded him, but he felt it would be hopeless to urge the point further, and that did he do so the general would really believe he had gone mad. Even in the meantime knowing where she was James had corresponded regularly with Angelina Aronburg, and even once seen her and exchanged a few words with her. Having been sent by General Nemo with a letter to her, but she was not able to think of anything to do to him she almost had the features of the princess Violet, her color was the same, she had the same good nature and yet dignified manner and there was an expression of patient resignation on her face. He always had said to him or wrote to him, "hope and pray always, all is not lost yet. Still but little change had taken place in Walter Starvings condition. He remained in a state of almost lethargy with an expression of dull hopelessness on his face, sometimes he passed his hand wearily across his forehead as if he were trying to collect something; he had lost, he was still too weak to stand, but Doctor Jacques and his wife and Red Cross Nurse combined would dress him and place him on a couch, which James pursued chased for his use. The worthy couple surely were taking good care of the lad in the base hospital.

James had many talks with Violet and her sisters concealing the fact that he should do James. "Nannie said over and over again 'If we could get away and all get safely away with him to gather to you home in Pandora until Father's army advances up all would be well, which I began to despair of of our ever doing, but if we should do it what should we do. In case a great attack comes upon Nance

would Starving be safe there. Only the other day we sent a letter to him and got no answer. It is dreadful and what would Angelina Aronburg say when she learned on her arrival in Imperovivians army that Starving has all this time been lying broken down and in suffering in the army. Why in the world did he go out scouting. His injury proves how dangerous it would be for us to even go out. We may be even killed."

To this question James for a long time, could give no answer. At last he said; "I have been thinking it over, Jennie and I feel indeed that we have no right to take ourselves away without you little girls first knowing the truth about poor Starving. His misfortunes have come upon him because he would stop within general Vivian's army to watch over you little girls. I feel now that you little girls have the right to choose one of you or if she chooses to do so of stopping in this army to look after him while the rest of you go forth to your Father's army."

"Oh James you would never think of any of us going away and leaving one of us."

"I don't know, girls, if it would not be best," he could stay in disguise or say dressed as a little nurse with the doctor and his Red Cross Nurse. I have great hopes that her voice and presence would do what we have failed to do namely awaken him from this sad state of lethargy. They could stay there for months until General Nance joins you Father's mother."

"But James dear you do not know what you say. Father's mother would not allow it that any one of us should purpoely through our own doing separate from each other. No no we would not consent to that under any conditions. We ought to altogether go to him and stop in the hospital."

"I'm afraid not," James said. "Of course you are safe in the army now from your dreaded assassins in spy enemies for every day the search for suspects becomes stricter, every day people are being seized who cannot give an account of themselves and suspicious things found on them, others are called upon to produce the papers proving their identity, and would not therefore suggest any such thing against you will. There is only hope for permanent safety by remaining in the army, for asked General Nemo for help to get you little girls away and he said it was too dangerous that even he or Nance wouldn't even let you go."

As soon as an arrangement can be made we will try and get you all to remain with Starving. That would be better and stay here until something good turns up. When God wills Imperov Vivian will get here. From the news to day I heard it is impossible to check his advance. Even my letter is afraid to tackle him so there is something to cheer you up by."

It was just early that afternoon before the writing time from his job that James received a double shock. Among the letters of denunciation was the following: "You Excellency General Nemo, I know that you watch over the army. I would have you know that for more than two weeks seven supposed to be girls have been dwelling with one Louise Moullin of rent number fifteen rue Michael, there were eight of them, but the eldest has been disappeared. This is in itself mysterious, the old woman herself is not a servant of any one but a dangerous spy, a man in disguise and carrying dangerous weapons. They have been searched for day after day as those seven claim they're the Vivian girls and they have voices very much like rough boys. The supposed to be woman gives out that she is a relative of theirs, but it is believed in the neighborhood that they are glandelinian boy and man spies in disguise. Once they were seen loitering near General Nance's headquarters. They receive many visits from a young man of whom no one knows nothing. He is five feet tall and wears a sort of small beard and a large star-shaped black hat. Inform the princesses to keep out of their sight as they are dangerous spies looking for a chance to kill them. We have tried to apprehend them but they're as fleetly as deer."

James felt the color leave his cheeks, and his hand shook as he hastily abstracted the note, and put it so it would be the first one looked at by the general when he came in. Too late was a sudden blow for which the lad was unprepared indeed. He could not even think what was best to be done. However saying to himself that he had at any rate a few days before the general had seen the letter, and proceeded aside to be thought over after the general had seen the letter, and proceeded with his work. After a time he came to the list of those marked for execution as spies on the following day, and saw with a fresh pang another letter of warning about strange spies who knew the whereabouts of Violet and her sisters and were always secretly laying for them and yet who could not be captured as they were too slick. Go the crisis had arrived. That night or never Violet and her sisters must be warned. He opened the next few letters mechanically but staid himself when the general who had failed to see the letter for it fell upon the floor asking him a question. A long time he worked on, but his brain was swimming, and he was on the point of saying that he felt strangely unwell, when the general seeing the letter lying on the floor, picked it up and read it with horror on his face and was going to say something to James when

there was a ring at the bell, and a moment later a tall handsome young man in uniform entered the room. James recognized the man's face but could not remember his name.

"I have just come from the Tribunal Assembly your excellency," he said and have looked over the reports for tomorrow. I have come to you as I know you are just, and are a special friend of the Vivian girl Princesses, and abhor the shedding of their blood. They are resident in general Nances own headquarters. They are wholly innocent of all wrongdoing yet certain numbers of spies even who are disguising themselves to look like the princesses are secretly threatening them, and even know where the princesses reside. I know the nature of these little princesses well, and their father the Emperor is a special friend of mine. Even although we know that their father is a king his heart is with the people as much as for himself. He is much more good than a saint and from what his little daughters are they do not in the least deserve what they are always facing, and they as you are acquainted are well beloved by the nation. Now I'm not lying, lying, it is impossible to trace those secret enemies of theirs and I'm scared they'll get the little dears soon--or later even in their headquarters. It is wicked if we would let them die just for the sake of the Glandelinians who wish to kill them when we can find a way for the princesses to get away. More over, even if anything happens to them our nation will suffer much had luck for we are responsible for them. I pleaded for them that you will find for them a safe way to get away from this army and get some where where they are not known,--no not to Emperor's army--I could see that thought in your face sign--it is just as dangerous for them there too. They must be in some big city disguised as little citizens. I have seen only one way. Down the Hollister Run Hvertward Fandora. It is somewhat dangerous of course but safer than any where else. They could have a strong escort of gunboats guarding them."

"You are willing to give them all the assistance you can sir?" The general asked.

"I am." The fact that they are in too much secret danger here is surely a guarantee?"

"It is," General Nemo said. "What you tell me convinces me that I can without damage to the cause of the nation grant your request. I am more glad to do so since my secretary had also prayed for their safe escape from this unseen danger."

But though he rendered me the greatest service, and I owe to him a debt of gratitude, I was obliged to refuse; for to grant his request would have been to send him and the little girls out into hopeless peril; but now if you know an open way it is different. You tell me that you can supply a safe line of gunboats of war vessels to guide her down the Mic-Hollister, so on these grounds I can with a good conscience grant her and her sisters a safe passage to Fandora down the Mic-Hollister Run, and of course the little boy aide de camp must accompany them."

The tall man had looked with astonishment as James as the general spoke. "Thank you for their sakes sir," he said to Nemo. "It is an act of just justice which I relied upon your well known character of promise you that your granting this will not be misplaced, and that they will be safely conducted down the river at the risk of my life. May I ask," he said how it is that your secretary who whose face seems familiar to me, is interested in these little angels also."

"It is simple enough," the general replied. "He was in the service of their brother Penrod."

"Oh I remember now," the tall man said. "He is an American. I wonder if that you retain them here when he should be busy with them."

"He saved my life," the general replied rather coldly. "A somewhat good ground, you will admit for placing confidence in him, and if the princesses are not offended in my giving their aide de camp an extra job here then I do."

"Assuredly," the tall man said hastily seeing that the general was offended. "And now citizen there is another matter of importance on which I wish to confer with you."

At that moment James saw a man go into a small house within the camp whose face he recognized. He rose.

"Your excellency I will ask you to excuse me for further work to day. My head is aching badly, and I can scarce see what I am writing."

"I thought you were making some confusion of my papers," the general said kindly. By all means put aside your work then in a whisper. "I know what the matter is lad, I saw him myself. Thank God if you get him. He is that traitor."

On leaving the room James went up to the attic above which he had occupied since he had entered the general's service, rapidly put on the blue blouse, and pantaloons which he had for many years worn, pulled his cap well down over his eyes and hurried down stairs. He stationed himself some distance along the

company Street near that house and hearing voices understood what was going to be done and waited for Lebatte to come out. Rapidly thinking the matter over he concluded that the man would not attempt to bomb general Nances headquarters until after dark in order that when he placed the bomb he would not be noticed by any of the sentries in the company street. From the conversation Lebatte had calculated of course, that he could do it effectually for the bomb bomb had power enough to wreck the place to thoroughly that not a soul would get out alive for the bomb not only had force but would start a raging furnace that no fire department could stop. A quarter of an hour later Lebatte came out of the house and walked down the street. James stealthily followed him. After walking some distance Lebatte came to a stand of military hackney coaches and spoke to one of the drivers when he had gone on again James went up to the man.

"Come aside," he said. "Do you wish to do a very good holy action, and earn a number of gold pieces at the same time."

"That will suit me admirably," the coachman replied.

"Well let one of your comrades wait here after you have then, and let us have a glass of wine together in that military cabaret."

As soon as they were seated at a small table with a measure of wine before them James said;

"That supposed to be military Angelinian deputy who spoke to you just now (get your cow wow) has engaged you for a job this evening."

"He has," the coachman said. "I am to be at the left corner of Company L at nine this evening. I accepted the job but God knows I don't like his face."

"Your suspicions of his face is correct. He is a bad lot," James said. "He is going to carry on your hackney coach an enormous box, which is nothing but an explosive to destroy the headquarters of the Princesses while they sleep. They are friends of mine, and I am their young guardian, and I not only want to save her but get the scoundrel and kill the rat like a mad dog. Now what I want to do is take your place on the box this evening. I will drive him to the place where he is to get the bomb, and then he gets to his headquarters, I shall jump off and have a company with me who will either capture or kill him which ever it be. I will give you ten crowns for the use of your coach for one hour."

"Agreed," the coachman said his face ashen in horror. "Between ourselves some of these fellows who pretend to be friends of the Christian side, are spies in disguise and just as great scoundrels, aye and worse than the Glandelinian soldiers are. We drivers know a good many things that the soldiers in general don't, but you must mind sir that scoundrel you mention carries weapons you know, and your effort to capture him may turn out the other way."

"Oh I can get a comrade or two to help," James said laughing. "There are others besides myself who will not see such good little angels be injured in the least."

"And where shall I get my coach again?"

"At the end of Camp St Augustine near Camp St Ann. I expect I shall be there by nine o'clock with it; but I am sure not to be many minutes late. Here is an Abbessian Louis now. I will give you the other when I change places with you. Be at the end of company L at half past seven. I shall be on the lookout for you."

"For the sake of those dear little Heavenly things I won't fail!" The coachman said. "You may rely upon that."

James now hurried away to a soldier friend of his by the name of Jacques too. and rapidly gave an account of what had taken place. At first the soldier was paralyzed with horror at the story but as he recovered himself but still shaky James continued; "In the first place Jacques I want your soldier's companion to see his friend and let him take a note instantly to the princesses. It is to tell them for God's sake to get out of their headquarters and dance too before it is too late in case I am not in time to frustrate it, because if they are not warned in time it is just possible they'll be killed unless the possession angels miraculously preserve them, but do they know of the plot. I would appeal to the guards but I don't suppose I could reach any of them in time, still it would be well to avoid any risk of our scheme failing. I will drive to the Company Delmont C Street, which as you know is close to La Polom. It is a quiet Company Street and is likely that there will be no soldiers about at half past eight to aid us in case of necessity so bring a number along with you. I will be on hand there and give me a chance to secure the fellow."

"Surely I will," Jacques said heartily. "What do you propose to do with him?"

"I propose to crush his heart and turn him over to the proper authorities."

Yes on the chance and evidence of being an assassin spy."

"It will be the safest plan to run him through once and be done with the dirty snake," Jacques said. "He will be a dangerous enemy if he is left

alive, and if he would kill the little girl without mercy with that big bomb you spoke of if he had the chance, I don't see why you should be over-nice with him."

"I don't propose to be over-nice with that accursed scoundrel and one of a band of men whom, regard as bloody murderers of little girls," James said, "put it would be better satisfaction to let the authorities stretch him by the neck as is being done with the others being captured."

"You are wrong," Jacques said earnestly, "and you are risking everything by letting him live. Such a fellow should be slain like a dirty rat when you get him in a trap."

"It may be so," James agreed, "but I'd rather see him stretch by the neck. The Glandelinians have often strangled the princesses. Let them have a taste of it too."

"He would have us hunted down," said the soldier, "well we shall see. I am risking my head in this business, and I mean to have my way."

Having made all his arrangements, James returned to his attic and lay down there until evening, having before he went in seen to it that he was well armed.

At seven he placed his pistols in their holsters, girded on his sabre, which would attract no attention, for all boys and girls scouts carried weapons like the soldier did, and then set out for the place designated.

"Are here you are," he said, "you had better take the big cape of mine, if will disguise you, besides he would notice at once that you are not the coachman he hired if you are dressed in that blouse, and you must imitate a man's voice."

James took his sword off and placed it on the wall, wrapped himself in the great cape, would a muffle around the lower part of his face, and alighted. Waited a few minutes after the clock had struck eight thirty, Lebatte came along.

"Here we are, sir," James said in a rough, disguised voice. "I angled you have come for it is no joke waiting about such nights as this and in all this rain. Where am I to drive you too?"

"To the end of Company L," Lebatte said to him, his seat in the coach. James heart beat fast as he drove toward that part of the camp. He felt sure with the aid of God that success should attend his plans, but the moment was an exciting one. It did not seem that anything what ever could interpose to prevent success, and yet something might happen which he had not foreseen or guarded against. He drove at a little more than a trot for the Company Streets a short distance from the center of this section of the camp were only lighted here and there by a few flickering camp fires, and further they were in absolute darkness, save for the lights of a few far distance camp fires. At last he reached the end of Company L. There was a small wooden house standing there. Lebatte jumped out and rang at the bell.

"What is it, sir?" the guard said looking through a grill in the gate.

"I am Colonel Lebatte of the Committee of Public Abbeisannian Safety, and, have an order here, signed by general Nance, to get that big box of explosive you have here."

"All right, sir," the man said, opening the gate. "It is late for such an order but I suppose the general needs the explosives."

Ten minutes later the gate opened again, and Lebatte came out with a big paper box under his arm. He stepped down and entered the coach.

"No general Nance's headquarters," Lebatte said as he entered.

James drove on and was soon at the spot he proposed to drive at. It was a dark narrow company street, no one seemed stirring, and James peered anxiously through the darkness for the figure of Jacques and his soldiers. Presently he heard a low whistle, and several figures appeared from a doorway. James at once checked the horse.

"What is the matter?" Lebatte asked putting his head out of the window. James got off the box, and going to the window said:

"I am a fake driver! Have you caught me surrounded by soldiers. I understand I know your plot and that is in that box. Caught you red handed."

"Drive on you dog gone little fool," the man said furiously, "it will be the worst for you."

"Oh so you say, I understand you will cut you down you would be assassinating going to bomb the headquarters of the princesses. I have run you into a trap."

With an exclamation of rage Lebatte sprang from the coach, and as his foot touched the ground James swung at him with his sabre, but as he did so he trod upon some of the filth, which so thickly littered the Company Street and slipped. Lebatte drew his own sword and before James could have regained his feet he would have cut him down, when he fell himself in a heap from a tremendous blow which one of the soldiers struck him with his sabre.

"Jump inside," Jacques said to James. "We may have some more of those dangerous spies shadowing him who may come out to see what the noise is about. He will be no trouble any more to the dear princesses."

He seized the prostrate body, threw it upon the box and taking his seat drove

on. The vehicle soon again came to a stop.

"What is it Jacques?" James asked putting his head out of the window.

"I wish to get rid of this fellow," the man said. "Here is a bridge across the Mic-Holleston Run River. You stop where you are. I will get rid of this thrash." However James got out.

"Is this the second idea?" he asked in a very low voice.

"Well consider that I had split his head well high in two, I should think he was," Jacques said. "It could not be helped you know, for if I hadn't struck a sharp, it would have been all over with you. Any how for the sake of the princesses it is better as it is a hundred times. It is said to be a pretty big sin not to put out of the way such dirty scoundrels as these and also a sin to harbor the enemy of the Vivian girls, princesses. If you value your soul so do. Now get in again. I shall be only two minutes and then we'll go where we will meet the princesses where you said they would be waiting in the dark for you."

He slipped off the red sea h and coat and waist coat of the dead man, emptied his trouser-pocket, and turned them inside out, then lifting the body on his shoulders and placing the box of explosive underneath, as he carried both part part way across the bridge and then flung them both into the river. The explosives The explosives sank out of sight, and the man too for a moment and then bobbed up and floated down stream.

"If the Glandelinian spies find him they'll never know who he is," He said to himself. "I will keep the coat and waist coat for myself."

The wheel turned and they drove on again until James ordered him to stop. Seven little figures were seen standing in a doorway which was large.

"Is that Violet and her sisters there?" asked James in English so in case case they were any duplicates which he also feared since that letter, they couldn't understand him. If they answered in Abbeisannian then he would be suspicious.

"Oh James is it you. Can it be true, that you frustrate the spy and his bomb plot."

"Yes," said James getting out, and helping them into the carriage.

As soon as they were in the carriage Jennie's spirit which had so long sustained the girl gave way and leaning her head upon his shoulders she burst into tears.

The others looked solemn but said nothing to rid them cry. James soothed and pacified her until she had composed herself.

"Are you taking us back to general Nance's headquarters?" James asked Violet.

"No," James said. "It would not be safe to do so and he has changed himself. There are already suspicious, seven persons boys have duplicated as you little girls and we have to do something to frustrate them. They have been denounced but Heaven knows they cannot be captured."

James gave a cry of alarm.

"I have managed to cause general Nemo to see the document, girls, and he gave us permission through the intercession of an officer to get while the getting is good and we must start down the river if possible. We can start in a day or two. Still it would be better for you not to go near no building what ever, to discard your uniforms and wear your civilian clothes. Here general Nance gave me these these identification papers for you so you can explain yourselves."

If you are not recognized and questioned in disguise unless you are known in civilian clothes, put don't wear real disguises yet. I will arrange for you to little girls to meet with Starling to morrow. You must try to bring him to and he shall accompany us. I have a trick that I believe will work."

"Where are we going then?"

"You are going to be hidden in the base hospital where he is for several days where the doctor and the nurses have shown themselves faithful and trustworthy by nursing poor Starling, who has nearly for these two weeks been lying ill there since he was wounded by an enemy hurled hand grenade. You will be perfectly safe there till we can arrange matters. My goodness how hard it is raining. We will have to hustle."

"But if we dress as civilians we surely need not the papers as we would be safe enough surely and can go where we like for civilian clothes cannot disguise us here."

"I know that you will be surely safe from arrest by mistake within general Nance's lines, because you could even if arrested appeal to him who knows you in civilian clothes, but outside the army going to another it would be different. However we can talk about that to morrow, when at the hospital you little girls have a good night's rest."

"If we go there the soldiers will think we are ill," smiled Violet.

"Let them think it, I want you little girls to get all the sympathy you deserve. You suffer too much already to my liking and I'm getting mighty 'averageful.'"

You suffer too much already to my liking and I'm getting mighty 'averageful.' James did not think it necessary to say that when Lebatte was missing by the still numerous secret spies it would probably be associated with the seen leaving the corner of Company L with a carriage driver, and that if inquiries were set on foot about him, Violet and her sisters might be that much more

sought for by them, however Violet and her sisters said no more on the subject, quite content that James should make what ever arrangements he thought best, and so she began to ask all sort of questions about the general and how he worked against their secret enemies, and so passed the time until they were close to company Street La Polone, then James called to Jacques to stop.

"Will you please get out angle ideas, and wait with our good soldier friend here until I return. I shall be back in five minutes. I have to hand the coach over to its owners."

"Why not let them ride first to general Nemo's headquarters so they would not have to walk?" said Jacques taking pity on the little girls.

"Willingly only, but don't like to wait a time by making the trip over again" laughed James. "The tent is right in front of us."

"Oh," Jacques threw his uniform clothes over his arm, and got down from the box. James took his seat and drove to the place where he found the coachman waiting for him.

"Well my boy have you managed the job and saved the little angels?"

"Saved the little angels. Well to make a long story short that bomber is no more. Poor little girls, I hope this persecution of their enemies will make the dirty rascals get wise and leave them alone. Here is your cape and your money, my friend and thank you."

"You are heartily welcome" the driver said mounting his box. "I wish I could do as well every day, but these war times are bad times for us, and money is precious scarce I tell you."

"James soon joined Jacques and the little girls, where the general himself having gotten eight horses waited for the little girls and the boy to mount for the general was willing to help all he can. There were few words said as they made their way through the company Street in the dark, for Violet and her sisters were weakened by their long siege of loneliness and sorrow, and from the shadow of their unseen perils, and shaken by what they had already gone through. The little girls had not asked a single question as to what had become of the would be bomber, but they had no doubt that he was killed. They had grown however from their many experiences almost indifferent to death.

By day after day in times past they had seen many children murdered by the enemy before their eyes, and the retribution which had fallen upon this would be assassin gave them scarcely a thought, except a feeling of thankfulness that they were free from the cruel persecutions of their betrayer.

Completely as she and her sisters trusted James it was with the greatest difficulty that they had brought themselves to obey his instructions, and to leave the headquarters quickly at night after a timely warning to the general and to place themselves for a short time in that dark hall door, and for some reason for the first time they had a shivering terror of dark places and it took up all their courage to do it. When they first hesitated and general Nance told them warningly that already several times the boy had saved them from death, and that if the spies had discovered them they would have been assassinated they had cried long before they finally went out, and as they went forth they never stopped saying the prayer to themselves in their terror. After they had left the building they had looked around with their rifled faces for fear of hidden foes spring at them in the dark, and had one hand on their pistols, and another on a pistol, and prayed that the possession angels would protect them. Trembling with fright for the first time in their lives they had done as James declared, and had won out.

When they reached the hospitable building, the nurse opened the door at James' ring, and stared in awe and great amazement as she saw the beautiful little girls standing there with James. She had heard of them and their beauty but this was the first time she had seen them and so pretty were they that she could hardly stand to look and almost got scared in spite of herself.

"So you have come poor dear little lamb lambs" she finally said recovering herself. "Thanks to the good God that all has turned out well. You will be safe here little princesses until the proper thing can be fitted out for your escape to Pandora. This is a ill smelling hospital because of so many horribly wounded soldiers but we will take care of you as if you were our own."

So saying she led the little girls to the sitting room of the big base hospital to wait for the room which had been prepared for them and James. There was already a communication existing between the two sets of apartments.

While they were waiting Jennie herself could see that James was thinking something of Penrod and even their father and mother.

"What is it James?" Jennie exclaimed. "I can see by your looks you have news. What is it?"

"I have news," James said. "And good news, but you must not excite yourselves."

"Have you found a way for getting to Father's army?"

"Yes indeed through a general's help. I have found a way."

"A sure certain way James?" Violet asked; "not only a chance."

"A sure certain way," James replied. "You need have no fear if you shall soon see your parents and brothers."

The little girls stood speechless with delight. It never occurred to them to doubt James words when he spoke so confidently.

"Have you told us all James?" Jennie asked a minute later looking earnestly in his face. "Can it be— is he really very close to us?"

"Yes," James said. "Thank God I got the news from general Nemo this morning. The Emperor's divisions headquarters is in Pandora city. His army has cut his way through and is there, and we are going there as soon as possible. General Nemo found that the make the trip first by land, and do then down the river to Pandora is safe as that is open."

With a cry of evident delight Violet and the little girls who were nearest him sprang to him, and throwing her arms around his neck kissed him in the exuberance of her happiness. She threw her dress apron over her head and burst into tears of thankfulness, while Jennie then also threw her arms around his neck and clinging to him said:

"Oh James how can we ever thank you enough for all you have ever done for us."

Two weeks ago Jennie would have probably acted as Violet or the other sisters did but those two weeks had changed her greatly, indeed ever since she had received that long letter from Penrod, that mysterious note which she had never even shown to any one even her sisters, there had been a shade of difference in her manner to James and the same had been with her sisters, and which he had more than once noticed and wondered at and feared that now he could never part from them for the belief that they would not let him. It was some little time before the little girls were sufficiently composed to listen to James story.

"But why not bring the whole troop of boy and girl scouts along James?" He Hattie asked. "Why do you intend leaving them here?"

"For several good reasons and on good sound advice from general Nemo Hattie. I have told you before and so have your sisters, that Walter Starling is still within the Christian lines."

Hattie uttered an exclamation of wonder. "He stopped here to help me look after you little angels, but he has been wounded and has had a very bad illness from it, and is terribly weak, and does not even know me. While for several days you little girls will as I know remain by his bedside beside one of you will nurse him. You can choose among yourselves who it will be or who ever loves him best better choose for herself. I have great hopes that he will know you little girls, and that one of you or all of you may in time effect a complete cure. In the next place it would be as general Nance said, dangerous to leave him here, he must go along with you, and for your protection on your journey all the regiment of girl and boy scouts will accompany you. The general said they are the terror to the enemy and could guard you just as good as the angels can as it is believed in one way or less they too may be angel possessed even though there are no symptoms and therefore could bring you safely through."

"But could they really all go with us without exception? Is it really necessary? Is the danger so great?"

"Yes I am afraid to Catherine" have learned Mrs. Jerry that seven Glandelinian boyscouts have been discovered duplicating as the princesses and carry with them dangerous implements with which they could carry out their assassin schemes to a perfection, every one has been suspicious, and a letter of denunciation has already been sent, and have shown it to the general. But as no one can do anything to trace the rascals it will be absolutely necessary to make a move. I kept the original denunciation and gave it to Angelina Aronson so she can have all the child scouts watch you like a guardian watches his jewelry. I have also duplicated the first letter too, and though the general and all his followers evidently won't let the matter drop under any condition and will push things to drastic measures, and have notified Pantonia and Marate and other Christian generals, yet it seems those rats cannot be located and so we must move without delay. It is useless now to even disguise within the Christian lines, those little scoundrels are a good disguise leaders and therefore dress as citizens. You cannot charge your lodging, for they would certainly trace you, and even though at the present time the regulations about lodgers are so strict that no one would dare receive any one until the military committee of the district have examined the persons and are perfectly satisfied yet the spies are so slick that now their whereabouts cannot be discovered. Worse of all one of the seven has mysteriously disappeared, and I'm suspicious that one of the seven is the one trying to keep an eye on you little girls. Also there is a man with them. When we go forth for the dodges make take no child scouts with you whose faces you do not know. Our friends are acquainted with. Therefore I think you must go with the child scouts whom

you and your leaders know personally by face, name and name. But for a time you are wanted here for the sake of poor Walter Starling, and I think Jennie ought to be selected for it because you are far safer among him than you would be doing anything else, and besides now you are giving a chance to travel by the decree of General Nemo, and as long as to keep within this hospital until the given time there is no fear of further danger, even if you idently was discovered by the seven duplicate spies which I do believe are poor ones at that - other wise they would not have been denounced. God no knows no body can imitate you voices no matter how they may make themselves look. Lastly it would be safer to travel with him and the whole division of boy and girls than for me and you little girls to chance it alone by ourselves. It will be difficult enough in any case but it would certainly be worse for us without them. General Nemo said if you do not wish to take the child scout troop along then don't go at all as you could chance destruction. The child scouts are mere kids as we call them in America, but from the general I have heard things about them which I could not hardly believe my ears, and so we must have them with us. The enemy I'm sure would not even risk the slightest intercourse with them."

"But that would surely be just beautiful," said Angelina, "but we are to see Angelina Aronburg James. Surely we cannot start that advance without seeing her about it?"

"Certainly not Evangelina, but she knows about it already. This evening after dark we will meet with Angelina Aronburg in the gardens of the Abbeian Military Tuilleries. The great girl scout Christian Hettie Kaufmann will also be there, and a great company of girl scouts only and only those the leaders know, and guards will be placed to keep all strangers from the gardens even under penalty of death if they try to come too near, as they'll have orders to shoot first and explain afterwards, as we cannot take chances. Mr. Jerry will you bring them down with an escort of soldiers and be with them near the main entrance to morrow night. I will bring the girl scout leaders there at six o'clock. And now I must be off, as here comes the Nurse." The nurse came with the news that the little girls may come to supper and James too.

They did and after supper the nurse said:

"Drink this my dear little angels and then go straight to bed in the room I have prepared for them in the hospital guest room, your friend James will be here and then you can talk over your plans with him."

She waited to see the little girls drink the bouillon which had a slight amount of sleeping sleeping potion in it, and then they were taken to their room.

"You little friends will be asleep in five minutes," she said when she re joined her doctor husband and James. "They are worn out with excitement, but a nights rest will do wonders for them. Don't come from your room adjoining too early in the morning James; I want them for their good to sleep late, and I would not disturb them until they are awake of themselves."

"I will remain in my room until about nine," James said, "and will go round after that and see the girl scout leader Angelina Aronburg. He will be wondering she has not seen anything of me to day, but I was afraid to tell her anything till it was all over. The anxiety would have been too great for her."

However the next morning James stayed at Angelina Aronburg's a little later than he said because he had so much to talk and plan over. When he returned to the hospital he saw something like a boy sneak away from the gate at his approach the almost to his startled eyes looked like Violet herself as she does in disguise but not so pretty. At first he hesitated but he remembered suddenly that they would not go out without his advice or that the nurse would not let them do anything care less he whipped out his pistol and yelled "Halt." He however returned a corner of the Company Street, and James at full speed after him but found he had disappeared as if the air had taken him.

If it was Violet she certainly wouldn't run from me if she knew me," thought James. "I wonder if that wasn't one of the duplicates. I can tell when I get in. If Violet is there and I hear her voice then I'll know for sure, but it'll upset them if I tell them what I saw so just now I'll say nothing."

Violet and her sisters were up and dressed in civilian clothes and in their own room when James arrived, and some of them were sitting by the open window. "Girls," James said as he came in, "I won't say why but I had an experience that gave me the creeps when I came. For sure I don't sit near that window."

They immediately moved away.

"I have just left Angelina Aronburg and her friends," said James in English. "And you may imagine the delight at the news I gave them. You are to see them this evening in the Military Garden of the Tuilleries."

"Oh James how good you are. How much you have done for us. I sometimes don't believe you are really a boy but one of our angels in disguise," said Antol Angelina.

James laughed lightly.

"Not very much yet beside, it has been a pleasure as well as a duty. You girl scout friends have been oh so brave, and Angelina Aronburg has the head of a magician. She says she knows she can get you through to Pandora all right."

"She despite how young she is is nearly a woman in her ways and knowledge," Joyce said gently. "She is some months past sixteen, and though you tell me girls of that age in England are still quite children; it is not so here. By it is nothing uncommon for girl scouts at her age to do what she has. If it had not been often for her or Catherine Lee, we little princesses would be no more way before this, and she is our nearest Cousin."

"Well at any rate," James said, "Angelina Aronburg has no time for anything else but to work up for us now. But there is another thing I want to tell you about. I have first a confession to make. A strange good startling news which you would like to hear."

"That we would like to hear," they all smiled. "It can be nothing more good than before or nothing very dreadful James. Well what is it?"

"It is more interesting than you think girls. Now you know that when the trouble began I felt it quite out of the question for me to run away, and to leave you all here among so many unseen perils within even a Christian army a very unprotected. Such a thing would have been preposterous, cowardly."

"You think so James because you have a good heart; but in Abbeian no body thinks only of themselves, and would also run all sorts of risks for the sake of us seven little girls with no claim upon them, but they would not have known what to do to shield us and you can use your head. From what I have seen and known of Americans from the United States I could dread them if I was on the wrong side of them. I remember a man once whom I know by the name of George McGinn. He's a terror and he came from Chicago in the United States. The enemy thinks he is a demon in human form."

"Well girls you allow that a person with a good heart would naturally do as, did."

"Well supposing I do James what then?"

"You must still remember that a person with a good heart and upon whom you little girls had a claim, would all the more have remained to protect you, a very dear friend of yours and Walter Starling's."

"What are you driving at James, with your supposition?" she said hopefully as a suspicion of some truth flashed upon her as she saw in his mind something of Catherine Jane Lee.

"Well Princesses you mustn't be agitated, and I hope you will not be over excited when you know that Walter Starling did not run off like a coward and leave you here. But the shock or surprise is this. When it was learned that he was wounded a girl scout came to stay by his bedside also but could do nothing. He is his sister. Catherine Lee is his sister."

Some of the little girls has risen to their feet while Jennie gazed at him with frightened eyes.

"What is it the matter with him. Is it really true he did not go away? Has any thing more than you told that happened to him? Oh James do not say he is dead! We had such a shock before when we thought he was killed in battle."

"He is not dead Jennie, but from the effects of his wounds and his dread of the danger you were in he has been very ill. The shock of the shell concussion nearly killed him. He has had a fever, and has been at deaths door at present he is mending, but very very slowly. He knows no one not even me, he won't even have his sister near him and flings things at her mistaking her for one of your enemies. She did a lot for you and I trust that your voices and your presence will do wonders for him. You are angel possessed and their influence can help him. If he cannot come to us we cannot go anywhere."

"Where is he James? Violet said as she and Jennie stood with clasped hands and faces from which every vestige of color had flown. "Take me to him at once."

"He is in this hospital girls, that is why I have brought you here. These good people have nursed him since he came here."

Jennie made a movement toward the door followed by her sisters.

"Wait little angels dear, you mustn't go to him until you compose yourselves for it is all important that you should speak to him, when you little girls see him in your cheery natural voices, and you must prepare yourselves for a shock. He is at present a mere wreck, so changed that you good little girls will hardly know him."

"You are telling us the truth James dear? You are not hiding from us that he is dying?"

"No dear princesses, I believe on my honor, that he is out of danger now and that he is still progressing. It is his mind more than his body that is the need of cure. It may be a long and difficult task girls, before he is himself again, but I believe that with the care and companionship that you little girls can give him he will get round in time, but it may be months

before that and he must therefore travel with our column in a covered wagon. "There is nothing," Je Joice said. "But what about the boy scouts?"

"They are to accompany us too. You don't understand that I said the whole division no one excluded except those whose faces you little girls or the officers do not know. We shall start within a day or two and then shall try to make for the Micollister Run River, and then across the bridge to Penroda. We cannot stay here, even if any number of spies are denounced and may be arrested at any time for your chief enemies, the ones to be dreaded cannot even be located. I saw one only this morning and he escaped me. There for it is absolutely necessary that we should go as soon as to morrow morning, but I thought that first it would be your duty to stay for one day with Walter Starling, seeing that to him your presence is every thing, while your sisters could assist you in several duties in the mean while off and on, and when we start indeed the bigger number of boy and girls are well equipped and well mounted with you the better."

"Certainly it is our duty," said Jennie firmly.

"Until we go forth you little girls will be perfectly safe here in the nurse hospital, and you have loss of boy and girls scouts for your protection. Then when Walter is better enough to be moved, which we hope by to morrow morning we will be better able to get to Penroda together."

"I leave us a few minutes by our selves James dear. All this has come so suddenly upon us that I feel bewildered, and I believe my sisters do too." "Certainly," said James. "It is best that you should think things over a little. No wonder you feel bewildered and shaken with all the unjust trials you have gone through."

The little girls went to their room, and returned in a quarter of an hour. "I am indeed ready now," she said, "and so are my sisters" and by the calm and tranquil expression of her face, and also those of her sisters James felt that they could be trusted to see Walter Starling.

"I have a strange feeling," she went on. "That every thing will come right in the end." "I and my sisters have often been saved almost by a miracle. I and sometimes by real miracles like police with the breaking of that unbreakable rope when she was cruelly hanged, and I cannot but feel that our lives have been spared in order that we should be preserved for our holy Nation for all time. It was a shock however when we were told that fresh danger threatened us through spies duplicating us, but we feel safe nevertheless because they cannot do it to a perfect perfection, we feel perfectly sure they can't, but whatever comes we know that you now can pull us through anything, and our dear blessed Lord has marked out our places with Father's armies. I had a dream last night that I saw something like an angel who seemed to tell me that soon, and my parents will not be separated so often any more by the action of the war, and with Penrod and our elder brothers never any James there is no need of us to despair. God has aided and protected us so far through the most dangerous trials, and will aid us still for that is why he has possessed us with angels. Now we are ready for whatever may betide."

"One moment before you enter, Princesses. You little girls are prepared as you know to see a great change in Walter, but nevertheless you cannot but be shocked at first. Do not any of you go up to him or attract his attention till you have overcome this and are able to speak to him in your natural voice, for I think a great deal depends upon the first impression you little angels make upon his brain. The voices of you little girls have changed a great deal since the day I first came to serve you; it would be strange if it had not, but I want you little girls to try and speak to him in the bright cheerful tone he was accustomed to hear."

N Jennie nodded.

"One moment please," she said, as she brushed aside the tears which filled her eyes, (poor little girls who should not need to have even shed a tear) drew herself up with a little gesture that reminded James of old times, and then with a swift step passed through the door following by her sisters into the room where Walter Starling was. Whatever she or her sisters felt at the sight of the wasted figure lying listlessly with half closed eyes on the couch, it only showed itself by a swift expression of violent pain which passed for a moment across their faces, and then was gone.

"Walter," Jennie said in her clear, bird-like ringing voice. "Walter Starling, our well beloved friend, we have come to you."

The effect indeed upon the good boy was instantaneous. He opened his eyes with a start half rose from his couch, looked at them first in wonder and awe as if he was seeing really angels, then he rubbed his armor held his arm across his face for a moment and then looked at them again. Then his face changed expression for he had recognized them and he held out his arms toward them.

"Dear little princesses," he said in a faint voice. "You are safe. Thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother. I have wanted your presences so much, have wanted you little girls so much." "My dear James,"

Then as Jennie and Violet first advanced toward him, and with her sisters kneeling by his side, and he had clasped the first two in each arm, James and the Red Cross nurse stole quietly from the room. It was nearly an hour before Violet, and her sisters came out. There was a soft glow of happiness on their beautiful little faces though their cheeks were pale.

"Not yet," Jennie said as she and her sisters swept past them into their room.

In a few minutes they reappeared.

"Pardon us," Violet herself first said holding out her hands to James and the nurse. "But we had to thank the good God for what, and our blessed Mother too. Walter is quite sensible now, but oh so weak. He remembers nothing of the past, but seems to think that he is still in the Imperial Japanese army, and had some how been wounded and had an illness. He first thought after Jennie spoke to him that she was really seeing seven little angels for we actually appeared like that to him, but he recognized the voice. Then he spoke of our dear father and mother and of Penrod as being here in the same place, and that he hoped that I and my sisters would try and get Penrod for him. I and Jennie told him that all should be as he wished as soon as he got stronger, but that he must think of anything now, and that while we travel I and my sisters would take turns watching nursing him and all would be well. He seemed puzzled about our dress, we were clothed so beautifully colored and styled and he at first feared we were not the little princesses but angels for sure. For Violet and her sisters were already dressed in civilian clothes. At I told him that we were dressed as this in the Christian lines, that we were real and not little angels, and he said 'Yes you are little angels, little angels could not outstrip you in goodness. He has just dozed off to sleep, and one of us have selected to go in and sit with him now till he wakes, while you James dear can carry out your plans with my other sisters as Jennie will be with me.'"

"When he does Princess I will have some broth and a glass of good stimulating wine for him," the nurse said.

"Thank you, but please call me Violet in the future for the time being as it is safest, and James dear would you mind telling my sisters here that we should do something good for Starling, and also tell Angelina Aronburg that we will meet them here and her friends to morrow instead of this evening. We long to see her and her companions oh, oh so much and find out details; but we should not like to leave him for a moment now. I fear so that his memory might go again if he were to wake and miss us, and that would suffer for us with our plans."

"I was going to propose it myself Violet," James said. "It is all important to avoid any agitation now. To morrow I hope it will be safer, and the doctor will give him a sleeping draught, so that he shall not wake while you are away. But Violet remember that it will be a visit to plan things, for we cannot dare to stay more than another day. Of course those duplicate spies may be denounced again at any hour, for the man who wrote to General Aronburg, if he finds that nothing comes of it may go to the General or Local Committee and they may not lose an hour you may be sure, but those duplicate spies know you little girls and may act before they are apprehended, so be wise and do not delay."

"I and my sisters must see them and Angelina Aronburg this evening then." Jennie herself said hurriedly. "The doctor you say will be here soon?" to the nurse.

"Yes Jennie dear."

"Then Walter must have his sleeping draught this afternoon instead of to morrow. We must go at once. We can get some wagon for him. I should never forgive myself if by putting off my journey for twenty-four hours I caused myself and my sisters to be observed by those spies and have all consequences for it. So please hurry on all the arrangements so that we may leave the first thing in the morning."

"It will be best," James said. "If you will do it Jennie, I own that I am in a fever of apprehension. Only this morning I chased some one that had an appearance of being you Violet. I shot at him but he escaped. I will go there at once to tell Gertrude Angelina that all must be in readiness to night. They will be glad indeed to hear the presence of you little angels has done such wonders for Walter. They will be able to go forth with you and their scout troop with better heart if they feel that Walter comes with us and you stay with him during the journey is likely to bring health to him and happiness to you little girls, and a happy reunion with your parents and brothers."

"C A well since Violet said 'I did not seem to us that we could ever be happy again, but though every thing is still very dark, the clouds seem lifting. You have been a wonder to us James.'"

"Angelina Aronburg will greatly rejoice when she hears the good news that Walter has recognized us," said Angelina as Jennie and Violet went in to Walter's room for a moment.

"And now we must talk about ourselves," James said, "before we see her and her friends. We must not lose another hour. Mrs. Jerry, you must take part in our council. First I'll close this door and draw the blinds so no peeping Tom can overhear us anything. We have everything to settle," he said as he drew down the last window shade and lit a candle, "and only a few confounded hours to do it in. I should like if possible that we should not come back here this evening after you little girls have once left the hospital and Starling will be brought to us. Of course the man who denounced you - duplicates will expect that something will be done to day, and when he sees that nothing has come of his letter he may go this evening to the local committee, and they would send men every where on the lookout, but if we delay too long that won't help; help us any. No doubt he only wrote to General Nemo first, and I placed the letter so he could see it first. Of all before all others, but as it seems to do no good those scoundrels may be very shrewd and therefore cannot be seen or detected. But if Mrs. Jerry that it cannot be possibly be managed, I will write a letter to him in Nemo's name saying that his letter has been noted, but that no trace of the dirty snakes can be discovered, and will thank him for his zeal in the public service if he would come and cover us to prevent any harm coming to you and your sisters. I know the place and name of the man. In fact if you like I know where he is and can go in person and ask his help."

"No I think we are ready and will trust to God and our angels," Angelina said. "Of course we have been talking it over for a week now and agreed it was better to be in readiness whenever you told us it was time to go. Mrs. Jerry will tell you all about it."

James looked toward Mrs. Jerry. "The proper disguises are all ready James; and yesterday when you said that all the regiments of boy and girl scouts we are to accompany them, I settled if you do not see any objections to go with the dear little angels." "Capital idea, and I should be very glad," said James eagerly, "although he had seen no way out of the difficulties and inconveniences of a journey alone with so many boy and girl scouts had been continually on his mind. The idea of taking the good old lady with them had never occurred to him but he now hailed it as the most welcome solution of their difficulty and he continued, "That will be a thousand times better in any way, for with you with us it would excite no fear, no mark than for seven of us to be traveling alone in case we accidentally got too far from the column of escort. But if Mrs. Jerry that the hard ships we may have to undergo will be great and Glandelinian cavalry cavalry will probably gather strong enough against us to give considerable trouble."

"It matters little," the old woman said, "I nursed their mother, and have for years lived on her bounty and gladly now will give what little remains to me of life in the service of her dear angel child. I know that every thing is turned topsy turvy in our poor country at present, but as long as I have a spark of life in my body I will not let my dear mistress's children be for any length of time wandering about with only a young boy and a column of child scouts to protect them, when upon these the Glandelinians may direct their fiercest attacks if they have courage to do so."

"Yes it is better in every way," James said, "I felt that it would be a strange position, but it seemed that it could not be helped, however you offered us out of the embarrassment. So your disguises for outside the Christian lines are ready."

"Yes James," Mrs. Jerry said, "I have a suit like those of boys for the youngest girls. They did not trust it at first saying the enemy would detect them any way but I thought that if two of them were disguised as boys it would be better. But I mustn't disguise within the Christian lines for, think if we did it would seem strange and may cause us to be arrested by the soldiers. You know Violet was arrested by mistake by the best friend General Nance."

"And he advised us not to disguise within the Christian camps," said Violet. "It is dangerous in these times."

"I think it is a very good plan to disguise outside some where Mrs. Jerry, but you must get out of the way of calling me James or else it will slip out before persons who may be suspicious. Call me Henry. Now what I propose is that we will use an army covered wagon to convey Walter in. You will be Grandmother and we shall pretend we are traveling from a farm to visit your daughter, who is married to a farmer near Pandora. That will be a likely story now, and while in the territory you can always make a detour to avoid towns. It will be dark when you go out this evening, so you can take three bundles of clothing with you. The only thing is about to night. The weather is dreadfully warm and it is out of the question that you should step out to night in all that pouring rain, and yet we could not ask for a tent lodging close to here when we cannot tell whether those spies will find us, and do us up."

"Oh I see now," said Joice. "The best plan for us all will be for us to sleep to night at General Nemo's headquarters, and then we can start early in

the morning, and not be suspicious of us."

"That will certainly be the best way," Mrs. Jerry said. "I have been under a great deal of stress since you said we must start this evening what would become of us to night. When we once get fairly away from the Christian army it will be easier for us to go as there is no enemy patrols in night things will be better but James don't you think that once we are near the outskirts of the Christian lines it would be safer to travel at night, and get shelter some where to sleep during the day where enemy soldiers will not see us."

"No it cannot be," said James. "Night time is more dangerous as the foe at night are much more watchful, especially when we take along with us such a big column of boy and girl scouts. The"

"Then when shall we meet Angelina Aronburg and her followers this evening?" "I will be at the end of the Company Street," James said. "It is quite dark by eight now so do you start a quarter of an hour later, hide your bundles under your cloak, for if those duplicates are on the lookout that follow with them who seems to be the leader he might follow you if he thought you were leaving. Draw your blinds up when you leave Mrs. Jerry so that the rooms will look as usual, and then it may be some time before any of the spies if they could come around suspect a that you have just left; and if I were you I would mention to some of your neighbors this afternoon, that you have had a letter from your friends in Pandora, to make it useless for them to stay with them letters for you to show and are going away soon with your neices to stay with them for a while. You had better pay your rent for the month in advance, and tell your landlord the same thing, saying that you may go suddenly any time, as a friend who is in the army and is also going back is going to take charge of you on the journey, and that he may call for you at any time. Thus when he finds that you have left, your absence will be accounted for, not that it makes much difference for I hope that when you have seen the little princesses safely in Pandora you will make your home with them there until I hear they can get communications with their father whose headquarters is now there and see their brother Penrod."

"Yes providing though that this army later would move away I would not have a chance to come back here," the old woman said. "Daisy exclaimed, "and see dear Penrod and father and mother again. How anxious they must be about us, not having heard of us but once all this long, long time. How shall we know where to find them?" "You forget Daisy dear," Joice said. "It was arranged that first we should all go to James own home and father when we got to Pandora, and from there by investigation we can learn where father and our brothers are, there is sure to be no mistake about that is there, James?"

"James laughed. "Yes there would be if I didn't know the city," he said. "Just let me find out where they are and I'll have you with them in a jiffy. You may rely upon it directly you little girls get to my father you will hear where he is. Father and brothers are and mother too. If she came to Pandora, and now I will go first and tell Angelina Aronburg, Aronburg's headquarters."

James then left the hospital and headed for Angelina Aronburg's headquarters and seeing no guard there went in. Angelina Aronburg was not in the tent but he discovered a boy scout of some sort in there and the interior of the tent was so turned inside out that James knew the lad had aided the tent for some thing. A flash of recognition passed between the two.

"What are you doing here you rascal," said James. "Think I don't know you eh. You double crossed me a year ago and caused the faithful death of two little girl friends of mine and my elder brother. You've caught you red handed eh. Hiding Miss Aronburg's headquarters."

"But—but—but—this is war," the culprit pleaded, as he saw he was cornered.

James laughed bitterly as he looked around the interior of the tent, and just then Angelina here self came in and to her horror saw the condition of the tent and James there before a cowering boy taller than he. James was unconscious of the fact she was there.

"I suppose," sneered James, "you rascal didn't know?" "Yes," said the taller boy, "put how did you know?" "For answer," James drew his gun. The spy gun lay in its holster on the table where he had foolishly thrown it when he came in.

"So you thought you could sneak away and leave me in a fix like this the loss of my two little girl friends and brother, and then go hiding this tent?" and James laughed the dry cackling laugh as of a mad boy. At that instant the other boy whose name was Toby made a play as if to get the gun on the table seeing the way things were going, put James swung his weapon and grabbed up the holster himself. Then Toby began to get a grip on himself, whatever the outcome of this night may be perhaps if he talked quickly to him. Angelina Aronburg's pack dangled from his back.

"If you'll just tell me, Fiedler boy, what this is all about?" he began; but James cut him short with the sharp command:

"Take off that pack."

"You mad kid?" Toby shot back at him, realizing that soft words were not going to do any good. "You'll get a Glandelinian firing squad for this. But he took off the pack just the same."

"Mad am I?" Taug taunted James savagely. "That's what you Glandelinian snakes think. But I am just as sane this minute as you are and knowing what I am doing. You are that duplicate spy who tried to make yourself look like Princesses Violet Toby Toby but I know you you skunk. I was sane when we first met at Cedar nine, where you Glandelinians took away every thing, hoped to love and live for after I got out of that hell. You killed two little girl friends of mine of course it by double crossing me and I'm an American and we do not of my nationality take double crossing from any one. I was sane for months in the hospital while they operated a dozen times before they could save my arm thanks to you. I and my parents had a fine home near Cedar nine and thanks to you we lost it all. I was sane enough to curse you every waking day and swear I would get you if I had to travel through and over the whole world and sea to do it, though, I didn't believe I'd ever find you again. Ha. Ha. I find you here and in this mess robbing a girl scout leaders tent. I'm sane now and we are back in imagination at Cedar nine --- where we left off. Don't think you are going to get away with it now. As for you Glandelinian firing squad --- to hell with it and you too. I came here to see a girl friend of mine Angelina Aronburg and find you here. Ha. Ha. That's good. It's a lucky day for me, and so you're Princess Violet. Well hello dear violet how are you, lovely day we are having ain't it. Ha. I shoot you now or wait until you face a firing squad first. You tried to cripple and ruin me and now try to double cross me again with your ruse. Where's your sister violet dear? Got to bring them here eh? I've got the upper hand now you duplicating double crossing snake and I'm going to cripple you --- or kill you."

"But the boy cried again, realizing at last his peril because he saw the girl standing behind James astonished at the boys long oration. "You can't do this justly. It is fair in war to do this."

"Sure it is fair in war for me to kill you like a snake you are," he James caulked his lips flecked with foam. "That's a joke that you should turn out to be princess violet too. A poor duplicate you are. I wish your sisters were here. I'd like to kill them too."

He laughed his cackling laugh again, and his eyes danced with fury. "You can't do this. The boy repeated, while realizing how powerless he was as a little American in a fury is more dangerous and ferocious than any Abbeinnian. He now took a steep step toward him as if to appeal to the American boys better nature. The words and the action were automatic for he James saw him move toward him his arm stiffened behind the gun --- and the inside of the tent was instantly filled with a deafening exploded explosive boom. Simultaneously there was a flash of fire from the guns muzzle and the boy Toby dropped to the floor shot in the breast a trickle of crimson oozing through his blouse, and spread to a fan like blotch. At the crash of the explosion a swarm of boy scouts came running to the tent some getting in and seeing what had happened gasped.

"He was a spy robbing my headquarters and James shot him," said Angelina Aronburg. "Take him away and straighten out my tent."

She was absolutely unmoved at what had happened though at first she had been appalled. When the excitement had died down and the badly wounded spy was taken away James then told her of his mission, and she delighted at the thought that she was going to have Violet and her sisters with her the whole evening and night with general Memo and she herself forgetting the incident of the shooting easily busied herself with the preparations for the accommodation accommodations of her guests. James then went back to his attic in general Memo's headquarters thankful he had put one of the duplicates out of the way, and a special enemy of his as well made his clothes into a bundle, and took up the bag of money from its hiding place under a board and placed it into his pocket. He had since he had been with general Memo gradually charged the money into smaller change in order to make it more convenient to carry and it was now of comparatively little weight, although he had drawn but slightly upon it. His pistols were also placed in their holsters again. He went downstairs and awaited the return of general Memo.

"You Excellency," he said as the general entered. "Circumstances have occurred which rendered it necessary for me to travel down to Pandora to escape encounter the princesses and their household keepers to my home time under an escort of boy and girl scouts, they cannot dare travel alone in such times as these and they have a claim upon me which I cannot ignore. Surely that is not so dangerous a route on traveling toward Pandora, I assure you."

"Surely my boy," the general said, "the affairs of the dear princesses are of more importance than private matters like these."

"Assuredly they are general. My duty in this matter is clear to me because from the fact that those duplicate spies cannot be located and as they are dangerous in the extreme it has to be done, and, I can only regret that my absence may put you to some inconvenience. But I have a double favor to ask you, the one is to spare me for at least a time, the second, that you will give me papers as command ing me and the princesses traveling with me to the authorities of the towns in possession of christian troops through which we shall pass in order we would not be taken up as spies against the christian cause by mistake. In these times when the enemies of all christianity are traveling throughout our country it is necessary to have papers showing who we really are."

"But I have no authority for that," the general said astonished. "I'm only a plan general."

"You may be so but you are a great one just the same. It is to you men look more than to any other general. Hence, I cannot locate you alone to combine fearlessness in the cause of Abbeinnia with that wisdom and moderation which are above all things necessary in guiding the country and its armies through the war dangers."

The general was not vain and did not hardly seem to accept the complement as his due and he waved his hand with an air of deprecation. "Therefore general," James went on, "a letter from you would be more powerful than an order from another. I suppose of course you would ask why they don't make out their own passes, but in parts where they are not known such passes would not be respected. Therefore it was best to me to appeal to you. I would to general Memo but he is not there."

"But those princesses who are to travel with you James --- how am I to be sure and you too, that they would not be shadowed no matter where they go by their secret deadly enemies?"

"Abbeinnia is not to be shaken," James said smiling, "by the efforts of an old woman of seventy, and the princesses disguised as different children outside the christian lines, but I can assure you their house keeps had rigged up disguised disguises that no enemies can detect them in. General you assured the first boon which I asked you as it seemed impossible for them to travel that way, and no thinks cannot hesitate at granting one, who has deserved well of you this slight favor."

"You are right," the general said. "I cannot refuse you, even if any one who shadows you or the little girls belong to the class of suspects, of which mind I or you know nothing, though I may have my suspicions since those duplicates have not been captured or discovered. I have not forgotten you know that you asked once to go with them through the southern river into my ward. I am a very busy man, and I know there may be some danger in the other direction too. Did I know it, for that I ask, not even the obligation I am under to you would do for you what you ask, for so doing, I would only be ungrateful by sending you and they off into hopeless peril. Now how shall we do it. You wanting it written must dictate it yourself," he said taking up a pen; and James dictated it. 2

"I here by recommend James Aronburg, guardian of Vivian, a girl princess, a girl, who has been acting as confidential secretary to all public authorities, together with the Vivian girl princesses, and their household keepers and the child scout troops who are to follow them."

To this the general signed his name, and rank, and handed the paper to James who put it in an envelope.

"How long will you be before you return?" he asked. "I cannot exactly say," James replied. "As after I have seen them to their destination, I may stop with them for a few weeks probably in my own home in Pandora until I can locate their parents and brothers."

The general nodded and held out his hand. "I shall be glad to have you with me again, for I have conceived a strong friendship for you, and think none more the worse of you for doing all you could to those dear good little princesses."

James went into the kitchen, where the general's wife was preparing the next meal, and said good bye to her and the children. She had taken a fancy to the general's young secret army and had the children, and expressed the hope that his absence would be but a short one, and that he could get safely home with the princesses, telling him that the general had said only the day before how much work he had saved him, and that he was determined to push the effort against the enemy to the utmost.

Having, thus paved the way for an appeal to the General, should he find himself in difficulties on the road. James proceeded to Gertrude Angelina's tent and waited there until it was time to go and meet Mrs. Jerry and the little girls. Walter in the meantime did not wake up until the afternoon. The Doctor had called as usual, but had not roused him. He had been told what had taken place and had held out hope to Jennie and Violet that Walter's improvement would be permanent and that traveling would do him more good in the covered wagon than harm, and that he would now make steady progress toward recovery. At the appointed hour James was at his post to meet the party. They soon came along but within a few minutes of the time named or planned upon, but instead of stopping to greet him they continued straight on, Jennie who being in the rear saying to him as she passed;

"Two men are following us."

James at once drew back and allowed them to go about fifty yards or so onward, before he moved after them. As there were many soldiers about it was some time before he could verify the suspicions of Jennie, then he noticed that two men dressed like civilians but hatless, who were stealthily talking a few yards ahead of him, followed each turning that the old lady and the princesses took. At first he thought these men were only shadowing them for their own good, but suddenly he remembered that their faces were evil indeed for he had got a good glimpse of them. He felt like yelling to the soldiers to apprehend them but the soldiers were too far apart to come up in time and the two would make good their escape, so James continued onward and waited until he had the chance, and then quickened his pace until he was close behind the first man who was a little in the rear of the second. Then he drew one of his pistols and springing forward struck him a heavy blow on the head with the butt. He fell forward on his face without a cry, and James satisfied that he had stunned him ran on to deal a blow at the other man. The other man was more watchful for danger however and turned with a long gleaming knife and made for James with it uplifted in the air. Some of the nearest soldiers yelled;

"Look out boy" but James was unobtrusive for watchfulness, he dodged the blow from the knife and aiming his pistol shot the man through the breast.

James then told why he had done this and one of the soldiers said;

"Well son, run on and join them before they leave you out of sight. Good thing you stopped these culprits."

Running down the first street he soon overtook the others, and assured them that they were safe from being shadowed by those two.

"We had noticed two men loitering against the tent opposite all afternoon," Jennie said, "and came to the conclusion that they must be watching us, so we looked out for them when we came out, and noticed that as soon as we went on they began to walk that way too. So I told Mrs. Jerry to walk straight on, without stopping when we came up to you, and that I would hang in the rear and warn you I was sure you would manage some how to get rid of them."

"James laughed."

"I fancy if they ever re-cover they will spend months in bed in a base hospital instead of log longing about. If they will live perhaps it will teach them to mind their own business, in fugitive future and leave little girls alone. I am very glad they did follow you little girls, for I felt that I owed these precious spies something and was sorry to leave the Christian camps without paying my debt. Now I think we are pretty well squared on the head with my pistol butt good and hard putting him to sleep, and the other attacked me and I shot him in the breast. So I think if they do re-cover they'll face a firing squad any way."

Indeed the meeting between Violet, and her sisters and Gertrude Angelina was indeed (you are in need) a happy one. He greeted them as if they were his dearest sisters. Instead of a first cousin, and for a time as she hugged each one in turn a scarce word was spoken, then as they stood together she had a long look at them.

"You are changed Angelina dear," Violet said, "You look pale."

"Yes, but you dear little girls look too, softer and prettier than you used to."

"And all our good airs and holy graces have increased too," Jennie said with a slight smile. "We have learned so much Gertrude dear, and as you know have been of ten when noble and holy blood has been violently the reverse of a good recommendation. You are charged too Gertrude, the six months of hard work you did for us have altered you. You look more like the wild girl the enemy call you."

"We have suffered too and yet think all the time of the suffering of our people," Violet said as tears came to her eyes at the thought of the changes, and losses of the last few months. "We have thought of you night and day, but Mrs. Jerry has been good to us, very good, and as for James we owe every thing for and to him. He had always been so hopeful and strong and has cheered us up with promises that he would bring us to Pandora soon."

Angelina Aronburg smiled. 2,2,2.

"You are right Jennie dear. Though I had come to like him after he came to be your assistant, I used to smile a little and laugh too, you know at your belief in your little hero and little thought that the time would come when, should I trust him as I do now. You little girls have a right to be proud of him indeed Jennie dear. That thought, and devotion and courage he has shown for you little girls, and do you know he saved Walter Starving too though I'll bet he never told you about it only telling you he was wounded. Jacques who had seen it told me all about it, how Walter went out scouting with James, and how the party ran into heavy shell fire, six were killed, and Walter was wounded, and how James under fire brought him safely back, and then Jack Jacques came and helped him bring Walter here. Oh my dear how much we owe him. And now Daisy and Hettie" she said turning to the youngest of the little girls, "must have a good look at you little girls, and you look so well. Mrs. Jerry surely must have been feeding you up. Oh Mrs. Jerry how much we all owe to you too. And I hear you are going to leave your comfortable home, and take care of the girls on their journey. While we go forth to see to it they do not come to no harm. I'm sure my troop is big enough and well equipped to be guardian angels on ourselves. It was such a comfort to me when James told me."

"I could not let them go alone General Gertrude," the old woman said simply, "it was only my duty and love to them since the first day they took me in as a house keeper. Besides what should I do here in this army when the little girls are in Pandora?"

"How my dear little angel cousins take your things off," Angelina Aronburg said. "I will myself run in and see how Victor or Walter is getting on for they brought him into my tent. James went straight to him and I want to know whether Walter recognizes him."

James was indeed very happy indeed and more than pleased to see a look of recognition on Walter's face as he came up to the side of his couch.

"Well Walter," he said cheerfully. "I am glad to see you looking more like your self again."

Walter nodded assent and his hand feebly returned the pressure of that from James.

"I cannot understand it," he said after a pause. "I seem to be in a long dream, but it is true that Violet and her sisters are here. Isn't it, Gram, seeing things, and it is these angels in disguises?"

"Oh yes, they are here indeed but look like angels sure now. They are chatting now with Angelina Aronburg."

"And why am I here?" Walter asked looking around the interior of the tent. "Violet, and her sisters tell me not to ask questions right now."

"So there will be plenty of time for that afterwards when we are some distance on our journey. Walter it is all simple enough. You were out scouting, I was with you, we encountered shell fire and you got hurt, so I and the survivors got you back to camp under fire and you were first cared for in the base hospital. You have been very ill, but you are getting on better now. Violet and her sister during the journey will take turns at nursing you, and they won't leave you until they are quite well. Now, think that is enough for you, and the doctor would be angry if he knew, had told you so much, because he said for your own good you were not to bother yourself about things at all, but just to sleep as much as you can, and eat as much as you can, and listen to any one of the princesses talking and reading to you and not trouble your brain in any way, because its your brain that has gone wrong from the shock of your wounds and the noise of the explosions, and any thinking now will be very bad for it."

This explanation seemed satisfactory for Walter who soon after dozed off to sleep and James joined the party in Gertrude's tent sitting room.

"Oh if only we could all still stay here James what a comfort it would be to us all!"

"I know that it would Angelina, but it is too dangerous."

"But those duplicate spies were denounced."

"That don't mean they're captured though I fatally wounded one in your tent."

"Yes, but it would be a dangerous trip or risk to travel through the Christian sections for I tremble at the thought of the journey for them even if we are with them," said Gertrude, even though there is risk enough in bringing even Walter along. It is more dangerous within other sections of the Christian lines outside of this for the search for suspects does not relax indeed it seems to become more keen every day, and therefore I would suggest princesses not to disguise any where within Christian territory until you pass out. Going northward to Pandora is no peril whatever as it is all Christian. All the way now, no foe in sight, but if you go in disguise and are arrested by strange Christian soldiers where generals and officers are all strangers

you sure will meet you - dantha and they couldn't be blamed for their mistake 368 if you went on in disguise. Keep off the disguise until you are sure you will have to pass enemy territory. And too Walter's extreme illness is the best safe guard you have. Put to go through any christian territory in disguise even with my troop with you would be very risky and where ever you go you would have a Commissionary of the Abbeinnian spy persecuting Commune at you in no time to make rigid inquiries, and even they would not respect papers from any one if you are in disguise. Let me and my troops scout ahead where ever we go with you and then if I am sure we have to go past a foe encampment then done disguises. For I know from telegraphic inquiries it is christian all the way to Pandora. Emperor, Liviana army has come up without you knowing it, but it is so extensive that he took up his headquarters at Pandora. Cousins go as you are until I warn you and you'll have a safe interesting journey only. In disguise you'll only be arrested in spite of us."

"I have every hope that we shall get through safely," James said. "I have some good news I have not yet told you. I have received a paper from General Nemo stating that I have been his highest secretary, and recommending us to all Christian authorities so that we can dispense with the ordinary papers which they would otherwise ask for."

"That is no good news at all if you go through christian territory in disguise none at all indeed," Angelina Aronburg said. "What will relieve me of all my anxiety is that they should go as they are for Heavenly days the little girls are so beautiful now and so strangely transfigured that I'm almost scared of them, and therefore they sure can get through any where even without papers for what soldier has not seen a picture of them in papers. But to go in disguise is extremely dangerous, and I let you know from your recent experiences and what General Nemo warned me not to do in disguise within the christian lines. Territory is also christian lines. Once on the river shore it will be very easy to get a passage across the wide river to Pandora."

"James is sure wonderful," said Angelina, "and he has surprised me more every day and even when Penrod first told me that he had accepted his noble offer to look after us I was inclined in my heart knowing he's an American to believe there was ample protection, but my heavens he's like an guardian angel himself far beyond our expectations. You see I confess James, that we sure now know what American means are though we heard a lot from Penrod Penrod."

"There is nothing to confess about," James said with a smile. "It was perfectly natural for you to think that a lad of ten could defend you in time of trouble and danger, but probably your possession angels had a lot to do with it too, and that it was probably through them too that I had the lucky stroke of saving General Nemo's life, which enabled me to be of use to you more than ever, and that now I have a pass which will enable me to take you and your sisters and any one else with comparative safety through the christian lines and territory as far as Pandora. Had it not been for that I could not have done little even to aid you so rigid is the search for suspects. But it is a good thing, and it is done just for your sakes for there is no telling where spies are looking for chances to harm my little girls. Gertrude is right. As long as we are within christian territory we must not disguise, and if those who follow us come after to do harm they'll only be in hot water for any one not in christian uniform and not giving proof of their identification is sure out of luck."

Christian territory is too extensive to escape from. General Nemo himself said so so I was prepared for it. He called me back last night and told me so and said the papers were not hardly necessary if I didn't go in disguise. "You are too modest James," said Violet. "I suppose after a while and she giggled you'll be saying it was we who saved you. You are just like all persons who do things for us. Brave and bold, and risk anything, but when it comes to being praised you run away like a sheep. Besides was it not your quickness that saved Walter?"

"And we heard all about it from the soldiers. You arrived in time to catch my duplicate riding Gayetytute Gertrude's tent and putting him where he won't be able to track us for even you even put in the hospital those who were shadowing us. No we owe you every thing and disclaimers are only thrown away. As for me I am grateful of Jennie's superior perspicacity, for she more than us, fear trusted you absolutely from the first."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

IN THE POSSESSION OF THE CHRISTIANS AND SAFETY.
DIFFICULTY IN CROSSING THE RIVER

THE RIVER EPHRAÏM OF NOY ADE.

PANDORA A.

"It has nothing to do with perspicacity," Jennie herself said. "James saved our lives twice from the dreadful Glanfeinlinian attackers and after that I knew that if there was danger, he would be able to get us out of it. That if it is if it were a possible for any one to do so."

"I hope and pray ardently that I shall be able to justify your ardent trust in Jennie, and arrive safely with you at my father's house. I can also promise you the warmest of welcomes from my mother and sisters. I fear they must long since given me up for dead or lost, and indeed I shall be like a ship wrecked marine who has been cast upon an island and given up for lost. But indeed my father always used to say that if I was a first rate hand in getting into scrapes, I was more than a qually good in getting out of them again, and I do not believe they have quite well have despaired of seeing me again, especially as they know by the last letters I sent them that you all said, could speak Abbeinnian well enough to pass anywhere as a native, and could pose as a glanfeinlinian boy scout very well in case of necessity."

"Indeed how surprised they will be at you arriving with seven princesses and a famous glanfeinlinian leader and Mrs. Jerry," Daisy herself said.

"They will be pleased and feel honored than surprised," James replied. "I have written so much about you little princesses in my letters that my sisters who are about the age of you Jennie and one too the age or size of Gertrude, and my mother will be delighted to see you."

"Besides," Jennie said, "added Penrod may have written them you are waiting behind with us so they will not need be so surprised as they otherwise would have been, but it will be funny arriving among people living in our country who don't speak a word of our language."

"Yes, they do," said James. "They learned it and father knows it better than I do and so do my sisters. Nevertheless you will be soon at home with them. Jenny and Mildred and Kate are just about the ages of Jennie, and Angelina and Gertrude are just about the ages of you Jennie and one too the age or size of Gertrude. It is nearly two weeks now since I left them and it seems nearly like Gertrude's years, and I have to look at you Jennie, to assure myself that Jenny will have grown almost like you. Now I shall go out for a bit, and leave you to chat together. You need not fidget about Walter's girls. The nurse is witty with him, and will come and let you know if he awakens, but I hope that he has gone off fairly to sleep for the night. He knew me, and knew me well and I think I have put his mind at rest a little as how he came here. I have told him it was through him being wounded and that we brought him first into the hospital and then here and has since been too ill to be moved. And now since he is all right he may accompany us in the covered wagon. I don't think he will ask more questions though, do believe he still doubts princesses whether you're 3 you really are the little vivian girls or the angels in disguise. You have changed so and look so transfigured especially in your unusually elegant white and beautifully designed clothing that he could not hardly tell the difference. Therefore while we go traveling if you were you keep on the same clothing it will be less puzzling to him, and also more safe as the search of suspects is all the more strict and it is done for you, so don't give the soldiers extra trouble for nothing by taking you by mistake."

The little party started the next day at break of light, the army of child scouts to follow some distance in the rear, and they thought after they left Pandora where they would come to an open country where there would be no sentry posts, but it was not so. When they entered what was a new section of the army and under a general not known they found how strict was the watch upon persons leaving General Nemo's part of the camp, but they found out they had no reasons to congratulate themselves upon the possession of General Nemo's safe conduct for the beauty of Violet and her sisters and the oncoming column of child scouts respectfully conducted within and allowed to pass while they were only very respectfully conducted within and allowed to pass while the soldiers stood in ranks on both sides of the company streets while the long squadron of child scouts passed by. At the next village they could not tell why Violet had an instinct an instinct of fear that they were secretly followed. No sooner had they sat down in the village restaurant to

to breakfast, when some distance on four persons in civilian clothes waited themselves not far away and Violet whispered to Jennie "there they are" and then got the surprise of their lives, though a delighted one. An officer with a red scarf presented himself before the four men and asked if they were and where they were going, meanwhile looking strangely toward Violet and her sisters. They however said that they were refugees just going from Manceo army to this, and made some other explanations and even produced some document, but that did not seem to satisfy, and the official called to some tall men standing out side the door, and then as they came in told them to take the men off and then with sudden strides approached the party of girls and the boy and the woman, and looked at them sharply.

"You are the Vivian Girl Princesses the darling of the nation."

Violet nodded.

"Ah, I thought so. Know those men over there?" with a jerk of his head. "No sir we do not. We felt though we were secretly followed." said Jennie.

"Huh. Huh. I thought so. That is all I wanted to know. Take them away for investigation," he said louder to the two fellows. "See where they got the identification papers. I believe they had them forged. They were no doubt spies following these little girls here."

He looked at the boy and said, "Let me see your papers boy. I want to know who you are for your own good."

James showed the paper and the man without reading it only wrote something else on the back, and handed the paper back to the boy, addressing the boy who had the honor of being General Manceo's secretary in tones of the greatest respect.

"General Manceo wired me about you," said the official and "and therefore, was on the look out for you and the girls. I saw those men following you from some distance and entered here, so I came in. Better keep your keeps more to the back than front. By writing on the back have given you no commission to shoot down like a dog any one who follows you suspiciously no matter what they wear."

With the bundles on their back, they rode along the road sometimes and trudged by themselves at other times, and stopped for the night at a village about twelve miles out of General Manceo's camp. The whole village was full of Christian soldiers, but here as all soldiers by one glimpse knew the princesses there was no necessity to show any documents, and as also the child scouts' encampment encamped near the town all was more easily accepted. They met no adventure whatever on the journey toward the great Mico-Holocaust Run River to the small town of Love-Frey on its shores, this journey being performed in two days, no matter where they had went, no matter whether they went across fields, down roads and so forth outside of towns, it was camps, camps, camps and Christian positions so that it proved their journey instead of a danger was a walk.

All soldiers and officers were strangers of course, but the little girls were never questioned nor where any papers asked for the soldiers knew them at a glance, and Violet and her sisters and even James received more respect than he expected. The weather added by the heat of the far distant forest fire still burning, and the hot May sun was very hot so warm that Violet and her sisters who liked and could stand plenty of cold felt the heat severely, although it was well on in March it was too hot for even that season, the little girls were as thinly dressed as modesty would allow, and the wagon was uncovered so that they sometimes riding in it with Walter could get a little comfort though the covers were on at day to keep out the hot sun.

James walked for most part of the time by the side of the horses head, for it was so warm they could only proceed at a foot pace, but he sometimes climbed up and took the reins, the better to chat with the little girls and keep up their spirits. There was no occasion for this in any of them however, though often they longed so for their parents and Penrod, and also had a loneliness for God and His blessed Mother that they often gave way and cried bitterly, and the good old housekeeper often suffered greatly from the heat. Thunder storms sometimes came up too with the loudest barking thunder ever imagined, and as Violet and her sisters liked thunder storms their interest in them some times made them forget their loneliness for a time.

James some times did not like the nature of the thunder storms for any where in America he had never in his life heard such loud thunder and he had plenty experience in loud thunder storms there, and he feared and believed the elements were protesting something in behalf of the little girls. And when they cried a little one night, in their loneliness for Penrod and their parents a thunder storm soon came up that broke all records in the wilderness of the hills and wind, and the thunder was so loud it could roar and bang and crash in its most deafening salvos. The rain was like a cloud burst and the storm failed to even slack up when morning came so that on the last trip they were to go forth in the dreary pouring rain weather. On arriving

at Love-Frey in the pouring rain, James proceeded first to the Mayor and on producing General Manceo's document, received a permit to lodge in the town until at least the elements would get a little better. He then looked for apartments in the neighborhood of the river, (all the child scouts also occupying places where ever they could) and when he had obtained them disposed of the horses and wagon and had Walter brought within. This was as far as he intended to go for a while across the river he could see other encampments with Christian flags flying, and also some distance north the smoke stacks of the cut skiers or live front of Pandora. The statement that he was not only General Manceo's first secret spy, but also the boy guardian of the Vivian Girl Princesses at once secured him much attention from the military authorities and he was invited to become a member of the Guild of the Fatherly Committee during his stay in the town in order that he might see for himself with what zeal the instructions received from General Manceo's army now so far off for the capture of all secret spies were being carried out. This offer he accepted as it would enable him to obtain information of all that was going on, and also whether they were safe from secret spies or not. His feelings had been daily harrowed by the danger to his little friends had been in, and may be in yet, which so far he had been able to prevent. He found that horrible as he would have been the atrocities against the little girls attempted to be committed by spies against the little girls in General Manceo's army, they would be surpassed by those in the Christian provinces if there was not a good look out, and that in Love-Frey, a band of assassins under Garrier had been captured who had been shadowing the little girls.

James next object was to make the acquaintance of some of the soldiers along the river wharfs, and to find out what vessels were engaged to go across the side river to the other shore, for it was in some of these alone that he could hope to cross the river for bridges many miles long were all down and pontoon bridges had not been made in this location. As he tried this he found that many secret Glandelinian spies knew him. The terror among all the wicked spies was universal, and though they so far knew Violet and her sisters were in the town they were afraid to do a thing to them yet. The news of the execution too of wicked old Augustinia St. Clair was just because of his treatment to Jennie Vivian heightened the dismay. "Go called Massacres" of wicked spies were going on throughout the whole Christian army from Depositionville to Pandora. The lowest of the ruffians captured in all towns and who had expected to wear the hat that red upon the little girls' heads faced a death penalty in various ways. None were too high or too low in rank when once denounced as assassins in spies, and denunciation was followed by a short court martial trial and execution. There were news theless Glandelinian spies everywhere men were cleaving blood money for their attempt to assassinate the Vivian girls if possible.

Thus then James efforts to make acquaintance among the soldiers brought him dreadful fears and suspicions from his experiences here and therefore was a forlorn boy scout and that was sufficient to cause distrust among spies who knew him, and as long it had come become whispered that he had come from Angelina Agathia with special authority to hasten on the work of extermination of the enemies of the Vivian girls. Soon therefore James perceived that as he moved a long one of the big quay a little group of men dressed as rivermen and fishermen talking together broke up at his approach, the men sauntering off to the boats, and any he accosted replied civilly indeed, but with such embarrassment and restraint that James was suspicious, and although any questions of a general character were answered, a purposely profound ignorance was shown upon the subject upon which he wished to gain information. The rivermen all seemed to know that occasionally cargoes of something on long lines of flat boats were run across the river to Pandora but none could name any vessel engaged in the trade that would take him across with the little girls, though to take him alone which they wished most ardently to do made him down hearted and very suspicious. That early evening one of the rivermen said to him quietly:

"Boy I am a good man, and I warn you you had best not come down the river after dark, for there is a number of secret enemies conspiring against you and unless you would like your body to be lashed out of the river with a half dozen bullet holes in it you will take my advice. They'll give you anything to get you out of the way so they can get at the princesses. You are their hindrance. Watch out."

James began to feel a least a rush under his responsibilities. His attendance too at the Military Council Committee tried him greatly. He made a progress whatever in his efforts to obtain a passage across the river and to at least trouble the old nurse, who had been much exhausted by the change from her usual habits, and the inclemency of the weather on her journey, so much heat and so much rain, just end of gaining strength seemed to be rapidly losing

it and was forced to take to her bed. The terrible danger which in the Christian lines, and the long strain of anxiety as to the safety of the little girls and the almost sad fate of Violet when she was arrested by mistake had completely exhausted her strength, and the last two weeks had aged her as if she was six years older. Jenni, Vivian too was ill from her experiences and loneliness and James tried hard to keep up his appearances of hopefulness, and to cheer the little girls, but all of the little girls had pretty quick eyes and could also read minds and they speedily perceived the change in him.

"You are wearing yourself out James," Violet said the next morning as they were sitting by the fire, while Angelina was tending Mrs. Jerry in the next room. "can see it in your face and so can my sisters. They have been talking about it and are worried about you. It's no use of your trying to hide it from us. You tell us every day that you hope soon to get hold of the captain of a boat sailing for Pando-ra; but I know from your thoughts that you in reality are making no progress. We don't even dare to take chances as you cannot tell who among the divers are spies and who are not. During those two days when you were hoping to get me out of prison when I was made a prisoner by mistake--though it at first seemed next to impossible until my sisters proved my identity--you told my sisters not to despair as they said to me; and I knew you did not despair of yourself and found out where I was, held, and got me out, but now it is different. I am sure that you do in your heart almost give up hope because so many of the men avoid you and threaten you. Why don't you trust me to do something James. I may not be able to do much, but I might try to cheer you. You do you much for us, why should not one of us try to do our part too and not leave it all to you. You have been comforting us all the time. Surely it is time for any one of my dear sisters too to take our turn to do something to help you and ourselves. It is not right for us to leave you do it all. I am not a two year old now."

"I feel like one just at present," James said steadily with quivering lips. "I feel sometimes as if--as if we so we used to say at school in America--I could cry over spilled milk. I know Violet, I can't trust you and any one of your good little sisters and it isn't because I doubted your courage that I have not told you exactly how things are going on, but because it is entirely upon you now that Mrs. Jerry and Angelina have to depend, and I do not wish to put any more weight upon your shoulders but it will be a relief to tell for me to tell you exactly how we stand."

James then told her how completely he had suspected many of the rivermen with being Glandelinian spies in disguise and how an actual feeling of hostility against him had arisen.

"I think I could have stood that Violet, but it is the terrible news that comes from the Committee that tries me. And it is so awful to hear in the committee what things have been found in possession of spies that were captured, with what they intended to use on you if they had a chance, those friends, and exulting over your desertion and desertion if it could be accomplished, so that at times I feel tempted to throw myself upon one of those sniveling spies and strangle them. The main thing I fear is that even if we slipped across the river into Pando-ra in the darkest night, spies would follow us into Pando-ra."

"It must be dreadful James," Violet said soothingly. "Will it be possible for you to give out that you are ill and so absent yourself for a time from their meetings and do something here. I am sure you look ill--ill enough for anything, and poor Jennie is worse to day and has us worried. As to the rivermen do not let that worry you no more go near them. Even if you could hear of a ship at present it would be of no use. We couldn't leave Mrs. Jerry and poor Walter either; she seems to us to be getting worse and worse, and the doctor you called in not long ago thinks so too. I can see it by his face. I think he is a good man. The refugee woman whose sick child I sat up with last night tells me every Christian soldier and refugee loves him. He at first looked at us as if he was seeing things. I believe he thought we were little angels too. He said this morning to me, and think she is our girl and mother. "I cannot do much for your poor mother. It is a general breakdown. I have many cases like it of old people who were refugees from the enemy and women upon whom the anxiety of these terrible war times have told. Do not worry yourselves with watching prisoners. He will sleep quietly and will not need attendance. If you don't be careful I will a lot when you little girls are on my hands, and your sister Jennie is pretty sick. A anxiety affects the young as well as the old just as fatally. I want you see, we cannot think of leaving her at present. Since we took her into our house keeper Mrs. Jerry has risked every thing for us. It is quite impossible for us to leave her now, so do not let that worry you, and we have tried by wireless to get into communication with Father and Penrod so that maybe they'll come here but go no word of their whereabouts yet. We all are in the hands of our Blessed God, James, and we must wait patiently what He may send us. And surely if we really are angels possessed why should we fear those spies. They are risking their lives only to get at us and making fools of themselves."

"We will wait patiently James said. "I feel better now Violet, and you shall not need me live we again. What has been worrying me most is the thought that it would have been wiser to have carried out some other plan--to have stayed with you and your sisters in some isolated farmhouse not far from the Christian camp, and for us to have waited there until the storm blew over."

"You must never now think that," James Catherine herself said earnestly. "You know we all talked it over a dozen and dozen of times Mrs. Jerry and all of us, and we agreed that this was our best chance, and Angelina A. Renburg thought so too. And think too we have no enemy camps to fear in fact superior Vivian's army is just across the river. We do not fear those spies trying to get us now, and as you said you overheard that because of the person persecutions of them they would only be glad to get away from the camp, and won't dare come near our headquarters because they are secretly afraid of you. Go whatever comes you must not blame yourself in the slightest. However we were a nice we left home we were in danger than that. Historians hardly won't believe, and might have been assassinated, but they can't get at us."

"I arranged it all," Catherine. "I have the responsibility of your being here and your sisters too."

"Yes that may be true but to an equal extent you would have had the responsibility of our being anywhere else. It is of no use letting that trouble you. Now as to the rivermen I have made the acquaintance of some of the refugee women in our company street. Some of them are the wives of some rivermen and possibly through them I may be able to hear about ships. At any rate I could try. They are not Glandelinian spies."

"Perhaps you could Catherine; but be very careful what questions you put, and to whom too; or you might be betrayed."

"I don't think there is much fear of that James. Too the women are more outspoken than the men. They are refugees not Glandelinians, and because of the war river trade has been almost stopped and there is great suffering among the many rivermen and their families. Of course I and my sister have been very careful whom we speak to outside, but from the efforts of our parents we have learned to be good little cooks--and what is left over of what we cook and can't eat and which is very good--I take to those who are refugees, especially if they have little children ill, and I know we have won their hearts."

"You are really win every one's hearts who comes near your little girls Catherine dear and I know it," James said earnestly.

Then the faces of the little girls (if not girls) flushed a rosy red, but Catherine said with a laugh;

"How James you are turning flatterer. We are not in heaven yet my dear friend, so your pretty speeches though we may deserve it are quite thrown away, and we therefore do not say so our selves. We have lots of enemies who care not what we are or what we do or how we look, and no more now, shall we and take Angelina's place and send her in to you."

And so another day went by, and then the old nurse to the surprise of the doctor showed symptoms of being much better, and Jennie was herself again. Steadily too one of the little girls one by one had been steadily carrying on their work among the unfortunate refugees who had been rendered poor by losing their all at the hands of the foe, sitting up at night with sick children, and supplying food to hungry little ones, saying quietly in reply to the words of gratitude of the women;

"It is nothing. Our friend James takes care of us, and despite the war we can always find something. We are always glad to help those who need it. While any one of them so asked they kept their hearts open, and from the talk of the women learned that the rivermen spies had almost all been apprehended as they had no papers to prove their identifications, and that too the husbands of one or two of them women were employed in vessels engaged in carrying certain stores and provisions from Pando-ra to the army on the other side. So on the morning one of these women whose child Jennie herself had saved from a mad dog by shooting the insane animal down with her pistol, and whom she had also brought round out of an illness by keeping the little girl well supplied with good food exclaimed;

"Oh how much we owe you Princess angel, for your goodness."

"We are not so high hatted that you need call me Princess" laughed Jennie. "Just call me plain Jennie. It is just as good."

"It comes so natural," the woman said with a sigh. "I was in service once in a rich family before I married Francis Aldophine. I know that you and your sisters are princesses princesses because there are no little girls like you in existence and I so often saw you kneel down by Angelina's bed when you thought I was asleep. I expect Aldophine home in a day or two. The poor fellow will be wild with delight when he sees the little one on its feet again. When he sent away a fortnight ago he did not expect ever to see her alive again, and it almost broke his heart, but what was he to do? There are so many men out of work that if he had not sailed in the boat there would have been no one to take his place."

and he might not perhaps have been taken on again."

"He has been to Pandora, has he not?" Jennie asked.

"Yes, the boat carries provisions and brandy for the soldiery. It is a dangerous trade for that as sections of the river are watched closely by the gunners of Glandelinian rivershore batteries just a little yonder up what in he to do---on one must live."

"Does your husband know any of the Glandelinian spies?"

"No more than I do, and if he does he would let it out now or then, but of the river workers hate these murdering spies and enemies of yours, but what can we do when we can't detect them?"

"Well Mrs Martha, I am sure I and my sisters can trust you, and your husband can help if he will me and my sisters and the boy guardian with me."

"Surely you can trust me," the woman said. "I would lay down my life for you little princesses and I know Aldolph would do so too when he knows what you have done for us."

"Well then Mrs Martha, I and my sisters through the hoped for help of our friend James are anxious to be taken over to Pandora where our Father and brothers are. We are ready to pay well for a passage, but we have not known how to set about it."

"I thought it might be that," Mrs Martha said quietly. "For any one who knows the ways of these rivermen as I do could see with half an eye that you are the little Vivian Girl Princesses even without you needing to produce any papers. But they say that your friend is a friend and Secretary of General Nemo, and that is one of the committee here. He probably could get a pass and a paper of commission compelling some one to take you across the river."

"That is not the point Martha. There are so many Glandelinian spies that seem to know him that he believes they may follow us across the stream, and he dare not let any one know he wishes to make a passage, so I thought I would speak to you and you can tell me when a boat is sailing, and who is her captain."

"Aldolph will manage that all for you now or then," the woman said. "I know that many a poor soul had gone across the stream, but of course it is a risk, for it is death to be caught in a cross fire of the Glandelinian shore batteries. Still the rivermen are ready to run the risk, and indeed they have not much fear of the consequences if they do get caught under fire, for the river crew population here is every strong, and they would not stand quietly by and see some of their own class injured by any old enemy shall fire while in civilian clothes as if they had done some crime more because they were carrying some refugees across to Pandora among other Christian possessed city, why they have done it from father to son as far as they can collect for there has never been a time yet when there were not people who wanted to pass from love free to Pandora, and from Pandora to love free whether the enemy liked it or not. I think it can be managed Jennie, especially as you say you can afford to pay, but we would rather do the deed for your little princesses for nothing. Trade is bad because of the war that there are hundreds of men would start in their boats fishing or otherwise for a voyage across the river in the hope of getting food for their wives and children and not depend on the treacherous charity of the generous suffering army all the time..."

"I was sure it was so, Martha, but it was so difficult to set about it. We are so afraid of Glandelinian spies overtaking us there too and it needs some one to warrant that we are not trying to draw innocent ones into a snare before any one will listen. If your husband will but take the matter up I have no doubts that it can be easily managed."

"Get your mind at ease, the thing is as good as done. I tell you there are hundreds of men ready to undertake the job, when they know it is a straight forward one..."

"That is good news indeed, Jennie," James said. "When the brave little girl told him of the converse conversation. That does seem a way out of our difficulties indeed. I felt sure you would be able to manage it, some time later, among the good people you have been so good to hurry it on as much as you can Jennie. I feel that our position is getting more and more dangerous. The Committee I serve is wrong some where and I believe it too far off to say sure where I have steadily heard on the wildest firing ever imagined and it never stopped yet. In here we don't hear it but it is and sounds down the river. They say Pandora is under fire and Glandelinian army is fiercely attacked. I am afraid I don't play my part sufficiently well to get through any where. The enemy they say is edging forward every where in their violent assaults. I fear that some have suspicions that again we are in unseen dangers. I have been asked questions lately, as to whether I have seen any strangers ever following me or watching you or not. I have been thinking for the last few days whether it would not be better for us to make our own way to the shore of the river some dark night capture some boat and get across without any one seeing us, or if that could not be managed to get on board

some little fishing boat at night and sail off by ourselves in the hopes of getting to Pandora."

"No that couldn't be," said Violet herself. "That is something so dangerous I and my sisters would not take a chance. But how do you know this is true?" "Why even in the Committee there is a disguised spy. I have been feeling for some days that danger has been thickening around us. Despite the vigilance of the search for suspects they can't capture them all, there are so many. And many of those spies are dangerous to try it with too who will kill to the last just shot before allowing themselves to be captured and then use the last shot on themselves. I had noticed angry glances cast at me by some of the committee whose faces I don't like and had caught sentences expressing doubt whether I was James or some body else. They too with the committee do not play their part sufficiently well and am not forward enough in their violent councils against your enemies and are under suspicion but they keep their eyes open so that the suspicion cannot be confirmed. By one committee man whose face and manner I do not like, I have been asked questions as to why I am staying here, and why I have come. I even heard one man say to another there; 'I tell you he may be that little guardian of the little Vivian Girl Princesses. That is what the assassin call you.' I felt I wished, had a real pet gutter-snipe and wrapped it round his neck. I bet," she said. "I believe he is one of the guardians. I tell you I shall watch him and catch him closely. I shall make it my business to get at the bottom of the affair, and we will make we short work with him first if we find things as we believe."

"But are you sure there is such a urgent danger?" asked Daisy.

"I sure feel that the danger is really urgent, even more urgent than I had expressed it and I was intending for immediate flight when you brought me your news. Now now it is hard to tell whether even a days delay might not ruin us. Why do you little girls who are so good have to suffer all this. That is not fair. I will say and stick to it."

"Have you told me all James dear?" Hattie asked.

"Not quite all princesses. I was just thinking it over. I fear that the danger is even more pressing than I have said, and even now there is no telling that fellow may be watching outside, or making inquiries about you. He will hear nothing but praise, but that very praise may cause him to doubt still more than that you are not what you seem."

"But why can we not run away at once," Angelina said. "Why should we wait here until the spies come and try to do us harm probably to bomb us or kill us some way."

"That is what I was thinking when I came home Angelina, but the risk of trying to escape in a fishing boat by ourselves would be tremendous. You see although I have gone out sailing sometimes on this river, I know very little about it, and although we might get across to Pandora it would be much more likely that we should fall into the hands of one of the Glandelinian river gun boats. So I look upon that as a desperate step, to be taken only at the last moment. And now that Jennie seems to have arranged a safe plan, I do not like trying such a wild scheme. A week now and perhaps all might be arranged; but the question is, have we a week? Have we more than twenty-four hours? What do you think Jennie?"

"I do not see what is best to do yet," Jennie said looking steadily at a picture of the Sacred Heart. "It is a terrible thing to have to decide; but we must decide." She sat for five minutes without speaking, and then taking down her purple cloak from the peg on which it hung she said:

"I will go round to Mrs Martha again and tell her we are all so anxious for each other that I don't think we can judge what is really the best. Martha will see things more clearly and will be able to advise us."

"Yes that will be the best plan, but for heaven's sake Jennie don't let any one try to follow you. Call for help if any one does."

"I'll watch out," said Jennie.

"It was an hour and three quarters before she returned.

"It was an hour and three quarters before she returned. It was a look of bright news and hope on Jennie's face.

"Yes I have a plan and a good one, that is to say Mrs Martha has. I told her all about it, and she said directly that we must be hidden some where, till her husband can arrange for us to sail. I said of course, that was what was wanted, but how could it be managed? Those spies are everywhere and crafty. So she thought it over, and we have quite arranged it. He has a sister who has a place near the river, four miles down. She will go over there to her room and arrange with them to take us, and planned that she would get some fisher girls dresses for us but I told her it was too dangerous to go in disguise for it was more hopeless to be captured by the Christians than by the enemy if we were mistaken for suspects."

in our dinghies, and it may be possible the crew are resting; we would not believe our puppets and think we stole them. He said we have no doubt that her sister will take us for she was over there yesterday and heard about the child getting better and Martha told her all I had done for her. She thinks we shall be quite safe there, and the Christian army is at large in numbers there too. What do you think of that James?"

"Splendid, Jennie. Can the husband be trusted too?"

"Oh yes, she says so. He is a Christian soldier in the army she says, but she says she would not propose it until she was quite sure they could do it for if anything happened to us, she would be a wretched woman all her life."

"Thank God," James said fervently. "That one sees daylight at last. I have felt so helpless lately. Dangers seem to be thickening round you, and I could do nothing, and now Jennie you have found a way out for us, where I never should have found one myself."

"It is Our dear Blessed Lord who has done it for me," Jennie said reverently. "I only sisters did not begin to go among the poor refugees with any thought of making friends, but because they were so poor and miserable, but He must have put it into my mind and heart to do it, in order that a way of escape might be made for us."

The next morning James went out as usual immediately after breakfast for a walk of two or three hours. This he did partly to allow the little girls to tidy up the rooms and an office which had naturally fallen to them since the commencement of their housekeeper's illness, partly because in active exercise he found some relief from the burden of his anxieties. He kept his eyes open too so that he was not cautiously followed by any enemies. The day too he felt more anxious than ever. What was one of the causes was that the sound of firing had become unusually extensive and loud, all soldiers seemed in readiness, and the air was heavy with darkness. The conversation with Mrs. Martha had afforded good grounds of hope that in a day or two a fair prospect for a chance to get to Pandora would be open to them, but this seemed to make the present anxiety all the sharper. The woman had promised to make the arrangements with her friends in the refugee camp below during the course of the day, and by night if all went well they might start. He told himself that he had no reason for supposing that the vague suspicions which were he knew about would suddenly be converted into action by the spies. He determined to take his place that afternoon with the committee as usual and watch the strange strangers closely and if possible to denounce them before the committee and cause their capture. He felt however that the day would be more trying than any he had passed, and that he would give a good deal of the next twenty-four hours were over. Scarcely heeding where he walked out was out longer than usual, wondering where all the firing was and why it was growing so extensive and extremely severe, and it was nearly four hours after he started before he approached the town again by the road along the riverbank. Just when he came to the first house, where there was a group of soldiers talking excitedly and pointing toward him, a woman who was standing there watching for him, came quickly up to him.

"You are the boy who takes care of the princesses are you not?"

"James ascended hurriedly, with a strange presentiment of evil."

"Mrs. Martha bids me tell you," the woman said. "That half an hour after you started this morning six men with an official with a red scarf came to the house, conversed with the princesses and sadly gave them an understanding that any hopes of reaching Pandora is out of the question for some time to come. The enemy is making a violent attack every where all along the line at this section, and has the river guarded and blockaded with their gun boats. They are waiting there for you to come to give you the same tidings. It is hopeless but you know you cannot chance it in the midst of such a raging battle. You'll all be killed. The right is fierce on the river too. Don't you hear the dreadful cannonading in the direction of Pandora?"

James staggered as if struck with a blow.

"Poor boy, you sure must love those dear little girls," the woman said with real heart felt compassion seeing the ghastly pallor of his face. "But pity you, and you should go to them as soon as possible and cheer them. They feel worse, I believe than you do when they had hopes of seeing their dear father and mother and also their brother. The soldiers are all furious that such things should happen to those dear sweet young angels who are so good to every one but what can they do. General Pichonia said the only hope is if our side wins the battle. When we get the news Mrs. Martha said to us, 'The best thing we can do for those little angels is to tell their guardian and have him go and cheer them up. Go do some of you put yourself on such a road leading to the house, and tell him in time. He generally walks beyond the town. I heard one of the princesses say so. Go some of us came out on all the roads, and two remained on each end of the street in case we should miss you. She said who ever met you was to tell you to be on this road by the river just outside the town with them after dark

and she would bring you some fresh clean clothes, and take you and they where you would be safe from these unseen dangers, but till then you were to go away again, and keep far from the town. Do you understand?" she asked laying a hand on his arm for he seemed dazed and stupid with the shock he had received.

"I understand," he said in a low voice. "Thank you all for your warning. Yes I and they will be here in the evening but, doubt if I can cheer them when I feel so bad myself. I'm tempted to take part in the battle, but it is my duty by them."

So saying he turned and moved away, asking unsteadily as if he were drunk. The woman looked after him pityingly, and then shaking her head and muttering execrations against the rascals, she made her way home to tell Martha that she had fulfilled her mission.

James walked on slowly until some distance from the town, and then threw himself down on a bank by the road, and lay for a time silent and despairing. At last tears came to his relief and his broad shoulders shook with a passion of sobbing to think that just at the moment when a chance of getting over to Pandora was open—just when all the dangers seemed nearly past—a dreadful battle had to open all along the line and on the river too, preventing him and the girls from ever getting there. To think of Jennie—the bright fearless Jennie—and the other little girls fast rated in the most ardent hopes. It was maddening, and the roar of the battle upset him still more. The noise was unsparing, but after a time the passion of weeping calmed down, and James sat up suddenly.

"I am a fool," he said as he rose to his feet, "a nice sort of a boy for a protector. Lying here crying like a baby girl, when, begun to fancy I was a man, waiting my time here when I know the only hope for the girls keeping cheerful and forget their sorrow and disappointment is for me to show I'm not losing my spirits. I need not lose all hope yet. After Violet has been saved when arrested by mistake, why should I not now keep them comforted. I'm better off than I was then for we have friends who will help. These women whose hearts Violet and her sisters have won will aid all they can and may get some of their brothers and husbands to aid. The battle is not lost yet, and Violet and her sisters will know I shall move heaven and earth to get them over to Pandora."

James fit of crying unmanly as he felt it, had afforded him an immense relief for he hardly knew himself how great the strain had been upon him of late and with a more elastic step he strode away toward the town, and four or five houses walked on revolving plan after plan in his mind for whispering the little girls to Pandora. Although nothing very plausible occurred to him he felt brighter in mind though weary in body, and then when he reached the little girls felt more babyish still when he saw they did not seem to be so sad about it, but were more excited than anything else and Jennie only greeted him with:

"Oh if the Christian side wins the battle we will have a lark getting across."

"I wish we could see the battle," shot out Catherine. "It is such an exciting sight."

And I'd dare act as a flag bearer," cried Violet. "We did so before."

He told the girls the plans of the woman who told the him of their news and when just after night fall he again approached the spot where that morning he had received so heavy a blow he had the little girls with him and they were well armed. He no longer knew that should he hit upon a plan, and too the jails were so crowded with glad and glad Indian prisoners that if anything happened to the little girls the prisoners would even pay for it too. Martha was waiting for him and the little girls and the woman too who had told James of the bad news. "Ah James," she began, "but this is a terrible day. I'm thankful to God that you were able to bring your dear little friends here safely and I hope you have not been secretly followed. Oh if I had but known but a day or two earlier, we could have moved in time, and now they are cut off from Pandora because that battle. Oh they say it was terrible and is not decided yet. The enemy fought all day with savage ferocity, and made charges with such insane determination as if they were glad to throw their lives away just for the interest of it. But we will try to find some means to help them yet, and we will save them from the spies. We have been talking it over and we will all go to the tribunal, and we will take our husbands and our children with us, and we will ask for a means to get you and your little girls across safely in spite of the enemy. And we will not let them be murdered by those rascally spies, and here now are some clean clothes for your little princesses fresh white clothing like what they got on but you need not put them on now. There will be a swift boat here in a few minutes, and we will go down to the refugee camp. The men and even all the soldiers will do all they can for you. I have sent a message by a boy to my sister to say that I shall be down this evening, so they will be expecting us. Ah here is the boat."

The splash of oars started, was heard, and a boat rowed along across the river bank.

"Is that you Mr Peters?"

"It is as sure enough Mrs Martha. Is every thing all right?"

"Yes we have them all here the poor little dears."

In another minute the boat was rowed alongside, Violet and her sisters first helped into it and then James and the woman got aboard. There were few words spoken as the two men rowed vigorously downstream close to the shore and they had to do so too where there was lots of brush and where branches overhang that part of the river for enemy search lights were sweeping the stream watching out for moving christian gunboats. In some three quarters of an hour some lights were seen on the opposite bank, and the boat was headed toward them and soon reached a little cove way.

"I shall not be more than twenty minutes," Mrs Martha said as she got out followed by the princesses and James.

"All right we will wait," was the reply and mounting the cove way Mrs Martha let the key to the furthest cottage in the interment camp for refugees. James had to show the papers to the guards, but by the guards one look was enough at the little girls, and he respectfully let them pass. A light was burning within one of the small wooden houses, and lifting the latch she entered followed by Violet and her sisters first, for James wouldn't go in until they did. A man and his wife were sitting by a table with a lamp light, but they rose and looked in wide mouthed astonishment at the little girls. Two children a boy and a girl were sleeping in a bed.

"Here sister dear and brother James," Martha said "You have heard from me how seven dear little angels who lived next door to me had done good and one of them nursed and tended my little Aggie and by the Blessing of God and the help of the Virgin brought her round from her illness, and those were wretches the Glandelinian spies have strove often to either carry them off or slay them in cold blood from secret places, and you know what it is to fall into their hands. This is their little guardian, and I'm going to ask you to give them shelter and let them stay here with you until they get find means to get across to Pandora where their parents and brothers are. I have brought each of them a clean suit of clothing. He will pay you well for sheltering them and him till we can put him on board Adolphus lugger with them and sent them across the water if it had not been for that desperate battle raging to day they would have had the chances to go to day. I was just starting to arrange it with you when the awful battle opened. James say he would pay a hundred crowns to you and that is a sum not to be earned every day."

"No indeed," her sister said briskly. "That will buy my husband a new boat and a good one such as he can go down the river in, beside as you say, after what they are even if not helping you a little did we are bound to help them. What do you say James?"

Her husband looked long at the woman who brought the children in and asked; "But where are the princesses Martha. You only brought the boy and these came in with him." Pointing with a shaking hand.

"But they are Violet and her sisters."

"But by cracker they can't be. No little humans can be as pretty and so strangely transformed as they. You can see the angelic effects in their eyes. They're from heaven, tell you."

"No, no don't get scared brother," said Martha. "They are the princesses. See they can't help smiling at your embarrassment and awe. They could tell you themselves."

"We are surely Violet and her sisters," said Violet herself. "We are no celestial children. If we were we would not need to come here for shelter." "But surely," the man said with a shaky hand "you have the very angels in you then. You'll possess this house with angels. How comes it you are fugitive then if you are that way. No harm can come to you."

"Oh yes it often did, and we got it hard too hard so all say," admitted Jennie Jennie."

However James face had anything but satisfaction until they were able to convince him they were real, and even his wife too was a little excited and yet felt as if she had a little bit of heaven at their presence. Then too because of the dreadful war the ties were bad—his boat was old and unsaworthy—a hundred crowns was a fortune to him but he felt it wrong to do this without doing it just for their sakes whether paid or not.

"I have risked my life often than thanks to the confounded enemy," he said to earn five crowns; therefore I might as well not say no to the offer for you would not hear of it as I can see it in your eyes. My boy, accept for a hundred crowns for your sakes I will run the risk of keeping you here, and the princesses too but I would rather for your sakes do it for nothing, but I know that would be useless for you would not do it that way, and if possible I'll help you later on cross the water if I can get you aboard a powerful christian gunboat."

"Very well then Mrs Martha said "That's settled now I shall be off at once. The spies may be catching the Company Streets for James so the sooner I'm away the better I pray they all get captured the dirty scoundrels."

Then she left. "We cannot give you much accommodation princesses and your boy friend," the man said. There is only the loft upstairs and for to night only some old blankets to sleep on, of course if two of you would like you could occupy one of the old beds, and another sleep with my children; but we will try to make you more comfortable to morrow."

"We do not care nothing for comfort," Joice answered "so make no change for us. Give James the best. He is deserving of it for all he did for us."

"No princesses don't sacrifice yourself like that," said James. "I myself cannot for comfort. I just wish to be treated as if I were what I seem to be—a young river fisherman who has come to work with you for a bit, and even they I know will row with you and help you with your nets for Heaven knows it is astonishing how my princesses friends like to work. Your sister has promised to send a boy every day with all the news of the enemy she can gather and about the spies too. Now if you have a piece of bread my friends will gladly eat it for they have touched nothing since breakfast and they are hungry."

"Ain't you going to eat too James?"

"I guess I'll have to as you won't if I don't," he laughed.

"We can do better than that for you," the good woman replied "and in some few minutes very good appetizing fish were frying over the fire. While the frying was going on there came a loud knock on the door a loud angry hasty knock."

The man went to open the door and a tall good looking but rough looking officer entered and looked searchingly about.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," he said looking respectfully at them and especially at the little girls. "We shot to two men running toward here, and we thought one entered here. Didn't see nobody did you."

"No sir," said the man.

"Well that's good especially for the sake of your guests here, didn't mean to intrude but we don't want the suspects to get away. They shot it out with us but I guess they escaped. They set fire to a building thinking the princesses still lived there."

He bowed and went out.

"Guess I'll bet it was the house we last left a few hours ago," said Violet. "We certainly were lucky."

"We will have to keep on our guard," said the man. "I hope you were not followed here by any one."

"I don't think so," said James. "I had my eyes in every direction and saw no one."

Fortunately the long house he had been on his feet had completely tired James out and after eating his supper with the little girls he at once ascended to the loft, threw himself on the heap of blankets, and in a few minutes was sound asleep. Violet, and her sisters however did not go to bed early they were too apprehensive to sleep and so didn't retire until the others did.

The next morning James was up early and dressed himself in the fishermen's or fisher boys clothes with which he had been provided, and went downstairs where the two others were getting breakfast ready. Their children were up and dressed and looked surprised and yet acted respectfully toward James for they had heard all about it when they got up themselves.

"You will do," Mr James said looking at him. "Get your hands and face as too white for on the river. But I was tanning my sails yesterday, and the oil is some of the stuff left in the boiler, if you rub your hands and face with that you will do well."

James took the advice and the effect was to give him the appearance of a lad whose face was bronzed by long exposure to sea and air.

"You will still pass anywhere now as James yet and are not disguised so that the christian soldier won't take you up by mistake," Mr James said approvingly "but you won't be known by Glandelinian spies, so if any of the spies come here they'll get a couple of shots through their bodies for they won't tolerate any strangers coming here."

In the meantime Adolphus had returned in his lugger the day after the arrival of James and the princesses there, and came over that evening to see them and was at first taken aback at the sight of the little girls as Mr James had been. But he covered his compass and said that it would be some little time before the lugger sailed again, but that if they wished to start as soon as the battle had an end; he would manage to procure them a passage to Pandora in some other craft. He said he had already been talking to some of the rivermen on the wharves, and that as a number of the most violent spies had

already already been captured, they had proposed to go to the Tribunal when the spies were brought up before it, and that they would manage to get news then that would be good and see if these were not the spies most dreaded. On that day too James went up in a boat to Love Frey with Mr James and the fish they had caught. He had no fear of being recognized by any spies and did not hesitate to land, though he seldom went far from the boat. A Adolphe was generally there and he and two or three of his comrades who were in the secret always hailed him as an old acquaintance so that had any of the spies the enemy been standing there no suspicion that James was anything other than he seemed would have entered their heads..

"What's the matter Aldolphie?" James exclaimed.

"They have just gone out to bed early this evening, but it is the news." "I know," this morning that a number of spies who were duplicates of the little girls trailing you here to this camp, and town were captured here and were to day to be brought before the tribunal, and we filled the hall with women and two or three scores of rivermen and a crowd of soldiers. The spies were brought out and were found not to be boys in disguise as supposed but Glendalinden men spies the size of the princesses. They were asked their names and under no conditions would tell. They only said-

"You are charged not only with being spies within the christian lines in disguise as the Vivian Girl Princesses, and with trying to leave the christian lines contrary to the law against it and with being in complicity with one bigger spy who under false pretenses obtained commission and admission to the Committee of Abolition of the City of the Child Welfare here but with the intention also of assassinating the princesses from ambush. What do you say?"

"Then we thought it was time to speak, and the women cried out "for mercy for the princesses," and down with the spies, and said how good the little girls had been to the poor refugees, and we men cried too. And then Carl took up our cries got into a passion, and said that no spies can harm the princesses that these rascals were attempted assassins and that they should die. Some of us got worked up it too strongly, and broke into the tribunal and surrounded the spies, and we would have lashed them but the guards rushed in and we had to stop as we would not fight men of our side under any condition. Taking advantage of the commotion the spies tried then to seize weapons and escape and there was a fight. They beat us off and got outside, and then to our relief a regiment came up and though the spies fought stoutly for their blood was up it was of no use. They were captured again, and some of us got severe wounds from the little devils who were so strong believers. And, among every one else when the news spread through the town and the christian lines for some of the women and girls got hurt by those seven spies in the melee, and I think we could get five hundred men together and storm the jail if it was not for fighting against our own side. Get the spies out and burn them at the stake."

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"I can hardly blame them my boy. If it was a Glandslinter prison, a day or little girls were within they could risk ~~every~~ anything, even though it would be a terrible thing for men with wives and families to brave the anger of these monsters, but why should we storm a prison containing seven little devil when they'll face a much ~~more~~ execution anyhow. The odds are not heavy against us we could easily storm the jail, but we would not turn against any one of our noids. The spies are proven guilty, they were here ~~having~~ following you, and the little girls with the intent to murder, and therefore the vengeance the tribunal will take on them is sufficient."

"I will speak again to him but his ship is of wood and you couldn't make it. He once said that the Glandelinian who re-butt-ries would blast his wooden craft out of the water but I have some news here: useless and it is not good news either. But I cannot tell it until it is confirmed. I will try again again."

"What is it Adolphie? What is your news?"

"James my boy I can hardly tell it," a Adolphie said in a low and a broken voice. "They're awful desperate these human fiends in gray uniforms." "What is it Adolphie, Tell me!" and in answer to James entreaties, he told the story.

James gave a cry of horror in which the fisher-men and his wife joined, the latter saying that God would delay, delay the time against the enemy. After his first cry James was silent, he sank down on to a low chair, and sat there with his face hidden in his hands for some minutes even though Violet and her sisters tried to cheer and encourage him, while the fisher-men and his wife poured question upon question upon Adolphie. Presently James rose to his feet, and saying to Adolphie; "I do not go away, I shall be back presently, I must think by my self." went out bare-headed into the night. It was half an hour before he returned. He had sent to see if the news was true and found out more than Adolphie had told. He was very angry, and coming into the attack.

"I cannot say James my boy," Adolphie said hesitatingly. "It does not seemed to me-----"

we will manage it. The question is how. The attack will come before sun up and we have little time."

"Yes my boy" Aldolphie answered hesitatingly. "That is the question. I'm afraid the little princesses are too bewildered by the man just now to think of any plan, they look it. You can rely upon me James. He won't do my best. I'll see you decide; but I have to lead to invent this, I think, but you and the princesses have, can tell it in your ways. You or she tell me and I will do it."

"I know I can rely upon you Aldolphie. As far as I can see there are but two ways. One is for me to go to General Carrier a head-quarters, be admitted to the man, and have him to give us a paper and pass into Pandora in a boat. Who we are even the princesses couldn't get in without a pass. As for the other, the martial law there, I am sure General Carrier would sign the papers all right for, can see all the rest as if it were passing. I can hear him giving his orders, I can see the respective and curious crowd and admirers falling back on the walk with him through the street, I can hear him crying to the soldiers and people to stand aside and let us pass, but how are we going to cross the river. The danger from Glandelinian shore batteries is so great that no man of the river will risk the attempt."

"Could you not if you had the pass embark in a Christian dive-gunboat?" Aldolphie exclaimed carried away by the picture which James seemed to be describing as if he saw it. "Why not start in a gunboat at once after you get the papers. You can easily get a gunboat and the men will stand by you, and as they know who are with you the captain of the gunboat would not desert the cause."

"Thank you Aldolphie. I will try that but the chances on account of the fog gunboats are a hundred to one against its success. I should have no fears as to my self, but when I go to see General Carrier and go through the streets in the way I must look out that some one does not place a musket at the back of my head and shoot me. It would not be anything to get him to sign the papers but the hardest part is the other plan."

"And what is your other plan my boy."

The other plan is as before to get on board some Christian gunboat in which we can get a passage to Pandora. You might find out which gunboat can be obtained from you. I am in the navy, and if the batteries on shore do sink her, then fasten the little girls to a spar and drift down the river with them till out of sight of the foe, when some one near the other shore at the Pandora side could row off and pick us up."

"That is a terrible risk something next to impossible for they say there are impassable Glandelinian batteries on each side of the river at the bend toward Pandora." Aldolphie said despondently. "To shoot down any shipping that will attempt to pass, and if any one swims down the river the soldiers will shoot him down any who may try to swim ashore. Of course a fleet of river gunboats of our side is going to soon try and pass the enemy shore batteries and also smash them to smithereens if possible and you may gain passage on one of the flag ships. But then you may chance to be on the very ship that may be sunk by the fire of the shore batteries, and so vicious are the enemy now that even if any number of sailors would take to boats to save themselves the enemy would fire on them too."

"I'd take the chances even if there is danger of the ship being hit as long as we can manage to go down stream without being seen." said Violet. "We must think of something Aldolphie, think man think,--and you James dear think-- if we are on the flag ship, the ship is hit by a shot, and it began to sink very fast, and you would want something very badly that would hide you from the eyes of the Glandelinian gunners a hundred yards away, what would you take...?"

"But you would be seen on anything you climbed on to cling to Princess and I'd hit by Grape shot."

"But we need not climb on to it at all as that would be suicide under eyes of the ruthless enemy." James said. "I can take pieces of cork with me and find some things on the ship and wrap around you little girls so as to keep your faces just afloat. I should only want something that would hide your faces." He turned to Jennie. "Can't you think of something." He said. "Don't you remember how you were once saved from ships being sunk at Norma Catherine when you and lots of children were placed on board to be drowned."

"A hatch might do if it is big enough for us seven and you too." Catherine said. "But such hatches are hard to find on these warships."

"They have the very thing, or we can bring one along from some old wooden ship." James exclaimed with a fresh ring of animation and hopefulness in his voice.

"The very thing if it is possible" said Joice. "But you must remember that was a wooden ship we had been placed on and these river ships are of iron and wood and have iron hatches. So we are stumped there as iron hatches would only push us under the water and drown us any way."

"There could be taken a hatchway from the fore-castle of the oldest lugger" said Aldolphie. "We might get that loosened before hand from a

old boat nearby which I seen yesterday not in use, and bring it on board the flag ship and explain matters to the Admiral in case the ship is in danger of being sunk, because you must be saved before all else."

"What is the size of such a hatch?" asked Hettie.

"Some ten yards square." Princess.

"That would be enough," James said.

"I'm afraid it would be too big and be too easily seen" said Argeline.

"And be a good mark for an enemy shot" said Daisy.

"It's the smallest there is. You would have to chance it" said Aldolphie.

"But how high would a hatch float out of water, because there must be room between the top and the water for us to breathe as we lie on our backs" said Argeline.

"Four inches would be enough" said Catherine. "Are the sides buoyant enough to keep the top that much out of water?"

"I do not think so. Princess." Aldolphie said with a shake of the head. "It would float nearly level with the water."

"But see here" said Jennie thinking of her experience in the similar way when Evans saved her from the massacre at Norma and her sisters too. "I have an idea. We had an experience with ships when we and crowds of children were on board and the ships were sunk by enemy gunfire to drown us all. Evans saved us by a hatch too and it was smaller in size. All hatches especially of wooden ships are covered with thick tarpaulin."

"But on these luggers" said Mr. James. "They're covered only with wood."

"Well that do not spoil the plan any way. Some one could board the old ship and cut away all the wood and prop it up and cover it with the tarpaulin."

Then when the ships happen to sink if they do in the face of gunfire James who will be with us could knock away the props, the boards would tumble down, and there would be only the tarpaulin cover on the sides. It would float then quite more than five inches out of water and that in the middle of this wide stream would look either almost level with it or would not be seen at all."

"If Evans succeeded in that scheme then I will try it," James said. "There is a chance of success."

"It's a terrible risk James. Mr. James said. "You would be in the midst of terrible firing and if anything hits you you are gone."

"I know it James replied. "But it is just possible. The chances are a thousand to one against it, but it may succeed by the Aid of God only the main trouble is that the risk may be so great that maybe the Admiral of the fleet would fear of our safety wouldn't let us on board. But the risk of staying here is if the enemy should at some all portions of this position would be a thousand times greater, and what I fear is the enemy may win long enough at the beginning to bring disaster upon us and the little girls. To avoid the worst danger chance the lesser peril and hope that the possession angels will pull them through if the fleet is under fire. How many guns have the Glandelinian batteries."

"In that locality there are two thousand big guns in all."

"What do they hurt?"

"High explosives mostly."

"Good night. Seems impossible. But we must try it. Well Mr. James do you be with you boat on the old lugger in the river just below the point where the town can be seen and do not let Glandelinian spies trail you to watch what you are doing. I can get some of the soldiers to signal across water to the north west at the Pandora side telling officers there to also be down the river below the town, and if they see a hatch floating to down to row to it. If we are beneath it, well and good; if not."

"If not my dear angels and you too James" the fisherman's wife said solemnly "if it will be a dreadful day of mourning for us."

"Aldolphie will do his best. I will signal to the opposite shore to those the to have some brandy in the boats and a little charcoal stove and keep water boiling for no matter how warm the weather is the water is dreadfully cold in the river always. You will all want and need it, and now good bye my good friends."

"Pray for us hard to night. Now Aldolphie let us hasten back to town, for there is much to be done. And first of all you must see the office of the Airless Telegraph station, find out at what part of the line the attack of the enemy may come to now. I have no doubt it will be at this section. But above all find out if you can whether they can be allowed on board the flag ship of the fleet that is going to bombard the shore batteries or not."

"But if I cannot find that out James--if there is no arrangement made at all--though I should think there would be; for the Glandelinians may chance plan and attack sooner than expected."

"Then I will get you and find a dozen men you can't trust to volunteer to row the boats to put you on board and force the Admiral to accept you, and you

must be sure to take the boat toward the flag ship, put first the wooden hatch be must be gotten and placed on board. But seeing the situation I do not believe the admiral would refuse, and I hope too that after all the hatch would not be needed, and that the fleet will pull through without the loss of a single ship."

"I will try," Aldolphie said. "Though I would rather cut off my hands than take the poor little girls out to be killed if I knew the advantage would be a fatal one. But as I hope in the possession of angels, and can beseech God for success in this enterprise, I will do it James, but except for that I want me that it may be a success."

It was about seven o'clock that evening when they arrived at Love Fret. Aldolphie went straight to the signal station while James walked along the quay. When he came abreast the center of the town a large number of sailors and five fishermen were standing talking in excited low tones, and looking with excitement at a long line of black painted warships starting to come into sight at the bend of the river. They were the ships getting ready to try and destroy the enemy shore batteries on the morrow. A number of men drawn from the strongest of the refugees were coming with boats to bring these sailors ashore on board the flag ship, while a strong body of troops were drawn up on the quay in readiness to prevent any suspicious persons from starting any demonstration. There were some spies on the quay but not many and yet these did not venture to express openly their detestation of the proceedings, but the muttered execrations and curses that rose from the little group showed how deep were their feelings. James joined a little knot of these four sailors who had been with Aldolphie in the habit of greeting him when he landed.

"All is lost if you plan don't succeed my boy," one of them said in a tone of deep commiseration but speaking in broken English so that the spies would not understand, in fact which if they did overhear they did not. "There are no odds lefted, but what you call heaven vengeance---if the enemy he sink you to your death---then we will take zat one of these days---but if you do fail, zat see a poor colic for you now."

"All is not quite lost," James said. "I have yet one hope. The little girls are possessed of angels and sure they won't let us fail."

"The enemy shore batteries, say see danger," one of the other men said who could also speak a little English. "Spies learned, so glandelin, say have marched on to zat works, three more division troops to day, and more of ze cannon y too have come up to ze works. Zat looks like ze fleet weel not be able to do anything to zem, though, hear ze christian infant y he weel make ze ground attack on ze work works by land too to morrow, to make ze enemy draw attention to zem more than ze fleet, put zat weel probably do ze no good at all. I could cry like ze leadie baby to zink that some times we seem so helpless in the face of ze awful things. My father he say yesterday he was goink mad if youse did not make ze success to morrow."

"No I know too direct and sudden reckless attack is useless," James said. "Still I have one hope left, and that is the little girls are angel possessed. It is a desperate attempt on our part, and I cannot tell you what it is now, it makes me really afraid to attempt it too, but the greater danger is staying here if the enemy do follow his plan and attack every where to morrow. I do not fear the attack itself but if the enemy at the beginning of the battle should win we are surely lost unless a miracle intervenes. Put to night may be Aldolphie may ask you to help us. I expect him here soon."

In half an hour Aldolphie returned, and James at once joined him. "I have got the news," he said. "The admiral of the fleet was signalled to and at first he promptly refused saying that the risk for the princesses was too great but when he was told escape on shore was impossible and that the risk was less on his ships he readily consented, but said he wasn't

reassured possible what would happen in case they were either hit themselves or were drowned and had no faith in the hat plan. Violet and her sisters are to be brought to the flag ship first. Boat have already been sent ashore from the fleet. The flag ship is the only big vessel in the stream while the princesses are being taken aboard some of us and you will go aboard a that old lugger there and get the hatch and bring it aboard the flag ship."

"Thank God we know that much Aldolphie. Now in the first place I want you to get me a set of tools---a sharp saw, a chisel, a large screw driver, and a half a dozen large screws if you can, also two beams of wood to fasten across the hatch way and keep the boards up after I have sawn through them; also I want three bundles of heavy large cork---flat pieces will be the best if you can get them---what I can get them on the flag ship---good, but that doesn't matter much. I may as well have an axe too. When you go back to your house will you go in next door and ask our old land lady, Mrs. James---"

"He died three days ago" one of the sailors said.

"Then go into the house without asking, and in the furthest corner to the right hand side of the kitchen, scratch away the earth, and I you will find a little bag of money. If I fail to morrow and the sight of us perish, keep it yourself, if I succeed bring it to me at Mr. James, when does the lugger sail for Pandora. A man told me we couldn't be picked up at Pandora as the current of the river would take us below the fortified works of the enemy."

"In three days James I have already sounded the captain, and he will take you. And what shall I do next?"

"At nine o'clock this evening have a boat with the things on board half a mile below the town, give a low whistle and I will answer it. Wrap some flannel around the row looks to muffle the sound so no spy will get wise. It will be a dark night, and there is a mist rising all ready from the river. I do not think there is any chance of meeting any scouting enemy boats near those narrow craft."

"Go indeed," Aldolphie agreed. "It makes me shiver to look at them when I think what might happen on the morrow. There will be no boats out on the river to night except ours. Will you not come home with me James, until it is time to start you will need supper if you must keep up your strength and see the little girls off. They're to start first you know, you will follow later with the hatch."

James accepted the sailors invitation and after a partaking a good meal with Aldolphie and his wife and children, who was informed of the attempt which was about to be made, the princesses eating too, he sat looking quietly into the fire while the little girls were making preparations for departure arranging in his mind all the details of the enterprise uttering many a silent and fervent prayer that he and the little girls may safely get over to Pandora without any mishap.

Soon Violet and her sisters were ready to go and then to his surprise Violet who was first did not take his proffered hand as he feared of good bye as expected but suddenly threw her arms around his neck and kissing him said; "You have been very good to us James and we will as soon as possible show our gratitude," her sisters then did the same all hoping that they will live to see the day that they can reward him. Then they tearfully departed with the number of sailors who had come for them well armed. As they left Aldolphie went in and out making his preparations. At half past eight he said touching James on the shoulder "It is time to start for the wooden lugger James. I've got the bag of money. Every thing is in the boat, and I saw the men start with it. One of them was on board and in coming back said it is a mighty large and heavy hatch too big to be put in the boat so that they'll have to tow it toward the flag ship, it is time for us to go and meet them. We do't want to keep the admiral waiting too long."

Mr. Thomas burst into tears as she did at the departure of the little girls as she said good by to James.

"I shall spend all night on my knees" she said Praying God by means of the Holy Virgin and the Holy Virgin to aid you and your dear little angels in getting over to Pandora as near as possible. Here is a large packet of pocket James with some food for you to eat in the morning, and a bottle of good wine, you will want strength for your adventure but if it is good for you and them do not join in any of the fighting if you can help it if a battle rages on the river save yourself from injury for their sake."

"I will be careful," said James, and three or four minutes after he and Aldolphie had gained the appointed spot, and soon they heard a low whistle on the water. Aldolphie whistled on in return and in another minute a dark object appeared through the mist. They took their places in the stern and the boat moved quietly off again. So well were the oars muffled that James could hear no sound save a small imperceptible splash each time they dipped it into the water. The town was very still and scarcely a sound was heard. The awe of the horrible event which was about to take place hung over the town. So thick was the fog that they were some little time finding the white luggers. When they did so they moved to the one at right ahead and made fast alongside. Noiselessly the tools and beams were handed on board. Then James said;

"What is all Aldolphie?"

"Not at all James. We are not going to leave you till the work is done. You could not handle that big heavy hatch alone, so get it over the side into the water. We have settled that five sets of hands can work better than one, and besides we may hit upon some idea. No one can say."

Finding it useless to comment, James wisely let the good fellows have their say. The men had already moved their boats, and noiselessly made their way to the hatch of the fore castle.

"As it is just as well that I brought a file with me," Aldolphie said in a

round a table. The admiral turned to James and looked at him closely and admiringly.

"So you are the lad who is to accompany the little princesses to their destination."

"Yes sir," said James modestly.

"Tell us your story over again," the main admiral said. "It is a strange almost miraculous one."

James again repeated the account of his adventures from the time of first becoming an aide de camp of the little girl through their brother's leaving Aldolphus cottage, when he had done Admiral Johnston said:

"Very well done lad, you could not have acted with more presence of mind had you been a captain of the fleet. You showed great bravery and did your duty nobly."

"There wasn't much bravery sir," James said modestly. "For every one I know the spies were going to try to kill the little girls any how, so it made no difference whether they got me or not as long as I saved them. But I was determined if possible that they should be saved and in case anything happened to the ship in battle we could use the hatch."

The admiral smiled. He was not accustomed to hear his dicta so slightly questioned by a lad.

"You really were the aide de camp of the Princesses?" My father tells me," the high admiral said, "and have been in your own country two years as a boy scout."

"Yes sir," James said.

"Could you like to know what the little princesses said about you when they boarded this ship about three hours ago?"

James eyes glistened at the question.

"I should indeed sir," he said.

"Then you shall be my boy," the admiral answered. "They said you have been so good to them that they wished you to be rewarded. Would you like until we win the battle and get to Pandora like to be on the quarterdeck of this ship?"

James could only nod.

"Then you shall be my boy," the admiral answered. "Have any of you gentlemen a vacancy in the mid ship mess berth. If not I'll have him temporarily ranked as a supernumerary on board my ship until he has the chance to take the princesses into Pandora."

"I am short of a mid ship man," one of the captains said. "Poor little Michael in the last engagement was killed. He was about the size of this brave lad and I'll be glad to have him back. I like his look even though he is foreign and I should be glad to have him with me on this ship. I am sure he will be a credit to the service and will not be separated from his princesses either."

"That's settled then," the admiral said. "You are now sir," he said turning to James again. "An officer in imperial service on board this ship until you and your charges get to Pandora, and as captain Henry remarks I am sure you will do credit to the service. A lad who does his duty toward such good little girls when death is not only staring them but him in the face too, and without a hope that the act of devotion will even bring success in the end and strives for it any how, is sure to make a brave and worthy officer."

James now captain now set a few words on a piece of paper and said to the admiral's servant:

"Take this good boy at once and present him to Mr. St. Francis and with him give this note. He will be your ship mate in future for a time on board this flag ship. See that he is made comfortable. I want the princesses to get a surprise in the morning."

The mid ship man then beckoned to James to follow him, gazing askance and with no slight astonishment in his face at the appearance of his new messmate for the lad had a face told he was foreign. James attire indeed too was not in accordance with the well-cleaved ideas of that of a mid ship man freshly joining a ship. He was dressed however as a sailor boy. Without a word the ship man mid ship man first said:

"Here have you sprung from my lad? You look foreign."

"I hail last from the admiral's cabin," James said with a laugh. "And before that I was a guardian of the dear Vivian Girl Princesses."

"You look like a guardian, fierce and courageous," said the midshipman.

"But what have you been doing with the princesses? Have you saved them before this?"

"Not until three weeks ago," James said. "I had just been appointed by their brother's period."

"Nymph, and you taking this risk to see them safely through to Pandora?"

"That's a lad."

The midship man was much surprised at James' appearance to question him further. He felt that there was some mystery in the affair and that it would be better for him to wait until he saw the footing upon which James

was placed. He had little doubt from the fact of his appointment being made under such circumstances that there must be something singular and noteworthy about it. His James new messmate at once led him up to the first lieutenant Mr. St. Francis and presented the captain's admiral's and the captain's note. They were brief:

"Until the time comes in which he is to have the chance to bring the princesses safely into Pandora, for his bravery in defending them through dire unseen perils to success so far James and crew at their request to night early has been promoted by the Admiral himself. In their defense he has performed a most gallant action and one of the greatest importance and is set upon a more daring adventure still. Make him at home at once, see that he sleeps late for the engagement won't start until noon tomorrow, and let him have poor Henry's kit. I will arrange about it."

The senior midship man was at once sent for by Mr. St. Francis and James handed over to him. The first lieutenant intimated to him briefly the contents of the latter telling the midship man to make the lad as comfortable as possible. James was led below the cockpit where his arrival was greeted by a storm of questions, as his appearance on the quarterdeck had naturally excited a great deal of observation among the night crew. It was now only ten o'clock at night. The midship man who had come with the lad of course could furnish no information, and beyond the brief fact mentioned by the captain, and repeated by the first lieutenant his new conductor could say no more.

In a few minutes James was rigged out in full midshipman's dress, and being a very good looking and gentlemanly lad his appearance favorably impressed his new messmates who had at first been disposed to slightly resent the intrusion among themselves of a youngster whose appearance was foreign.

"Now," said one of the passed mates, "this meeting will resolve itself into a committee. Let every one who can sit down, and let those who can't stand quiet. I am the president of the court. Now prisoners at the bar," he said. "What is your name?"

"James John Andrews."

"And how came you to be here to ask all this damage to bring the princesses to Pandora if that is possible?"

"I've cleared off from sailors who were there and my friend."

"No equivocation prisoners! I mean what brought you onto the quarterdeck?"

"I had the good luck," James said, "to prevent a great number of unknown Glandelinian spies from assassinating the princesses."

"The duce you had," the president said, "and how was that? That is to say," he said, "if there is no secret about it?"

"None at all," James said. "The matter was very simple," and for a third time that early night he told the story. When he had done there was a general exclamation of approval among those present, and the midship man crowded around him, shaking his hand, putting him on the back, and declaring that he was a trump....

"The prisoners are acquitted," the president said, "and is released as a worthy member of this noble body. Boy."

"Yes sir."

"Go to the purser and ask him to send in two bottles of brandy for this honorable mess to drink the health of a new comrade."

"Presently the boy returned."

"The purser says sir, who is going to pay for the rum? He would give it for nothing."

There was a roar of laughter among the middies, for the masters mate, who had acted as president had not yet paid the dues because he had not had the chance to do so. However a midship man who happened that morning to have cleared a remittance, undertook to stand the liquor to the mess and James' health was drunk with all honors.

"I suppose one of the midship men said that the contents of a dispatch captured yesterday were with reference to the point to which we are all bound. I wonder where it can be?"

Here an animated discussion arose as to the various points which the attack of the fleet now rapidly assembling in the dawn might be directed, go far no whisper of its probable course had been made public and it was believed indeed that even the captains of the fleet were ignorant of its object.

James was then about to go to his own quarters when he heard a well known voice among a group of sailors standing near him.

"I can't make head or tail of it," he heard someone say. "My brother they say is a very brave lad and through him many spies who had attempted to get at Vivian girls never came back to their own camps no more. How he could suspect

there could be foul play among the enemy I never can say. I hope none 391
of those spies comes aboard of our ship, but they say they'll have to look
out for the Nutt and Jeff spy. He has a strong large-souled party with him. But
he is hard to capture, but my brother sure is a brave lad. He left home so
father wrote me merely to be an aide-de-camp of either the prince or his
darling sisters, and as soon as it was possible he was to notify father
of what he really was to do. Well father has sure had admiration for my brother
at the news he got. He will probably be on board this ship in a few hours, and
when he comes who will congratulate him with me."

Half a dozen voices exclaimed that they were willing to assist their mate, when
suddenly James stepped in among them saying:

"There ought to be an accession of that right now."

Peter Andrews stepped backwards in his astonishment, and stared open
mouthed at James.

"Dash my unholy buttons!" he exclaimed "why if it isn't James himself, and in a chief
midshipman's gig. What means this my boy?"

"It's my brother, dear. That I am a midshipman on board a cruiser and this is
the ship."

Peter stood for a moment as one stupefied with astonishment and then threw
his cap high into the air with a shout of delight. It fell into the water and the
diver current carried it away, but Peter gave it no further thought, but sei-
zing James by the hand wrung it with enthusiastic delight.

"This is news indeed by my bow!" he said. "To think of seeing you on the quarter-deck
and that so soon. But what will the princesses do without you?"

"Just the same I'm still their aide-de-camp" said James. "My attention will be
only for them just the same."

It was some minutes before James could shake himself free of his friends all of
whom there were old chums of the boat swim, and had known him in his childhood.
Drawing Peter aside at last he took him to a quiet room in the cabin and
there to the intense astonishment of the old veteran he related to him the
circumstances which had led to his elevation. The elder brother
a full-grown man who had been in the navy for these three years was alternately
filled with wrath and admiration and it was the only the consideration that
beyond doubt the glandelinian spies were either captured or had already faced
execution that restrained him from instantly rushing off to take vengeance
upon many of them who which he could do. At the hour of midnight the whole of
the ships destined to take part in the shelling of the shore batteries
had arrived. The fighting signal flag was hoisted at the ships head, and on a
gun firing from the head admiral's ship the anchors were weighted
and the fleet soon started slowly down the river, the engines making the
smoke stacks puff like a number of railroad engines. It consisted eighteen
cruisers, with an extra number of frigates, and ten gunboats. The expedition
was commanded by Admiral Johnston with Admiral Francis his father second in
command. Contrary to the general expectation they moved eastward instead of
passing through the main bend. Just before going to retire for the rest of
the night James had an interview with the Admiral. The latter told him that
the emperor's signal to him that James did something for general
Nance that he never told any one about. Why my boy the dispatch box which you had
captured had been sent up to Pandora, and its contents proved to be of the
highest importance, and that the emperor's satisfaction at the
themselves also wired to me expressing their satisfaction at the
capture saying that the whole of their plans would have been disconcerted
had the papers fallen into the hands of the enemy. They my boy were pleased
to express their strong approval of your conduct and gave their assurance
that when the time came your claim for promotion should and will not be ignored.
But the emperor's wish his brother and even sons were surprised that the
princesses made no mention of the deed in their letters, now is that my boy?"

"I didn't tell them."

"And why my lad?"

"I'm shy at praise from them. If they knew it they'd hug and kiss me to death.
They almost done it already."

"Well my lad," the admiral said "you may be sure when you have passed passed
your cadetship for boy scout official commission you will get your epaulettes without
loss of time, and if you are as steady and well conducted always as you are
now you may look out for a brilliant position such as some of the highest
girl and boy scout leaders have. It is not many foreign lads who enter the
boy scout troop under such favorable conditions. I should advise you to study
hard in order to fit yourself for command when the time should come. From what
you tell me your education has not been neglected, and I have no doubt you
know as much if not more as the majority of my many midshipmen at the various
ships as to books. But books are not all. An officer in His Majesty's service
should be a gentleman, and yet what the princesses told me after they got on
board here early to night you are more than a gentleman and that I'm happy
to see it is true. It is desirable than an officer of a boy scout regiment

should be able to in all society hold his own in point of general military

knowledge with other boys and girl scout scouts and soldiers too. In Abbeinnia
most of the boys and girl scouts, whether privates or officers are not given
to thinking their studies, and that no doubt in what makes them all such a
terror to the enemy. I need say nothing to you as to the necessity of at all
times and hazards doing your duty for what the Vivian princesses told me you are
more than any of us I believe in bravery and that is saying a good deal. That
is a lesson that you have clearly already learned and the emperor Vivian
and the whole of the royal navy in Pandora are almost sick with anxiety and
impatience to see the little hero of their holy and beautiful daughters for
secretly they have managed to slip in many letters about you. The fact that
you did not tell them about the dispatch you captured was why they did not write
of it but general Nance did."

As the fleet still kept east (if not east) expectation rose higher and higher
as to the object of the expedition. Some supposed that a dash was to be made
against and past Fort Clocklin on the river. Others conceived the object
that the object, of the expedition must be one of the North Bend or Galamania
fortifications and the latter were confirmed in their ideas when at about two
o'clock in the morning the fleet were found to be running close in upon
the enemy shore batteries and other positions not far south of Pandora. Instead
of passing through however the fleet anchored here out of gunshot of the forts
of the foe and great was the astonishment of the officers and men alike of the
fleet when it became known that it was the purpose to smash down all batteries
and fortifications so that river transportation could be resumed up and down
the river and from Pandora. Upon the face of circumstances known to
the Abbeinnian authorities this was indeed a momentous attempt, for to see
the river fleet appear before these strong fortifications, appeared a high handed
act of great rashness. In fact however the Abbeinnian government
had learned that negotiations had been proceeding between the commanders of
these fortifications, and a vast glandelinian army about to attack the christian
positions at Nogales, and that a great scheme had been agreed upon, by which the
other army should join the assailants elsewhere at a given moment and the united
armies being added by the batteries of these fortifications a sudden and desperate
desperate attack would be made upon Pandora that would be absolutely successful.

Had this secret Confederate not been interfered with, the position of
Pandora would have been seriously threatened....
Thus if the other glandelinian army could have come up on time the glandelinian
generals Manley and Clancy, and others well known to the readers would have
been able to put onto the scene would have greatly exceeded that which the
christian general Jack Dane could have mustered to defend the positions at
Nogales Creek near Love Frey and thus it was believed more sensible by
the fleet first striking a blow before the enemy had time to move to the
attack upon the others by land. It was the news of this secret resolve on the part
of the Abbeinnian government that having in some way been obtained by a heavy
bribe from a spy came where was being carried over in cipher to the
glandelinians, and had it reached its destination the glandelinians in the
shore positions would have been a warned in time, and the enterprise undertaken
by Parker, Johnston and others would have been utterly impossible, for the
fortifications of the shore were too strong and extensive to have been
attacked had they been thoroughly prepared for the strike.

As all these matters were unknown to the officers of the fleet great was
the astonishment of the captains of the ships assembled in the admiral's cabin
and each received orders as to the position which his big vessel was to
take up and the part it was to bear in the contest. This being settled the
captains returned to their respective ships. Just before break of day
the looked for signal was hoisted and the fleet stood in down the river with
a fine sight as the leading squadron consisted of twelve lines of
long battle ships and a number of armoured frigates under Admiral Johnston
steered on down the river, followed at a short distance by Parker and the
rest of the christian fleet.

When left alone by his friends in the meantime to get his rest James blew
out the candle in his berth and threw himself down on the cot and thought
over every detail of the work for the next day. As long as nothing too bad
would happen to the ship he was determined to do some valor of his own during
the fighting for it was his duty to do so if he was midshipman. If the flagship
should receive a fatal wound then the hatch would be handy. As he had said the
great danger was of fierce fighting that was in the stream but then it could be
evident too that the wise of such a terrific conflict would scare them out of
that part of the river and smother them into insensibility. The next danger
was that enemy soldiers might come in boats and examine what was under the

"And grant that it will not be necessary to use it," he said, "but if it must be I shall not dare hesitate. They would simply destroy us, that is certain, therefore even though I am a foreigner, I am justified in defending the little girls, as I would against any other enemy."

He knelt down and prayed for some time. Then he replaced the piece they had cut from the hatch, and fixed the beams beneath it, and then lay down again just as the ship started to move. He was worn out by the excitement of the day and despite his anxiety about the morrow he presently fell off to sleep. He was awakened not by daylight that came streaming in, but by a long rolling of thunder and vicious cracking high in the air and above the ship. He wondered what was up, and he looked through one of the port holes and saw that the shore to the north and west was one pall of smoke as if a great fire was raging, but most of it shot out with eruption like and from it came banging thunder as loud as to almost shake his very nerves. The fact is at this moment as the fleet was moving, port number one was cannonading them, but so inefficiently that the fire was very ineffectual and the fleet without really steering on with the purpose reached the position in intended for them. The Glandelinians however were prepared for action. The fleet of the third line of this coast consisted of a number of frigates, supported by floating batteries mounting seventy guns each was moving along in a line four miles long and was engaging the land batteries but the flag ship and the others were still silent. The great force of the enemy was to be it seemed to be engaged by the squadron of the Admiral's Father alone as that of Admiral Johnston remained outside menacing the formidable coast batteries and preventing these from adding their fire to that of the fleet and other shore batteries upon his sons' squadrons. The Viper the leading ship had been directed to sail past the line of ships operating against the south shore of the river and sent forth a hail of destruction against the north shore and also to operate if possible against a detached fort standing on a spit of land on the right flank of the Glandelinian position. This great low fort mounted many guns much superior to those of the Viper in weight but the crew were in high spirits at the prospect of a good fight. Stripping to the waists they stood and clustered round the guns, James himself with two other midshipmen having been upon the quarter deck near the captain to carry orders from him as might be required to different parts of the ship; but the lad had been sent down again with instructions from the admiral.

"Our duty is to guard the princesses. Stay by them during the fight."

As the Viper passed along the line of ships to take up her position, she was saluted suddenly by a crashing storm of fire from the nearest of the Glandelinian shore batteries, to which she made no reply. He suffered however but little injury although shot and shell whistled between the masts and struck the water on all sides of her several striking the hull with a dull crashing sound, while herself were pierced with holes.

James thinking of the peril of the little girls felt that he was rather pale and was disgusted with himself at the feeling of discomfort which he experienced. Surely maybe they'll win and the little girls will be safe and only enjoy the thrill of the big river battle.

Despite his worry and the din of battle he ate his food which Martha had put into his pocket as best as his fears would let him, saw that the big bundles of coals were ready at hand and the ropes attached to them so placed that they could be fastened on in an instant. He heard no sound yet from the ships nor any sound as to tell him the little girls were aroused; and therefore there was nothing to do but to wait.

A minute passed slowly. Then there were voices, and the sound of feet passing quickly as if running to the guns. There was a great hum of talking on the deck and frequently persons stepped on the hatch and James congratulated himself that the beams gave a solid support to it.

Yet there was nothing that tried the nerves as was more than standing the fire of an enemy before it is time to set work to reply. As soon as orders were given for the Viper's fire to be opened directly the guns could be brought to bear, and the roar of her cannon answered those of the fort the feeling of uneasiness on the part of James disappeared, and was succeeded by that of the excitement of the battle. The din was prodigious beyond belief, for along the whole line the two rows of Christian ships were engaged, and the banging boom of the guns of the land batteries and fortifications, and other batteries, the noise of burning shells kept up a deep roar like that of incessant but loudest thunder overhead. In James thought to himself if that did not awaken the little girls they must be dead.

Presently he thought despite the din of battle that he heard the sound of hands and bodies from one side of the river but could see nothing so thick as the smoke. It was believed that Glandelinian troops were taking up their position on the fortification quay a but safe from shell fire. Half an hour passed as well as James could judge, then the noise of the cannonading increased and a sound as if a shell had hit the ship. Then saying to himself "it is time" he knocked the beams from the ladders allowed the square of wood to fall to the deck, lifted the hatch. He was horrified to see that there were some fifty sailors already killed or wounded. Despite the danger of flying shot he hurried aft looking for the little girls, having no fear that a stray shot might hit him. Two or three turned round from the gun just fired as James came aft; exclaiming:

"If you are looking for the princesses you will find them in the Admiral's Armoured cabin."

He went there quickly and pushed open the door.

"Oh James is it you?" Jennie exclaimed as she was the first to greet him. "Is there any danger of the ship being badly injured. If so will the hat ch save us or will we die together?"

"We are in God's hands Jennie dear, but there is hope yet. The ship may pull through and it may not. The enemy's fire is awful heavy. Bring the youngest of you dear little sisters to me."

As James finished there came a great crash as of an explosion and a gun was hit by a shell and all its crew killed and the gun dismounted. At the terrific explosion a panic seized some of the others at another gun but they were driven back to their post, the panic soon passed away, all had for months looked battle death in the face and though the sudden unexpected form in which it appeared had for the moment shaken them they soon recovered.

Jennie had despite the crash crash been not the least moved and without another word had taken the two youngest sisters by the hand and brought them forward. Oh how they looked that morning James was over-awed and forgot for the moment the avenging fury of the battle.

"Jennie in case the ship does get wrecked I am going to try to save you and your sisters but every thing not only depends upon your being cool and brave but to keep where you can be where shot and fragments of shell splinters won't hit you. Confound that explosion. I can hardly make my self brave. I need not urge you little girls because I am sure of you. But I don't know how the young ones will act. Daisy and Genivieve will you try to be so for your dear sisters sake and your own. If you do not we must all die together."

"We are not afraid of anything" said Daisy. "What are we to do?" she added steadily, while Hettie clung to her younger sister sobbing bitterly for her father and Penrod.

"We do not need to do anything now" said James. "We must wait and see what the ship does. If—"

"The water for some of our ships is very shallow sir" They heard the first lieutenant suddenly report to the admiral. "Some of the ships might run aground aground and the current is sweeping sweeping us along fast."

"Prepare to anchor Mr St Francis" the admiral said.

While the starboard guns were kept at work, the admiral requested the first lieutenant to go aloft and see what was going on along the part of the line. He returned with the news that six or seven other ships were plainly aground, and that things appeared to be going badly, two other ships had been blown up and three others were badly injured and one was sinking.

"Oh if our ship get a blown up we are done for" cried Violet growing pale.

"We James have gone from the frying pan into the fire."

"I've prayed and that nothing would happen so badly" soothed James but it did no good, because as the little girls were they were so sort of panicky and didn't know what to do, so the Viper was suffering terribly. The fire of one of the forts was well directed, and the gunners working their pieces under comparative shelter were able to pour their fire steadily into the Viper, while a floating Glandelinian battery, and two shore batteries also kept up an incessant fire. The little girls also got a frightening shock when a shell hit the cabin and burst, and though it did not much harm to anything movable within came down all about them with a great noise and clatter. The number of killed and wounded was already large, but as the guns of only the starboard side could be worked the fire was kept up with unabated zeal, and the fort bore many signs of the occurrence of the fire. The punishment was in many places shot away and ten of the guns put out of action. But the Viper was clearly over-matched and the admiral hastily wrote a note to his son the higher admiral stating that the ship though still in deep water was altogether out of the over-matched and begging that another vessel might be dispatched to his aid, if one could be spared in order to partially

partially relieve her of the anonymous murder on fire.

"The Admiral, take the flag and go off to the flag ship instantly."

At first James looked at the little girl but they said:

"Go ahead James you'll be back 18m or so before anything happens."

James with reluctance obeyed orders and a fearful that something might happen when he was gone. Through the storm of shot and shell which was flying striking up the water in all directions he made his way to the High Admiral's ship which was lying around nearly a mile away. Admiral Johnston opened the note and read it hastily through.

"Tell my daughter," he said "That I haven't a ship to spare. A number are engaged, and all are hard pressed. He must do the best he can, and hold out under all conditions for the sake of the little girls on board. Too bad they came aboard for something, may even happen to them before a you scheme comes through. Oh you have the little lad whom I say in my father's cabin are you not?"

"Yes sir."

The chief admiral called in token of approval and James prepared to leave and soon was in the boat. As they turned toward the Vipet they could see that had not been going with her. Her two masts were down, two smoke stacks were damaged, and her sides were battered and torn, and four of her port holes were knocked into one. Still her fire continued unabated, but it was clear that she could not much longer resist.

"Do you think she will haul down her flag?" James asked of the coxswain of the boat.

"Ah, yes sir," the coxswain said. "Wood and iron can't stand such a pounding as that much longer. Most captains would have hauled down the flag long before this, and even I'm afraid our Admiral can't stand out much longer. There won't be a man alive to fight her. The gum of the ship has been nobly fought but we hoped to see her doing good as the more ships are coming down to engage with the fort, but it may seem even then in a vain. They have done all that brave men have done, but the fight every where seems against every ship, and further resistance seems in vain. In a quarter of an hour more a fire will be centered upon the ship that will mean annihilation, and you may even fall in your position. I proposition to rescue them by means of a boat. Better get ready and do it now. I can help you get the little girls under deck. Better get up, have the hatch hauled down on the side of the ship not so badly exposed, and have them descend that way too."

"Taken by surprise by this sudden turn of events James said:

"I could do a desperate enterprise if it would work."

"What is that?"

"Will you do as I order?" James said.

"As you wish," the coxswain said in surprise. "I will do as you like" for the story by which James had gained his mid ship man's promotion had been repeated through the ships and the men were all proud of the little lad who had behaved so pluckily.

"At least James said "It may do good, and it won't do harm. Her is the boat hook. Fasten this big white handkerchief to it and pull for the fort." The coxswain gave an exclamation of surprise, but did as James told him and with the white flag flying the boat pulled straight toward the fort. As he was seen to do so the fire of the latter which had been also directed toward the boat, ceased, although the duel between the battery and the Vipet continued with unabated vigour. James steered direct to the steps on the river face and mounted to the interior mounted to the interior of the fort saying that he brought a message from the admiral, and though the Glandelinians were astonished at the sight of a boy bringing a flag of truce he was at once conducted to the main commandant.

"I am come sir," James said "from the captain to tell you you are to surrender at once. You have and are being out mastered as we have the most guns and three or four more ships are coming down to engage with you."

"Taken by surprise by this sudden demand and from a mere child mid ship man and which was fortunately at the moment backed up by six of the ships of the squadron which had hitherto taken no part in the action being seen sailing in, the commandant after a hasty consultation with his officers, was resolved not to surrender but to raise the flag of white and hastily abandon the fortifications, and two minutes afterwards the Glandelinian flag was hauled down in the fort and the flag not of surrender but of evacuation was hauled up. One of the Glandelinian officers was directed to return with James to the ship to notify the captain of the evacuation of the fort. The astonishment of Admiral Johnston at seeing the course of his boat altered, a white and yellow colored flag of evacuation hoisted, and the flag proceeding directly to the fort had been extreme, and he could only suppose that James had received some orders direct from his father the other admiral and that a general cessation of hostilities was ordered. His surprise became astonishment, and so did that of Violet and her sisters when they saw the Glandelinian flag disappear.

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and the yellow flag of evacuation hoisted in its place, and a shout of relief and exultation echoed from stern to stern of the Vipet for all felt that the conflict was hopeless and that in a few minutes the Vipet must strike her own flag for the sake of the little girls on board. All sorts of conjectures were made as to the sudden and unexpected evacuation of the great fort, and expectation was at its highest when the flag was seen waving again, with a Glandelinian officer by the side of the mid ship man, reaching the side of the nearest ship. For James did not trust Glandelinians with him James ascended the ladder with the Glandelinian officer, and advancing to captain Temple's ship Shirley said:

"This officer sir has in compliance with the summons which I took to the commander of the fort in your name come off to tell you Evacuation will begin immediately, but no surrender will be expected as those Glandelinians to tell you he said does not give a rank quarter but they will desist in firing and evacuate the fort."

The Glandelinian officer advanced, produced some papers saying:

"In the name of the commander of the fort we will evacuate in short notice."

The captain looked the papers over, and ordering James to follow him at once entered his cabin. His astonishment was unbounded when the latter informed him what he had done with many apologies for having taken the matter into his own hands.

"I saw," he said "that the Vipet was being knocked to pieces and in danger of being blown to pieces, and the coxswain told me that it was impossible that she could much longer resist. Knowing that the princesses would be in a danger which I could not save them from I therefore knew that I could do no harm by calling upon the Glandelinian commander to surrender or evacuate the fort. Of course I was only selected as a mid ship man sir, but the princesses told me that in a way, I'm the head of the whole fleet, being their guardian, which is a high commission and that brought me to do this in order to save them from capture and had the ship struck any way without necessary reasons with them on board, and they would hold the admiral responsible for what might happen in case they were captured. I thought that I might succeed, and you see that I have."

"You certainly have saved the Vipet," said Shirley warmly "and we are all indeed indebted to you especially the princesses." Usually for midshipmen it would be a piece of astonishing impudence to convey a message with which the admiral has not charged him with, but as you are the guardian of the princesses, that does elevate you far above any of us even the admiral in a way and you therefore in order to save them not only did right but bravely as well, and otherwise in case it would have been an offense success in that case would a thousand times condone the offense. You have indeed done well young sir, and the whole fleet is vastly indebted to you. I will report the matter to the admiral."

A hundred men speedily took their places in the boats. Mr. St. Francis was sent ashore to take possession and a few minutes later to the astonishment of the admiral and Violet and her sisters the Christian flag was flying upon the fort.

Ordering James to accompany him Captain Shirley at once took his place in his gig and rowed to the flag ship. The battle was still raging, and to the practiced eyes there was no doubt that the Abbeccian fleet was suffering very very severely though the enemy was suffering doubly as bad. The flag ship was still under heavy fire from shore batteries and scarcely a man was now handling the guns. Captain Shirley mounted the quarter deck and saluting the admiral reported that the fort which the admiral was engaged had struck and evacuated, but that the St. Johns being aground was unable to render any assistance to the general attack.

"A good many of us are aground," said Admiral Johnston said "but I congratulate you for having caused the fort to be evacuated and thus relieve me from some of the enemy's fire. Several of the shore batteries have struck, but we cannot take possession, my crew has almost been annihilated, and fresh troops of the enemy are appearing and their fire had reopened. Our position is an unpleasant one. My Father has signalled me to draw off, but so far I have paid no attention for the chief reason I can't draw off and leave the ships that are aground aground to the enemy as these Glandelinians will give no quarter."

"The fact is," Captain Shirley said "as Violet and her sisters came close to hear the details it was not I, who made the fort haul down its colors, but this little mid ship man of yours."

"Ha," said the admiral glancing at James while Violet and her sisters looked their own astonishment astonishment. "How on earth did he do that?"

"When you told him sir that you could give us no aid he took upon himself for the safety of the princesses, instead of returning to the ship to row

the night wind the fort with a white cloth fastened to the boat hook and numbered the command in my name to surrender or evacuate at once."

"If he had not been a guardian of the princesses which makes him somewhat our superior, I would say he was an impudent little foreigner," the admiral exclaimed. "Midshipmen were impudent enough in my day good as they are, but this boy sure beats every thing. I approve his idea was an excellent one, and by Heaven, I will adopt it myself. A man no matter who is he should be above learning, and we are in such sore straits, that one cat ches at a crow." So saying the admiral, calling to his own captain, entered his cabin and at once wrote a letter to the main Glandelinian commander demanding him to surrender or evacuate the fortifications and shore batteries, saying that it was best to do so than risk annihilation. The message was at once sent ashore and the admiral waited with anxiety the result. A half hour elapsed, the firing continuing with unabated fury so that now the admiral was the only man on board his flag ship all his men having been killed.

Violet herself had been looking down the open hatch way; suddenly she screamed.

"What's wrong?" asked James running forward.

"The ship must have been hit below waterline. The water is rushing in. The hatch."

The admiral who had not heard it suddenly said;

"By Jove Shilley, there is the evacuation caution flag," and a tremendous cheer broke along the whole of the christian fleet as the flag of truce waved over the principal fort of the enemy. Instantly the fire on both sides ceased. Peace passed between the shore and the slowly sinking flag ship with the proposals of surrender and conditions. The admiral insisted that all the shore batteries should be evacuated in so firm and decisive a tone as to convince the main Glandelinian commander that he had it in his power to completely destroy all. At length to the intense relief of the admiral and his principal officers, who knew how sore the straitest situation was and to the delight of the sailors and marines, the negotiations were completed and the victory won.

"Where is that boy?" the admiral asked. "They won't need no raft or hatch as all firing has ceased. Get him and the princesses to another ship and I'm going with. He found the lad and said;

"The white flag has been hoisted my lad and the positions of the enemy has been captured and to you more to any one is this great victory due. put we cannot wait time. Off with us in our boats to the other ship. We got only half an hour to waste."

They were soon on in the boat saved this time without needing needing to use the hatch.

"Now my dear princesses" said James "I will tell you what we can do. you see the fleet has been victorious, why not get to Pandora on board ship."

"I am content but I hate to leave without first telling our friends who had done so much of the good success that happened through you James" said Jennie. "you did splendidly."

"Oh you need not bother telling them that" said James. "Tell them the enemy gave in and we have a good passage for Pandora."

"Why not?" said Violet. "you deserve it. You have done more for us than we deserve."

"Then you deserve it?" said James. "Please angels don't say those things. Let you go through is what you don't deserve, and you know Violet and Jennie."

The continued putting his hands on Violet's and Jennie's shoulders that I love you and your sisters more than a brother even would their own sisters, I should never have told you so until I got you home if it had not been for this; but though I have never said it, you know I love you little girls very much and desire your company always, and your brothers too. I have a surprise--"

"I know James" said Jennie, "and we love you too with all our hearts so much that I can and they too feel more than happy that we are after all going to Pandora and it is through you. We are loving friends now my dear good brave boy come what will. Hettie and Daisy often told us they loved you the first day they saw you and knew what you would do, and she lifted her face to his. He gave her and then her sisters one long kiss. The boat continued on and as soon as they came near the other flag ship, there was then a crashing thunder of many cannons. The fleet was firing a salute in honor of the victory gained. "The victory was the best thing that could have happened" said James as Jennie bent over the little sister Daisy who had almost fallen asleep being lulled that way by the rocking of the boat. The crash however had aroused her and as she sat up.

"What in the surprise you were going to tell me" asked Jennie.

"That is the surprise you were going to tell me" asked Jennie. "The reason your brother Penrod asked me to be your little guardian is because we were school mates in St. Patrick's School over in America and we loved each other."

"That is no surprise to me" said Jennie laughing. "Penrod told me that himself before you came. That is why we were so glad to see you."

"While we are heading for the boat," said James "could you or one of you little girls mind telling me how Evans saved you from the massacre at Pandora. I had heard a lot about it and thought it was marvelous."

"I could tell it as far as I remember it" said Jennie. "It is a long long story and I will try to tell you all before we get to the ship. Evans saved us by means of a hatch large enough to contain him and us seven. As the ship was sinking with all on board he fastened a rope to a ring in the side of the hatch on board that wooden ship, then tied the cork first onto my shoulder as I believe it may be it was violet's, adjusted the others to my sisters and the last bundle to himself. He told us the plan how when the vessel sank it will float and that we must float underneath with our faces underneath it so that it would hide us from the fierce murdering Glandelinians on both sides of the river, and even if they did put out in boats to kill any who may be clinging or swimming they would not suspect that there was any one underneath that. He at first felt that we would not succeed, that an accident would betray us, but that there was a possibility. At any rate he said he and us would either live or die together. Then impatient at the length of times the ships were taking to sink, those on shore started opening fire with cannons upon them, and the shot as it struck the ship we were on just above the water. The shock knocked one or two of my younger sisters senseless. Evans then saying it was the best thing that could have happened for them and ourselves, told us to lie down on the decks for fear that we would be hit, for the Glandelinians were opening fire with rifles and machine guns. Then he that is Evans tied some rope around my younger sisters, fearing that when the cold water touched them they would come to their senses and at a single, then he laid down on the deck between us with his head against the hatch after tying us together so we wouldn't drift away from him, and held on to the rope telling me and Violet to put our heads on his shoulders, and that he would put an arm around us, and that he would hold us. He told us to hold him tightly too as the ship sinks, saying that he would have to use his arms to get the hatch over our faces. He told us not to breathe while we were underwater for that we no doubt would go down with the lugger although he would try to keep us afloat, and said that when we were under the hatch we would find that we would float with our mouths well out of water and would be able to breathe, for the corks would keep us up."

"I understand now" said James. "and I'll bet you played hard." "We sure did, as shot after shot struck the lugger, then we felt it give a sudden lurch. There was a wild cry among the people on board, and the next moment as Evans told us afterwards the ship went down stern first. put she was so nearly even with the water when she sank that there was less down ward suction than we had expected, and striking out with his feet his head was soon above the surface. The cord had kept the hatch within a couple of feet of him and with some difficulty owing to the buoyancy of the corks I suppose he trusted himself and us under it, just as a shot gave me a little cut on the arm. The tarpaulin was old and rotten, and the light penetrated in several places, so that we could see each other in the position we were lying, and our faces were above the water. However for many of us it was useless to speak, for our ears were submerged and we were able to prove to him by some motion that we were sensible although we had not made the slightest motion the moment the vessel sank. The water was very cold but we can stand plenty of cold without effects. Daisy had not however covered her sisters as we feared she would with the shock of the immersion, but lay immense on my shoulder. We prayed in thanksgiving to God that we had succeeded so far, and prayed for protection to the end. With every minute that passed too our hopes arose, for every thing had answered beyond our expectation. The other unfortunate victims had apparently not even noticed what Evans was doing, and therefore had not ad he feared might be the case interfered with his preparations nor had any of them given to gain a hold on the hatchway. The sinking of the vessels and the tearing up of the water by the shot, rendered the surface disturbed and broken and decreased the chances of the floating hatch attracting attention. After what we believed ten minutes had passed we felt certain that we must be below the point where the Glandelinian troops were assembled. Then too the current was very strong and as Evans believed half an hour would take us past the bend where our friends were waiting for us. The time however seemed endless to us for the cold water became trying on us as much as we could stand it and we began to feel faint and numb. I could see that the faces of my sisters were white, but we were still conscious. At last we heard the sound of oars. At first we were afraid for it might not be one of the friendly boats but it was probably it might be. Had they seen any other fishermen's boat near the point they would have rowed high up to intercept the hatch before it reached the strange we could not hear voices for although the water brought the sound of oars to us we could hear no sound in the air.

The gun came near and near and by the quickness with which the strokes had followed each other we knew that two boats were at hand. Then the hatch was suddenly lifted, and we were rescued. Here we are at the other flag ship now and it is time we were put aboard.

They were soon on board and the lower Admiral greeted his father and them with the greatest joy and enthusiasm. There was a loud cheer from every one else on board the flag ship which had stood the enemy fire without much injury, and to the surprise of James he saw Adolphie, Mr. James and the others among the sailors, and they came forward and stretched out their arms to them. The girls were first lifted onto the decks, and then James was helped on the whole crew on board the ship taking turns shaking his hand and patting him on the shoulder while the tears ran down their cheeks.

"Give them all some hot brandy and water," was the Admiral Johnstone's first words. The STEWARD had a kettle boiling in the ship kitchen and James and the little girls were ushered in. A glass of hot liquor was placed to Jennie's lips. At first she could not swallow she was still so nervous after the experience of the terrific combat and the danger of the ship being blown up but after a few drops had passed her lips she was able to take a sip, and would then have stopped, but James insisted upon her drinking the whole contents of the glass.

"It is best to do as you are told Jennie," he said to her. "It can do you no harm, chilled as you are and overtaken in nerve as you were with the danger to the other flag ship and the terrible carnage you and your sisters witnessed on board, and it may save you from illness."

In the meantime Pierre and Mr. James had given the sisters first several spoonfuls of neat brandy between their lips. Violet and her other sisters now that the awful excitement was over felt numb all over and were as white as a sheet and before taking quick turns Jennie and James began to chaff the hands of the little girls to restore them to normal.

"Take off their shoes poor things Pierre and soak a saucer with the hot water and put it to their feet. It will restore them to their better selves. They were shocked by the dreadful peril they were in. They no doubt seen six ships blown up and every one killed on board and feared that would happen to the flag ship. That has done them bad."

But with all these efforts it was not until the big ship was moving again with the purpose to try and tow one of the grounded ships off into deeper water that the little girls recovered their composure. Too the winds were warm blowing up the river and that helped also. They were then led to the Admiral's cabin.

"That is right princesses. Thank Our Dear Blessed Lord who had brought you straight through the danger in this desperate conflict, and too Heaven be praised not that not was it after all unnecessary to use the hatch, but we won a victory as well. Now do not stop a moment, but come in here and get into bed, the beds are already for you. We have matrons who will help you to undress yourselves, and do you my boy hurry and get on dry clothes."

James soon we joined the party of officers and the Admiral and his sailor friends in the ship kitchen. The strong glass of hot spirits he had drunk had sent the blood quickly through his veins, and he felt a glow of warmth.

"Now," he said, "my friends I can thank you for all the aid you have given us. It is to you we owe our lives, for without your aid I should never have succeeded."

The two admirals turned swiftly around and Johnstone said: "Is that so, here did you get that way. It is to you they and we owe our lives, and the great victory we won, but say nothing about it James. We are happy to have aided such a brave little boy in saving his young charges, such dear little girls, and to have rescued the little girl from the foe."

"Do you think there is danger of any spies taking the news of our being on board to the enemy camps so that spies would be sent after us into Pandora?"

"There is no fear," the Admiral said confidently. "There is no man here on board any of these ships who would not tear a spy to pieces if we caught one on board. It is impossible for spies to get into Pandora, and so why to say I'm afraid it is impossible too for you to get into Pandora even with the little girls as you would be strangers to the garrison at the landing place, so the best that can be done is for you to accompany me. It is so strict that only with me can you and the little girls get in. So no you need not have any fear of the spies. Those else who may guess who you are, but it is no business of theirs, and they will hold their tongues. James had heard of the that Adolphie's wife had come aboard the flag ship for she too had heard of the victory, and she appeared and said that the little girls were sound asleep."

"Now Adolphie it only remains to get them safely into Pandora."

"That the Admiral will arrange to do this afternoon," Adolphie said confidently. "Consider it as good as done."

After Adolphie had started for the cabin, James was persuaded by Mr. James to lie down for a bit; but the little brave lad soon gave up the idea of even trying to go to sleep. His brain was in a whirl from the noisy events of the last seven hours of battle, and above all he felt so brimming over with happiness that he soon found it impossible to lie still. He therefore went and joined Mr. James, who was sitting eating a sandwich in the kitchen.

"It's of no use my trying to sleep Mr. James. I am too delighted that every thing has turned out right. I want to break out into shouting and singing."

"I can understand my boy. Yes, yes. After great trouble, great joy. But I for got to mention about the battle on land. I saw it from a safe spot and so did the rest of us all our women and children refugees. The glandelinians came at the christian positions yelling like a hurricane. We thought at first they would break through so spirited was the attack, but the long glandelinian column went to piece pieces before the christian fire of rifles and cannon and they saved nothing. The christian fire swept every thing away before it even bushes and twigs. But the attack was again commenced by other waves of those glandelinians and we could see then that the christian lines suffered terribly and were finally driven back, and the attack seemed in danger of coming to our refugee. However the women set us a good example. They spent their time during all the horrible uproar tending their terrified children, and praying to God, and asking the help of His Saints, and we river sailors and refugee men, who are strong and tough you know, but who knows that God protects us and never go anywhere without going to church and paying for a Mass for our safety—we not only prayed too but took up positions in good shelter and with our rifles also picked off the enemy within our reach despite the fact of the danger that would attend us should be captured by the foe and be found shooting at them and not in uniform."

The glandelinians swarmed through a good portion of the camps, and even drove the christian into our village and out of it as we supposed would have happened but the attack only succeeded that far for the christian fire from distant batteries cut up the whole wave of attackers dreadfully.

Then we saw glandelinian batteries sweeping the christian positions with a terrific fire, and knew that there was going to be a disaster.

"Now," Mr. James said, "if we ourselves had but a good position and a artillery we could do something ourselves but without that if the enemy do win and sweep their attack this way our defense will last only an hour or two, so we might as well have died at once."

"To shame," one of the women said, "you are getting discouraged discouraged. Pray to the good God again and he will send the christian lines help. Do you think he has done all this so far for nothing. The enemy won't win. There must be some way out of the difficulty if we could but think of it."

She sat looking at the wild conflict, for two or three minutes and then said: "It is easy. Why have you not thought of it? See there. That attack is coming close within our own range. You men have plenty of old round shells of some sort. Why not fill them with powder which you have and make so many of hand grenades with them and throw them among the enemy."

"We shouted for joy, for it was as she said, though I am sure none of us would have ever thought of it if God had not given her the idea. We set to work and got the shells ready ready ready. The storm of attack came again that part of the christian position quickly. We had time to make however a good number of the artificial shells and when we were finished the attack came, and we soon had enough of them to get ready. We threw quite a number but our luck seemed gone, the glandelinians directed a cannon and rifle fire upon us and we had to lay low. We too had not been careful enough of our own shots at first making sure that in three hours we should see a christian victory, and when the enemy started firing at us there was for us scarcely any bullet left."

It was two hours after that before we saw the reverse. Twelve of our men friends had been hit and killed, and two of the women and a number of men were wounded and many were lying down to avoid the fire of those glandelinians while we returned it as best as we could. Only that good woman was sitting up behind a tree holding her child in her arms. She was now very scared too but she had never complained, never doubted for a moment. Her eyes went from the child's face over at the battle to look for the help she felt sure would come, and back again, and at last she said quite quiet and naturally:

"There, the enemy is giving way. I knew victory for the christians must come today."

So thought she was dreaming or off her head, but one of us dared to make a shift and stand and look, and when he recovered out "The enemy is running, the enemy is running," we all looked also. There the enemy was really given way again and in a dreadful panic too. It was not until evening however before the battle was finally over and it was a christian victory and when they won we felt expectant the same as you do now James, that it was the good God

"If he had been killed, I would have been the only one to see the good victory within our very view, and Alldolphie and Pie would have been before the battle over the whole one beach at the tide of the grand victory of the fleet and we would have seen how you had the little girls' song."

"That was a narrow escape for every one of us indeed," James said as he helped the sailor mend the boat that had been injured on board the flag ship during the battle. "That idea of the woman was a splendid one, and you may well say that God put it into the woman's head, for without it you could never have held the position you were in."

"I'm so sorry to interrupt my boy," said Captain John when walking up, but Admiral Johnston wishes to see you sir."

James excused himself from Alldolphie and went to the Admiral's cabin.

"You have done nobly my boy, and besides taking care of the princesses you have won for us a great victory. The victory is all to you, but we are now so sorry indeed that you should soon have to leave us."

James smiled faintly.

"It is the fortune of war in the navy is not a long one but perhaps it may be some day when I'm a man, it is but a few nights or only a night since I got my commission, and now I'm leaving it altogether. My duty you know is with the princesses, but when I get some little time I may some day join our navy for good."

"Leaving the navy perhaps," the admiral said cheerfully, "but I know it is your duty. There is one good news I have for you however something too which the little girls have been worrying about so long and that was the condition of your friend Timothy Groveton the boy scout leader. He is all right now and has some honor gotten across with his regiment into Pandora and has told Empere Vivian what you have done, and what he has heard you have done. There is a long time of delightfulness before you when you get across, but my Father will be as glad as I am that the career of a young officer who promised to rise to the highest honors of his profession and be a credit and glory to his country will have to be cut short because of your necessary duty to the princesses. In fact though, it is you who should have been the admiral."

The admiral then shook hands with the boy, and thanked him warmly for his services and for what he had done for the little girls, and cheered him by telling him that he would take care that his presence of mind and courage should be known. All that night almost James had not much sleep. He was so excited and overjoyed that he had saved the little girls and made an easy opening to Pandora that he could not sleep. He was up again before the breakfast time and found that Violet and her sisters had been up before him and were looking for him.

"Why James," said Violet in surprise "what were you doing in the Admiral's Cabin?"

"Oh I tried to sleep last night but I couldn't," said the boy.

"Why did the excitement of the battle keep you awake? Oh I'm so sorry," said Violet truthfully.

"There is nothing to be sorry about," said James. "I was too happy to sleep knowing that the enemy was not able to do any harm to you."

Violet, and her sisters looked at each other. Jennie was about to speak when some one suddenly said:

"Ah James the boy is it you. The admiral told me that you had won the day in battle and saved the little earthly celestial children, but I didn't recognize the name as that of James Andrews as the Midshipman chief." And Walter Starling himself stood there.

"I'm glad to see that you are here," Starling said. "However, my boy I do not believe any one of us have ever done what you have done. I am almost simultaneously save the princesses from spies, and so on, but why do you first that you career on the water is at an end."

"It is said that it should be so," Admiral Johnston said, "but there are many men even admirals like me and other distinguished chieftains who may live to be a good age and will have done less for their country than this lad in the short time of his career. It shows sure what Americans can do little or big, and it would be a blessing if we had a whole army a million or so arrayed against the Glandellians. First after he got on the shore before he got on our fleet he prevented a dangerous despatch, which would have warned the enemy of what was coming, from reaching them, and captured the despatch carrier, and in the second place his sharpness and readiness saved no small portion of my fleet, and converted what threatened to be a disastrous defeat into a victory that will surprise the whole nation for I had attempted the impossible just for the sake to get the little princesses through to Pandora. You must be proud of you little foreign friend."

You must be proud of you little foreign friend."

Violet and her sisters looked dumbfounded.

"You say he captured a despatch," Jennie gasped.

"Why yes. I forgot to tell you that the boy thought to keep his self from being praised did not mention a word of it," the admiral said.

"He indeed," he didn't say a word," Angelina Vivian exclaimed surprised. "On the contrary he told us he captured a despatch carrier but he said nothing about a despatch."

In a few words the admiral related the circumstances of the capture of the despatch carrier, and stated, "I have the letter of praise from your Father Empere Vivian himself. He was surprised that you little girls didn't write a letter of praise to your loving boy friend because of the capture of the despatch carrier. Empere Vivian himself has the original. To prove to you I have made a duplicate. They are as alike as two peas. James had even foundered the ship in which he had captured the despatch, and he blew up another. Of course to some it may be a mere coincidence, still the likeness is so strong that the Empere made some pretty rigid inquiries."

"Have you anything else by which the duplicate can be identified as to by whom it was made?"

"By General John Manley. With the duplicate which I kept to show you little girls when the time came there are some trinkets of something like Indian work man ship, for the most part and a strange locket. I will bring or have my captain bring them over to you as soon as we have had breakfast."

"Do so," said Starling, as Violet and her sisters still looked that gaping astonishment. "I'm going to Pandora to-morrow if possible and shall see General Kinderline. Don't speak to any one else about it for fear of other Glandellian spies, for it is a thousand to one against it being safe if any overheard. Still I hope sincerely that Empere Vivian will prevent the designs used in the despatch."

"He has already."

A little later after breakfast the admiral came.

"I have them with me and the duplicate despatch," he said and to the surprise and curiosity of the little girls produced the little packet, and the despatch or dispatch which James had captured and given to him. James blushed at the look of the princesses. They glanced at the ornaments, and Violet taking the locket pressed the spring. She gave a cry as she saw as she unfolded the slip an important map of Pandora and her fortifications in it and exclaimed:

"Yes that is a map of the positions around Pandora. What an extraordinary discovery. Where is James? Where did he go? I assurely he is a brave boy indeed and a long friend of our brother Penrod for they were school mates together in the far off country of the United States."

"He went to get something from the Kitchen for you and himself which the Steward forgot to bring," said Starling.

The admiral then related the story of James doing from the time he had known him, and Starling was greatly moved at the tale of bravery. Before we go ahead I will give a detail of what and how James had secured the despatch. Though at first the story made no mention of it, it happened two hours and a half before James had gone back on the war-craft after taking taking aboard the raft. He had decided to go to shore again to get the bag of money and went off at a run into the darkness. The road was a wide one and but little frequented and the grass and weeds grew very thick over a considerable portion of the sides; therefore as he ran along with a light springy tread the sound of his foot steps was deadened. As he came along by a cottage not far from that of Alldolphie he heard the sound of voices within. Being curious to see what was going on for he suspected spies, James passed lightly lifted the latch of the gate and entered the little garden. He had intended to only peep in the window and having satisfied his curiosity to be off but just as he reached the door the latter opened suddenly, and James had only time to draw back behind the little porch before two men came out. In their midst he had a little girl. In one James recognized by his voice the very man whom he had caught once shadowing Violet and her sisters, the other was by his halting English a Glandellian whom which showed evidently his partner was an English rogue. They stood stopped for a moment looking out into the gathering

darkness of early evening.

"I tell you," the wicked Englishman said, "it's going to be a storm of battle to-morrow and no mistake. Manley's army is a good tight fist one and has weathered many a battle, when many Christian dog armies have gone down. Still I don't like seeing Manley running into this immense one of that crazy Christian Empere. I tell you it is dangerous especially without necessity."

"Necessity," said the Glandellian. "I could, have sought it, zat ze oining of ze five hundred dollar, as a urgent a necessity as was wanted by mine beg spy. Ze guardian of ze Naevian Gail, he keel heem."

"Ay, the money will be handy enough," the other said, "since we capture this little spit fire of a bird, though one like us do put our heads into

and lose to know it, however the sum is bigger than usual, and as you say the affair is important most important for the Glandelinian cause."

"Bah, the Glandelinian said with a scowl. What does eat matter with ze goose or ze snoodle or what ever ze call eet in ze Englishes. It has not yet been blazed over ze neck, o my zens one, and till eet doze we need not trouble about eet. I tell youse ziz yose ze most important dispat ch we have ever seen, and if eet geet safe to hand, zay cannot begudge us double pay, and what ees ze pay as long as ze ch-reesteen dog get a ze whip. what ees ze christian dog I'm goink, a maud. I have ridden rom ze Calverins eet without stopping, and have keeled a hor, with feefery of you r Englishes monies. ziz leetter shouf fetch us plenty of ze monies to pay fo rze hundreen hors, and a dozen of your-beeg sheeps on ze water-wiz ze beeg sails."

"All right Mr-Glandelinian friend" the Englishman said "In less than an hour we will be off. Letters like that in your pocket with so many christian dogs around here are best not kept on hand. You are sure the Antonine will put out to meet us in the risk of a battle going to rage on the river and in the face of great dangers we are likely to face?"

"She will put out if the christian dogs sent a hurricane of attacks down the river" the Glandelinian said. "Zey know ze importan of ze great news, which ees expect, and wheech I am bring to zem. Mon Dieu, zay zums have been pay to meet ze news zay zat ees een zis liddle deespeech."

"Do you know what it is?" the Englishman said.

"Not for ze cert." the Glandelinian replied. "but I believe eet ees ze hordees zat are to be sent to ze Abbeunian Emperor, and zat heem ees abould to strike a great beeg blowie some whar."

"Well the Englishman said "I will go round and tell the boys. I warned them to be in readiness for we had been also looking for those yivian gi & snipes but they have got away, and I will send the men straight down to the beach. In a quarter of an hour, will return for you guard this little snipe well."

"Ees she what you call heem ze spie."

"No, but she came across us when we were planning this and we'll take her with us she can't blab on us."

"Better keel her and be done wiz eet."

"Better do it on the ship, not here."

While this conversation had been going on James had been standing against the porch the sides of which were filled with lattice work over which a number of creepers grew. He had been frightened at the importance of the secret that he was hearing, and had been rapidly mediating in his mind how this all important information which was about to be conveyed to the enemy could be stopped. He had made up his mind that the instant the spy moved out, he would make his way down to the village, tell the tale to half a dozen men and have the two of them seized. He saw at once though that it would be difficult, for the spy and his gang were not men to be attacked with impunity, and too these were experienced spies, too dangerous to be captured alive, and the fishers of the village would hesitate in taking part in a struggle merely on the information of a little boy. The Christiansoldiers were too far away to go to, however at first James had seen that this would be his own chance. In his anxiety to stand close to the lattice and so hid himself from the view of the two men who were standing on the little garden path in front he could see the little girl and she looked terrified and was whimpering.

"Why wait until we get on board the ship" the Englishman said. "We should cut her throat now. The little brat has heard what we said before we captured her and our lives won't be worth a minutes purchase if she were to be set free. Stand by and I'll knock out her brains," and he picked up an enormous stone.

"No, no, the Glandelinian said vehemently "don't let us have blood here. Zey might be many inquiries, and zee dings we'll be find. Better take her to see wiz youse in your sheep and hand her over to ze Glandelinian fort. Zay weel take care she weel not come back again."

"I will take care my self" the Englishman said grabbing the frightened child by the neck and starting to strangle her. "I'm not going to chance my neck on the risk of her blabbing on us."

"No, no don't keep keel her yet. Zay weel insure our captures."

"All right, all right. It is better as you say, to have no blood blood but as soon as the ships at sea, overboard she goes."

"We can talk of eet" the Glandelinian said "I'm wiz you zat she must bee silence but eet may be better, my plan, zan you rze ziz liddle goil belongs I suppose to ze refugees vilie."

"Yes," the Englishman said. "I know her by sight. She is the daughter of an man of war man who is on board the christian fleet."

"Well, you zee, som of your men might might some day if they quarreled wiz youse o'geet mad at youse and do what you call heem double cross, zay might drop some words which weel led to inquiry. Better put the liddle snake in ze

bee g sheep. I will zee ze matter ees settled."

James had spoken no word or let himself be seen. She felt an instant that soon or later the little girl's life would be snuffed out by these dirty scoundrels, and was surprised that the little child was not already killed. He had not raised his voice to call for help for he knew that no cottages were near, and was sure that an attempt to give the alarm would insure the child a instant death and cause his capture. He however was not alarmed and he was a stout lad and he decided to use strategy. He saw too that on the instant the Glandelinian had drawn a dagger from his breast, and though more quiet than the forligner he felt by the tone of his voice that he was as determined as his companion that the little girl's silence should be secured by death. Seeing a way to get in without being seen James climbed through a window and quickly hid under a table just as the Glandelinian brought the little girl in and there where into a corner. Then he took his seat near the assurance harin a low tone that he would at the first movement or whimper plant his dagger in her heart. The Englishman strode off to summon his crew and for a quarter of an hour silence reigned in the cottage.

"Youse are wan leedle fool." The Glandelinian said at last as if he had been thinking the matter over. "One medlesome leedle fool, for why ees eet you want to listen at peeples doors and learn ze secrets. I for zat I like very best you know to keel you but here we cannot do eet. you'll leedle ch-reesteen dog mak es us keel youse, you push your own head een ze trap. Zat ees ze way wiz ze leedle girls and boys of the Ch-reesteen army. Zay are for ever meddling into affairs zat concern zem not, and zen we hve ze troubles to keel eem. Eet ees my life against yours and my life is of much more value zat zat of a girl of ze ch-reesteen dog s. Bah you are wan leedle medlesome fool."

So exasperated was the Glandelinian at the trouble which the prying of this little girl had brought upon him that he got up and angrily gave her a kick. A few minutes later the Englishman returned.

"The men have all gone down to the boat," he said briefly. "Come along mounse. Bring the small package with you, those pistols, the little girl, and that big rug rolled up the re."

"Zees no fear for get ze tin ccase." The Glandelinian said. "As to ze pists zay are not of much use, however, weel take zem" and he thrust them into the pocket of his coat. The Englishman stooped picked up the little girl, threw her onto a sail which he had laid on the ground, wrapped this round her, and then cast her over his shoulder.

"I'm not likely to meet any one on my way to the boat" he said. "But should I do no I'm taking the main sail of the Scorpion down to her. The Glandelinian picked up the rug claiming it was heavier than he thought it was and they went out alaming the door. Presently they went over the sandy slopes down to the edge of the sea. Presently the sail with the little girl within was flung roughly down on the sands. A minute she was lifted by the head and feet and swung into a boat. Not a word was spoken, as it was shoved off through the breakers, and after ten minutes owing the terrified little girl felt a shock, and knew they were alongside the Scorpion. He was hauled up on deck. He heard a few words of command, and then felt the vessel was on her way. A minute or two later the covering was unloosed. Her cords were cut and the Englishman said to her.

"You can't get away now and may as well make you-self handy for the present. Go to the cook to and give him a hand on peeling potatoes."

The rug itself was placed down in the upper section of the hold. Then after the men were gone, the rugs seemed to suddenly have taken on life, and a boy managed to work himself through the tunnel of the rug. It was James. He had coiled himself up in the rug. He saw from some observations that the Scorpion was in fact a short handed one for two of her crew were absent and only seven men were on board. He was a live lugger of some thirty five hundred tons but burdened with something like an ordinary ocean going frigate, but much longer and lower and was in fact used for fishing when he was were not engaged upon other adventures. He was a remarkably fast craft and had of more than once showed himself with success when chased by a christian man of war. She owed her immunity from capture however chiefly to her appearance as from her size and built she was an enormous Glandelinian live man of war and carried a hundred and fifty guns at each starboard bow. The boat company itself was bound, James gained from a word or two dropped by the captain, for the fortifications along the river where of which she was to be met by a Glandelinian Frigate the Lucy Ann. Long before the shore was out of sight.

"Well, she be zat me to he time." The Glandelinian asked the Englishman.

"Yes, she will do it." The Englishman said "If the wind holds as at present."

"Ah, yes she will do it."

"A fearful escape for them, even on the flag ship, as you had been even from like some of the other ships. I had never seen such a fight and such thundering of cannon."

"It is wonderful indeed that they have come aboard," the other woman said. "It was lucky Alphonse got the ship's steward to get some more hot brandy. So shaken were they from their fearful experience he thought he would never bring the youngest to themselves again. They are only little children but how good and brave, what harm could they have done to those Glandelinian monsters that they should so often try to murder them. But I know it is just because they are good. There is no fear, I hope that there would be any Glandelinian spies getting on board any one of our ships."

"I wish he would," said the woman indignantly. "Where could a spy hide tell me that. There is no hiding place on board any of these ships for that has been absolutely proven. Do you think that a spy would come here trying to get the little girls. Why we would tear him in pieces."

"But that is not the only danger," Martha said. "I never thought for a moment that any spy would come aboard, but our children on shore might let slip a word accidentally which might bring spies on board if they can do in in the uniforms of sailors."

"The other woman laughed good heartedly.

"I'd like to see them doing it. No one can get on board this ship without a sailor's commission from the government or accompanied by the princesses. That is comedy indeed. Let them try it. Put us to the children as we will take care of that. But a soul outside the Christian lines and our refugee camps will never know of it."

"And the other woman added "One of them has plenty of money hid upon her, and she told me just before I came out, when she was saying that our William would have a bad time now the fishing was spoiled by the river battle—that she hoped with her sisters to be in Pandura a few days, and would have no need of the money, for it seems she can get plenty over there, she will give twenty crowns to each house in the village as a charity and thanks offering."

"Well that is not to be despised," Martha said. "We shall have a hard time of it for a bit, and that will carry us on through it. You are sure she and her sisters can spare it, but because we'd rather starve than take it from them if they cannot."

"Oh yes," the little girl said she could afford it well and plenty of it too."

"Well then it is a very lucky day for the whole village, that your husband has helped us save the little angels."

"Well I will go back to shore now," the other woman said. "I will go round the village and tell the others about silencing the children. You must get some hot broth ready by the time these poor little heavenly beings awake. Every one wishes heartily that they never needed to go through this, and Glandelinia they know for ever will answer to God for it some of these days."

"I believe they have suffered plenty and may suffer more yet but will never come to real harm," said Martha. "It is adventure to them I guess."

The next morning Jennie appeared at breakfast at the Admiral's table and strange to the rest only her, and James was alarmed though at that moment few words were spoken between her and him, for the Admiral and his officers were present.

"How are you, sister?" the Admiral asked anxiously. "Why don't they come to breakfast?"

"They are a little better but they are weak and languid and so I told them they must stop in bed for to day. Do not look so anxious James dear I have no doubt they will be well enough to be up to me now. They have been sleeping ever since they went to bed yesterday evening and when they awoke they had a bowl of good broth. They are not ill but need rest. But I'm afraid it will be some time before any of us will be ourselves again. It is a terrible strain for them to have gone through, but they were very brave all the time the awful battle raged. It was the first time we were in the midst of such a fight and I will admit we were really scared out of our wits for the first time. But we feared the ship would blow up. Ten of them were blown up and Violet is the worst of us this morning. We all however had such confidence in you and knew that you would manage to save us through it all."

After breakfast Jennie strolled down with James to the ship's deck and looked into the water she felt as if he really was in the presence of an angel in the form of a girl, and again came that strange fragrance from her as if he could never discover any.

"I and my sisters feel at ease with you," James she said. "Before you seemed almost like a guardian brother, and now it is so different."

"Yes, but happier I hope," James asked gently.

"Oh so much happier James. But there is one thing, I want to tell you. It might seem strange to you that I should tell you I and my sister loved you dearly on our own account, with out you speaking to the Head of our family."

"But you surprise me," said James. "I never spoke to you of father."

"No but Penrod confessed it all," I know of you before I ever seen you for Penrod showed me your picture some time after we found he was our lost brother. The days you and he went to a Catholic school together at St. Patrick's in Chicago at Adams and Desplains street he once showed you some pictures of us not knowing then who we were but told you of our character and he told us that you had told him you'd praise God the day you ever became acquainted with us. That you have done for him once when he over there got ill and was sick almost unto death was marvelous and made him your best loving friend for life. I do not know how he learned that you were here but he did, and he gave you that chance to meet us. But Heaven must have prepared for that meeting and oh God what we would give if we could pay you. Little as you are you are sure a equal to Evans and even he wrote so. General Evans would be glad to even see you."

"But surely I couldn't let you go into peril," said James smiling. "And I didn't do it for her sake either as I'm no hero. This is the first time I ever saved any one from the enemy, but if you know what I know of the enemy you would be ill from the shock of the story for months. I'm or was only a foreigner and until my father got citizen ship papers, and supposed to have nothing to do with this war, but what I could think of the enemy you wouldn't like to hear. Heaven knows I have an awful account to settle with the enemy. And I will too."

"You have already settled with the enemy," said Jennie smiling through her tears of gratitude. "For what you have done for me and my sister. I suppose it would have been the same any how though I know you would say that is not satisfactory to you, that you wish more vengeance than that. But I know you sorrow, and it is greater than our little brother was murdered by Glandelinians. Penrod knew of it and told me. But I want to tell you James that in that very long letter which he sent me, just a little after you helped us get Violet out of prison, Penrod said he thought it right that I should know that our good father and mother had told him that night he got to them and when he told of his discovery of you being here and that he had selected you as his duplicate till we could be re joined, that they would know I and my sister cared for you. You didn't think so, did you James?" she broke off with a vivid blush. "You did not think I and my sister cared for you before you cared for us and our company?"

"Yes I did Jennie," he said earnestly. "I could see it in the eyes of your sister. And it never entered my mind that I didn't care for you even at the very first day I came to you. You see dearest princess of God up to the beginning of that time when I first saw pictures of you shown by Penrod in America I felt it could be heaven only to have a glimpse of you, and in America though they do tease girls some times yet when we grow older girls too are sacred to us, and we beside the ones who try to do them harm. They'll even kill a villain who tries to harm their girl. Then when I was here with you through these adventures, when some how the danger and the anxiety seemed to make a man of me, when I saw how good, holy, and brave and thoughtful and unselfish you and your sisters are, that I knew I loved you all very dearly, as I love your brother Penrod, and being with you would make me the happiest boy alive. I must confess Jennie though no one knew it unless your house keeper would tell you I often cried at night because of the sorrows and perils you were in. But I could not help it. I had to let it out so crazy. At the first meeting when you were before me in your best I thought of you as some little celestial angels coming down from Heaven in the form of little girls, and though I controlled myself I must be truthful and tell you I felt mighty at ease. And did you really care for me then when Penrod first told me of you or you of me?"

"We never thought of it in that way, as we hadn't seen you yet James, any more than you did before you saw us, but I know now that my father was right, and that we loved you all along with out knowing it and you too have shown your love of God more strongly than we had ever supposed. We saw evidence of that without your knowing it. My dear father and mother in that little note which I would not show to any one then told Penrod that they felt sure we would be very fond of you, and that if any time you should get fond of us, and ask for us to allow you our company for as long as life will allow it for you and us though they say because of our angel possession we will never die naturally but go to heaven some day alive nevertheless they at once gave their approval before hand, for they were sure that you would make us happy. Go they told Penrod and our two other brothers who if I'll come to them in battle would be the heads of the family, that I had their consent to keep you in our companionship for life."

It makes me and my sisters happy to know this. They talk of us being angel princesses and yet James if you were not really flesh and blood we would have mistaken you as one of them for all you have done for us. You pried us through an unseen danger which seemed impossible to escape. We never feared any perils we could see but unseen dangers is horrible. And yet here we are only to make our trip to Pandora as soon as the fleet get underway. God will reward you good for this."

"I am very glad too dear princesses," James said earnestly. "It is very satisfactory for you and your sisters, and it is very pleasant to me to know that they had such a very good opinion of me, and that they were ready to trust you to me and your sisters too. As she said suddenly, "that was what was in that small note with the letter I wrote a little at the time, for some how after that you were a little different with me and so were your sisters. I was not asleep one night and saw you come quietly into the room and stand by my bed for a long time with your sisters looking down at me. I thought at first angels came to visit me. Still I wondered over it for some time for each of you stooped and imparted a kiss on my cheek, and, certainly was not then guessing the truth."

"We could not help feeling a little different," Jennie said shyly. "We never thought of it before, and though I am sure it made us happy, I could not feel anything else with you especially as I knew that for a time you really could not believe we were real. We are so strangely placed, and it made it easier for you to think we were really celestial, and I felt sure you would not speak until we were safely in Pad Pandora and we were again in Penrod's care. But," she said with a little laugh though there were tears in her eyes, "you were nearly letting it out that evening in the cottage that you loved us, when so felt so despairing."

"Very nearly Jennie, I did so want comfort when it looked as if I could not succeed in bringing you and your sisters safely through. It wasn't for myself though, but for you."

And so they talked happily for about an hour.

"I wonder why Mr. Aldolphie doesn't come from his bunk house on board this ship," James said at last, and that he doesn't come to the boat. There were several more things he wanted to say to it. Why then he is calling from the Admiral's cabin. Surely it can't be very long time so soon; but that's what he says. It doesn't seem an hour since breakfast."

Jennie hurried on into the room first where her sisters were.

"Why Aldolphie," James said to the old sailor who was waiting outside for him, "thought you were going on with your boat."

"So I was my boy, but my wife told me I should only be in the way."

"In the way," James repeated in surprise.

"Ah James," Aldolphie said with a twinkle in his eye, "I hope you have not been deceiving us. My wife saw it in a moment when the little princess came to breakfast. A mere friend of the princesses," she said to me when you want out, don't tell me. You mean James loves them more than a brother does his sister. Just mere friends between boys and girls don't look at each other like that. Why one could see it with half an eye."

"Your wife is right Aldolphie," I do love those poor little girls with all my heart and who couldn't. You know I am really an American. She and her sisters had the old nurse with them till the latter took ill some few days back and is still being taken care of. They by their ways have made me love them and I couldn't help it, and they deserve the love of any one."

"Quite right James my boy, and my wife and I are glad to see that you love those little angels, and that after all you have asked for those pretty little angels you and they are going to be happy together and your companionship with you will send Penrod too will be a happy one. My wife was not surprised. Women are sharper than men in these matters, and she said to me when she heard you were going to save them, I would never Aldolphie that these little girls love James and he loves them. Boys and men will do a great deal for their sister but I never heard of a man or boy throwing away his life as he is going to do on the mere chance of saving one unless he loves his sister more than a man loves the girl he fell in love with."

"I should have done just the same had it been one of my sisters," James said a little indignantly. "I'd frustrate those dirty snam snakes from getting hold of any decent creature. I hate those Glandelinians and their accursed cause."

"Perhaps you would my boy, I do not say no," the sailor said shaking his head. "But brothers often do not so do so and if they did they sure love their sisters more than brothers usually do. For instance with Penrod's go through hell to save them from harm."

A stop was put to the conversation by the Red Cross Nurse putting her head outside the door of the Admiral's cabin and demanding excitedly what they were stopping. Thinking there for when they were keeping the rest waiting for the them and the dinner was getting cold....2.2.222222

After dinner Aldolphie's life came in to see Jennie.

"Ah dear princesses," the woman said as she embraced Jennie with tears in her noble eyes. "How thank full I am to our Dear Blessed Lord to see you again, and know you sisters are safe, for, was in to see them while you had your dinner. But oh how I have never thought I'd do so. My heart almost stopped beating yesterday when I heard the guns roaring and so many explosions of shells and big gun thunders. I and my little one were on our knees praying to the good God for the dear little angels who had saved her life. Aldolphie had spoken hope fully, but it hardly seemed to me that it could be, and when he sent back the news after that you had been safe on the ship and that even you needed not the use of the hatch, and that through James the forts were forced to give in, I could scarcely believe it was true."

"And I must thank you also with the Good God princesses," Aldolphie said for saving the life of the little one and your sisters too who had a hand in it. I never expected to see her alive again, and when the large made fast to the war ship what I saw was deathly afraid to go home for fear I'd hear she was dead, and my wife to go with grief, and I hung about till Martha had heard we were in, and came down to me with Aggie in her arms, looking herself again. Ah princesses and your dear sisters, you cannot tell how my heart leaped with joy and how I felt when Martha told me how much you and your sisters have done for us and how glad I was when she told me there was a way of paying some part of my debt to you and they. I went in to see them and though they are languid they are easier and happier and spoke beautifully of James who had done a lot for you and them."

"You have been able to pay more than your debt," Jennie said gently. "If I and my sisters have saved one life, you have helped to save eight."

"Who shall only be quit a princess, for what would Martha's life and mine be after you saved our child if you and your sisters had died and the brave boy too. I am not a fisherman as you may have thought but a naval officer and was on shore leave for a time and took up fisherman work during that time for my wife. See that ship over yonder that man of war I'm its captain. What makes it safest for you is there are fresh notices stuck up within the Christian lines warning all officers of the army not to allow any one who has not the pass papers from crossing the river to the ships, and warnings to capture captives and other, fishermen and others to arrest all strangers who try to get on ships without government papers permitting them to do so, and it is a lot of red tape getting those papers too believe me, and also for anyone assisting the enemies of Abbie and you little girls to escape across the river is death."

"That is rather making it easier for us," said James "and serious for the spies."

"It makes it much better for you and the princesses," Aldolphie replied confidently. "After all what spies have tried to do and after yesterday's work with the battle there is not a sailor or fisherman in the port but would do all he could to help you little girls escape from the hands of the butchers and spies and as you are on board this gigantic floating fleet of this victorious fleet you can expect an easy undisturbed trip to Pandora a starting to move now as the fleet will need to go in for repairs and have means made to allow the other ship out of the river which can be easily done. You may be sure the sailors on board this ship and the whole fleet will do their best for you and the brave boy. The Admiral has gladly made the agreement before the battle came and he is a man of his word, and he started the big fight against the forts and the shore batteries so the passage to Pandora can be made and besides he hates the Glandelinians for in some massacre his wife and children were most brutally killed. A captain who is a friend of mine on board the ship that rescued you and the little girl you saved with the despatch lost his home and family in the Abbie's harbor. As for you my boy as long as you are on the ship you will remain a midshipman. He has thought the matter over you see, and I can tell you that the Admiral does it more because he too loves the princesses, and he won't take a cent of money. The day before he would give me no answer about whether he would accept the money or not. Then he said he would take you and them without a penny. He should never sleep again if owing to him you and the little boy fell into the hands of these monsters. Go you see he is in it heart and soul."

After half an hour's talk Aldolphie and Martha took their leave of the big Christian man of war. Both at first refused the reward which James had proffered but James insisted stubbornly, and at last Jennie said:

"You can refuse for yourselves, but you will make me and my sisters unhappy if you do not take it. Put it by for Aggie—it will swell her heart when she hears it and will set her husband up in a good fishing boat or schooner if she takes to river sailing."

The men formed in line and the officer read out the names though he looked intensely surprised as James answered to that of the Midshipman.
"That's all right so far," the other said. "Now I will according to the order."

"If you have no objection to tell me, I should indeed." The admiral replied. "I have been wondering all the time how you young children escaped so many unseen dangers within the very christian lines under France and at Love Frey, and how you came to be at Love Frey, where as Adolphe tells me the little princesses were sure an els among the poor refugees, and that you yourself was a member of the Child Safety Welfare Committee, that seemed to me the most extraordinary of all, but, wouldn't ask any questions until you yourself

"I was too excited to sleep any longer," said the boy. "And I thought it was my duty to be on hand to stop the ship when she cleared out at Panto-n. We hoped to reach by night. But I was somewhat nervous too last night Aldolphie. Though I went to bed early, I didn't get to sleep right away and somewhere I heard lots

"Ah well Aldephoin I'm going to serve on the boy scout troop as long as I remain a boy. I expect that we may see or have a chance of seeing some more of the old fighters soon near Pando-n. There are a few of them but they are very few indeed."

"I've sighted the lieutenant said to me standing up and making a trumpet with his hands," so a craft together round the point of a river inland some few miles down the river, and by their looks I think that one is that old child here, and the other an excursion steamer of some kind she had captured."

The Glandelinian raider was lying between us and the burning steamer so that while Harpagon stood out against the glare of light we must have been invisible to him. The word was passed quickly forward for the men to go to quarters and they obeyed. Every gun was double-shotted and run out, and then all being ready for the fight, the men stripped to their waists, cut lusses and boarding planks ready to hand, and we waited with breathless anxiety. We were already within easy range of our bow chasers as they came the smaller guns, and as yet there was no sign that the Glandelinian raider was conscious of our presence. The boats were now near him, and no doubt those on board were looking after in that direction than to windward.

by steam, and, I do think that sharp as we were on board the Alert, the Childhater was even quicker in getting under canvas--we were scarce a quarter of a mile from her when she got fairly underway and started to out distance us. I got to this moment not a gun had been fired, save the two bow chasers, as the moment had not arrived for us to allow to jaw her. Then round she came and poured a dreadful broadside into the Child Hater. Orders had been given to fire high, and every man was on his mettle. The main top mast of the Child Hater fell snapped at the base, and at the cup simultaneously, the smoke stacks were knocked from their fastenings, the cabin was demolished, the peak halyards of the mizen were shot away, and a good number of holes were drilled through her sails, while one shot curried away a whole gull like a kite. A loud cheer broke forth from our men. But as the Child Hater was still sufficiently crippled now to prevent her from heaving to, and at last she was to show whether she could fight as well as run, and I must say for her she did. After ten minutes of it The Alert's broadside did us as much bruised and battered as if she had been fighting; against a ship of her own kind for about three hours. As we had not been idle and no one who had been principally directed against the enemy, thinking for she might have sailed away before we had, and we didn't want to incur

A lert to b b b brought alongside h e child Hate. There was no need to call upon the boarders to be ready. Very man was p-p-pur ad, and as the vessels came along side, we could hear in the lower part of the ship lots of child ren girls and bows screaming in f right and terror. Our men rushed to the assault. The screaming of the child ren put unbounded fury in them, but the c-w of the child hate were as eager to board us as we were them, and upon the very bulwarks a most desperate bloody conflict ensued. Strong as we were in numbers, the

All hands were at work next day getting aboard another frigate, while men were sent on board ours to repair damages. I was up aloft on the new ship, when I saw a large broken boat floating down the river which at once attracted my attention. It seemed to me like a river schooner, and it seemed to have something in quite a number cluttering its decks which at times seemed almost awash. It slid down to the quarter decks, and gave orders for the lowering of a boat and reporting what I had seen to the crew, and soon was being rowed toward the schooner we managed to board it and were shocked at what we had seen. On the decks were a great number of half naked children, half starved, their bodies covered with sores and many were even ill, now they got to be on this wreck of a schooner and how the schooner got to be in that condition we knew knew, but the belief was that it may have been a ship attacked by the raiders which finding children on board only must have brought purposely this condition of the ship and the children and having killed their guardians, evidently the God God had watched over this ship and its little crew of children.

The old Captian was silent, and James also was quiet some time before a he

"Well A Aldolphie you sure made some achievement in that capture. I heard great firing down the river that night, and the whole fleet was alerted but we couldn't then make out what it was. No one too could have been a better friend to the little girls and me than you have been, and as it isn't likely likely now that I shall ever hit upon a clew which could lead me to discover who killed my little brother and girl friend of mine, I shall continue to make my search."

They talked the matter over for some time, and then James changed the subject. "Are all our friends who helped us well?" James asked.

"All except poor Tom Jendon. He was hit by a shot during the land battle, and his wife poor old soul is gone to some friends in Galverha and doesn't know it yet."

"That is too bad. But who are the worst spies among the enemy that I should have to watch out for and dread the most?"

"The Mutt and Jeff spies."

"What? Are they around this neighborhood?"

"No, it is said he operates for Hanley and his Confederate states, but they are sometimes within one or two of a Christian army trying to learn plans and things. All Christian generals have their eyes on both, and believe that some day they will catch the two of them or kill them one or the other, but but they certainly are slippery. It would be a good day for the whole Christian cause if they could do so, for he and his companion do a lot of harm to the Christian armies. They look more like foragers than Glandelinians."

"It's a curious thing Aldolphie that the two International Spies should be coming backwards and forwards to any Christian army and wonder that the Gemini don't inquire into it."

"I don't suppose that they know much about it James. They come off and on, generally arriving at night, and leaving a few hours afterwards. I hear about these things because it is a talk every where. I don't like the going on by these spies, I must say and consider they will and badly, however it is no business of ours and as the spies are a resort of humane any how and never bother the Vivian Girl princesses, I don't care so far. The wind is rising fast. I think we are in for a storm."

It was as Aldolphie said. The clouds were gathering fast in the sky, the waves were breaking with a short sharp sound against the moving ships, and everything showed that a morning thunder storm was fast approaching.

"What time must you leave James?"

"As soon as the ship will reach Pandora which will be to night. Violet and her sisters are more anxious to get there now we are so near." Just as soon (not a coo on the spoon) as he finished speaking he and Aldolphie were aroused by an order shouted down across the deck for all hands to come on deck, and hurrying on with the rest found that it was beginning to rain. To James surprise he found that those on deck had already lowered the great lug sails, and that the decks were cleared for action and every man was at the guns. He looked into the cabin and saw that Violet and her sisters were at still asleep.

"What is it Admiral?" he asked.

"There are masts of some big ship there I don't like." The admiral said.

"Is it I am not mistaken that is a Glandelinian war dog a big steel sailless enemy battle ship. We would be no match to her in a fight for one of her guns could blow us out of the water."

There were a number of sails in sight, but the ship to which the Admiral pointed was crossing ahead of the Abbeianian frigate and had the masts that we see now edging on a great American battle ship of the enormous dreadnaught type. The ship was flying the Royal Flag of Glane Glandelinia so it seemed her hull or any length of her could not be seen she was so far down the river, and indeed from the deck only her big revolving gun turrets, long cabin and royal flags were visible above the water.

"I hope she will not see us." The Admiral said. "Our whole fleet couldn't cope with her and had she come to the rescue of the forts and batteries when we were engaged it would have been all up with us and the little girls too. We are low in the water and our stump masts could not be seen at that distance, even by a look out at the mast head. We are already some what astern of her, and we hope every minute will take her further away. If she does not see us in a quarter of an hour, we shall be safe. If she does there is nothing for it but our first to run back toward our own base. We should have such a long start even with all our sails that with this wind she would never catch us even if she had full steam on. By the smoke coming from her four smoke stacks she must have plenty of coal on. But if she was in case of us she may fire her great nine inch guns and get us even at a ten mile range as those guns hurl missiles that far. There are a dozen of them watching on different part of the river. She is our worst peril."

James kept an eye anxiously upon the big dreadnaught, wishing intuitively that wishing in his heart that it had been an American or an Abbeianian instead of an enemy, but she steamed steadily on, and in half an hour the sails were

were again hoisted and the Averger proceeded on her way. The little girls soon however came on deck having been awakened by the excitement of the danger from the Glandelinian dreadnaught and the Admiral had some cushions placed for them under the eaves of the bulwark, for although the rain had slackened up it might still come on again.

"Are we beyond danger now?" So was Faisy's first question as James took his seat between her and her sisters.

"Beyond all danger of being overtaken by unseen spies—that is to say beyond all danger of meeting with any such spies as we ran away from. There is only one chance against us."

"And what is that James dear?" Violet asked.

"It is a serious one if we do not look out." James said. "We will have to look out that even our fleet don't run upon a Glandelinian war dreadnaught. There was one within sight a few minutes ago. I didn't think they were on the river. The Admiral said he thought that we would have to run off and go back away to the naval base. But even then we should soon be turned. Besides I have no doubt that the Admiral would let us have a boat so that we could get ashore in that anywhere near Pandora."

"I don't think that would be a good plan." Jennie herself said. "Because we might be picked up by the crew of the enemy dreadnaught or run down by it and killed, and too we have a long way to reach the shore and with so many unseen foes around, would not like to risk it on the water in a row boat. No I think it will be better to stay on board James dear, for as you say if she does have to run away for a time, she is sure to come back again to fetch us to Pandora."

But of course do what ever you think best. But the Admiral could not escape even if he had good speed and a lead on the dreadnaught, for she could easily reach us with one of her big nine inch turret guns."

"I think your view is of the best Jennie, however I hope the danger will not occur, and that the Averger and her fleet can put into Pandora a big river port without interference. The Admiral had told me he is making for a point near the main wharves and that since he signalled he is expected. Of course he could not say the exact hour he would be there, but he had signalled them the day on which if he could get us on board he should sail, and they will be looking for him."

Before ten o'clock the first parts of the big city was visible.

"We could not have timed it better." The Admiral said.

Every sail and every ship mast was now scrutinized by the Admiral through his glass, but he saw nothing that looked suspicious. At nine o'clock in the morning just as soon as Violet, and her sisters had finished their unusually late breakfast and which was a good one, the ship was within three miles of the city...

"Get the signal flags ready." The Admiral ordered, and three minutes later three signal flags were obediently hoisted, one above the other. Almost a minute later one signal flag was shown in answer.

"There is our answer." The Admiral said. "We are safe to go on. The signal means that the revenue men are on the loi lookout for us and will lead us to the city."

"They are always on the look out are they not?" James asked.

"Yes indeed." The Admiral said, "and a good thing too. Glandelinians have tried often to throw them off the scent but to no avail. A run always is made along the coast on both sides for more than ten or twenty miles by our submarines which are a terror even to that monster we avoided a little while ago. Christian spies watch out for any sort of Glandelinian craft near Pandora. Pandora and they will take the utmost care that this comes to the ears of the revenue officers. Then to foul the enemy a mere fishing boat will go out and show some lights two miles off shore named at the point named, and a rocket will be sent up from the cliff. That will convince them that the news is true, and the revenue officers will hurry away in that direction with every boat and man they can get together. That is why it is so easy for us to run into Pandora now. There will be plenty of marines there on the big wharf waiting for us. This is a can't go wrong for many of the Christian revenue officers are not to be fooled for none of the Glandelinians have ever succeeded in getting past them yet. We will soon be at Pandora. The coast is clear. We will take her in as close as we can go, the less distance there is for you to row the better. And I know Emperor Vivian will surely be glad to see you my boy."

The war frigate was run in until within a hundred yards off the shore, then a light anchor was dropped. The two boats had already been lowered and were towed alongside.

"Go you go into the first boat James, with the princesses." The admiral said. "The money you are ashore the better. There is no danger of a being disturbed however but you need to get the little girls to the right place as soon

as possible. I hope you are not far from here at this locality." James at once handed over the amount promised as payment for the passage. There was a hearty good bye said to Aldolphie, who was again thanked most warmly for the services he had rendered, and he was even kissed by the little girls. Then James handed the little girls into the boat which was by this time ready to be lowered and in five minutes they went ashore.

"Thank our Dear-Blessed Lord and His Mother!" He exclaimed, as after wading through the shallow water he stood on shore; while two of the sailors carried each of the little girls and put them beside them on the wharf. "Thank God and His Blessed Mother! I have got you safe in to Pandora at last. I began to despair at one time. But Princesses! I hope you'll remain with your fathers army always now. It is safe."

"Thank God and His Blessed Mother in deed," Violet and her sisters together said most reverently. "But we having had many desperate chances never quite despaired of you as peculiarly as you were our Guardian angel. It always seems to us for every thing we do and go through He had always miraculously protected us through so many dangers seemingly impossible to escape from, that He must mean that we should go safely through them all even in the far distant future, and yet it did seem hopeless at this time. Unseen dangers are the worst to face."

"We had better stand on one side princesses or rather we had better push on across the wharf until we reach a means to get a street car. These men are all too busy to notice any of us and you might accidentally get knocked down. So let us find our way to the street I'm thinking of."

But they had difficulty in making their way across the immense wharf, for the path was so filled with men carrying all sorts of materials for the ships and too the wharf had lots of boxes standing in huge piles. At last they got beyond the wharf. One of the wagons was already near, and was on the point of driving off, when James asked the man if he could tell him of any hotel near, where the princesses who had landed with him could pass the night.

"Little angels you mean," said the man looking at them with awe. "You have angels with you. But if you don't like to walk that far I'll take you down to the nearest hotel. But are you sure they're human?" pointing to the little girls.

"Sure we are," cried Violet. "We are not ghost or spirits. We are the ones known by all the country as the 'CDarlings of the Nation.'"

"First time I ever heard of it," said the man. "If you are so pretty then what do the Vivian girls Princesses look like whom I heard so much of. I'd give anything to have them for only a mile on my wagon."

"Well then you may have that favor for us then," said Joyce. "The man was evidently astonished, and he let them mount most graciously, and in three quarters of an hour the cart or wagon drove up at a tall handsome looking building. They tried to make him take payment but he was stubborn saying he would be glad to accommodate them for nothing at any time. Then James went up to the proprietress of the Hotel.

"The man looked strangely at Violet and her sisters.

"Who have you got there?" The hotel manager asked as James brought them forward to his counter.

"These are seven little girls who were on the Edgemoor Fugate with Admiral Johnston. James recalled. "They have had a narrow escape from being murdered or assassinated by unseen Glandelinian spies, and have gone through a terrible time. As my home is too far away to travel by night I thought perhaps you would kindly give us a couple of rooms till morning."

"Give a couple of rooms boys. Sure I will. You have the Vivian girls with you?" recognized them at a glance. "What luck you have boy in defending them for you are in the news papers throughout the nation and I know you too. You are James Andrew's third guardian, and wait until Penrod sees you my lad. That is a caption you will receive. Get in the room on the third floor. Room Number 110. The whole city has prayed night and day, Masses were said in all the Churches for the escape of the little girls and you from those bloody minded Glandelinian spies in general Hances and Garby's Christian armies. And you have won. Now there'll be many more Masses and prayers of thanksgiving and an office in offerings too."

A hotel boy was at once ordered to do what he could for them. The boy at once but with an awe of face came forward and received the little girls and James too most kindly. First in the hotel they had a good meal and the best they had since the war broke out, and every one in the great cafeteria were touched to tears by the piety by which the little girls said prayers said their graces before and after meals.

The next morning the proprietress wouldn't take anything either, but slyly without being seen because Violet is sick that way she slipped the money into his pocket

when he didn't notice and when she was out the last one. Then in a store they thought better dresses than they had on and took their places in the street which was to take them on Central Street where James lived.

Then James while on the street car said: "I have a sort of confession to make Jennie. Though I'll go on all right I'm kind of shy about going home with you little girls." "Why?" Asked Violet. "Wouldn't your father care much about it us being there?" "Oh that isn't it," James said sort of blushing. "But I got word from the Admiral before I left the ship, for he called me aside and said; James I didn't intend to tell you this until you leave. Don't be too shy or embarrassed when you get home, but your father's home because of your goodness to your little princesses friends is paper over Vivian's headquarters in Pandora and Penrod too is there and as your father's yard is immense a child scout troop is encamped there. Also Penrod's two brothers and general Jack Evans is even there. So you see you are greatly honored my boy. But Jennie I'm at a loss what to say and so when I get there I'm not afraid, but at a loss at meeting such great people like your father and your own brothers."

"Your news does not surprise me James for I wrote them to do that."

"You wrote to them to do it?" "Yes. I and my sisters had a feeling all along that you would be glad to meet with them but we were from modesty keeping it from us. You spoke so often of them and of Penrod particularly and when you did it seemed to me that what you said was spoken so earnestly. We would not ask because I was sure you had a good reason for not telling us then, but I was sure there was something. There is no need to be embarrassed when you meet them for despite their rank they claim themselves as equal to any one else, and for heavens sake James when you meet them do so like you do us your ordinary friends. Don't bow as they want God only bowed to. If you like you may salute but don't bow. If you do they'll laugh at you."

"I thought it better not to say anything until the danger was over," said James. In the first place you little girls had need of all your courage and strength in the next place it was possible that we might never reach Pandora, and in that case we would have had to try some other place. But I did not see that I did anything to be so honored by your father taking my home as his headquarters. All I did was pull you through the danger, the soldiers did the rest."

"How thoughtful you are James. Violet murmured throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him. "Oh how much we owe you. But how can we pay excepting by being your companions for life as you desired since you love us now so well and deserved to be loved in return. If you didn't have parents we'd make you our brothers. And how strange and happy we are now, not lonely any more and even Gertrude Argeline is over here. We saw that in the papers in the hotel."

"I know you would not feel lonely long," said James fondly returning the embraces and I can promise you too that before you have been long at my mother's place you will with your sisters feel like one of the family."

"Yes but we could not be on of the family," said Violet. "No but mother and father will look upon you as if you were her daughters and wait until you see my sister. The girls here is where we get off."

"The girls here is where we get off."

"The girls here is where we get off."

"The girls here is where we get off."

"The girls here is where we get off."

"The girls here is where we get off."

"The girls here is where we get off."

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"One added as he bowed boys and girls pressed round to shake hands with the newcomers. You will get accustomed to their presence and like them too. Do you little princesses speak English?"

"Yes, we learned it and can also read it!" Jennie said. "Thank you Madame for giving us so kindly, for we have gone through plenty of trouble in the world." "Mrs. Andrews saw the little girls lip quiver, and some of the children shouted; 'It ain't right, James, when we saw in the news papers what they suffered, right away we became scouts. We only got home on furlough to day.'"

Putting aside her longing to talk to her son Mrs. Andrews said; "James do take your brothers and sisters out in the garden for a short time. They are all talking talking at once and this is a perfect baffle." And thus having cleared the room, she sat down to talk to the seven little girls and soon made them feel at home with her by her unaffected kindness. Violet and her sisters were then shown through the rooms, and there was complete evidence there that four of the room were occupied by indeed the highest ranked persons of all, and they at most recognized the very things. Father and the brothers as and also the mother were here. and oh they wished they could be communicated with. Mr. Andrews soon came afterwards and ran out to the excited happy chatting group in the garden, and after ten minutes happy talk with him James finally managed to get in the words he tried to say and spoke to him of the visitors who were closeted with his mother.

"I want you to make them feel it is the home for the time they are with us father. They will make of being a burden upon me peculiarly will; will be little angels to us, for they are worth more than all the jewelry and money the world can give in an eternity."

"Of course I know that," Mr. Andrews said seeing that as you know they were consigned to me, and the emperor before he came here wrote to me to act as his agent. Had he not to wonder what would become of them and you for I was by no means sure that the little girls had not perished as well as youself."

"They have not perished. They are here safe and sound. They think I am a hero father," and he winked his eye.

"In that case they will be well off for the emperor knows what happened right along. And surely my lad you do a great deal in capturing that despot. You must have gone through a good deal my son. You are scarcely ten, and you look three or four years older."

"I shall look young again father, now I have got my mind clear of anxiety. put they had a trying time of it, I can tell you, but it is too long a story to go into now, and I will tell you all the whole yarn this evening. I want you to go in with me now to the princesses and make them at home until the emperor returns with his gallant sons. I wish they were here for how I love to read their brother's. All this was not so trying for me father for, stood it all pretty good but it cut me to the heart like a knife for every tear I saw in their eyes."

The young ones who were now better behaving as their good excitement had died down were invited to follow and after an hour spent with his parents and the princesses in the dining room at a good dinner James was pleased to see that the latter were already at their ease and that the strange newness was wearing off. The younger brothers and sisters of James all through the dinner eyed the princesses as if they were looking upon angels instead of human beings and they too had within their hearts a surge of love and respect.

During the conversation about what had been going out the eldest of James sister took on an angry insolent look and said sharply;

"I'd like to see the Glandelinians treat me that way. I'd do some of my American things to them. We Americans don't stand things like that, and especially when we're Irish. We are fighters to the truth and true. I'll show them something yet since I'm a girl scout now."

"We give them all that they are looking for when we have the chance" said Joice. "We Abbeinnians don't take anything from the enemy either. We are not suppose to do so because it would be a sin. If I seen an opportunity to kill a rascally Glandelinian at his dirty work and only took him a prisoner I would sin, but we do not give quarter."

A little after dinner James father desired that the little girls should lie down for a while to get rid of the strain that was still upon them, for Mrs. Andrews saw that they required quiet and rest, and so took the little girls up to the bedroom prepared for them. As long as the strain was upon them the little girls had borne themselves bravely, and now that it was over Mrs. Andrews feared that if they didn't rest they would collapse.

So they took the advice and laid down on the beds for the afternoon the good woman saying;

"When your parents and brothers come I will call you up. You must be in a fit condition to meet them."

After the little girls had gone off to bed for the afternoon James said to his father and mother privately;

"I have another piece of news to tell you now. I am afraid you may think it rather absurd at my age and for what my own nationality in blood is supposed to be, without a profession of anything else, but I love the Vivian Girls princesses because they are such good little girls, and to leave their company now would be like leaving a bread knife for me and them. You see" he went on as his parents and brothers and sisters either uttered their exclamation or looked their surprise "we have gone through a tremendous lot together, and when people have to look death in the face every day from unseen sources it makes them seem older than they are, and when as is in this case they have to depend entirely upon themselves it brings them very closely together. I think it might have been so had these troubles to them never come on, for some how I and the little girls have taken very much to each other. Through some cause their father, mother and brothers saw it before I knew it myself, and upon the night before brothers and sisters were separated told the little girl Violet that, should I ever ask for the permanent companionship of the princesses, they approved of them doing so. That would mean father when the war is over we would live in their palace. But although after I came to love them with all my heart I should never have spoken had it not been that I did so when it seemed during the battle that in five minutes we should neither of us be alive. You could never understand what kind of little girls they were. It would take me a lot of explain."

They can't look at a Crucifix without tears coming to their eyes copiously, and once when without thinking I once suggested that some day they could see a famous Passion play, which I could take them to, and they cried so bitterly I felt I had insulted them. But it was the thought of our Lord's passion. I have always felt queer myself when I went to Passion plays and couldn't sleep for night afterwards but never like that. I could never imagine little girls so good, so generous, so pious and holy and lovable. They love their parents and brothers immensely but God they love far better. They too are really angel possessed father and I believe the angels are the ones who because I shielded them helped me accomplish the seeming impossible I have seen the symptoms of it, and perhaps you have noticed a certain perfume odor coming from them."

I could never find the perfume that gives that fragrance and I've sampled all the perfumes there is on the market. They have despite their troubles done a lot for unfortunate refugees, and relieved help the cause through them. That is the cause, not the prettiness that made me love them. At the first meeting of them I was kind of scared because they sure did look very unnatural. There is a sort of transfiguration about them that I no one can understand, if it had not been for that I should have first brought them home and then told them that I desired their companionship. That is the only reward I asked for their pay, and I'll get even with the enemy for making them suffer as they did. I'll never forgive."

"I do not blame you James my boy, and in this case it would be a sin for you to forgive those dirty snakes. I'm a foreigner but I hate these Glandelinians like potent poison," his father said heartily. "Of course you are no foreigner to the Abbeinnians now after what you did for them and neither am I since a month ago I became an Abbeinnian citizen. I can see that the little princesses are girls of no ordinary character, they're literal angels in human form, and it is certain for their well deserved happiness that being here with us and that their father, mother and others are here they will surely feel that they are at home. I noticed the perfume the moment I came in to see them and knew that it was strange. I asked them whether they were using perfume and they said they usually do but had not had a chance for nearly five months. Personally they are certainly pretty, especially Jennie, Joice, Violet and Angelina. Catherine, Gene Genevieve who is called Hettie, and that out little Daisy bell though their other sisters certainly break all record records too, and you can be considered a lucky little boy to be their constant companion. There is no mistaken the fact that they are angel possessed. I wouldn't call them exactly that. I don't hardly believe they're really angels possessed. I believe they're very angels themselves especially they act it. I've heard of angels assuming children forms to comfort very good couples and this may be so here. If they are really little girls possessed of angels you may wonder then how they can come through to suffer all this. Unless God wills it the angels can't do anything to save them from suffering, and can though save them from dangers impossible to escape from without their help. The angels James if you were unable to save them would have stuck for their sake and your behalf so that you would not have needed to worry for when they possess children, they may for the glory and honor of God permit suffering if it has to come but will allow no personal harm as God would not allow it either. That is why He possesses the child with angels on these occasions. It is like the child and the angels are one. So when you did this for the little girls you were entertaining and doing work for angels unawares. And the angels will certainly reward you, and did already in one way by having you succeed. What do you say

"Mother!" To his wife.

"I say God bless them all," Mrs. Andrews said cheerfully. "After the way in which Our Blessed Lord has brought them together, there can be no doubt that they were meant to have this blessing."

"Do you know I half-guessed there was something more than mere gratitude in them when they were at dinner did you not Mother?"

Mrs. Andrews nodded and smiled. "I was sure there was" she said.

"I did not say anything about it when we came in," James said, "because I thought it better that the little angels should have one quiet afternoon, and you know the young ones will feel great at the idea of me being the constant companions of the princesses, though maybe they'll be a little jealous too."

"Never, your mind James," his father said. "Let those laugh that win."

"I won," said James with a twinkle in his eyes.

"And you still intend to remain in the boy scout troop as their aide camp James?"

"Yes father, I have seen enough for the rest of my life, to get even with the enemy for all I have been thinking it over a good deal, and I have determined to learn many a boy and girl about the American ways of doing scouting work. Then when that is completed I'll have my revenge. I'll open the enemy's eyes and let them know who they were trying to make a fool of."

"That's right my boy," Dr. J. Andrews said heartily. "I had always regretted that at first you never had had a fancy for the child scout army, for I used to look forward to your becoming some great boy scout leader a right hand, your brothers and sisters too to the profession since you were away and instead of being ruined have done the training and are leaders of a number of regiments who sure now can do wonders. You have made me very happy James and your mother too for what you have done for these very good little princesses and God too is happy. Happy and also the angels. It will be delightful for us to have you and your little princess friends always together, will it not mother?"

"It will indeed," Mrs. Andrews said in a tone of deep happiness. "Put go James dear and see who is ringing the doorbell."

"Surely dear mother I'll be glad to. But oh I wish it was Penrod."

As he reached the door again the bell rang again and this time as if the party was becoming a little impatient. James opened the door and then gasped.

"Penrod."

Penrod looked long at James as if he could not believe his eyes.

"Why James is it you?" said Penrod taking him heartily by the hand. "Gosh it seems like heaven to see you again. Back home without even us knowing it and he embraced and kissed James heartily. "My good living school chum. That is why I gave you the care of my little angel sisters while I was away. I heard lots about you. But did you finally come home alone?"

"You dear sister's are upstairs asleep in the bedroom," said James gladly. "Of course it won't hurt to bring you up to them. They will be oh so happy. But where is your father and the others?"

"Why they're in the Convention Hall holding a military council. I'll be glad to phone them as soon as my sisters are seen. Lead me to them James. I can't hardly wait to see them."

James and Penrod were soon at the door of the room, but there was no response to his knocking though he knocked three times and loudly too. He slowly opened the door and gave a gasp.

"Why they are sound asleep," he said. "Gosh I hate like heck to awaken them Penrod."

"No don't," said Penrod excitedly but in a whisper. "but in a whisper. He tip toed in and then stood by the three beds. The way they appeared there both boys were deeply moved, and after Penrod imparted a kiss on each of their foreheads with tears of joy in his eyes and then James was bidden to do the same they stole out. Suddenly Violet spoke out in her sleep.

"Penrod oh Penrod, I know James will help us save you again some day. Oh God what he has done for us and he says we don't deserve the crucial things done to us. He was so careful in disguise I'm sure."

Penrod couldn't say a word as he stood there unable and then he went out and they stood in the hall. Then they went out together where they then were alone Penrod gasped the boy by both sides and said:

"James I know it all. Nothing can be put over Jack Evans. He knows how to get communications from the most remote places. I can only say what my father, mother and two brothers would just give to see you. You have done more nobly for my sisters than I had ever expected, and God knows I'll reward you within the full extent of my power. Now don't say you don't deserve a reward. You can't refuse. I'll make you a prince in my father's brother's place and

you, father and mother were glad to hear of it. And you'll be companion to my sisters for life. Don't try to say you don't deserve such an honor. You can't escape it. You have loved me fully and though I loved you before I love you much better now. And Jack Evans. He wishes to see you too. He believes you are his equal in a guardian ship, and will certainly do favor for you. He is proud of you James and so are too. What I heard Violet say in my sleep convinces me the full fact. You were like a guardian angel to them. It seems to be brought them through dangers you would not have done myself. And there were tears of gratitude in Penrod's eyes. "He continued. "Father must know first of all they and you are here. I'll phone them as soon as I can. I cover my emotion of gratitude. I almost believe you are an angel too to have brought them safely through those unseen perils. And then too to sink because the sinking of the enemy ships, capturing an important despatch which I made out myself, and got stolen from my hand parts, and winning the battle for the fleet. You are sure wonderful."

"But, but, -- it was not God that me who did it all it was Our Blessed Lord too," said James. "No -- you see I do not deserve all the credit."

"I know it, but you deserve a whole lot of it," said Penrod. "Don't think that my sisters couldn't get mail or telegraph through to me difficult as it seems."

Foxes are not as shy or as slick as they are. I've clever letters telling of things you did, and still have the letters to prove it. Either Jennie, Violet, or any one of my sisters wrote the letters. You did nobly when you saved Violet from death at the hands of her friends, when they mistook her for one of the secret Glendelinian spies who were trying to assassinate my sisters. I almost believe it was foolish of them to disguise within the Christian lines during that dreadful pick up of the many spies and I wrote them so. But Evans says that there is no one who did more for them than you did. I at first didn't believe the letters, nor the new papers and thought something was amiss. I can't understand yet how in the world you did it. It was a miracle pure and simple. Put here in my room where the phone is. I'm going to get Father on the phone phone."

"But ain't he too busy to be bothered?" protested James.

"He may be but he'll listen to me without provocation," said Penrod. "Besides I wasn't with him in the council. I got news too besides that of your return with them which he'll like to hear." Penrod then sat down as James closed the door. Penrod picked up the receiver for he knew it was the telephone number of the Convention Hall. He got the number in no time and soon on the other end came Hello!

"Is that Emperor-Vivian?"

"Yes, yes. Who is it that do you want?"

"This is my son Prince Penrod talking speaking. I have news for you. My good boy, friend James Peterson Andrews is here."

"What's that?" came excitedly from Emperor-Vivian. "James Andrews, the boy who did so much for my daughters. Thank God I'd like to see him. Where is he at in the city. Is he on the way?"

"No he is at home with his father and mother. Came home this morning. I was oh so glad to see him. And my sisters, your good brave little daughters are sleeping soundly upstairs. Go for Havens sake Father try and shorten the Convention and come home. Bring mother and my two brothers with you. Where is Uncle?"

"He's here too," said Emperor-Vivian. "At least he was. He's on his way there. Thank God again: I want to see my daughter and especially my little friend who did so much for them. You may expect mother any minute. She's gone with my brother Emperor-Hanson. They'll be surprised for they know nothing of it yet. I'll come try to be there at quarter of two. It's one now. Takes some time to get there you know. But I'll be there a son. Good by e."

"They'll be here, mother and my Uncle before Father as they're already on the way," said Penrod. "Evans will come with father. He's a Walter Sturving whom she also helped to save."

"He's with Angelina Aronberg."

"Good. And Timothy Croveton. You did a lot for him when he was wounded. He's been living with your father too. He'll be glad to see you, but he won't be back for several days unless I send for him, and that I'll do. He'll be glad to see you since you was so good as to save his life when attacked by that Glendelinian officer."

Then going to his desk he took out a bunch of letters.

"This is the letter that my sisters sent which is evidence that you did all they wrote for them" he said. "If you like, while we are waiting you will have my permission to read them. They won't care. But oh won't I take each of them in my arms when they are awake. They sure must have gone under a strain."

James indeed was astonished beyond measure by the details of the letters

he cut off all, and slowly read, but there was one thing they did not write about and that was about the capture of the deserter from the enemy spy. James made mention of it, and Penrod asked:

"Why didn't you tell the little girl?"

"I was so busy watching them for their safety that I didn't think of it," said James. "Yet the same girl was the one who sent the news."

"I was the one who got the communications as Father and no one not even you present were home at the time," said Penrod. "The deserter was stolen from me by some spy out side in the distant camp, and I had no means by which to alter them or warn the commander of the fleet, and was there for a great loss. I was scared too believe me and when he came home a father couldn't do a thing either though he tried, and communicated with Hanson, and some of the great generals. You sure saved us from a great disaster, and caused the spies to leave the parish, and too saved that little girl from the second rails. She was the little daughter of the captain one of the ships. He's only six years old too."

"I was glad I saved the little girl," said James. "I-----"

"Oh James. Oh James."

It was the voice of little Daisy, for she and her sisters were in the room just opposite Penrod's. James put his finger to his mouth meaning to Penrod to keep quiet and not show himself for a moment and went out. Daisy was standing by the open doorway looking down the hall.

"Here I am," said James. "I heard you calling. Are your sisters awake?"

"Yes. I thought you were talking to some one in there. I heard voices and one sounded strangely familiar to it."

James motioned to her to go and look in. She hesitated for a moment and then walked cautiously to the door. She opened it and looked in. Then she gave a great scream of delight, and in another instant was held tight in the arms of her brother. Screaming happily to her sisters to come, that Penrod was here, the doorbell suddenly rang. At first so delighted were the three that they didn't hear it, and so James mother went to answer the doorbell. An orderly stood there.

Empress Vivian and Hanson just coming up," he said. "I see them." They were soon in and hearing a commotion upstairs as of little girls in great joy, they wondered what was up and Empress asked:

"What are those children doing up there and why are they so gay?"

"Your daughters have returned," said Mrs. Anderson lovingly and respectfully.

"My daughters. The Princesses. Thank God, and where is their friend and guardian James?"

"He's up there too. Penrod is there and the little girls just found it out."

Hanson and Empress Vivian were in such a hurry to get up the stairs that they nearly fell. The first one they met was James standing modestly by the door. Had they not known who he was by the picture in the paper they would have thought he was some one else and he peacefully passed him.

"Why?" said Mrs. Empress Vivian here is the little hero James," and she took him up into her arms and hugged and kissed him as if he was her own son, to his embarrassment but also delight. Then she went into the room and Hanson too, and then the happy scene was repeated. James of course came in at Penrod's command, and the door was closed.

"You sure were a great brave little lad," said Hanson himself as he seated James on his knee as if the boy were his own son. "Because of what you did I and my brother took possession of your home only as our headquarters to home you and your parents. Many would be glad indeed to have this honor of receiving us as their guests. But this happy reunion is not complete. I must call-----"

"I already did that," said Penrod. "Father said he would try to make it at quarters to two. He won't bother with a street car but will come in his own taxi he always rides. It may be slower but don't make any stops while the street car does here. Oh gosh I forgot to tell him what I discovered." "Oh never mind that now," said Violet happily. "You can tell him first thing when he comes."

"Yes it wouldn't do no good to phone now," said the Empress. "He must have started off right after you phoned him. It is near that time now. He may be here at any minute now. And Jack Evans. Wait till he sees you too my boy. Little he does a great in his eyes."

"My dear nephew was so jubilant over the fact that his dear little sisters were turned that he forgot the important news," said Hanson with a grin. "But why worry. It is just as important to you as to him."

"I couldn't help forget to get in," said Penrod. "Oh how cut a they looked as they lay sleeping in the room. And Violet dear did you have a dream when you lay there this afternoon?"

"Yes," she said. "How did you know?"

"Penrod told me about it," said Hanson. "He said it was a dream."

"I dreamed a little my experiences over again with James," said Violet. "If you came in why didn't you wake us?"

"I didn't want to spoil your rest," said Penrod. "And I wouldn't allow any one to do so. When my boy friend" he added to James "will you tell us what actually happened, and how you got my sisters through all that unseen peril." "I would like to but would rather let you and your parents all hear it first."

said James. "But your good little sisters sure had some awful experience but they escaped easily."

"Yes and but for you we probably would not have," said Violet. "You did it all."

"Yes, but in the end when I got discouraged and down hearted you helped too and so did your sisters."

"At you did most of it," said Catherine. "You know James with God's help nothing is impossible."

"Yes but I believe your dear little possession angels had a good deal to do with it too," said James. "And nobody can tell me you are not possessed by them. I see and have seen a few of the symptoms, and that nice fragrance also proves it for there is no perfume in the world like it. At least if there is you must know what it is and keep it secret."

"We don't keep it secret," said Angelina. "We have not had no perfume at all all for a long long time, until you gave us the whole big set you had sampled. And that we only used for incensing the Church with an an offering. We did not even know we gave off a strange fragrance, for we did not detect it. That is strange news to us. You don't detect anything do you Mother?"

"Yes I do," said the Empress.

"I do too," said the rest. "We always did but did not think of mentioning it, put you must know the strange condition you are in is true. I don't believe if it was really impossible to rescue you your little girls could come to harm anyway. It is a saying and it is or has been proven to be true. To kill an angel possessed child, you must first kill the angel."

"That's impossible," said Penrod. "An angel is a spirit."

"And you can rest easy about your sisters," said Hanson Vivian. "I'll bet my little noises in the long run will be instruments that the enemy will dread to face. God bless him time you know, and He'll then strike."

"I believe I hear the doorbell ringing," said Violet. "Gram I'm dreaming it. Wait. I want to surprise papa. James to hide for a moment. I'll go and open the door."

She left the room and went down stairs. As she was coming down the bell was ringing like mad now proving that it must have been rung for the last five minutes and no one was answering, so even James Father and mother and brothers and sisters had been in the same room and probably didn't hear it. He wondered exceedingly that Penrod who usually can hear a cat walking didn't hear the bell. He really did but at first thought it was all alarm clock and didn't pay any attention. Violet opened the door quickly and met Empress Vivian and Jack Evans face to face. Both of them couldn't hardly believe their eyes and thought they were seeing thin things.

"Why Violet dear is it you?" said Empress Vivian tears of joy coming to his eyes. "I almost gave you up for lost" and in an instant he had her lovingly in his arms. Evans too was equally as glad and in his heart thanked God most warmly. There was no need of asking Violet whether her sisters were also there for it would have been a foolish question. Here she would be so would be her sisters.

"Take me at once to them," said Empress Vivian joyfully.

And she joyfully led them up the steps and into the room. She opened the door and led the way, and it would take too long to tell of the joyful meeting here. It was sure a very happy reunion. As Empress Vivian and Evans didn't see any boy except Jack, Penrod they at first were astonished and Evans himself asked:

"How in the world did your little girls get here, safe and sound. I thought your boy friend James was with you."

Violet and her sisters giggled and then at their astonished looks produced the boy who was hiding behind Penrod. Penrod at their suggestion.

"Go this is the fine little hero," said the Empress taking him up in his arms too. Well well welcome home to my head quarters and your own home my boy. You have done nobly, and well I couldn't understand how it is but our nations newspapers are full of your good deeds, and strange too no paper ever got into the hands of the enemy either, but Manley knows I of it through spies.

You are the little guardian angel sure enough." Turning to his son he said proudly:

"Penrod my boy you did wisely when you choose your school chum friend to be the wake keeper in your place when you had to only temporarily leave

them. You surely placed a good strong guardian over them. Did you really know that he could do all this for them?"

"I didn't expect all that. It is true," said Penrod. "He did much more than I ever hoped upon. But Father I have a confession to make. It is from my experience over there. Though we eat and do every thing and buildhouse almost also in the American way, American peoples are altogether different than we are here in Abbeinnia. It would be a dangerous country for a Glandelinian to go into and start some of his wicked ways. You can't put any thing over on Americans, and they're the most desperate fighters I ever saw. They can't be frustrated in any plans they make, or can't be frustrated in things they do. Here we defend girls nobly, whether they are girl friends or strangers, over there if a boy tries to do harm to a girl the lover, or a stranger will kill him or beat him up, so badly he'll be helpless for life. In a case like this with Glandelinians I'm afraid we Abbeinnians are too gentle. We ought to try some of the American ways in defense of my sisters. I'll bet then the Glandelinians will leave them alone. The fact that James carried through like he did is because he is an American. Only Americans can do that. I knew his qualities and when I had to leave them for a short time that in my mind and as I knew him well I decided to have him guard them for me until either they could return or they could come to me. I see I have not failed in my hope. And sister I don't want to say anything contrary to you but if you want to push your little friend he is a far better back shot than you or me combined. He can pump a one shot rifle as if it was a ten shot rifle. I've seen him do it. If you are with him out alone and thirty or forty Glandelinians chance after you, it will be they who are in peril and not you, and he's terrible at the pistol. He can shoot the smallest branch of a tree and it waving down in the wind too. I knew that and that is why, he chose him to be your protector for me."

"I can tell you all an experience I and my sisters had which makes us almost a little afraid of Americans until we come to know them," said Joice. "We went one day to spy on a certain number of big ranked Glandelinian generals, and we got almost surprised by them and had to save ourselves by hiding under their wide and long table. Just as we did so, three persons men who looked to be foreigners were brought in. Two of them I knew from a glance and so did my sisters to be German, and Irish, but that from their features they were decidedly American also. I wondered what they had done to be arrested by Glandelinian soldiers and finally they were accused of committing murder, before the chief general. Because they had in the short rest time possible during the moment they were fugitives of shooting down a whole platoon of Glandelinian soldiers on the back with one shot rifle. The other appeared to be some Latin Nationality though what he was I or my sisters could not tell. Of course we admired the German and the American, though we could not approve of the awful story; language they used, especially the American in his defiance to the Glandelinian generals. But he sure gave them a piece of his mind, that Irish man, whom I found out was a man called George John McGinn. Never had any of our followers ordered to say anything in back talk to enemy officers because they are dangerous when you do. Neither did we dare it after we learned lessons from experience. We were astonished and shocked when we heard what the American told the general. And one of them rose up white with anger. But McGinn being an American the general feared that what the American said would happen and I guess didn't doom him to a death that he threatened."

"What was the words he told the general?" asked the whole. "Why he told the general that if he was shot he would cause the Americans to be on our side in this war and that it can be proven there is no nation in the world that can lick the United States not even us either. Do you believe that is true Penrod?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to say yes," said Penrod. "The United States has licked other nations that could lick the world, and humbled those nations too. But there would be no danger of us ever waring together. The United States is nearly as good as us even though it has many prisons. Good night I, I rather be country to commit crimes. I've seen the prisons. Good night I, I rather be in a Glandelinian prison. Their prisons over there the reform criminals are are regular hells. The prisoners are never the same person when they do get free. Yes Glandelinia would find that the United States is a dangerous nation, and no doubt if that man you spoke about and his companion too were what shot without good reasons by the Glandelinians I believe Glandelinia would put her foot in hot water. Of course the Americans may have shot down that many men but if the two or three others also were in our uniform Glandelinia would not have any excuse for having them shot, not even if they were spies. Not especially when Glandelinia is the nation she is. I sure wish that country would fight on our side. It would be sure good for us. But it sure was a strong language. Joice Joice but in that cause it was no sin. Glandelinia and all of her contents sure deserve pardon. Put the Irishman Irishman sure had nerve to tell the Glandelinian generals that. Would you know that man if you

saw him again?"

"Yes," said Violet. "We never forget faces. He got away and so did his two companions. They are impossible to be held I heard. He's a hard looking man, tough faced, a scolding expression as if Nature intended he should have it, and seems as powerful as an ox. When I heard what he did, and his German companion, I had the momentary fear of what could happen to us if that man McGinn was on the far side. Of all Glandelinians he could have gotten us at any time for we're nothing in shooting qualities to him if he did all that. Yet Thank God no American came fight on their side. Or we would be out of luck."

"Don't you worry," laughed Penrod. "They wouldn't. And don't think Clancy is an American either. He came from Ireland. He may be a good leader but it is said he couldn't catch a snail. I'm hoping to see the day sisters that one of you will show things to the list of Clancy's Glandelinian generals by popping him."

"Now James my boy," said Emperor-Vivian, "will you kindly tell us of your experience in saving my little daughter through the unseen dangers."

James then before the whole circle, even that of his own family who was there too in the room big sitting room related the adventure that they had gone through, subject however to a great many interruptions, from Violet, Jennie or another of her sisters.

"But I'm telling the story to you little girls dear, as I was asked," he said at last. "Some day when you feel better after your trying experiences you angels may give your version of it."

"But he is not telling it right father," Jennie protested, as the sisters mournfully shook their heads, as James. "He keeps all the best part a back. He says about the dangers, tells of what I did to save a little girl from dying of illness, what we did and what we are and how we were born born all our troubles and sorrows and fears, but he says nothing of what he did himself. Then she broke into Abbeinnian. "No father and dearest mother, it is not just, it is not right, I or my sisters will not suffer to have the tale told so. How can it be the true story when he says no word of his courage, of his devotion, of his helping us to save Violet, condemned to die before a firing squad as a spy or to be charged by general Nance, who mistook her for an enemy boy spy trying to kill us because she was disguised, and couldn't speak her natural voice, over of the way he watched over us, and cheered us, and kept away most of our grief, though he often too was very much down hearted for we could see it, no word of his grand heart, of the nobly way he risked his life for us, for his friend Walter Starvig, for all Oh Father and Mother and all here I can't tell you what we all owe to him," and Jennie who had risen to her feet in her earnestness, burst into passionate tears, and Penrod who was standing near took her in his arms and sitting down for held her for a time until she could smile again.

"It is like an Abbeinnian American to keep himself out of it as much as he can," said Penrod. "All brave Americans are like that. They will do a whole lot for you, and do not want any praise for it."

"Well James my boy," said Emperor-Vivian. "Our great friend here Jack Evans knew how to get information, he is very slick at it, and he could even now produce a written account of what you did far more than the details you have told us. Instead of making your self the hero when you told the details you did you make out my daughter as being the heroine instead. It is true you said nothing at all about your self, but you were the instrument by the aid of God in getting my dearest daughter through perils which not only could they have failed to escape from, but from which others could not have saved them from. I and mother ought to be sure we were going to lose Violet when she was mistaken by general Nance as a Glandelinian boy scout spy, and what made it so hard for her when in disguise, and when her voice lost its natural tone, is because she was with that traitorous rascal whom she recognized at once we recognized, and whom you James finally killed or caused to be killed. You got her sisters to identify her after you found where she was kept. All the other details we know as Evans was able to find out everything. You will receive far more than gratitude from us my boy, and as my daughters already love you it is wise for us to see fit to give you a position of rank as high as it is within our own royal power. To move you may need to proceed with the Admiration to the Convention Hall for there they too will proceed to honor you for not only saving the despatch of my son from capture from the enemy, but saving the fleet, and saving the captives little daughter from being murdered by the two scoundrels who had captured her. You have done more in that short space of two weeks and a few days than any one ever known and you deserve the love of my little daughters. That your rank will be we will decide during the sitting meeting in the Convention Convention Hall to move, though my son Penrod has already suggested to me something very unusual. That will be up to the meeting to move now."

"But surely I do not believe, these are a reward just for doing a little thing like that," said James. "I must confess it was not me in peril. The unseen spies did not paste me at all. It is true I had only one encounter with a spy and that was the Glandelinian boy spy who made up as Princess Violet. But Oh heavens it was a perfection on my eye. It was a poor duplicate, and any one by his voice could mistake him for a man than a little girl. His face was not handsome enough and too he was one of those who had double crossed me some time ago and the chance meeting gave me a opportunity to get even. He was raiding Argellina Aaronburg's tent when I came upon him. I didn't care even if he did not have a chance to defend himself. It is our American ways about such kind of enemies. We shoot them like we would shoot a wolf. Then surely the other thing was of no account. I never saw but one or two of the other spies, whom I easily killed when in a sneaking way they were following you dear little daughters. Surely it is a fact it is they who deserve rewards and not me. I didn't suffer but they did--and--"

"Oh yes you did too suffer but forgot about it," said Jennie decidedly. "Often when you didn't know we were standing by you--but you were nearly crying you you--eyes out for us. You almost despaired once and then you did so much for us, when it was difficult then seemed impossible to pass through we thought it was time to do our part and yet that was nothing in comparison to what you did. You were more worried about our safety than we were ourselves. It is true we were very unhappy and good and scared at times but you comforted us. You did a lot more in two weeks for us, than any one did in months," Evans said so and you make little of it. Why should we be a reward? That is due to you, you claim we are oh such good little girls, and it is true, I'll have to admit it, but you are unusually good even for a foreign boy. You have even astonished us for there was not the slightest sin on your part either and papa there is one part of the story he left out perhaps he forgot. He didn't tell you how he saved General Nemo from two or three assassin spies, and got a promotion as his secretary. And it was through that that he was able to get us through the rest of the Christian lines without hindrance by the spies."

"I know that happened," said Emperor Nemo, and so does Jack Evans. It is the first time brother Nemo that you heard of it. I forgot to tell you. Here is the letter General Nemo sent me about James. His conduct was so good and he did a lot of work too and while acting as secretary was able to denounce and cause the arrest of about two thousand suspicious characters."

"That is good news to me," said the Emperor. "That is something else for the lad to be honored by and----there is the supper bell folks. Remember Mrs. Andrews is not a lady to be kept waiting when she cooks a good food."

After the supper was over adding with the General after meals was a general prayer of Thanksgiving to God for the safe return of the little girls, and a special prayer for the guardianship of the proper disposition of the reward for James on the morrow. Then as Empress Vivian saw that Violet and her sisters required rest and quiet she took them up to the bed room prepared for them. As great as the strain had been upon the little girls, it was evident that they must have been angel possessed because they did not fall asleep, and only felt the happier that they were safe once more in their father's immeasurably strong army, which even at many occasions Glandelinian spies of the boldest kind dared to even approach. There is even no record of the "putt and Jeff" spies ever coming to the this Christian Army. The Empress herself decided to stay with her daughters until they were asleep and the Emperor and Evans and Penrod stayed at the table with James. Then being admitted by James mother came Timothy Groveton himself, his arm was still in a sling, but he was his gay self again. Sauteing he said "So sorry girls and general Evans to be late, but I had a little military duty to attend to and just got it through just learned of what happened to you every saintly little daughter. Mrs. Hanley is scared stiff of that little American boy and----and----and----" he checked himself and stared as if he thought he was seeing a ghost.

"Why bless my soul if it ain't James himself," said Tim. "My Dear sweet God but it sure is good to see you again," and he clasped the boy lovingly by the hand and kissed him on the forehead. "When did you get back again?"

"I arrived early this morning," said James. "How is your shoulder?"

"It's much better but only the doctor said I must keep it this way for a time yet. It's doctor's orders you know. Where are the dear little girls?"

"I know they're here otherwise you wouldn't be here."

"They have just gone to bed upstairs and their mothers is with them Tim," said Emperor Vivian. "But you may go up and look in. If they're still awake they'll be glad to receive you, but if not do not wake them as they sure need rest."

"I'll promise that they won't be awakened," said Tim and he went up stairs.

"Tim soon returned, that is half an hour afterwards, while James was finishing cleaning up the dining room."

"I thought you said the little girls were in their room," said Tim. "There are only little angels up there. They were not asleep when I went up there but just had finished their night prayers. They were covered me as if I was a long lost brother and then when I was preparing to go said their night prayers over again and prayed that my shoulder would be better. But James dear where did you get that perfume you gave them? It certainly was delicious. I never smelled any such good perfume in my life and----" what a--you laughing at General Evans?"

"I didn't give them any perfume," said James.

"You smell the heavily perfume of the angels," said Evans. "I'm now going up to see them while my friend the Emperor can entertain you two boys until you too wish to go to bed. But I believe you'll both be too happy to sleep all night."

"But where is the room I'm to sleep in?" asked James.

"You are going to sleep with me to night," said Penrod, and that room is where they are. There is no other bed room, and sure you won't blush alone play with them little girls. It would be a perfection and you'll have their angels watching you and me all night."

"I have often slept with them and there is nothing I found to be ashamed of," said James. "But don't there sometimes come a light from them especially when the room is dark. I sometimes imagined there was a--was it--dreamed."

"I've noticed that my self," said Penrod. "A real possessed child will at night give a sort of light. Jennie's and Violet's and also Argellina's light seems the strongest and the same, but all the light is the same color a strange beautiful light blue."

"I could prove to you my boys," said Emperor Vivian, "and also to you men of the good qualities of my daughters if you really wish to know their character. You my boy James told you father of their disposition when speaking to them about 'a Passion Play' you heard of. I tell you my lad that every I go over the mere mention of it is a mere play of you ought to have seen them when I and my mother wife, call her mother because she is one, and the little girls for the first time when to a passion play. At the sad part a they acted some thing awful and we had to go out. They screamed so when they saw the hammering of nails that the whole audience was excited, and when he was raised on the Cross they fainted, and for two months were ill and wouldn't hardly eat a bite. The shock was terrible upon them and since then we never even so much as mentioned one. The scene affected us greatly too and Mother was greatly sobered but we did not go that bad, though I, afraid I wouldn't care to see it again either for we felt the effects for ever afterwards. My little daughters I thought would never be the same. They do not care for the picture of the Last Supper never have it any where where Judas is shown in it. They have a picture of the Last Supper at home but in that picture Judas is not there. They don't want to hear his name mentioned. In any Church they can't approach a crucifix without tears welling copiously into their eyes."

"I've seen that every time I went to Mass with them," said James. "Even at the Elevation their eyes are tearful. Once too they saw a Glandelinian prisoner who threw mud at a statue of our Blessed Lord, wet sloppy mud, and though Violet's sisters shrieked and then burst into a passion of weeping, I was surprised that Violet didn't put her eyes flashed, she herself scooped up a handful of hard mud and flung it right into his face good and hard so that it entered his eyes so badly that I hear his eyes are being treated in the hospital and yet may be he'll never be better. The little girls wouldn't leave the statue until every particle of mud was cleaned off by them. But the prisoner was sentenced to the Island prison for that offense by the Court Marshall Tribunal."

"Yes, that is the usual case," said Emperor Vivian. "Though for blasphemous actions the penalty here is death."

"He got life," said James. "Life term."

"They are unusually good something very extraordinary for little girls who go through such a life," said Penrod. "Some believe they are so good because the angels possess them, and that they are that way because they and the angels seem to be one. Is that so Father?"

"No it isn't," said Emperor Vivian. "I believe the first symptoms came on them a little before the war came out. I wondered why they so often escaped great dangers like they did when it seemed impossible to escape. They could accomplish things against the enemy that was impossible for others to do. They cried when babies at the sight of a crucifix. The most peculiar thing that came to my mind happened as witnesses told me who were too far off to save them in time was when they were captured by Glandelinians, and there was no hope of rescue or escape. The Glandelinians first tried to make my daughters harg themselves, The side of the gibbet was fixed with a steep ladder and all she

would have to do was climb up, attach the noose to the neck and jump off. 432 We'll to command them to do that was like talking to the wall. They wouldn't do it not because they feared to die that way but because there is no such thing as compulsion in that and that it would have been the sin of cowardice and suicide had they obeyed. Enraged the officer in charged ordered them to be shot down and when the men aimed their rifles and really obeyed the command fire, the guns wouldn't go off. The officer in examining the cartridges found they were not blanks, and neither were the rifles in any out of the way condition. The men became scared, excited, and wouldn't obey another command to run them through with the bayonet, and then he himself lunged at, yelling fire with his sabre to run her through. My daughters said afterwards, that they could not tell whether it was lightning or not, but some dreadful flash seemed from nowhere to instantly connect with the sword, there was a cloud of smoke, and a terrific ear-splitting crash like thunder, and the man lay dead blackened to a crisp. The soldiers fled in a dreadful panic, leaving the little girls behind, so that they not having been tied to anything were able to go away at their leisure. Walter Starling was one of the witnesses but was too far away to render assistance on time. He believes one of the angels struck with a flaming sword. For it looked like one appeared to his eyes and connected with the colonel's sword. My daughters of course were shocked over the outcome especially at the sight of the man's horrible death, and the cowardice of his comrades. They'll pick on the seemingly helpless or real helpless and when vengeance overtakes one of their number they flee like cowardly rats. That is one good proof of angel possession. They told me that the flash was similar to that which occurred when the Glandelinians were struck dead on their knees on an occasion before this and they themselves not injured nor the horses either, but that occurred during a terrific thunderstorm. The other occurred from a clear sky (not punch in the eye) with the sun shining.

"I am" "I'm wondering though" said Timothy Groveton himself "why it is that since they are these kind of little girls and love him so that Our Lord would allow them to suffer so at the hand of the enemy or at least seems so." "From many of the incidents I've have experienced," said Jack Evans "I don't believe He will allow it. General Hendon Michael Dargatzis the supreme head of the Gemini said to me one day that he believes that the little girls could avoid much of this if they had remained home or fled to the solitary confinement of the protection of the far northern state of Domobla, Abbeinnia or Abyssinika."

"That could not be the man doesn't understand" said the Emperor "if they would be safe there I would then make them do it. But then I don't want them to be looked upon as cowards either if they are angel possessed then why should we be afraid of their welfare. At the beginning I often was mighty badly worried about their safety but now since even this past experience I am more convinced than ever of their safety. But then you must know their own bad experiences was something which would have caused them unnecessary sorrow, and that was often false news. A number of times I must confess, I had died, I had been killed, I had been fatally wounded, and so on. I was killed according to later reports at the Battle of Cedar Nine Creek. Fortunately they did not get that news. I don't remember ever seeing the battle. It was fought by General Hansonia."

A number of the battle at which I was reported killed I never even saw. My daughters don't fear the enemy and defy the enemy to the last. Those Glandelinians were fools, or crazy who thought they could make little girls like them commit suicide by hanging themselves when they knew it was a sin, and when they are as stubborn against sin, as it is ever possible for any one to be stubborn. They wouldn't sacrifice anything to commit a sin. They have seen sights that no one else could live through and are still alive as if nothing happened. Nothing can daunt my little daughters. They are as brave as they are good."

"But when they are so good, is it right for them to suffer so unjustly" asked Tim."

"Absolutely not. But what can prevent it, when the enemy have no more respect for Our Blessed Lord and Christianity than the Devil has, and too Our Dear Blessed Lord didn't deserve what he suffered, and neither did His Blessed Mother, and yet they didn't escape it. If you will tell my daughters that they don't deserve what they go through, they'll tell you most decidedly that they are no better than Our Blessed Lord, and if He suffered why shouldn't they. They love me and my sons with a true sacred love that is unusual, they love me and their loved ones in a way that cannot be described, but that love is hatred in comparison to their love of God and His Blessed Mother. I remember the day before I knew it was up that they read my death notice I having been killed while out scouting. In fact I even had not left the headquarters which I resided. Their grief over the news was terrible as I learned, but when they went into a Church to get consolation, they saw a large crucifix and the appearance of the image was so heart-breaking and life like that they had to be gently carried out of the church

so intense and wild was their grief. They even forgot their grief over my loss. Even when they finally learned the full truth made a mistake and I was not injured, it was some time before consolation came back to them. My little daughters it seems can't bear the sight of a crucifix without bursting out like that and yet they won't be without one either. One awful thing that happened once was that they planned to have a shooting match, and a statue of a evil spirit was to be the object. But it was to be covered over with a dirty trick was played on them. A statue of the Sacred Heart was placed there instead covered with a black cloth. My dear little girls however you know are very suspicious of anything these days, and she and little Jennie didn't like the looks of the statue that is the shape, he and her sisters had been first selected to see whether they could hit it within difficult pistol shot range and later rifle range. They however hesitated about doing it, though some of their friends asked them what delayed their target shooting. But they wouldn't do anything, and finally Jennie decided to uncover it and make sure it was the proposed statue. The shock of what it really was was severe. They didn't cry however, they just seemed unconcerned, and walked away back to their tent. At supper they couldn't eat, and finally collapsed, and were ill for three weeks. I had the entire territory within and without the Christian camp combo combed for the dirty snake that played that trick. I tried to, and I was horrified that when later he was found he was acting like he was a dog, barking and so forth. He was completely out of his mind and though he did not have abilities he was foaming at the mouth."

He must have had an awful wicked intention in trying to play that trick on my good little daughters other wise he would not have been so horribly afflicted. Knowing what had caused it, no doctors would even take care of him. He was sent to some mad house, and, presume he is there yet. If he had not been in that condition I would have had him face a firing squad for that wicked act. But his condition was sufficient punishment. Their love of God is sure extending even Good Friday and Holy Saturday has a sad effect upon them. They do not cry but they have a feeling as if they had lost all, and nothing can comfort them until Easter Sunday comes around. Because of how they feel on Good Friday I often wish that day never came."

"But yet I can't understand it" said James himself. "Everybody whom I met who are of our side speaks of it and hotly too, even the refugees. They blame themselves and blame even the nation for the perils of the little princesses and declare they don't receive protection enough."

"They don't ah," said Emperor Vivan. "What did General Nance and Nemo do when you were within their lines. So rigid and fierce was the drastic measures against the assassin spies that even any one who were disguised within the Christian lines were even arrested and made to produce papers and give satisfactory explanations and if they couldn't well too bad. You know that happened and what a time you James and your sisters Violet a sister had to save her from being hanged when she was arrested by General Nance who mistook her for a spy. It did no good there for her to wear a disguise for it made it more dangerous for her. Nance would not have been to blame even if he had hanged her, if he did not discover this truth in time because he couldn't recognize her. I might have been able to save her however but you went to her quicker. The arresting of her by mistake shows that Nance meant business against my daughters enemies."

"But why do the enemy persecute your daughters like that, surely is not for spy it is. The enemy spy on you and then they have a right to spy too." "The excuse is for spying," said Jack Evans but many of the Gemini and our own Military detectives and revenue agents and others found out different. Military and her sisters are princesses. Manley and his followers are jealous of them. It was said some time before the war broke out he had been their friend but then turned against them through jealousy. I don't believe he ever was their friend, and only acted so when they were near him and were secretly their enemy. And another thing. The Glandelinians hate any body who is contrary to their opinions. They hate anybody that is what you call "Goody Goody" and as they hate Our Blessed Lord and all His Heavenly Creatures they hate a lot all His followers down here on earth. Of course it is true Violet, and her sisters did a lot of spying on the enemy and I trusted a very plan even to causing disaster to the enemy but they had a right to in defense of their holy country. Violet once said to me "continued Evans" if the enemy don't like us to spy, let them keep their spies away from our armies too then."

"But why do the possession angels allow so much to be done to the little girls" asked Penrod. "That is up to the angels" said Emperor Vivan. "We know nothing about their doings unless it is that the Angels have to let Nature take their course. They couldn't stop Our Blessed Lord from going through his sad Passion so maybe that

the more they couldn't stop them from it either. Many said they believed 434 that they heard at times at large weeping in the room where the little girls sleep which did not come from them. You must know Angela can feel what you feel. Don't think because they possess Heaven that the angels are happy when people like people offend the One they love so much so often and so grievously. Many times I'm sure angels feel like striking. But the fact that the miraculous escapes they so often had proves they are angel possessed. Given with the strange breaking of the ropes when that one man charged Joice. He had tied stones on her feet to make weight enough to strangle her hands, and she fell on the man killing him instantly.

"I've heard of that, Joice told me" said James.

"Who is one of the two great enemies so far known yet living?" asked Tim.

"I believe it is some Glandelinian officer, a murderous child butcher by the name of Killchild or something," said Emperor Vivian.

At the name James face blanched white. They saw that and Evans asked;

"What's the matter my boy, are you afraid of that man?"

"No," he said beginning to whimper. "He killed,--killed my youngest brother, and my cousin Mildred. And he was such a--a--good--little girl--too."

"And if you save my daughters to get even with the enemy?" asked Mr. Emperor Vivian.

"At first that was partly my intention, and partly for their sake, but when I saw what they are and came to love them as I do I saved them for their sake only. They told me I got satisfaction on the enemy by saving them but I didn't. I want to get Killchild. I'll kill him the first chance I get no matter what the cost."

"He's a dreadful enemy of my daughter and dangerous to every one else as well" said Emperor Vivian. "No body could ever do that man harm and yet it is said those that will fully harm my daughter never have a stroke of luck. No one so far did to them what he did. I could not tell you the details my boy. You wouldn't be able to stand it. You would turn ill from the shock. They showed their bravery though by standing the test. But they would dread to meet him now. Of all Glandelinians he's the only one they can't help being scared of. They confessed that to me often."

James having recovered himself grinned.

"Would God reward me in anything I ask for doing what I did for your daughter's daughter?"

"I believe He would my boy. If it is for your good."

"I wouldn't want it for my own self, for their own good. I will pray to night that if it is his will he'll allow me a chance to set them free."

"Set my daughters free from what?"

"Why I will for their sake justly kill Killchild if he wills it. It's no sin to do that is it?"

"It is and a grievous sin not to do it if you had the chance" said Evans. "It's different in other wars I suppose even if justified in killing in battle but in such a cause as this it would be a sin not to kill Glandelinians who are a hellish menace to others. It would be a good thing to do it for what he would give to get his hands on the poor little girls. But if you succeeded in doing it you would be a wonder against the problem is to find the scoundrel, that snake. Do you know him by sight?"

"I certainly do. I know his face well."

"Is he only a child slave massacre leader or a soldier in the army?"

"That I cannot tell. But he led in the massacre of children in Hest-Cedernine one day. I did not see the details for real but I heard of it. My brother was tied hands and feet tightly and thrown into a quick sand mine. The little girl my cousin was stripped naked despite her struggles, then to prevent her from breathing until she died the Glandelinians who had her fastened a sponge soaked with ammonia to her face, and then when she was dead, took away the front part of her body and tying strings around the rutsures wouldn't fall out, hung her to a tree in that condition for the vultures to eat. It is said Killchild did that to my brother and he himself with his own hands. I've often dreamed of seeing both and saying pleadingly to me 'Avenge us. It will be a sin if you don't.'"

"You may try to get the chance by praying" said Emperor Vivian. "If your prayers are answered you'll have the opportunity. If you succeed in that you'll surely relieve the minds of my daughters a great deal. Oh how they dread that man. The only one who escaped him except by a miracle if they ever get caught by him. What they went through when his prisoners once I could not bear to tell you and they wouldn't want me to tell any one because it was too shocking. It was a horrible whole sale massacre of children and they were made to stay among the dead gutted bodies. He was the worst of all afraid boys you would never have the chance and he's terribly dangerous too."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.

James gets two rewards. 2.2.2.344458

"Knowing so much what the poor little princesses have gone through because of him," said Evans "I too have tried to secure him. Nobody too has ever escaped from me, but I've not had anything to that man. If you ever succeed and you only a little boy you'll be a wonder!"

"And you say he is the enemy that the princesses really are scared of. I never thought they were afraid of a ny Glandelinian" said James surprised. "But they really are, you can ask them yourselves" said Emperor Vivian. "It is because that man is the kind that no one can trifle with. It would be my friend if they ever fall into his hands again. There would be no escape. They may fight him off if they have a chance and are armed but they are really scared of him all right because there's no escaping him."

"Well I thought James to himself 'If I get the opportunity they won't need be scared of him any longer.'"

Finally James announced that he wished to turn in for the night, and so they all did, except Emperor Vivian who had a lot of military business to accomplish and had to stay up late. Penrod showed James his bedroom they entered the room, and then the three being a soft light both went to where where the little girls lay in two beds. The beds were large enough for seven or eight little girls to sleep in. They were sound asleep and looked like sleeping angels but Penrod warned James to tip toe for the least sound could awaken them, especially when their little lives were such exciting ones. For a long long time both boys stood looking at the little sleepers very unwilling to pull themselves away. Then they undressed behind a screen they stood up, and after saying their night prayers, and James adding a petition for additional ones both went to bed. James however that night had an awful dream. He it seems was a witness to the murder of his little brother and his cousin, and strove to save them most desperately and could not. He cried out and screamed loudly in his sleep. The horror of the dream woke him up and also Penrod and some of the little girls who suddenly sat up in bed. Jennie the nearest was out of bed and sitting on his in a moment asking James what was the matter.

James through his sobbing told them of his awful dream. They had quite a time to bring him to where he was shaking all over but Jennie was able to comfort him and got him to lie down again. But he couldn't sleep any more after that and he therefore lost his hunger for breakfast too. He didn't get up so early that morning with the rest, and when he was called to come down to breakfast he came down but sat there and did not eat a bite. They could not hardly understand how a dream could affect him that way but Violet said later after breakfast "The dream brought back memories of his sad loss. It is too bad that such a good boy should have to have suffered a loss of a dear one, and we know how it felt when we only thought we did. He's still got over the effects of the dream soon. He did more for us than we can ever pay him for, and so it is up to us to help him out of his difficulties. We will let him enjoy our company until the time comes for him to be called to the attention of the world."

"It would be a good plan to let him go out here back riding with you," said Evans. "Make a tour of the camp. But just for present my little ones don't go outside the camp. You didn't let the enemy know you were here. Better for you to be healthy to let the strain wear off. You ought to take a three months vacation from your duties and let the Gemini do the work for you."

"We intend to" said Joice. "That is if the enemy let us. But we are not going to do any spying for a long long time. But I just thought. How about Gerald Starling. Did he stay a prisoner since the day we captured him?"

"No" said Evans. "In an attack upon our lines recently he was rescued. I suspect that that would happen." said Violet. "Next time it is best for us to put the littleascal out of the way. We do our work against him for nothing. He's as pesty as old James Deldon."

Jennie suddenly thought of something and turning to James came with the question:

"Who was the man who led the massacre of children among which you and little brother and cousin were murdered?"

"Henry Gale," said James.

Violet gave a start and turned white. Her sisters looked startled and glanced fearfully at one another.

"Henry Gale" Violet finally managed to say. "Surely you are fooling."

James. It can't be the man who because of his murders of children is nicknamed Killchild."

"I'm not mistaken" said James almost vehemently. "I would know the man anywhere where I know too he is the only man you little girls fear. I can see it in your faces."

"We have a right to be scared of him," said Daley. "There is no one who can risk chances with him. The very Abbe's Government has put a big price on that reckless head for his destruction for what he does and what he suffers under him but no one can get that fellow, and those who ever had a chance were afraid to try it. We would give up a life if he once ever got us in his possession again. But come let's forget it. It almost proved fatal to him. His name once more when we almost had gotten it. I'll have my order. I'll saddle our own horse the seven beautiful black beauties and you own, or if you like you can ride one of our other horses which is swift, and my sisters can show you a good part of the city of Pando in part perhaps which you have never seen and there's a big church not far off from from which we came when we went to Mass this morning. As you were ill you didn't get up so early but there is chance of your attending the last Mass."

"I would rather go there first," said James. "As I didn't eat my breakfast I may have a chance to go to Holy Communion yet."

"Just as you say," said Daley. "But we will have to hurry."

The boy who was supposed to get out the horses through some misunderstanding of orders got out the horses and carriage instead. When they were called for they were ready and in going out were surprised to see only the horses and carriage.

"But we had you told to bring out eight horses we were going to ride our horses," said Violet in astonishment.

"Never mind," said Angelina. "We might as well ride the carriage now."

"Yes," said Catharine. "We will only delay James for a Mass."

They got in the carriage though there was some slight friendly argument on the matter of getting in, as they wanted James to do so first and he wouldn't say instantly "Oh, ladies first always."

"Then now are we going to get out first?" laughed Violet who was the last one in.

"You forget," James grinned. "That the carriage opens on both sides."

"Oh, I forgot that," said Violet. "So it does. But where is the driver who didn't show up."

"Never mind him," said Jennie scrambling over to the seat. "If we can ride a horse we can drive. She took up the reins and at the Abbe's command the horse went at a brisk trot. It was this early riding all right and within a short time they were before a great big church at Vincent's.

"Who's going to guide the horses and carriage when we all go in the church?" he asked James.

"I'll hire a boy on the street here," said Jennie. "He looked around and just saw a boy come walking out of the church."

"That's Father Mulvihill's altar boy," said James. "He'll guide the horses and carriage."

Jennie called to the boy but had to repeat it twice before he heard he was so engrossed upon his own thoughts. He came up willingly and very respectfully but when he got a good look at Jennie and her sisters he almost gave a jump. With the purpose of going out and with him the city Violet and her sisters were dressed in their prettiest dresses, civilian of course, but had donned their heart-shaped military uniforms. He had looked even to James unattractively pretty to day so pretty he couldn't hardly look upon them without a heart ache and the altar boy fairly gasped on beholding them.

He covered himself with a hawker and snuttling respectfully said:

"What do you wish little girl?"

"Would you mind taking care of my horses and carriage. Until we come out of the church."

"If you like, miss but I surely am not worthy of sitting in a carriage seat where a little angel is sitting. I'll feel queer out of place."

"No get it," said Jennie. "We are not celestial, and we are as much equal as you are. Come take the seat and when we come out we'll pay you for it."

The boy respectfully waited until she got down and then climbed up. Both the eight were in the church. James observed to the rear of the church a large crucifix and hoped that when the little girls would go out they would fail to see it as he didn't wish to have the results as usually come. He wished more to see them smile, laugh and be happy. The entire floor of the church was magnificent, the altar had two big angels in prayer attitude at each side of the Altar and all side altars had angels and the stained glass pictures windows were numerous and beautiful. When they came in they could see by the position of the priest at the Altar that he was just finishing Mass, that they were a little early for the next and the last week day Mass. James and the little girls however couldn't find any pews vacant in the church, and there fore knelt at the rear of the church until the Mass was over.

Violet and her sisters pay as much attention to the proceedings of the Mass as persons would to a Great show in which they were most intensely interested, such attention that James who was even a devotee altar boy was astonished. Whether kneeling or sitting they neither moved nor even had their faces turned any where but toward the Altar and the way they bowed their heads at the priest's elevation of the Sacred Host was touching and awe inspiring. But though he knew what they did, from being conscious of it, James did not look any where else but at the Altar, and when the last time came he went right up and bowed devoutly as a good boy should. What made him more astonished is the way which the priest turned the first time to say Dominus Vobiscum the way he couldn't help for a second glance at Violet and her sisters. Finally the Mass was over and yet for a time Violet and her sisters did not like to leave even when the candles were out. James hoped they wouldn't go out by the rear of the church for the dread what might happen if they happened to see the crucifix but it was not his way to prevent them for it would be wrong.

But for some reason or other he was not to get his wish. Finally they got up and after a moment's respectfully started slowly out toward the rear single file placing their palms in their pocket. It was however quite dark where the crucifix stood and he believed that after all they would not see it. But they had very keen eyes indeed and saw it at the first glimpse and was before with tearful eyes in an instant and for a long time could not tear themselves away, while Jennie embraced the feet of the image lovingly and with a sad face indeed James was deeply moved and felt a devotion himself for our blessed Lord which he never felt before. Then finally they left the church and went out in the vestibule of the church he gently suggested that they should dry their eyes, as he did not want the boat guiding the carriage to see them that way. They took his advice and wiped their eyes. Then they slowly went out. Little angels indeed James thought to himself. "They are more Holy, believe them most of the saints themselves if not all. I guess they didn't cry but like I heard they do because of me being present but they sure looked as if they could have wept bitterly. Gosh I decided it but it wasn't avoided. I'm tempted to take hold of any one of them and hold her in my arms for the rest of the day. Little girls like that are don't deserve what they have to go through. Persecute them because they are a good body good." Oh, I'll show the enemy something. I sure prayed hard in the past that if it is God's will I'll rid them of the one enemy they dread the most. He's got it coming to him as he killed my brother and cousin. When they got in he suggested that he would drive for them. The other boy did not want to accept pay went off from them and even suggested that they all ride and he would drive them where ever they wanted to go. Finally as they accepted his offer James asked him a whisper.

"I couldn't help noticing it as I was paying so much attention to the Mass. Why did the priest look at you little girls so. He looked like he had seen a ghost. Do you know him?"

"Not at all," said Angelina. "I believe he thought he was seeing things. Every body who doesn't know us believes we are not real. I and my sisters are always wondering why it is because we are so pretty girls the more something else, but we didn't notice it or if we did we didn't pay any attention. Did the priest look scared?"

"Not scared," said James. "But he did look queer. He was kind of shaky noticed as he raised the chalice for the elevation, and shaky still when he gave us Holy Communion. But he didn't look exactly scared. I wonder if he thought he was saying Mass for seven little angels like we are?"

"Very pretty girls as angels," said Violet. "I wonder why?"

"But you deserve it," said James modestly.

"Yes, I suppose so but if you knew the names the Glandellians call us-----" "You telling me," said James. "I could recite every one in a long list by heart. There would be no one call you a 'Gutter-snipe, or a 'Cathedral, or a 'St. and other names before me and get away with it. The worst is gutter-snipe. That's the most vicious, treacherous and fiercest reptile known and very venomous too."

"Well the saying goes," said Violet's sister Catharine. "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but names will never hurt me. But it does hurt us though not for our sakes but because for God's sake when they also call us dreadful dirty blasphemous and immodest names. We shoot at them for that."

"But," said James again. "Why shouldn't you deserve to be called and called angels. Indeed it is not that you look so pretty I am sure. The way you act and do it seems as if you and the angels were one, you do the same thing, and all-wise parols that only angels can. There is only one thing lacking though I see," he added. "You don't seem to be as happy as angels are."

"Oh yes we are at times. But I hear they are not happy when we ain't go then what are we to do."

They had some quite some distance and James had noticed that every body on the side walks stared as they rode by. He paid no attention and then suddenly said:

"Why didn't Penrod come out with us?"

James giggled at that.

"You'll find out in the Convention Hall," he said. "He and father is preparing his supper for you."

"Supper!" said James. "I don't understand."

"Wait until the time comes," said Nettie. "When you are sent for then you'll know. Father doesn't want you to talk."

"Maybe you do not know yourselves," said James smiling.

"We are not positively sure what it is but we have our suspicions," said Catherine.

"It is you little girls who ought to get a supper and a good happy one!"

said James. "You are sure well worth it, and no one can deny it."

"Well I suppose it is as you say," said Angelina. "But we don't get what we deserve, we get what we don't deserve and we don't complain either. But look there. This is the big bridge crossing the big Mississippi river into another section of the city. Live in the hall we go to now."

"It might be a long time," said Jo. "We are far away from home as it is."

"I guess we ought to turn back," put in James. "I see also it is starting to rain and we don't want to get wet."

So the horses were turned back and soon they were home and bound. However it did not rain as much as was expected, and when they got near the place Violet and her sisters could not resist the temptation of going back into the church and paying their respects to another visit before going home. James was not surprised, he really had expected this, and the boy who did the driving remained on the seat while they went on into the church. It was

dark in the church now and the light at both sides of the altar made a beautiful flickering glow. There were many people in the church, however, the least bent on the same intention, some saying the stations of the cross, or doing other things which showed how devout the Abbeysian people are. How

to Violet and her sisters remained in the church James could not tell but the time seemed much shorter to him than it was. In the darkness of the church he at first thought that a sort of slight bluish light came from the little girls but he wasn't sure, but he looked closely and felt a sort of strange

finally one of them first made the sign of the cross and then got up. Her sisters followed and then James and soon after their respectful genuflection they filed down towards the front of the church paid for some violet lights, lighted them and then slowly went out by the other entrance not going out

by the rear this time. He thought they intended to go out but no they went into the sacristy to look for some of the priests. But they soon found that the priests were out and he then understood that he and so they then filed down the center aisle toward the rear of the church. James

expected the same scene as before and indeed he was not fooled, and he felt more respectful to them than before.

Then they slowly and carefully entered the carriage and told the boy the name of the street to drive to, and he did. They had not gone very far when a man who seemed to be a sort of an official suddenly crossed from the side walk into the middle of the street and bade the driver to stop the horse. The boy obeyed wondering though what was wrong.

The man gave a sharp look at the princesses, then nodded in respect. "You are the princesses, Empress's daughters I suppose?" he asked kindly kindly.

"Yes," Violet nodded.

"I see I ought to be able to because only you could look like them. Have you with you a boy whose name is James and is he?"

Violet nodded, and pointed toward James.

"Well I'm an officer of the Court-Martial Tribunal. I was sent by an order to pick you up should you come this way. The boy is wanted as soon as possible in the Convention Hall. He is to be clearing and as captain. You little girls are to be witnesses to him, for it is for what he did for you that he is to be promoted."

"Oh, goodie, goodie," cried the little girls. "I knew it, knew it!"

said Jennie and Violet each placing an arm around him. "We told you so."

"If you like," said Angelina to the officer, "you may ride to the Convention Hall on the empty space on the seat."

"Go on to have to decline the invitation," said the man respectfully, "but I can't leave my post while on duty."

"It's too bad," said Violet. "We would like to have you take a ride with us, but if you can't go, can't. Oh, don't you get some one to take your place."

"Oh, don't be so slow until three o'clock," said the officer's office.

They thanked the man as he went and respectfully drove on.

It took quite some time (if not time) for them to come within sight of the Convention Hall and in fact several times either Violet or Jennie had to ask some one the way to having such come to the city by James help they knew nothing of the mentioned Convention Hall. Finally they came within sight of it and it was indeed a great big building, and there were stories high, and more than a block long. The carriage stopped at the entrance and Violet and her sisters were the first to a light, then James got out. The carriage was still to be taken care of by the boy who had been asked to do the driving. Before they were about to enter the place they overheard one man who looked like a foreigner say to another:

"I know by their beauty that they are the Abbeysian Princesses in disguise."

"How would you like to be one of them?"

"Be one of them! Should say not. They are too sad and hard for me to thank you. I wouldn't live such a life for all the money in the world. Not for me."

The little girl is looked offended at her slight and Jennie turning round suddenly said:

"No one asked you to. And it is too bad about you. You are a cow and you talk like that. It is the kind like to you that refuses to bear a cross. I suppose no matter how small and light it is. Better move on before we did some mischief."

The man reddened in the face and without saying a word moved back to the astonishment of the other man who had not really expected such an answer.

"I'm sorry Princess," he said. "It might have been my fault for asking him that question, but I didn't expect such an answer."

"It isn't your fault," said Jennie decidedly. "Your question had pure intentions. He answered as he was a cow and."

Then she led the way into the Convention Hall. A guard was standing there and he ushered them into the large hall within the building. Around the big hall seated were a large number of boys and girls scouts officers and privates, and men of high rank and rank and the judge and Penrod sat at a long table. No matter who they were or what rank, they all rose as Violet, and her sisters entered with James and only seated themselves when Jennie commanded at a look from Violet

them to do so. Violet and her sisters took their seats on the left and right side of the judge and James was about to take a seat beside one of the officers of the army when Violet smilingly got up and had him sit between her and Jennie. The boy saw that Admiral Johnston was also present and so was his brother and several of the captains of the ship including A. Dolphin, and Mr. James. As soon as the judge was quiet General Jack Evans who was also present rose up and presented before

the others the proofs of what James had done for Violet and her sisters. Then as Evans gave a short oration on the bravery of the boy the admiral could not help curiously glance around the big room and at the bunch of officers at the table on the opposite side. He gave a slight surprised start. He was looking into

the eyes of General Hanson, and Memo too. He wondered, how did they get here. When called up these two also gave their story about the boy, and Memo told of how such a little boy his size was able to put out of commission three of his assailants who tried to assassinate him, and then of the good work he did as his secretary while still guarding the little girl from the unseen spies.

And during the capture of a good number. As the orations went on the boy also saw his parents there, his brothers and sisters, and his colleagues. Violet and her sisters were then spoken to but only one of them was needed to tell of the experiences of herself and her sisters, and the way she spoke of James and

made him blush and he would have disappeared had he been such a chance to please embarrassed him greatly. He told her story in as long a narrative as possible, taking her time about it, and like he had done, she didn't say much about herself but spoke of his bravery and courage and how

he noted and what he did, and then finished with the sad story of James loss. That James was the enemy of the worst foe Henry Gore called Killchild, and would some day hope to get satisfaction for his sad loss. Then Penrod

rose and told a story which is not known until now.

"When I found out James was here in Pandora," he said, "I had good reasons to choose him for my companion when I had to go back and take command of a part of Father's army. I became acquainted with James in St. Paul's school at Adams and Desplaines Street, at Chicago. I knew my past knew

Beloch at Adams and Desplaines Street, at Chicago. I knew my past knew I was an Abbeysian and knew, belonging to some Abbeysian royal family but

did not know to whom. Most children in that country or nearly all are different than those here and sure are a torment at times to the good

brothers who teach them. I therefore kept aloof from them, did not seek their companionship and went back to my guardian where we lived right after school. Finally James came as a new member one spring. He seemed a sort of

quiet lad, and spoke to no one and not to even me at first. He was studious

more horrible than any other. It was I'm sure God's will that caused these little girls to have to care for them so meritorious and obnoxious promiscuous young boy office-holders. Vivian himself will therefore after I am through take a course in your behalf although without precedent. You have a less behaved well when you first knew the other Prince Penrod, and in these last two weeks have done wonders fully in behalf of the Vivian Girl Princesses. Early this morning their Father His Gracious Majesty suggested to them to make up their minds as to what reward they wished you to have and they said they were so grateful to you that they had already rewarded you as far as it was in their power, and that was to allow you to be their companion with their brother and parents for life. As to the other reward they said it was up to their father or their little brother Penrod.

For fully two minutes later that there was a clapping of hands in a deafening uproar from every one and the boy and girl scouts also cheered and waved a forest of pretty red yellow and purple and other colored flags. Then a still became quiet and Emperor Vivian rose to speak himself. Every one was now at full attention for when he speaks all must be as quiet as a mouse.

"I began" cannot find many words to say in behalf of this brave lad for the others have said them for me. But his reward had been voted for last night. At first it was he should continue on the full pay list all his life, and that in the boy scout troop he should be promoted at once to the rank of lieutenant colonel, three months hence to that of a boy scout general, and again in another three months to the rank of Chief general, put my daughters, my beloved wife, and Penrod, and my two grown brothers who will be here soon to see James they having been compelled to go away for several days, have won the votes of what they wish him to be. One of my own sons took sides with the Glandelinian cause because despite being born to me and my wife he at the time was born in Glandelinia city which of course I suppose does make him a Glandelinian. But just the same that makes him a traitor to God and us to side with such a wicked cause, and besides too he really is the most wicked of all the Glandelinian generals, and even if he did repent later on and we forgive him he by the law of Abbeinnia and all its people couldn't never be a prince for his treason, and we ourselves could not save him from death if he was caught. I have since he took sides with Glandelinia been compelled to disinherit him from all his princely office of Abbeinnia even though it was at the cost of our government. There is no man meaner to my daughters than he is or would be if he had them in his power, even though he be their eldest brother for he was the first born. God alone knows why my first born is so wicked but he is so dangerous that it must be God's Holy will of protection that prevents my daughters from ever coming into contact with him. They have never seen him since he left us did you Violet."

"No" she answered. "We would hate to meet with him now. He would be too dangerous and escape from him impossible. He is jealous of us too for it seems one of us is in his place since he was thrown out of our home, and he would do dreadful things to us if he had the chance. We were warned severely by you Father and Dargatoo to obey and keep away from him at all occasions, not to spy on him as that would be fatal, and we will never go near him. We will confess we are afraid too. He's no more dangerous than Killchild."

"Might said Emperor Vivian. "And you little girls could see that even you could not fill the vacancy so that is why you strove so hard to get the vote won on your side and Penrod won. It is there for a reward that James shall for reward in a leading you through take that office as Prince James the Second, as one of my sons is also James. And yet that office won't by no means deprive him of his own home life with his parents for his parents and whole family shall receive what elevations in rank in my Palace which can be found and all will occupy the place. Yes Mr James and as his father will be second lieutenant to my friend and the famous guardians of my daughters Jack Ambrose Evans the highest rank which any man can be elevated under me. Somebody has to fill that vacant space and it might as well be James. James Tim Greveton was one of the voters and so was Walter Starling. All the highest girl scout boy leaders and girls too also voted with Violet and her sisters and Penrod on the same issue. So James has won the highest honors than an ever be given to a boy and even a foreign lad too, but he has deserved the reward and has won it."

"We will also have a carnival in order to honor him of his bravery" said Jack Evans.

James was so overcome with surprise and pleasure that he could only stammer a word or two thanks, and Emperor Vivian, Jack Evans, the first, second, his colleagues and all the others including the boy and girl scouts warmly shook hands with him, and then Violet and her sisters took turns at kissing him on the cheek which indeed made him blush, then he was escorted back to the carriage, still in a state of great bewilderment at the honor which had been bestowed upon him. 2.2.2.2.22

As soon as the little girls, and Emperor Vivian and the two boys James and Penrod got in the carriage, then the boy and girls couples occupied in front and rear of it and followed it in procession toward where the great Festival was to be celebrated. With a word of whom to the horse the boy who drove the carriage halted first at the home of James where Emperor Vivian had his headquarters, Violet and her sisters were the first to alight from the carriage, and stood beside it while James came next, and then Emperor Vivian while Penrod had alighted on the other side. The boy was told to drive the carriage into its barn, and then to report to them.

While he was waiting for them to go inside the house first Penrod himself wondered.

"Now in the world did it happen to find a boy like James. One of the best friends and protectors of my sisters yet in the world. I wonder though what life and adventures they will see later on when our army moves from this city to obstruct My let's now moving down the Big Old Knoll Road toward Pandora. Well I suppose there is nothing for me and they to do but to make the best of a bad situation. But I would like to get my hands on the guy who invented wars. War comes from so many sinful people in the world playing the suicidal fool."

The who who had driven the carriage then reported to Emperor Vivian who despite his protestations gave him a large gold piece saying that they would not even allow any one to do service and not get something for it.

Then the march began for the Carnival or where it was to be held. This time Violet and her sisters, and the two boys rode the horses who see horses and twenty minutes later they were passing down a principal outskirt street of Pandora with its pretty white cottages and more pretentious residences set back from the street with beautiful with the content of lawn and May flowers.

Violet, and her sisters sighed happily as they breathed the fresh pure air.

"How different from the hot stuffy city. I pray God that we may be happy here in Father's army and forget the horrible past."

"Yes Violet said Penrod. I believe we shall be happy here. I am hoping that the worst of the times will be over and with James getting acquainted with his new position something tells me that my dear little sisters will have a good little new prince, for father has such difficulty in even trying to locate a good boy of holy and brave and courageous refinement and mental talent to help my little sisters in their adventures, and I am overjoyed that you have come to us. From what you have done for my sisters I know I and they and Father and dearest mother can trust you as we can trust an angel, and I am sure we shall be happy together."

"Indeed I feel at home with you and your father and ready Penrod, and since I had gone through the adventure with you sisters I have come to love them as if they were more than sisters or sweet hearts, for they are the seven dearest dearest little girls on the earth to my way of feeling."

"And we love you too" came the laughing answer from Violet, and her sisters.

As they continued on in their hearts, as they raised their eyes toward the blue sky they thanked God that the future seemed so bright.

"Our Dearest God in Heaven" they in a inwardly prayed "Our dangerous time this new state. He help us to lead him to love These as we love These and keep him good and happy for all he has done for us."

In half an hour they were close to the place where the Festival was to be held.

"Susan Farrell" Jennie Vivian said as she called one of the girl scouts to her. "Father John called to us last night before we went to bed and asked if we couldn't take charge of one of the refreshment booths at this great Festival, but as Father said we have not enough to help us, I told Father John I had a most efficient efficient girl scout who could be my helper. You will help us."

"But Princess Jennie" Susan faltered. "Do you think" a sudden wave of color flushed her cheeks. "For refreshment booth? Well, do you think, really think that I could do it."

Four beautiful little arms were flung about her and four or seven pleading laughing eyes looked into hers.

"Dear Susan you must take it please and help us."

"Well I'll try my best but it's such an honor to help you princesses that I do not believe I deserve it."

The Festival was to be held at night, every street leading into the festival grounds was a blaze of colored lights, red light, blue light, yellow light, green lights, orange lights, purple and other colors and a regular array of lights, prettily arranged amid the sparrows and banks of flowers. The booth occupied by Violet and her sisters was a marvel of unusual attraction, mostly no doubt because Violet and her sisters

were in personal charge and no doubt looked like pretty human food angels. The food was a most rare and refined taste was evident, the delicate colorings, the subdued lighting effects, the snow white tables for the feasters. Violet and her sisters and Angelina Aronburg assisted by Susan and six other sweet faced girls and boys too and also by James and Penrod, each dressed in the Abbotinian clothing of citizenry here and their pretty foreheads bound in a garland ring of flowers, glided from table to table in childish happy enthusiasm, while Susan Farrol skillfully filled their orders. It was a novelty at this festival, yet one boy scout who was a foreigner and who had recently been scolded by Susan and who wished to get even, saw his tables empty and the choicest portions good naturedly demanding guests from the young waitresses in the refreshment booth got jealous and hated Susan.

"I certainly do not see why Father John ever gave that girl scout Susan Farrol charge also of the refreshment booth with the Princesses. Why she is in the army as a scout only for a few months if not more. I should not be surprised if there is some reason why she is doing here in Pandora away from general Vivian's army. Do you know?" he said to him co-worker. "I suspect something. My brother works in the scout troop post office, and he told me that he saw a post card addressed to her the other day. 'Mother dear - given you the post.' It said. Father peculiar it seems to me, and then to think that Father John or the Princesses had given her work as an assistant in the refreshment Festival booth. Very one knows that booth should bring in more than any other two booths combined."

"Now James Ward said the girl scout who was assisting him. 'Don't you remember that you are not acting like an Abbotinian should. You are jealous of her that in all become too you did deserve it a little the admonishment she gave you. You are too a foreigner. I am an Abbotinian. You brother had no right to read the post card. You are stabbing with you brother.'"

"Stabbing indeed. I am stabbing no one, and if you would care to know the truth that she is not what she seems."

"The word was hard and the tone bitter."

"Yes James, I do not doubt that. But I didn't know she had a mother that she only had a father and a mother. I think you are mistaken about the post card. She has no mother."

The evening went on and the Festival was a wonderful success. Father John beamed with holy pleasure and was surrounded by happy faces.

"Good idea Father the beautiful Princesses in the refreshment booth" an enthusiastic exclamation office exclaimed. "They emptied my pocket. They are making a great clean up. Keep them going three days and the whole city will be broke buying from them."

"Oh Princess Daisy and Heitie. Susan exclaimed as joyfully hugged by the two little girls. "It is so heavenly and I feel so happy. I have never been so happy before."

Bright tea-filled her eyes.

"You deserve it all dear. You are so generous too and so unselfish that you are bound to be happy in the case of the child scout troop. And by the way" he playfully added. "Henry Phillips one of the boy scout captains, asked Violet to day about the nice little girl assistant I have."

"Yes Daisy and you should have seen all the money he spent at our booth. I know he likes Susan because he hasn't left the booth yet."

Susan blushed, but it was a blush of pleasure. The energetic boy scout Henry Phillips had been interested in the booth occupied by Violet and her sisters and that night, and even they had noticed the look of admiration in his eyes that a little girl is not even slow to see in the eyes of a pure boy scout. The festival indeed was a wonderful success, and on the closing hour in a speech which captured his audience Penrod himself praised the work of those in charge of the various booths, but there was a smile of pleasure that lit his handsome features when he announced that the highest score had come from the large Refreshment booth, and consequently the diamond ring offered by Violet, and her sisters to the champion worker goes to Miss Susan Farrol."

James Ward alone did not seem to enthusiasm at the announcement.

"Just wait I will have an announcement to make very soon that will cause quite a different kind of enthusiasm."

"James Ward. This co-worker replied. "Why should we be envious because she had done more for God and the Princesses than any one else."

"For God and the Princesses. Wait and see. I should like sure to have the auditing of her military accounts."

"What do you mean as what do you mean?" asked the other in blank astonishment. "Do you mean to say that Miss Susan Farrol"

"I say nothing. Wait and see."

Three hours later after the Festival was over Susan happily contented was returning with two of her scouts from the booth. To night she was doubly happy for she knew that the little Princesses, who loved Holy Communion so well truly loved and trusted her, but there was another reason. Penrod had wished to see her and it was Catherine Vivian who had marked; Brothers dear Susan and we shall be so happy when she had been elevated in rank. She has done much for the scout troop already. Will you do it?" Penrod had turned with a quick smile of pleasure, and looked at Susan understandingly. Now radiant and happy she was passing the period of James home, when a familiar voice reached her sounded like James Ward.

"I really thought it was my duty to tell you that Miss Susan Farrol was hardly the proper person to have charge of your booth to night. I suspected her for a long while, but my eyes were finally opened by my brother. He told me of a postcard which came to Susan Farrol, stating that her mother forgave her the past."

Susan stood petrified. A cold clammy feeling swept over her body and she was unable to move. "I wrote" the voice in the room continued "to a friend in the city of Angelina Agatha, a military detective, and asked him to look up this girl scout. He found that she at times gave information to the enemy. At the city girl scout office he found that she was not listed among the White list of names but on a pink one which means--they could not recommend her, just listen to this letter."

Dear James Ward;

I looked up the history of the Farrol girl scout. You find nothing against her from those who knew her, but at Turner Grove, where she once worked as a girl scout official I found he listed among the purple and pink card. They not being sure of it would not give me no information but I know the colored card means that she can't be recommended. I say to put her down as a spy."

Susan was trembling. A faintness, a dizziness was upon her and she put out her hand and grasped the balustrade and she burst but crying softly. A voice, calm, very dignified and slow measured which sounded from Angelina Vivian herself was answering and very sharply:

"Master James Ward I and my sisters and brother here and also Father has listened to you with impatience, and now that you have finished I tell you that we do not believe a word of it of that ignominious letter. She has no mother and Susan has proved her true character since she has been a girl scout. We trust her."

Passing a my wagon drowned the rest of the words. Susan staggered down the stairs and went out, and back to her own room in another house. Blindly she threw what articles of clothing she could find into her satchel. With fingers hardly able to hold the pen she wrote a note and sent a boy scout to give it to the first princess he met with:

"Dear Princesses. I overheard James Ward. Good by, I'm going back to general Vivian. I will write and tell you all. S.F."

With a last look at the room where she had been so happy she stole down the back stairs and into the night.

"Oh my God must my whole life be shattered because of that slanderous boy?" she cried as she hurried down the street in the direction of the railroad station. Suddenly she drew back into the protecting shadow of a doorway, for she recognized the passing buggy speeding toward the princess headquarters. It was Walter Starling with Timothy Grosvenor, and Henry Phillips was with them and to night she would not be there. She must go it seems forever and leave the happiness that had come to her during these few short days in Pandora--and all because this boy to get even with her for the little admonishment she had given him him justly had caused her house of happiness to crash to the ground.

"Oh my dear God" she sobbed as she staggered on. I came from the Festival to night happy. You know know all things and that I am innocent as to what that boy says. I never even received such a postcard. This boy, this James Ward--is a daily communicant a foreigner too like me and yet he has ruined me unless the princesses won't believe him. Oh dear God don't let them believe it. I cannot--my God do not let me lose my faith. Don't let the good princesses believe it. It is all a lie."

Nearly a week passed, and James Ward again stood in the parlor of

James Ward's home.

"Master James Ward" and this time it was Jennie, her own sister having gone out with Penrod and James Andrew, and her voice sounded very much offended;

"I have sent for you, because I wish to read to you two letters I have received."

"Dear Princesses, I am heart broken, and the tears stain the paper as I write this to you. Unintentionally I overheard the letter which James Ward read to you, and his statement that I was not a person to be trusted with the work in the Refreshment booth. When I left your headquarters my heart was full of despair, and to night as I sit in a room of General Vivian's headquarters with my father and the Nurse Sarah, I wonder what the future holds for me. My father insists stubbornly that I should ask for my resignation but General Vivian won't hear of it. My father and others can prove that the statement of that boy was not true. One evening at supper time, I slightly admonished him because he forgot to say his grace before meals. I suspected he would do this and he has. I desired to resign from the girl scout troop as what good is it for me to be one if I am to be in disgrace for something I'm accused of which I never did. No one in General Vivian's army knows of what I'm accused of Princesses, because if they did and wouldn't believe it they would also up in my behalf. Even after supper that evening I was so sorry for the slight scolding I had given the boy and met him after supper and told him I felt bad about it, but that any way he should not have forgotten to say his grace before meals. Why I am accused of being a spy is because I was entrusted with the combination of the safe which contained General Blain's nightingale plans. The day after I was not feeling well because the day before I believed I had overworked myself and I went home and was in bed for two days. When I did return I learned some Gladiolusian spy had learned the combination of the safe and broke in and stole the plans. General Vivian can prove it was not my fault. No one knew of it however but he and me and oh why should I now be branded to the world as a spy and a double crosser when I am not. Good bye, and say good bye for me to all the rest of my friends whom I love. Say good bye to your brother Penrod, to my dearest friend Mildred Manning, and to Henry Phillip whom I respect too much to ruin his life if he suspects now I did it. The future? God only knows the future. Tonight it is only black despair will not send my address, because I cannot hope to ever meet you little Princesses again until my good name is cleared. I'm resigning from the girl scout troop to night if General Vivian will let me. It is against my will but father is angry because I'm accused of something I didn't do and so is my nurse, and they believing you may have believed the boy, being such little girls as you are, have turned against you. I cannot charge that idea. Yet I hope you will not think that I misplaced the trust which my mistress put in me. But forgive father and my nurse. They don't understand you. I don't know what Gen. I'm going to do if General Vivian won't permit me to resign. But any way unless I'm cleared I cannot come back, will not come back to General or Penrod or Vivian's army and probably father won't let me leave. He is awfully mad and often says he believes you are not what is said of you. He is coming to see you and to raise can. Please try to reason with him Princesses. He is good, but he is dangerous now when he thinks you are in the wrong. It is all the fault of that bad slanderous boy. God forgive the little fool and save you from the effects of my father's wrath. But reason with him Princesses. He is dangerous when angry."

Susan Farrol."

"Have you shown that letter from the detective to others, after I begged you not to do so?" she asked.

"No Princess. I didn't dare for they wouldn't look at me. All the Vivianites don't like me now."

"James" and there was a sharp tone in Jennie's voice while her eyes had a peculiar flash in them. "May God forgive you for your foolish and sinful act, though we ourselves don't see where we should though we will on one condition. I'll state that condition later on. Do you not know that Catholic theologians say that one who reveals the secret sin of another commits a sin as serious if not worse than the one whose sin was revealed. You have blasted this little girl's reputation, just because you wanted to get even for the slight admonishment she gave you which was justified, and you have committed a sin more serious than some of those the worst of Gladiolusians committed. And you kneel at the altar railing morning after morning and now there were tears in Jennie's eyes at the thought of it" then came from God's Holy Table, and use the tongue upon which has rested the Body and Blood of your Saviour, to ruin the life of one of your own Nationality by such lies as you have told. This second letter tells all about you

from Jack Saunders who has discovered and overheard your wicked plan to blast his reputation. On it is such forgiveness as you that drives souls from God and make a mockery of religion and your revenge only intended for the poor girl had even spread to me and my sisters. Before this outside of Jack Evans we had no better friend than Mr. Jack Farrol. He warned Catherine twice when we were in hopeless peril, showed her a way to save us. Things go good but go religious and beautiful he has sent us because we had been so good to his daughter though you win, he has turned over will to nag against us. Now we will brave as we are seek the protection of our father when that man comes in his anger. If he was in the right he would be justified against us, for we are a little girls who he tells us we should believe nothing that is not proved. We didn't, but she thought so. Suppose and went away and now because of you we are in a fine mess. I have sent for my two brothers to come in a hurry because we need them, and Penrod too will be by our side. Yet may God forgive you as I trust this poor child, whose life you have over will ruin if something isn't done will forgive you. He is too noble not to forgive you. But, and my sister won't."

The boy looked scared and downcast. But after a moment she added: "Unless you make a paragon, you will have to stand up for us at the time he comes and tell him it is all your fault. That we did not believe you and you are to find Susan Farrol and make amends before all the Vivianites who fortunately don't believe a word of it. If you don't you'll be removed out of your uniform and drummed out of camp in disgrace for that. I am sure, and thank God we won't order to face a firing squad which is the usual punishment for such an offense. You stand up and stand up and now crying now is a mortal sin, which if committed by a person much older than you would have faced the death penalty. And you too an officer's captain. But until the time comes till we have to meet the fury of that man because of you and folly you will have to consider yourself under arrest. Please hand me your sword."

The boy reluctantly did so. Jennie then called to some of the boy scouts and had him placed in solitary confinement in his own part of the camp while she threw herself upon her bed and wept bitterly. More for Susan than for herself. When her sister came home with James and Penrod she showed them both the letters, and after reading them they were that is her sisters were upset but Penrod was angry. But Penrod had a plan.

"We will test what kind of a character that man James' father and especially what sort of a heart" he said. "Until before he comes you little girls must continually appear at your best, but if he doesn't reason himself don't fear he can't do nothing to you. It is saddening that he should turn like that after he was so good to you little girls, but I suppose a father when he believes his little daughter has been wronged will take her defense. He will think too this it is the way you have shown your gratitude to him for what he did for you. If I had been you Jennie, would not have dealt so lightly with that little hoodlum. A gladiator is an awful offense especially if it is one to the grade of a mortal sin though of course you can use your own judgement. But the worse of it is he may have got you into trouble with his father for he thinks the world of his little girl." But I don't think he could do anything."

"He could accuse us of rash judgement" said Violet.

"I don't believe so" said James and she w. "Besides I believe the possession angels will take a hand in convincing him some way. Show him Jack Saunders' letter. That is one of the ways of convincing him. And I and Penrod and you father who overheard from that boy's letter can prove that you didn't believe a word of it. If he doesn't believe us then he will himself be unreasonable."

"When will he come?" asked Penrod.

"Susan in his letter didn't say. Maybe he father wouldn't let her tell. He may come at any minute to day. He may come to morrow."

"Did Susan's father ever see you my dear sister?"

"No" he never did," said Joice.

"Well" said Mildred Manning. "The sight of you I'm sure if he is a good reasonable man will cool him down. I'll bet if you little girls can't touch his heart then there is something wrong. But when he comes I wish he would bring Susan. But if trouble comes that boy will rue this I'll tell you." And Penrod said the last words hotly enough.

"Mildred Manning cried awfully that day Susan left" said Catherine.

"And Jack Saunders tried to comfort her but couldn't add Angelina. I told them that had I known she was in the house at the time I would not have let her leave so soon until I and my sister could have convinced her that we wouldn't believe a thing that is not proven. That detective letter she read to me is no proof."

"A nd no priest will give that boy Absolution until the paragon is made" said Daisy. "It is sure an awful shame. So unkindful a revenge over a trifling."

I hope it teaches him a lesson."

"I don't think I'll give him back his commission" said Jennie. "I'll send him back to private and let him work hard to get back his captaincy. I really ought not keep him in the troop at all. What say Fenrod?"

"If he reports give him another chance," he answered. "But otherwise do as you see fit. It is up to you."

"But there is no need of being afraid of Susan's father," said James. "I believe when he sees you he will calm down. Heaven knows only an angel possessed child could like you, and go through what you did. You say he never saw you before though he knows about you. That will make it better. I'll bet he will be afraid to approach you when he sees you in all your best attire which will show your beauty. The more I couldn't lose my sleep over it."

"We will try not to," said Violet. "But it is not that. We are distressed only over poor Susan. In the refreshment booth she was oh so happy as she worked so much for us. And now all that is spoiled, and what is spoiled for her is spoiled for us, because it hurt us too. But why did she so foolishly go away. Surely she should have had more confidence in us than that, though I suppose she didn't know us well enough. But had she been more wise and dared to see us in spite of that bad boy all would have been settled, and she would not have been so distressed. I was so mad at that bad boy and broken up I could have slapped him."

"Are you the guard sir in front of this tent?"

The girl scout looked quizzically at the man. He was respectfully dressed, looked a little right, and was sort of tall, but dignified in appearance as if he was a man who was pretty well off.

"I am," she answered.

"I would wish to see the Vivian Girl Princesses."

"You would have to have a important pass," said the girl scout. "As you are a stranger and even no soldier can see them without a pass I cannot understand how you can. But you may seek information inside the tent. I'll let you in, you may pass."

The man went in, and seeing by his uniform that there was a high rank girl scout officer in there he removed his hat as she rose from her table by which she was writing something.

"Well sir what would you wish please?"

He looked at her in astonishment and then said:

"Are you the little Annie Rooney girl whom Mrs. Meany used to be so cruel to?"

"No sir. My name is Ann is Rooney all right, but I do not know anybody by the name of Mrs. Meany and neither have I been in any other country but my own. What is it you wish to see me for. Hurry sir as I am awful busy."

"I would like very much to see Princess Violet, and her sisters."

"If you will have to have a pass, and identification papers."

"I could get any here."

"I should say not. You'll have to go to Miss Jennie Francis Turner to get a pass. He has the papers with their names signed by their own hand and written by ink which is impossible to erase. If you want to see them you'll have to prove to her your identity though and she'll ask you a lot of questions. There's a lot of red tape about getting passes, as so many spies have tried to harm them. You being a foreigner and a stranger might not even get a pass from her and she is very particular. But you might try. I'll give you directions how to get there. Go down this company street till you reach Company M of the 344th Infantry. There of course the army is all soldiery but she'll have her head quarters there. But you'll also have to have a pass to see her. But that I'll make out for you."

She took a slip of paper on which were printed words, wrote her name and ink on it, and then using a blue blotter handed it to him.

"You'll see a small wooden building on Galore Street" she said. "That's it. How far is it?"

"Only about two blocks. You can take a street car though if you are in a hurry. With my pass you can ride free."

He saluted her respectfully and walked out. He decided as two blocks were not far, and that he might get there in the time while he stood waiting for a car, he walked it. Then for a moment he stood before a small stone building. It was indeed very small only a one story affair, but who ever had a flower bed in front of it had had an eye for beauty. It was surrounded by a large flower bed covered garden with tall stately elm trees growing and a beautiful yellow fence around it (take a fit). At the gate he told the men sent there that he wished to see Jennie Francis, and as he produced the pass given by Annie

Rooney they allowed him to pass in.

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The guard at the door a boy scout this time ushered him in without question but told him he would have to wait for a few minutes, as Miss Turner was busy with other calls, and led him into the reception room while he went to report that he had come. He was surprised that he was not asked his name. But it is only up to the leader to do this. As he waited almost impatiently he saw a number of boy and girl scouts go in and out, and finally he heard foot steps approaching and into the room came a ten year old girl scout dressed like a princess almost. He was very sweet looking but there were appearances of her face that showed that in usual cases she was as good to you as she could be and not at all hard to get along with.

Before she could ask the question he said:

"Miss Annie Rooney sent me here saying I could get a pass to see the Vivian Girl Princesses."

She looked at him closely and then said:

"You would have to get yourself identified first. They are so often threatened by disguised foes that we cannot take chances with strangers. You look to me like an Irish boy. What is your name?"

"My name is Jack Michael Farrol."

"Jack Michael Farrol," our last name sounds familiar. You are the father of Susan Farrol?"

"Yes she is my daughter. I come to see about why she was suspected of double crossing the Vivian Girls, or why they believed that boy who told the lie."

"They did not believe him," Jennie shot back. "He is under arrest on the charge of slandering and had lost his commission as captain. You can't fool them. I'm surprised that you thought they believed it."

"Then why was she discharged?"

"She was not discharged. She was discharged from the girl scout camp here for fear the princesses would believe him."

"The man could not believe his ears."

"Then I must have almost misjudged the princesses" then he said. "I was really going to tell them a thing or two."

"Tell them a thing or two. Why you would have sure used the day" said Jennie. "I'm almost sharply. If a person does really commit an offense she was accused of they would have a right to discharge them. But if you were just going to scold the princesses over that, then you'll have to expect something before you'll get a pass from me. The idea."

"But hasn't a father the right to defend his little daughter when she has been wronged unjustly?"

"Yes, that is true, but you are the one starting on rash judgement not Violet, or her sisters. They didn't even believe the first letter, and it is her fault for going off as she did. Had she stayed and went in when the accusation was, there she could have stated her own side of the story and the boy would have got himself in trouble again. There is no one that can do this. The princesses, that angel possession condition can make them see at once whether you tell lies or not. Partly the supposed to be detective letter almost hood winked them but as they doubted it they secretly had the letter investigated, and ha, ha found there was no detective by that name or such an address. That letter the boy made up and wrote himself. You ought to have known that the princesses don't jump to every conclusion there is when you accuse any one before them they'll look very closely at your very face and eyes and can tell whether you are telling the truth or not. Plain Night Linger reported to me the papers were not stolen. Emperor Vivian has them. The general took them out of the safe himself and gave them to the king. And the boy takes advantage of that stating she sent the papers to the enemy. What till Emperor Vivian hears of it. He won't be easy on that boy. If you go decently before the princesses I'll give you a pass since you are Susan's father but you must not blame them for it as they are not the cause of Susan's misery but that little rascal. And they cried too when they learned Susan went away on over hearing the brattle. I'll have to make a separation within two days, and get Susan back here again or I'm instructed to have him drummed out of the city and army in disgrace."

"I'll admit I am mistaken and that I would not do it," said Mr. Farrol. "I don't wish to blame any body who is not responsible, but if I see that boy I'll tell him a thing or two for under no conditions will I have my daughter's reputation ruined. I don't know when she can come back, as the shock she received has made her ill."

"Well I'll give you a pass then" said the girl scout leader. "But if she is not too ill to come have her here as soon as possible. The news that she was not believed by the princesses and that they cried at her departure ought to bring her around. But you'll have a long way to get there and have to take a car. I'll give you the pass and the address."

It took her some time after she went into the room to get the pass and then she wrote out the address of the place. and the street it was on, and then coming handed both papers to him. He thanked her warmly and saluted and then she opened the door for him but told him again warningly not to say anything out of the way to the Princesses, though she finally added with a smile:

"I don't believe you will have the heart to then you see them, you never seen them yet have you face to face?"

"No, this will be my first time..."

"I want to warn you though," she continued that when you present the pass to the guard it must be verified. But don't worry it's all right and I'll convince them when they phone me."

He thanked her and bid good by again and soon was on the street. As he was surprised that it took him an hour to reach the street indicated, and then soon was standing before the gate of the building used by the Emperor as his headquarters. The guard looked at the pass but had it brought to the officer of the guard who called Jennie Turner up on the phone and receiving an answer that it was O.K. Mr. Farrol was allowed to pass in. But on this day Violet and her sisters no any one were home, and the orderly told Mr. Farrol that he would have to make the best of it for they would be gone for the whole day. In fact it would be late at night before they would return, for they had all gone out scouting. This news was a great disappointment to Mr. Farrol but he had to make the best of it and said that he would come again the following morning.

"They will sleep late to morrow morning," said the guard, "and will not be disturbed by no one. Is there anything important that you wished to see them for?"

"I'm Susan Farrol's father," said the man. "And I came to see if my daughter couldn't be restored to her proper position. I came to prove that she is innocent." "It is too bad," said the orderly, "that you didn't first sent a letter and give them the date of time you were coming. Then you would have found them here. Did you come all the way from where you are located?"

"I came from a hundred miles from here. Susan is not in the army. She is home. General Vivian sent her back to me until she got well. She is badly upset because she believes the Princesses believed the boy when he accused her of turning to the enemy side."

"If she had stayed here she would have found out the truth," said the orderly. "It is too bad, but you will have to come back to morrow afternoon. I will tell them you were here and then they'll be expecting you."

Mr. Farrol then saluted the orderly and went out. But he wondered where and how he could find lodging in this part of the city when soldiers occupied most of the vacant houses. To go to the main camp he could not as the army wouldn't room him there as he was not a soldier. After leaving Andrews house he looked at a number of houses and inquired but could find no vacancies. He finally thought of inquiring at one of the other girl scout headquarters, and finally reaching one, for he could tell by the girl scout flag flying there, for only girl scout leaders were in this part of the city. He inquired of the sentry on duty if he could get one of the girl scout leaders to direct him to a place where he could find lodgings for the day and night for so many houses were occupied by soldiers and child scouts here.

"I can't leave my post to go and see him," said the sentry who was a soldier. "If you got a pass I can let you go in and ask him."

"I've only got these two passes," said the man and he produced them.

"Are you admitted into the headquarters of the princesses?"

"Yes, they are out and won't be back until late at night. The Emperor and all are out scouting so I heard."

"Well if you were admitted then I suppose the pass has been verified," said the guard. "Let me see them."

The man produced the passes, and after looking them over, the soldier handed them back and said:

"This pass only admits you at their headquarters, but if you were allowed access there then you may go in here too. So you may go. Go to that front entrance, and ring the bell. There is no guard there as none are needed."

The man had a long walk down a beautiful gravel side walk but he finally reached the house, and ringing the bell as directed. In a minute a boy scout came to the door and then the man to make sure of admittance showed the pass.

"You've got the wrong place Mr. Farrol," said the boy. "This is the headquarters of Miss Mary Stank Stanok. That of the princesses is about two blocks from here on the next carline street."

"I have been there," said Mr. Farrol. "I wished to see this girl scout leader. I wish to ask of her a favor if she can do it."

"Oh all right. Step in. I'll lead you to her room."

Soon they were standing before a door and the boy knocked three times as was the rule.

"Come in," came a girl's voice. The boy stepped in first, telling the man to wait outside. Then he reappeared and said:

"Go in. She'll see you."

Mr. Farrol then reappeared soon standing before her. He was not pretty to his vision but she was nice looking nevertheless, and graceful and had a face that told him she was real blooded Abbeinnian. Her hair was however done up in the old country German style, and though it may be called black there was more dark brown than black. She seemed to be about eleven years old and looked some what dignified and severe. But she greeted him respectfully and motioned to him to be seated.

He then stated why he came to the city, telling the full details and then stated that he found it almost impossible to find lodgings in this part of the city as it was so full of soldiery and children scouts and asked whether she could help him find a place that he could occupy until to morrow afternoon. He said that he was willing to pay any price for the lodging that would be asked.

"There was no need of your coming to plead your daughter's case," said Mary Stanok first. "The princesses didn't believe what she was accused of, and know that the boy was lying and placed him under arrest. I doubt if he will ever be a boy scout again because I'm afraid his former comrades won't have him among them for doing that. But as to a lodging I don't know where you can get one. Unless you go to the part of the city where the people are more ad but as you say that is so far away and would cost too much to travel back and forth. He looked at her with a list watch. Then she suddenly thought. "I'll tell you what. I'll send you to Miss Mildred Manning. I'll write her a note and she'll take care of you seeing you was her friend's father. She is not far from here and will take only a two minutes walk. I'll give you the address."

He then hastily but neatly wrote a short note, stamped it, printed her name and then gave him a card with the address.

"You can see her and I believe she'll help you."

"Could you make me a pass to her place?"

"No, it is not necessary. That pass to the headquarters of the Princesses will take you any where without question. Use that."

"Thanks Miss Stanok," said the man. "I hope you all the good luck in the world."

"You deserve it more than I because you are the father of such a good boy," said she as she too like the others opened the door for him.

He was not long reaching the headquarters of Mildred Manning and to his surprise it was a big tri colored tent in the yard of a home which was also occupied by other child scout offices. He presented the pass to the guard who looked queer and then laughed.

"I'm sorry sir," he said "but you got the wrong place."

"I'm wishing to see Miss Mildred Manning Mr. SENTRY. I know where the princesses live."

"You have the wrong place," said the guard. "There it is. In that large white house across the street. Her sisters live here especially Aggie."

The man some what dumbfounded slowly went across the street, presented again the pass, and this time was admitted. To his surprise he saw the address was the same here also. As he went in he wondered exceedingly if Miss Mildred Manning would know him, and if she did would she be the same to him as she had been when she went with Susan so often with him before his little daughter became a scout.

He thought he would have to ring a bell but there were two guards at the door, and these were also men. However as long as he was able to pass the outside guards they did not question him but greeted him respectfully and opened the door for him. But inside he was

greeted by a girl and boy scout who respectfully asking him whom he wished to see led him to the room where he stated his errand and who it was that he came to see. The girl scout did not knock at the door however but went in

the boy himself staying out side.

"What are you waiting for?" said the boy grinning. "That is he go in."

The man surprised went in not having recognized her in the dark hallway. She at the moment not looking up, but glancing at something important on her table respectfully motioned him to a chair. Then she sat down and looking up said:

"What is it you wish Mr. Farrol? I'm----" she got no further but looked at him closely.

"Why if it isn't Susan Farrol's good father," she exclaimed in joy and bewilderment. "Thank God you have come to our camp. I had so badly wanted to see you since poor Susan went away." and she went to him quickly and took him by the hand and he shook it in a friendly manner. She then moved her chair closer to him and sat on it.

"Oh I miss her so much since she left." said Mildred and tears sprang to her eyes. She was an angel to me since the day we first met, and poor Violet and her sisters thought the world of her and done many things for her. Oh why was she so foolish not to have confidence in them, in spite of what she overheard. They didn't believe it. Only think he has only to move now to make a paragon and to day he said he can't do nothing because he is a prisoner. I told him he should write a confession to Susan, telling him what happened for his life, and to ask her to come back and make the princesses happy again. He did write but he believes she won't get it by to morrow. Would you not please, please, please bring poor Susan back. She is innocent and Violet and her sisters said so. They didn't believe that boy. They could see he was lying and oh they are so upset and angry. Had he been a man he would have faced a firing squad for that sin. Please could not tell your daughter and have her come back."

"For a moment the man's face was black with anger."

"Only to move now" he sneered. "I ought to have known and I'd intercept that letter so it wouldn't reach her. Then see how he'll look. He doesn't deserve to remain in the scout troop. But yes I'll tell her as soon as I get back. But the princesses are not in camp and I am also in a jeopardy. I cannot find any place to locate myself until to morrow afternoon, and Miss Mary Stanok sent me here with this note. I was hoping you could find a place for me to spend the rest of the day and night. I'll pay well for it."

She took the note and read it. "You can have a room here as there is a vacancy" she said. "I believe she knew that and knew that I would recognize you and therefore sent you here. I have plenty of room in this house, or would you rather sleep in the tent with us. We could fix up a good bed and you would have more comfort so stuffy and warm in this house."

"I think the tent would be best" said M-Farrol. "How much would you charge?" "Get Susan back here is all I asked" she said smiling sweetly because she too was a very pretty little girl.

"That depends on her" said M-Farrol regretfully. "I can only do so I believe by getting one of the princesses to either write to her or come and see her. They couldn't now because Susan didn't give an address when she wrote about her innocence. Of course at first I suspected that they had used rash judgement and I was awfully angry at them. I insisted to Susan to resign but I found out once a boy or girl goes into the scout troop no resignation will be accepted on a condition of this kind, and General Viviana angrily refused when I came to him about it. He said that I and she should use reason, and should remember and it is true too I know, that it is a lot of red tape for a foreign girl or boy to get into the troop of scouts, and that if it had not been for you Mildred, she would never had got in. For signs are not wanted at all now unless they are as good as Abbiecnnians. The General spoke of our gratefulness, and this is what he said which after that partly convinced me Violet and her sisters did not send her off. The general said to my little daughter."

"Missie Farrol" and his voice was calm and cold. "I understand that because of what you heard a boy tell to princess Argeline, that you suspect they will punish you, and that you now intend to resign. And there was such an emphasis on the word 'Resign' that scared her and at first aroused my opposition. Then she said 'I did not intend to but my father wishes me to resign.' Then she said 'Resign? Missie Farrol, you have shown lack of confidence in the princesses who have been so good to you, and your resigning will offend them so and break their hearts more than anything else we did. That will show on your part our gratefulness. It is because of your lack of confidence that you left so hastily when you overheard that boy tell princess Argeline about you. I cannot let you resign. If you do so all of the scout troop will have nothing further to do with you if you hurt the princesses that way. I am sure they do not believe that boy. He has no proof."

Then I broke in angrily. "I'm sure they did listen to him. He had a letter. That seems to prove the lie, and it is injustice that they should believe it. 'Injustice' He said, and he rose from his seat and looked me in the eye. 'Do you sir a foreigner who do not know the princesses speak of injustice when you don't even know the meaning of the word.' Then he turned to Susan and said 'Susan I will not allow you to commit a disgraceful act of injustice by resigning' and he looked at her with those cold military penetrating eyes, and he was so calm and reserved Mildred, that at first it angered me more but left me helpless. You ask if it is injustice for your father to try to get you to resign from a troop of boy and girl scouts who had been like little boy and girl angels to you. It is for you who is supposed to be such a good girl and injustice deliberately to break the hearts of

of the Vivian Girl Princesses, who have had such love and confidence in you and for you, and when your own conscience tells you, that if you do so, you could not then under any condition come back again no matter how you regretted it and wanted to return. Your resignation however would not be accepted by the highest authority on your grounds, and for even the attempt you would make yourself in the future unworthy of the love and respect of the girl and boy scout who are here in the army and elsewhere and elsewhere. He then turned to me and said "You little girl cannot resign on that pretext. Better listen to reason find out the true details and you both won't regret the action. Be faithful to your commission and to them, and your conscience, go back to Empress Viviana's army then all will still more respect you and congratulate you and for you across you had you will be still more worthy of their love and confidence. If they have temporarily believed the boy, and it turns out that he told lies as you said, they will have their eyes opened to what a sin and brazen defiance of his conscience he had lead under the pretext of duty, and then they can no longer respect him much less love him. Take my advice don't do this rash thing." And that he has been the cause of my being here."

"You ought to have sent a notice or a telegram" said Mildred, and then you would not have been kept waiting like this. They would have remained home. They may come back later too than is said, or not at all if they were captured. Scouting is dangerous. But I have been praying that they will safely return."

As usual the next morning dawned dark and smoky in the skies again,

and very warm. At about ten o'clock in the morning M-Farrol again presented himself to the sentries at the gateway of the princesses headquarters but the guards were different this time. But as the Officer of the guard had signed his name to the pass, showing it had been verified he was allowed to pass through the soldier said:

"I doubt if you can see them though."

"Why have they not returned?" he asked looking a little worried now as he thought of the dangers of scouting.

"Oh yes, they returned four hours earlier than expected but they all of them I believe did not rise yet. But if you don't mind waiting you can go in and they'll receive you soon."

When M-Farrol was at the door he was admitted by James himself who looked at the man curiously. Then he asked:

"Who do you wish to see sir?"

"The Vivian Girl Princesses."

James looked at his watch just as his sister came out to see who had come:

"Why they are not home" he said.

"Not home? Why the guard said they were in bed."

"James looked sober and thoughtful."

"I'm sorry but if you are impatient to see them go to St Vincent's Church. They have been there since five o'clock this morning and have not come yet. Poor little angel angels. I'll bet they were so tired they fell asleep in the church."

"James said his sister: "If you wish I'll go and inform them they have a visitor."

"No I'll go" said James. "You show the man into the reception room."

James put on his hat and went out, and the man waited while the girl sat down by the window.

"Did they come home late" he asked.

"Why you mean last night? Why no sir. They were not expected until midnight but they were in bed by ten. They found out lots and Empress Viviana is going to act. A part of the army starts to advance to morrow. You must remember it is Sunday and the little princesses intended to attend every mass to day James attended the first four and had to leave to give mother and father a chance to go. But they were tired and Father objected to their getting up so early with him but it did no good. They'll sacrifice anything for God and His Blessed Mother. It would be a joke though if James found them asleep in the church."

It was just about ten to twelve, noon when M-Farrol who was sitting by an open window saw James come down the side walk, and smiling after him were seven little--which he first believed to be real little angels all dressed in white and wearing saucy little military hats. He was astounded and a strange feeling of awe came over him.

"Are they the princesses?" he asked.

The girl looked out the window.

"Yes" she said getting up. "Father is coming too. He is in the room. I'll have to lead them in."

She went to the door and reached it just as one of them was going to ring the bell...

Violet was the first to enter followed by her sisters, Penrod and James.

"And so you thought we fell asleep" said Violet as she met him. "We were held spell bound by the High Mass that we couldn't think of nothing else. Was he waiting long and who is he."

"I believe he was waiting for twenty minutes," said James. "It was at eleven thirty when he came. I don't know who he is but he must be all right for his Pass was verified. He was here yesterday so the sentry told me but no one was home. Then we went out scouting my father and mother went elsewhere and no one was home when he came."

Violet and her sisters however did not go into the room where he was but to their room with Penrod sending James with the information that he would be summoned as soon as they prepared themselves to meet him for they had a suspicion who he was. When James told him he believed the little girls with their father when he came home would eat dinner first but they don't eat until nine. He was only kept waiting for about three minutes and then James said he could come and to his surprise the man first straightened his tie, and combed his hair again before he followed him.

When James ushered the man into the room where the Vivian girls were the stout stood speechless with admiration, awe and a sudden love. How could he come with even an intention for the slightest admonishment to such good lovely angelic little creatures. Besides before this he had already been convinced.

Seated by a table was Penrod.

For a full moment he stood looking at the little girls unable to find a word to say anything. Surely to this man they did not seem anything but unreal or as to say not of this world, and they appeared strangely transformed or something, and there was a strangeness in the room too which he could not account for and which made him feel strange and a little afraid. For that moment he didn't in his heart believe they were little girls but some angelic beings of Heaven having taken that form for surely little girls could not look like that and cause such a strange feeling for any one in the room. Finally it was Daisy who spoke up first.

"What's the matter Mr Farrol. What do you look at us that way. Are we ghosts?" and she smiled.

"No," he finally said "but are --you--- you the famous princesses that I--- I have --heard so much --about."

Violet and her sisters giggled, they couldn't help it to see their lives, for the man looked dreadfully embarrassed.

"To get it" said Angelina. "Be at home with us since you came to see us. We are not spirits but little girls. There is nothing to be so awed about us. There is a chair Mr Farrol. Sit down and make yourself at home and tell us why you came. We were expecting you to come but not so unexpectedly as we would not have kept you waiting for a day."

"I came to vindicate my little daughter Susan to --prove her innocence--- but I see it was not necessary," he said. "he is ill from the shock but I believe she'll be all right. Here is that boy James."

"Violet and her sisters first looked at each other, and then Jennie looking sober said "Gorry Mr Farrol we don't allow any one to see that boy. He is not fit for you to go and see. He is under strict guard in his own tent. I took away his captiancy yesterday afternoon and placed him under arrest under charge of slander with intent to kill a good little girl scout character and reputation. We suspected it even when he first told us the lie for I and Angelina who looked at him mostly closely then could see it in his eyes that he was lying. We did not do anything to him then because we wanted to catch him red handed. Then Jack Saunders note came to me and just as I had sent for him when I was alone my sisters being out with James your daughter's letter came and verified our suspicions and I placed him under arrest. I must confess I gave him a week or so for reparation, but Penrod told father, was a little too easy with the bad boy, and father severely took a hand, so we have nothing to do with the punishment of the boy. He sent a scout yesterday asking me when we got home for from the scouting tour to intercede with father but as yet we have not done a thing. Of course by pleading we could turn father over to our cause, but why should we? He going to Holy Communion. Communion every day and then leading God's holy table he goes and slanders a good girl scout, and causes her to be broken down and ill, and us misery too by such an act. We do not believe we could do any thing now because that is up to the boy and girl scouts, and when I asked Jack something about whether he would like to see James back again, he turned his back upon me upon me. That is a boy scout's salutation of "I don't want him." If all are of the opinion and won't be turned the foolish sinners is out of luck and we will not do anything for father can't either then. They say he did that because Susan slightly admonished him for sinning his Grace before

meals because he was in a hurry to eat but as far as we see it may have been envy. We had a festival in celebration of this little boy here who done a lot for us" indicating James and her, and I and my sisters and Susan with several others were in charge of the main refreshment booth. I believe and so do my sisters and Penrod that so many more came to our booth than his, because of us, than any other reason, but as his assistant told me he was envious of Susan and she suspected he would plan revenge for he talked very bitterly about Susan. That explains it all. Father looking up a record of slander says to us the sin committed was very grave, very severe and could have caused even him severe punishment. Had you poor little girl only come in or not overheard him she would not have had to have all this misery for nothing. We would give anything to have her back with us, and we will do all our selves that is possible to make a reparation if he doesn't. Put the way boy and girl scouts are we could explain---"

"Let me say" put in Penrod. "Go see sir in Abbisanna among us boys and men we look upon little girls and young and old women as something unusually sacred. We would never forgive a fist blow struck at a girl or woman. A slander is a worst one than from a fist, and there for we therefore believe James Ward is out of luck. The strange conscience is we have another boy by the same name which I believe was with Timothy Groveton and others during the Bee line raid, and he is the hottest and said if he came back they'd run James out of the city. We might give the fool a chance and see if we can pacify them. If not it ain't our fault. He brought it on himself and that will be his punishment."

"I'm suspicious of that my self" said Mr Farrol. "In camp and in the city I met with a lot of boy and girl scouts passing me in various directions and they look more or less sullen as something had gone out of their life. Mildred Manning is upset over Susan going and without her knowing it, found her crying for her last night. When I came I and my House keeper Sarah brought Susan to Pandora with me to one of the hospitals to have her brought around for the shock had made her quite ill. The doctor told me that only a good nurse could bring her round, now Princesses I know about you and have seen with my eyes what good little girls you are. I will confess though at first my coming was going to be strictly hostile because I thought you had been unreasonable and had believed that boy after all she had been to you and done for you, but I see it was I who was deceived. But Princess Argeline ah---see which one of you is Princess Argeline?"

"I am" said Argeline.

"I wished to ask how was it that the letter from the detective didn't fool you."

"I could not say at first that I was not fooled on that," said she. "But I could see in his eyes that he was lying, and thought to have that letter investigated before I or any of my denisters would approach him. Then I learned what had happened concerning Susan, that she had overheard and was broken hearted, then I took sick when my sisters came home and found out what was the matter with me and why I was weeping so they too were upset and Penrod was so sore as a bull, and I couldn't blame him and she looked lovingly upon him" he hates like poison to even see a tear in our eyes. "Well some how or other he got hold of that letter from the detective", and a cast of letter too, and having a piece of hand writing of the boys in his possession discovered that the boy had forged or as you call it wrote that letter himself. In the meantime not knowing what Penrod did, father telephoned to Angelina Agathia, and found there was no such detective or no such address. The small note Susan sent us made us feel doubly worse. Well though though we did nothing then, we had that boy secretly and closely watched, then came Jack's note, and the testimony of James Ward's girl helps, and then what made us feel worse was Susan's letter which came when Jennie alone was home."

"I felt like taking drastic measures" said Jennie "but decided to wait until father came home. When he did we showed him the detective letter" Susan's note, and letter from Jack's confession. "Then father was angry and ordered the boy to be watched closely. When Susan was gone, and the sad news was spread of what had happened, they seemed of course indifferent, and said nothing much, but when the time came for meals that sad evening no one could eat. They didn't even answer the mess call, and when questioned by the Mess Sergeant and his assistance they all broke down and cried bitterly. No I'm afraid they won't have nothing to do with James. We might try but as father said he ain't worth our consideration as it is a sinful blow struck at us too."

"Susan, my sweet little Susan."

For a moment Susan lying on her bed in a Hospital hardly did not stir. She had laid partly asleep but her face showed she had been crying. Finally the Nurse shook her a little harder thinking to herself "Poor little girl. She won't have occasion to feel so any more." Susan dear wake up. Here are visitors."

Finally she came to herself and look up. Beside her bed stood her father. At the other side of the bed stood what seemed to be seven tiny little angels. "Here are your friends" said her father. "My poor foolish little girl. They never believed that boy."

Susan looked aghast at first and soared but then the fact that they came to the hospital to see her and with her father, and that they looked so sober so sober proved that they were sincere. Four of the little Princesses sat on her bed and Jennie and Violet caressingly took her white hands in theirs and Jennie said;

"You must come back to us Susan. Don't let this upset you so. Had you come in when you overheard that boy you would not have suffered like this. For all you have done for him and tears rolled down Jennie's cheeks" how could we believe that boy, Angelina that day could see in his eyes he was lying. Come back to us. He won't harm you any more. And Jennie put her arm around Susan who now was weeping, but a weeping which would do all the good in the world for her, and Jennie and her sisters cried too. After a while when Susan felt relieved, and Violet and her sisters to the relief of the other good patient were themselves again one of the patient said;

"That certainly was a dirty trick that boy played Princess. The poor little girl was in a deplorable condition. The doctor got her a little to herself by continually saying that it couldn't be possible that the dear princess could have believed it. We are glad you good little girls have come. You have done her a world of good."

"We are glad we came" said Violet. "We left home about an hour after dinner to day and with her father came here."

Joice had Susan ring for the nurse and when that good woman came Daisy asked;

"Could Susan come with us to our own home. We could take better care of her with us with her. She will soon be all right."

"I will have to find out from the doctor who attends her" said the Nurse. "I'll inform the Sister in charge of this floor and she'll call him."

It was fifteen minutes however before the nurse returned. With her was the doctor who looked with astonishment at the seven beautiful little girls. And he too felt queer, and also in such a way that he could not refuse their request since he saw they could do her more good than he could.

"Yes" said the Doctor, "you good little angel princesses can do her much more more good than a hundred doctors like me can. He turned to the Nurse and said; "It is best that she go right away. They can take her on a stretcher. We have our handsome carriage waiting outside" said Violet. "Our brother is driving it. I believe he is getting worried for we told him we wouldn't be long. Can we call to him from a window" she asked.

"Where is he at?" asked the doctor.

"At the front entrance," said Catherine.

"I'll see that he gets a word that you're taking her home," said the doctor. "Then he'll have a seat prepared for her."

Penrod was indeed elated when he got the news and he was ready when the Doctor opened the door and Susan's father carried her down the few front steps and placed her in the carriage. Then there was a hearty good by to the doctor the little girls got in, and then Susan's father, and after some cheery words between them and the nurse and doctor the carriage was soon on its way. It was a long distance from Andrew's home to the hospital and so it was nearly evening before they came within sight of it.

James Andrews was the first to meet them as Penrod drew up at the gate. James was surprised to see the new comers with Mr. Farrol and he led the way as he brought the little girl up the steps. Violet directed him to a room which was vacant near their others and her sisters, and she was laid gently on the bed. Violet and her sisters and also Penrod remained in the room to see that Susan was comfortable.

Penrod did not remain long, but went out softly with the purpose to tell his father that the little girl was home with them and was much better now. Mr. Farrol didn't hesitate in coming.

"It is a blessing that my six daughters had the chance to bring her here" said the good King. "Every body was worried about her, and there will be joy among all the child scouts when the announcement is made. He stood by the bed looking down upon the little girl who tried to smile up at him. "We are all agreed that this happened" he said to her looking down upon her affectionately. "But don't you worry Susan. Not a word of it was believed

for my dear good little daughter knew the brat was lying. But we are surprised that you didn't have more confidence in them."

"At first" she said tearfully "I didn't think. To hear him tell Angelina that it oh hurt me so. I didn't think or know whether they would believe him. But I do must forgive him but oh I know all the others won't I'm sure."

"Why did he do it?" asked Penrod.

"He envied me because the large refreshment booth took in most of the customers."

"And they came mostly because of my own little girl" said Mr. Farrol.

"That was the meanest trick that ever was known yet. I don't believe the meanest Glandelinian would play a trick like that. The soldiers who took him in hand sure gave him a good sound whipping, and took his uniform away from him. For my part I am not in favor of his returning even if he would be repentant for I wouldn't trust him again. At little daughter I'm afraid you don't see it that way."

"Suddenly came a voice in Jennie's right arm mysteriously and sweet;

"Don't take him back. Pity your poor friend Susan. They all won't have him and they're justified."

The words only took the time one could speak that sentence and Jennie smiled though tears were in her eyes and she said;

"Father you I and my sisters and Penrod are one. The offense is too severe. He may be forgiven if he is so sorry but come back he cannot."

"It is good though to see what the boy and girl scouts say" declared Penrod. "We can consult the leaders to morrow. They know how all their followers feel and will tell us."

So it was settled.

Two days later Susan felt much more like herself and when James sister brought in to her a good steaming hot supper and arranged so she could eat it in comfort she was able to eat better than she had since the day the sad event happened. After the supper hour was over Violet and her sisters again came in to see her, while Penrod and James dressed now in their military uniform when to see some of the boy and girl scout leaders to have them assemble all the others on the morrow after breakfast. Violet and her sisters entertained Susan until Susan felt much better and was soon asleep to the great comfort of her father who had not seen her smile since that time until to day. This of course to say was the same large room which they and Penrod and James occupied for sleeping. Soon some of the little girls went to bed after their night prayers but their sisters remained up a little longer.

Word also had been sent at once to Mildred Manning that Susan was back and in the headquarters of Princess Vivian and her sisters. However she did not get the news until late that evening, and though she was almost impatient to see her she knew she was too late to go that time and that she must wait until the morrow. She would come and see her then.

A little later after breakfast the next morning, all the boy and girl scout officers were assembled in a large circle in the big grassy yard of Andrews home. Violet and her sisters and Penrod and also James with Susan were seated in the middle, and Mildred Manning was beside her having been the first one to arrive. Timothy Groveton was forced however to be a little late, and therefore while they were waiting for him to arrive Mr. Farrol told of the condition of his little girl from the shock of the lie, and that at first she had been so prostrated that he feared greatly for her health. Finally when Mr. Farrol was through Tim finally came into the yard.

Then when he had seated himself by some of the little girls Violet herself always chosen the leader of her sisters, by her sisters stated the circumstances. He did not take very long and finally she ended with saying;

"and we wish to find out the decision as to what all the rest say."

"They don't want to even see him again" said Tim. "Of course if he has to come back nothing will be said, but they will have no use for him and he won't be considered a coward or respect. Of course it is up to you and your sisters Violet."

"Then he is out of luck" said Penrod. "I knew he would meet bad luck sis, because in doing wrong to Susan, he also did wrong to you and my other dear sisters by making you feel so bad. Therefore he cannot return to the scout troop."

"But what can we do with him" said Joice. "We can't send him home now as he lives far away, and as it is said his father is a decent man we cannot justly deport him. To send him home in these times might place him in peril, as the enemy are securing all part of the country."

"Put him among the refugees" said Mr. Farrol.

"The refugees wouldn't have him among them either," said Mary Statten. "I overheard conversation among some of the boys and girls there." "But then we are in a hole ourselves," said Argeline. "What are we to do?" "Keep him in solitary confinement in this house," said Jennie Turner. "Oh indeed?" sneered Penrod. "What a suggestion. We wouldn't have him here where I wouldn't give him a room as I hear he is not repentant of it, whether that is true or not but I heard he wouldn't give in to a priest."

"I went to try to convince him of his folly," said Argeline. "Aronburg and no did Argeline riches, and her sister Jennie. In fact James did not even want to see us but of course being a prisoner now in his tent there was no avoiding us. I could see the frank boy of the last season had been replaced by an unhappy James. Then came the moment I believe when a Guardian angel had tried to lead him to a range of things. I told him I would bring him a priest and if he was sorry for the sin he could confess it. He did not say a word. I wonder if any of you boys and girls scouts and you dear princesses have ever seen a group in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Argeline's Agathia city."

"I did once," said Penrod. "It is called 'the two Natures in man' and the sculptor has represented the eternal struggle as a wrestling to a finish between two great big wrestlers. In the group, Man's lower nature is down but not out. Man's Higher Nature stands over the prostrate form and I came away wondering which will finally deliver the fatal blow..."

"Well," said Argeline Aronburg, "I believe such a struggle was going on in James. I could see it by his eyes and I said a silent prayer to his and my Guardian Guardian Angel to get him the grace to be part of his trouble and allow a priest to see him. He finally said he would but that his sin was unforgiven and that he would not receive Absolution. In the calm stillness of that glorious evening small white clouds glided along the northern horizon. A shell-toned bird flew above my tent, and some hopeless beginner's beginner was making wailing notes on a saxophone. The shouts of some distant ball players came to us softened by the distance, while a singing crowd of K.P. were going about their detail with more energy than ham-money. Then their alleged melody was toned down by distance. Finally the priest came, and said 'what do you want to see me for?' Father I felt a pang for I understood this question at night. James foolish had had refused this opportunity that had come to him. I was still there waiting till he would decide to go to Confession before I would go out."

"I said James do you know what I have been thinking about?"

"No Miss Aronburg."

"Well there has been running through my mind the memory of a figure that a boy once used in his English Composition. What to hear it?"

"I guess so Miss Aronburg," he answered looking more shyly as Father remained.

"He was writing on 'how Holy Communion helps me.' and he wrote I always think of the letters H.C. as standing for high current, and think of myself as being charged frequently and being strong all the time. As soon as I weaken I re-charge myself and do not fear any temptation. James I don't want to pry into your private affairs without your permission, but you won't mind a good friend asking you to be faithful to Confession and Holy Communion this season as last?" At once his eyes blazed sullenly and he said:

"Miss Aronburg I made my Easter duty."

"You are the only one since then who had quit Daily Communion. And this is May. Listen James. If I leave your tent and Argeline Riches too and her sister, you and Father will have all the privacy you want here. Suppose if we leave you with him alone you'll examine your conscience and then make your Confession right here. You are the only boy so far who needs to make Confession. O.K.?"

But comrades he shook his head, and this happened before he did that sinful trick. Father spoke in and said Easter to May is a long time in Abbeinnia for a boy to neglect the grace of the Sacrament. He didn't answer. Father and Argeline Riches then said, "James all right. We will leave here but I'm going to ask you to do us a favor for old times sake. You won't refuse that will you?" What is it he asked suspiciously and we saw in his eyes that flare up of dislike that us girls come to associate with boys who know wrong and know they are doing it. "Think over what we are talking about to night and when you get back to your tent get out your hand book for boys' scouts of Abbeinnia and open it at Page ten and read the paragraph on 'Confession.'" "You have no right to suggest," he blazed up.

"Well," read it. It won't hurt you and then like a sensible boy come around to the Church and make your Confession at the usual time to morrow. We would all like to help you James to be happy again, but you must let us help and the priest too. But the boy had kept a sullen silence and my two friends

left him alone with the priest. As I made my way along toward my own place I tried hard to wipe out of my mind a saddening experience and I reached for my beads and said a decade for that foolish unfortunate boy who had played with sin and would not wash himself of it. Then that night Princess Argeline came to you and made up that slenderous Susan. That comes because he neglected his Holy Communion."

"I thought before he did that that he was a Daily Communicant," said Jennie.

"They say he was."

"I'd rather save his soul than do anything else," said Violet. "It would be our duty if we could succeed. We have plenty of time if he will listen to reason. Our Father's army is so large that it will take quite a while for it to be on the move. Then if he becomes all right for a while and there is no danger of his falling back into such a sin then maybe we would not need to take his rank as boy scout from him."

"But the Vivianites won't have him back," said Jennie.

"He could be sent to some other distant camp where they know nothing of his foolish sin. The news of his wrong doing surely did not go out side of this camp unless some nosy foreigner peddled it," said Argeline.

"Well we will try it any way," said Violet. "It may not be necessary to hold him a prisoner any longer. It is our duty before Our Dear Blessed Lord to bring the poor boob to reason and ---"

A boy scout came up respectfully and said:

"Sorry Princess to have to interrupt you but Father says you own Priest wishes to see you."

"Let him come in the garden," said Violet.

The priest came up and having after standing before them a full three minutes without saying a word and his face as white as a sheet Violet said:

"What's troubling you Father? I can see it in your face."

"There's boy scouts went out of this army and got off too without the usual seeing him. They went off without permission, within the face of Your Father's positive refusal. In checking up on names I learned who they are. They borrowed the old camp wagon. It was a wonder they got it to run."

"How did you find it out?" asked Joise looking worried.

"The camp director missed the first and the priest mentioned the names of the missing Trio. James Abbott, Ward was one of them and the other two also. Foreigners were his companions. The Director," said the priest had declared about depriving the camp of the Company of these three young boys and had intended to send them elsewhere to morrow on probation and to home as soon as the opportunity arrived."

"We had planned about trying to bring James to reason and make him repent of that sin," said Argeline.

"Too late," said the priest and his voice shook. I had been asleep last night when the Director shook my cot most violently to awaken me and called:

"Padre get up and come at once. Something dreadful has happened." With that I awoke. I was fully awake. I learned that a scouting party of Christian Cavalry had when returning to the first Christian signal station had received a signal message by five shots like the sounding of a drum, that some camp boy scouts of the Vivianites had been met with a terrible disaster. Naturally I seized the Holy Oil and my flash and finished dressing in the Director's car as we tore through the darkness. All the director knew was that the disaster occurred at the lonely rail-way crossing. At first I thought they had been struck by a train at the crossing, but as we came to the rail-road, we saw several red lights shining and lanterns swinging. With drawn reins the Director stopped his horses by the road side which seemed covered with a as much earth as if there had been a gigantic eruption. A man with a large bright flash light came running up.

"You from the Christian camp?" He has asked me and I answered that I was and he said: "Too bad. I was behind their wagon. I don't know where it came from whether by mistake from a Christian gunner or from the enemy distant batteries, but I heard the loud shriek of some shell. There was an explosion right where the three boys were driving the wagon truck. The wreckage of the truck is scattered along a thousand yards or so." And the boys I forced myself to say, "Poor lads. They never had a chance to escape. They are somewhere lying in sure if they were not blown to pieces. We have sent to camp for volunteers ---" I left the man talking to the Director and ran to that wreck strewn road bed. A good stretch of the tracks had been pulled up, and many of the ties blown here and there lying every way and a big depression was in the ground. A grim tragedy all that bit of wreckage and scattered mounds of ground debris and other things showed. About a hundred yards from the crossing I came upon what I described

to find. It was what was left of James. Other men were looking diligently for the others in every section but could find nothing. By some Frank James face was spared. Only one deep gash over the right ear. Horribly it is that I found a good part of his entrails scattered all over the ground and only the back of his body was remaining. Quickly I gave conditional Absolution and anointed. I drew the circle of my flash light on the uniform shirt and the stick out of the breast pocket was something white and damp. I drew it out, here it is," and the priest handed it to Violet. I saw it was a means of betraying your presence here in the city to Glandelinian spies to get avenge. The two other happened to be enemy boy scouts in disguise. And this was the intention James Ward had before he and his two companions went to their judgment. I elevated the circle of my flash and gazed on James face. There was an expression in his young eyes I had never seen before. Please God never again shall I be obliged to look on such an expression. Stamped there was more than the sudden realization of a screaming shell--there was stark horror stamped in those staring eyes. I shivered in the warm night air, for I could not rid my self of the thought in what state of preparedness had this boy been, when he was so suddenly with out warning catapulted out of this world. I felt suddenly sick to my stomach, at the memory of that last opportunity in the tent--all unknowingly--I a priest had offered this young soul to be prepared. Never mind princesses the details of the rest of that bitter night how we tried to find the bodies of the other two but could not. To me such a scene will remain unforgettable. If James failed in his great examination, and intended to betray you little girls for taking sides with Susan against him, he must go over many times--as he will for a very reason of the future--the down ward steps, the wrong two friends, the growing habit, the neglected graces, the last opportunity and a swift summons to render an account of his young Stewardship. If this boy James Ward is not at this moment happy happy, he is miserable in God's permanent prison calls. The one slim ray of hope is princesses;

"Between the stirrup and the ground;
Mercy I asked, Mercy I found."

Violet and her sisters and all who heard were horrified even as the priest continued:
"But princesses it is to slay to imitate. Am I right?"
"The Angels have it," said most of the others but Violet and her sisters could not say a word. They were spell bound with horror.
"It was really awful," said the priest, "but I cannot understand princesses how it would affect you like this. No one any how can know whether he really lost his soul but God, and therefore it would do no harm for me to continually say Masses for his soul. Any person can be before his death have only an instant regret for his sin and that may be sufficient to save him from Eternal Death. Besides too Princesses as that paper gave you proves that he was going to betray you to spies and cause all over again in this very city what you have just been compelled to flee from from the other Christian armies. When spies beset you so fiercely within your own armies as to cause you to flee from their shelter, you people sure must have been great. I'm afraid that the boys wicked plot was much too evil for even Our Blessed Lord to attempt a low him to carry it through and therefore God must have allowed the disaster to occur. But why worry over such a lad who had first tried to blast the reputation of one little girl, and then with two others desert the camp with the base intention of trying to betray you little princesses to the enemy?"

"But such a horrible fate," said Catherine with a look of stark terror in her eyes. "He died in the guilt of mortal sin, and if he was killed so quickly that and so horribly there does not seem to have been a chance for even a small spark of repentance. It makes me shiver all over to think of it."

"It's an awful fate if he is in that awful place," said Daisy. "But I am very much afraid that he is, and that Masses would do no good."
"But--but we won't suggest against saying Masses for his soul," said Angelina. "If he is in Purgatory he is in the most suffering place and I'll take take many Masses to bring him out. But we are sure of that he is lost forever."

The priest soon sadly departed, Violet sadly dismissed the meeting and she and her sisters slowly went into the house, too scared and melancholic to say anything further. And at dinner time they could not hardly eat the best of things that was given out, and finally they asked to be excused.

They stayed in their room all afternoon and even when called to anxiously by James and the women, they did not come down to supper but asked to be excused again; they didn't feel just right.

"The sad fact that the fool of a boy must have lost his soul has been an awful shock upon them," said the priest. "It would have been better if the priest had not told them what had happened."
"But it was his duty," said Penrod. "I hate to see them miss a meal like this and they had not eaten nothing for dinner either hardly. I'm going up and try to coax them down. This will never do, and I hope they won't lose any sleep over it."

"But it is surely a horrible thing for any one to lose his soul," said his father. "It shocked me too when I heard of it."

"It's not our fault," said Penrod bitterly. "It upset me too when I got the news at the same time from the priest but I am trying to eat though I must say I have been forcing my self too. I don't know if she is lost or not my sisters are worth a good deal to me than he in my eyes and I don't want to see them suffer like this. Better here of to see we keep all other foreign news out of the country. They're mostly all sinners. Only few are ever good. I know from being in foreign countries."

"If the little girls are really angel possessed," put in James, "could not your sisters get communication with them and find out whether she is lost or not?"

"There is no necessity," said Empress Vivian herself. "If the little fool is only spending a long term in Purgatory then they would not be feeling that way. The angels would check that in a hurry. I'm positive the boy is lost for all eternity. Often it has happened James my boy that God has struck when any one tried to do the real fatal harm to the little dears. Ain't I right, Mother?" Penrod.

"You sure are Father. I remember the day when Violet and her dear sisters tried to capture general Tomas Federal. In his attempt to escape which of course was a successful one, he struck Angelina as she told me on the right side of the head with his right fist and knocked her sprawling to the ground. The little girls attacked him then but he fought them off and escaped on a swift horse. I heard however he had to resign from the army because he ain't fit to command any more. Ever since that day he has never been able to use his right arm or even to lift it. The Doctors think it is some sort of paralysis but can make it out and that it is beyond all Medical skill. They are ignorant what happened but I am sure what it is. He struck poor Angelina and one of her angels struck back."

(Penrod then went up the steps down)
Penrod then went slowly up the steps and gently knocked at the door. It was Susan herself who opened the door and Penrod went in. It took some considerable coaxing on his part to get them to comply with his wishes, but when he finally told them that to fast like that in their condition as they were now would do them physical harm, they finally gave in but twofold and came down to supper. However through some reason or other probably becoming hungry after the first taste they did eat more than was expected, and then a little after supper they felt somewhat better.

The next morning however all the boy and girl scouts who had been gathered gathered about the headquarters were told the news about James promotion by Empress Vivian herself. Most of the girls except a small of them rather were delighted at the thought of James becoming a prince in wicked Germanias place, but the boy scouts went into fits of laughter and many of them chaffed James so unmercifully for the next day or two that it was just as well that Violet and her sisters still felt the effects of James Ward's tragic death so that they stayed in their rooms. By the time they felt better and came out they had recovered their gravity. Then two more days later on the day after James Andrew passed his final examination, Jennie Vivian and he were told to clasp hands together and a priest blessed them pronouncing James as Prince Andrew of Abbeinnia. During this time they had received occasional news from Catherine Lee. And too Walter Starling had steadily recovered his strength and memory, and as soon as chance had become better and the reign of terror of the long battle of Despressionville had come to an end he had decided to go back to general Vivian's army. But Violet, and her sisters begged him not so to so pleadingly that he consented to stay with them here in Empress Vivian's army. Empress Vivian herself was at war with all Glandelinians now, and Walter Starling decided to give the princesses all the assistance now, and through some of his old friends, who had escaped the bloody wave of destruction at Despressionville, he also decided to help James and Penrod by taking chief command of all the boy and girl scouts and let Timothy Grove to have a rest home away from out with all his work.

Walter Starling had often attracted Shero-Viviane attention by his constant deeds of desperate valor in behalf of his little daughter and therefore gave him the commission. All the boy and girls too were delighted at finding Violet, and her sisters back with them, and saw enough too to feel assured that most of their worst sorrows and miseries would soon be over. Their adventures might continue and perils too, but that only makes Violet and her sisters happy over their bravery and laugh in the face of the enemy.

"But---but---James please" pleaded Violet almost whimpering in her fear. "Don't take chances---please he is a dangerous man."

"Don't be scared Princess." Answered James. "They say when people are good to you they have good luck don't they. Wasn't I good to you and your dear sisters?"

"Yes, yes you were," she said lovingly and eagerly "but---but"

"I'm not going to lose my chance. My opportunity. It was given to me. God answered my prayer! I've proved to you how good a shot I am with any gun which is only a single shot. Here he comes. Hide yourselves girls. I'll get behind this tree."

In giving forth first frightful looks at him, they wisely obeyed. They had left the camp outside the city this new day not for scouting purposes but only for to see a little country and to have a good time. Penrod had been with them but thinking not of any enemy troop being near he had lagged a little behind to pick a good pack of beautiful flowers which the little girls wished to use for the altar in the church. They had only been out half an hour from the Christian lines but who should come down a turn of the road but Cruel wicked Kill child and a squadron of his cavaliers. Violet and her sisters had recognized him first and almost screamed and then notified James who took the initiative. He knew he was a good steady dead shot, as good as any cow boy with any shot gun rifle and pistol if not better, and he could clean up this column before they would have a chance to shoot back. He had no intention of doing that however but of getting the murderer of his little brother Kill child, the bloody devilish murderer of God alone knows how many poor little innocent holy Christian child slaves and other children murdered in a way that could not be pictured and from which Violet and her sisters had narrowly escaped when in his cruel power Violet had at first tried to restrain him. But she knew she couldn't. The boys anger was up, so for he thought only of his loss, and of the fact too that if he could get rid of him for their sake they would be much happier.

On came the column until they were within his easy range. He felt regretful that Violet and her sisters had forgotten and didn't carry their rifles and pistols. They had their long keen knives in their strange secret hiding places but what good would that do against all the thirty one horse men. James for a moment at the sight of the man felt shaky, not from nervousness but from his rage. He steadied himself and then took good aim. There was the puff of smoke, the report and without a cry the murderous man fell from his horse shot through the head. The other soldier soldiers were some distance behind him, and for a moment they were thrown into confusion. Violet and Jennie fearing the consequence though they felt immensely relieved to see their dreaded enemy out of the way tried to work their way to James to warn him to look out for the rest. But before they could, the soldiers had gotten the dead man out of the way and then started toward the direction of the shot, firing as they did so. Violet and her sisters at that moment thought James had a ten shot rifle for it seemed to go off like one. The Glandelinians were thrown into a horrible panicky panic but before those who were too close could wheel their horses to retreat some more of them were shot down, and the horses ran down the road, some of the other little girls however managing to stop them with the purpose to take them to camp as trophies. Never before had Violet and her sisters seen Penrod, who had hurried up on his own horse at the sound of the shooting, seen a more unusual sight. A single boy with a one shot rifle shooting down twenty Glandelinians including Killchild and routing the survivors, and shooting more down as they fled.

As soon as the excitement was over "We'll have to clear out of here now and get back to camp" was Penrod's

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first (if not foist) words. "I'll take a bunch of the horses captured sister---dead and let James take charge of the rest. I want you to take the lead and let's get to the city as soon as possible. They'll raise the alarm incamp and bring a whole regiment to the spot spot."

Actions however speak louder than words, and they were soon within sight of the Christian encampments. First stand not far away were the houses of the city. The same sentry was still on duty whom they had passed a moment before.

"My gracious Princess and Princesses" cried the man wide eyes in astonishment and clutching his head. "I thought you were only out for a lark. Here you come back with a swarm of horses belonging to Glandelinian cavaliers. Where did you get them?"

"It was not us" said Violet with a happy giggle. "Ask James. He'll tell you." James however did not wish to praise himself but Penrod said:

"I don't believe the same small party of Glandelinians would want to meet him again. He is the victor and the capture of the horses. He ran off a squadron of Glandelinians single handed. I never expected such a thing to happen in my life. And he got the man the Abbeianian government would give a hue and cry of a reward to see slain, not captured. That Killchild fellow."

"Don't tell how in the world did he do it?" asked the sentry more astonished as a number of soldiers and child scouts of another organization came running up.

"I don't know the full details" grinned Penrod. "I tarried behind gathering these flowers I got tied to the saddle, and suddenly heard firing. I thought my sisters and James were attacked and hurried to give aid and saw the most astonishing sight. Twenty one Glandelinians lay dead on the road, the horses coming running toward me, and about twenty others retreating as if before a cyclone while he brought four more down while they fled. It is the most astonishing sight I ever saw."

They passed the guards who still looked at them scratching their heads in wonderment. The news soon spread through the camp, and while many came forward to see the small party with the horses others went out to see for sure what happened on the road and found really twenty seven bodies lying there. There were no more Glandelinians yet within sight and the bodies were stripped of their ammunition and weapons, and then they returned to camp. As Penrod's little squadron continued on until they reached the city, having left the horses in the camp, as they had no need of them no one for a time spoke. Violet and her sisters too were bewildered and astonished at the scene they had witnessed, and joy full too, and felt greatly at ease for one of their most powerful and dreaded enemies was no more. They felt so elated that they could just cry out and sing. Finally when they were not among too many people and had entered the first street (not dead beat) of the city Penrod asked:

"James where did you get such a quick firing rifle?"

"It is only a one shot rifle."

"Only a one shot rifle? Impossible."

"Yes it is" said Violet. "It is the only rifle he carried with him. Show it to him James."

"It is only a Winchester one shot rifle," said James as he handed it over to Penrod. "It's my father's rifle but he gave it to me to use to defend the little girls. At first my father said that after I used up all the bullets that came with it it would do me no more good."

Penrod looked it over carefully. It was altogether different in the make than Abbeianian military rifles, somewhat shorter.

"It sure is a swell rifle" said the prince. "ut why will it be no good after you use up the bullet?"

"My father said that only those bullets fit the cartridge chamber."

"It is too bad," said Joice. "It's such a swell rifle. you handled it like it pumped ten shots in no time. Here you any more of those bullets left that belongs to the gun?"

"No" said James grinning. "I found thanks be to God your own kind fits it easily too. Those is what I used, from my cartridge belt you gave me."

"Does your father know it yet?"

"Yes," he told him and he wouldn't believe it. I proved it by inserting in one that fits your own kind of rifle and by firing it. Your kind are the same size only the cartridge explodes much louder."

"How did you come to meet with those Glandelinians?" asked Penrod.

"I didn't meet with them" said James. "None of us did."

"ut then how is it you shot at them?"

"Your sisters saw them coming. Argeline with field glasses detected who they were, and who was in the lead, and I therefore wouldn't miss my opportunity for all the world.2"

"And oh, I was so scared that he was doing something rash," said Violet. I entertained him not to take a chance, but he said that he knew what he was doing. At I didn't think he was so dangerous with a rifle. I can thank God I wasn't Mark Kilchlid. It's awful to think where he may be but it is a relief to us that he is gone. James you did what no body else could do."

"What?" he asked looking surprised and partly embarrassed. "Why I said you did what all others couldn't do, since that awful time we were so dreadfully exposed naked amongst so many dreadfully torn bodies of hundreds of hundreds of little children and we had gone through untold horrors at his hands when his prisoners, every means possible was taken to try to apprehend that dreadful scoundrel. Not merely only for to punish him but also for our sake because he was so dreaded by us though of course we can't remember ever seeing him since that time until now. Federal agents military detectives, every one of authority tried to get him but it was impossible. All attempts for so many months had been made and he escaped escaped and whipped them gallantly in many fights with great loss to his enemies. There is placed on our heads by Manley and his Confederates a heavy reward for our capture dead or alive, but that is nothing to the reward offered by my father and the Abbeinnian Government for his destruction. No body no matter how desperately they tried, how stubbornly and persistently they made the attempts they could never claim that reward for he always won fights, was dangerous to tackle and as easy to escape as an eel in your hand in water. The naevious attempt had been made to ambush him and he rode through the ambush uncatched orlew his ambuscade men."

and he rode through the ambush unharmed. We had opportunities to ambush him but he eluded us and shot one of us badly on the forehead. The Gemini have in great numbers apparently served in the Glandelinian ranks, with the purpose to try and find an opportunity to kill him but to no avail. He was strongly protected and to try and kill him there was like killing yourself at the same time. Once we had an opportunity James and would you believe it one of our targets warned us for our safety to leave him alone while we were within foe lines. And yet you got him, and so easily and killed twenty seven Glandelinian soldiers beside him. Wonderful boy."

"On it was nothing," said James. "Probably the others were foolish to let him see them first. I didn't. But we Americans have a way you Abolitionians don't. I did it Indian fashion. That is how he got his. I have now revenged my loss and relieved you little girls of your great anxiety. So you can feel much safer now."

"What do you mean Indian fashion" asked Violet.

"What do you mean Indian fashion?" asked Vivian.
"I laid myself down behind a large stump after pulling a lot of branches from a tree and piling it up and around the stump. That is a way a lone Indian ambushes his enemies. One Indian can get a dozen men in no time that way and his enemies can't get at him. The leaves and branches absorb the smoke properly on a breezy day like this so the enemy couldn't tell where the shots come from."

"I thought you went behind a tree " ? said Jennie.

"I thought you went behind a tree," I said, smiling.

"I did untill I could construct the Indian 'Trick' said James. "There is one thing unfortunately we had no chance to do" said Penrod. "We did not bring in the body of Kill Child to prove to Father and the army that the rascal, rascal is dead."

that the "bad" fascists
"ye-but I believe if the enemy didn't re-covers him already on own soldier
hearing of it would do that," said James. "I suppose now when it is learned
of I'll be the hero of the day. And yet it was nothing for me to do that. It
was the easiest thing possible. The Glandelinians didn't have a chance. But
let's forget that for a time," continued James. "It may seem peculiar or
strange but I'd like to ask you little Princesses a question. Promise
me you won't think I am silly or that you will laugh when I ask it?"
"It better not be a funny question" warned Violet. "It takes almost nothing
to make us laugh. What is the question?"

"You have not anything such as What Our Blessed Mother Had have you called Her Immaculate Conception have you? That is we're you little girl is conceived without Original sin?"

without Original Sin?" Violet and her sisters looked at each other in blank amazement. They didn't even smile to his surprise. "It was no funny question. "Why no?" Jennie herself finally said. "We were Baptized when we were little infants. What makes you ask such a serious question?" "Because you are so unattractively good, and especially you little girls though you seem when walking and riding to appear slightly proud really hate pride in all its manifestations, you are humble of heart so much in imitation of Our Blessed Lord and His Holy Mother and do all other good things that you have made me often think of Her and her Immaculate

C o n c e r t i o n . . "

"BUT HE NEVER WENT IN THE STATE

"But we were never in the State of grace at the first moment of our existence" said Violet. "But when we were created in Baptism we hung to the Graces and stuck to them when they increased upon us like leeches, and guarded it in our souls by as all Abbiannians do carefully avoiding and detesting anything that might seduce us into committing not only mortal sins but even the smallest sin, and by using the means of grace we have at our disposal, constant prayer and the frequent reception of the Sacraments. But ut we were never Conceived without sin, though often we really wished we had been, but only that happened to our Dear Blessed Mother. But don't fool yourself James. I could be possible that a person even if Conceived without sin could still fall into sin if they didn't make use of the graces they received. Sinful sins to us like a horrid disease that fills body wounds with dreadful flesh eating wriggling worms. We treasure sanctifying grace in our souls more than a miser would his old useless tawny gold. This is the most precious gift bestowed on us in Baptism, and is meant by God to always remain in our souls. It is the fruit of the precious Blood of Jesus Christ shed for us on the Cross and tears came to her eyes as she mentioned the cross. It is the spotless gem bestowed upon our Dear Blessed Mother in the very first moment of her Creation to her soul. Her Immaculate Conception as you know means that she received at the first moment of her existence the state of grace. But that regrettably never came to us. Is it not enough to warm our hearts with love for her when we think that as children of God, and brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ, we have Mary for our Mother. Can we ever forget that in His hour of Agony on the Cross and now it seems as if she would start to weep. He gave her to us in a special way, when he bade the beloved disciple, St John, as representative of the human race, accept and care for her as His Mother?"

"It is disappointing to me too" said James "but then it is God's will. Then I thank to be, but Violet" turning to her "Is your right name Violet?"

"Why?"

"Why?"

"I often heard you called Susan."

"I often hear you called Susan,"
 "That is my nickname," Said Violet. "I so often go after the flowers called
 Black-eyed Susans that they are so pretty on a Church Altar! I love all flowers
 but more so the beautiful Violets and Forget me notes. You could never
 imagine James dear how eagerly on all the hillsides of our country country
 every summer all us Abbeian children hunted through the meadows for all
 kinds of flowers to make nosegays for our parents and for our beautiful Church
 Altars, and as spiritual offerings that would more than gratify our
 Good Mother in Heaven and would be symbolized by the flowers in their gardens
 and in their fields. I always had the joy of finding huge clusters of
 the fragrant sweet smelling Violets hidden away under the hedges of a
 Country lane, and using them to decorate my room or for the Altar
 which of course brought me to have the real name of Violet, for Violet
 is a meaning of humility."

By this time they had come to the street near where the Church they go to was, and Violet and her sister desired ~~titotates~~ to stop in and give the flowers picked by Penrod to one of the priests to the altar.

"Why not one of you little girls put the flowers on the altar you & your little yourself suggested Pen" ed. "You being so pure pure of heart are allowed to."

heart are allowed to." Violet just before entering had looked in and shook her head. "No room for them" she whispered. "I'll give them to the priest." While her sisters and the two boys knelt in the pews Violet took the flowers into the sacristy to give them to who ever she would meet. Only the good sacristan was there however just finishing sweeping up the floor and as Violet entered with the flowers in her hand, and a row of smaller and whiter white ones round her golden head he stood spellbound as if he saw a beautiful apparition. The strange way she wore her hat added to her unusual spiritual like beauty. At first of course he was a little afraid. She had come so noiselessly and too he had glanced around the room only an instant before and had seen nobody there, and now to his surprised eyes she was there as suddenly as if he had seen a spirit / please don't be

she was there as suddenly as if he had been a priest.
"I beg your pardon," she said politely. "But Mr. Sacra-stein, please don't be so
scared of me. I'm p--ince-ess violet and I came to bring these flowers for
the altar. There is no room for me to put them on as there are too many."
"A-a-a-a-a-a-a all right p---p---princess," he faltered. "I'll give them---
to p---the first priest I see" and he wity a shaky hand ~~gave~~ took the
offered flowers and left the Sacra-stein in haste to give them to the first
priest he met. It happened to be the very priest who had r-ecently
told of the death of James Ward the wayward boy.

"A-----a----- little angel---in the form of a little girl---aye me these" for the altar," gasped the man. "I'm sure she was a spirit. I'm almost afraid to go back in there again."

"O, Oh tut tut" said the priest as he took the offered flowers. "Come back to the Sacristy with me. You should have thanked her for the kind offering." They both went back to the Sacristy, the Sacristan however with a little trembling, and to the surprise of both there was no one there. Violet never waited for any one to thank her, and she and her sisters did not like priestly praise and would avoid it if they could...2.2.

"What did I tell you" said the Sacristan. "She's gone. It was a spirit I'm sure, and spirit from heaven dressed like a little girl."

"Are you sure?" asked the priest doubtfully. "But a real little girl couldn't be so beautiful as that. I could not hardly stand it to look upon her. And she appeared so suddenly and noiselessly."

The priest knew in his heart that it was one of the Vivian girls because no other children were as pretty as she or her sisters were. He decided to look in the Church and see for himself and sure enough in one of the pews were seven little girls their heads bowed devotedly in prayer while two boys dressed as princes were in a pew behind them. He knew then it was one of them who had given him the flowers for the altar. "God bless those dear little princesses," the priest muttered devotedly. "There's no child in the world like them."

Violet and her sisters remained there regardless of how the time passed, having sent a boy scout on with the horses as they had intended to walk it home the rest of the way. James felt he had been rewarded in the quest after the wicked man Henry Gale and therefore also offered prayers of thanksgiving. Finally Penrod knew by his wrist watch that his sisters had remained in the church for over an hour and still they did not appear as if they were going to leave.

"Gosh" he thought to himself. "What a blessing I have to have been given such good little girls as these for sisters, but I sometimes wonder if they are real and not angels taking the form of little girls."

Half an hour later Violet was the first to get up and then her sisters and then Penrod and James followed. They however went down the aisle in front of the altar and went out that way. A They walked home silently all the way and too it was only about an hour's walk but they did not mind it. At this time Violet and her sisters and Penrod, as exciting and wonderful as it was had quite forgotten about the incident with "Killchild" and mainly what caused them to forget was their devotion in the church. It was just about half half an hour before supper time when they arrived at James home. The Alde Camp (not a camp de hemp) let them in, Violet and her sisters going first. Emperovivian as the side side camp said was busy in his council room with some of his generals and that Jack Evans would entertain them while they were waiting for supper. James through his modesty and because of his dislike of home came please said nothing about his adventure with the Glandelinians. Penrod and Violet and her sisters too still did not think of it either. They only now thought of the strange questions James had asked of Violet, and Jennie.

"How long are we going to remain in this city of Pandora" asked Violet as soon as she and her sisters were seated in their own drawing room with Evans.

"I have no idea" said Evans. "I asked your father this morning and he said the way things are just now and because of the size of his army there is no possibility of his moving for some days until he can learn the intentions of the Glandelinian generals. There is an enormous Glandelinian army near here about equally the size of ours and it won't move either but so far there is no signs of a battle coming even though the enemy armies won't move off. One section is stretching along the Big Girl Knoll Road not far from here menacing Doona and El Vesco, and other places. It will take a long time to get these huge armies in action but when they do oh boy, there will be some big battles believe me."

"If we do stay here for some time I hope we will be having some rest" said Penrod. "I don't like to see my sisters persecuted all the time by the enemy. I hope no Glandelinian spies get in this city."

"I don't believe those kind who go after the little girls can" said Evans.

"We may be troubled by the spies but not that kind."

"But they are just as dangerous in a way" said Angelina. "For if they capture any of our planes they could do plenty of mischief against us and-----"

At that moment the telephone in front of Evans on the table loudly rang.

Every one was quiet at the moment that Evans picked up the receiver.

"Hello, Hello" he called. "This is not Emperovivian. He is too busy to be bothered just now. Eh what? Oh no. Yes I'm Jack Evans. No I don't know anything about it. What did you say they were found. And Killchild

you say was among them. About twenty seven bodies eh. Where did you say the Glandelinians ran into an ambush? Well that is strange. Are you sure, is was kill child?---eh what. You say if I'm not sure you can have the princesses identify him. Well for Heaven's sake. The whole County would give anything for the end of such a sound. Are you positively sure it was him and not another man dressed like him? Here was he brought in. Oh All right. And then there came a number of more excited words on the other end of the telephone while Violet and her sisters looked at Penrod, and he at them, and then to James. "Well that certainly is news. And you don't know who killed him whether it was a party of boy and girl scouts. Oh you say it is said a party of child scouts did do it from behind bushes and trees, and yet all the Vivianites deny that they have even been outside of the camp or city to day! Then it must have been some boy and girl scouts from a local quarter. What you say the report declares there were only eight child scouts, two boys and seven girls?" Evans put his hand on the mouth piece for an instant and looked suspiciously at Violet and her sisters and the two boys as he listened to more of the conversation. "Then he continued" why yes in that case I'd better have Emperovivian come to the phone and learn details;" and putting down the receiver, he got up looked at the children again strangely and then went into to where Emperovivian was with his other officers.

"I'm so sorry to disturb you your Majesty" said Evans. "at you are wanted on the phone. An important message. That foe of your dear daughter called Kill child and a cavalry squadron with him ran into an ambush and were massacred. Better come and see what the report is all about."

"What?" the Emperovivian was on his feet in an instant looking at Evans.

"Well it must be so. The party wants to talk to you on the phone."

Emperovivian excused himself, and went to the room and picking up the receiver sat down and said; in answer to the hello "Yes This is Emperovivian. What happened?" And then he got the details. As he listened carefully he took a note down with his pencil of what he had heard. When he heard seven girls and one boy was with or was at the scene of the massacre he wondered exceedingly but did not at the time think of Violet and her sisters or of James as the man said the Vivianites deny that they were out of camp or the city, and so do not claim or deserve the honor of putting such a dreadful whole sale massacre of children out of existence, but that they must have come from some local centre. Evans all the time was staring at Violet and her sisters and the two boys for he had his suspicions. For only they were far outside the city and the Christian lines that day having started immediately before sunrise, not having attended Mass that morning as there wasn't any.

because that priest didn't get up that early. Emperovivian however did not know that having thought they only went for a visit through the city. But Emperovivian could not hardly believe it was true, and said he would doubt it until it was proved. "Then he went on" you say that if the man is Kill child my daughter's daughter could prove it by identifying him? Well where is he at? Well all right. That is good news for the whole country, and my saintly daughter won't need to dread that sound of any longer but didn't any one recognize the ones who ambushed him and his followers? Yes but that the leader of the ambushers forbade them to tell until the proper time. Well that's strange, though then for a moment he too suddenly flashed a look at his little daughters and the two boys. Why yew my daughters are here in this very room with my son and prince Andrews, and and---and---what? Well I'll have them identify the body of the man. Too bad though no one knows who did it as they are shirking the reward. What, it was a revengeful motive, not just mere war duty or to get the reward? Well that's strange still, and this time Emperovivian flashed a strange look at James, who slightly digested. Well I'll soon find out. If the man is Kill child then it is sure good luck for my daughters. Where is the body.

At the instant tent of Company D. That's too far for my daughters to go this evening after they look so tired to night. I'll let them identify him in the morning. Yes, that's right. Tent Number Eight you say. Company D. That's good. They can see for themselves good by e."

"Well" said Emperovivian looking at Evans. "It does seem that something like a miracle has happened. So Henry Gale the fierce and most dreaded murderer of children is gone. That sound I knew how many were banding the almost greatest efforts to get him and had often boasted that there was no one who could ever get him, and that he would continue to destroy all children and his soldiers can lay hands on. He was not a general of very high rank of course but he was so dreadful that no general has been as cruel and merciless as he had been. Yet now I received the news that he and his party of cavalry soldiers out looking for more children to capture and destroy had fallen into a deadly ambush and only a few of his

followers escaped. It seems strange though that the one who reported this said there were only eight persons who had formed the ambuscade and that no child scouts had been out. And yet these ambuscaders were children. Daughters and he looked at his beautiful children searchingly;

"Do you know anything about that?"

Violet giggled and pointed indicating to James. "Ask him" she said. "He knows."

"Empero-Vivian looked at James closely.

"I shot General Henry Gale," James finally said, without emotion, ~~about~~ embarrassment or pride in his voice. "You little daughters were with me but they unfortunately did not have any weapons. I did not think of vengeance that time however, it was either him or they. They would not have had a chance to escape for he and his party was coming so fast. I thought only of saving them. And as he was one of their worst enemies it was good riddance."

"But how in the world did you shoot all them down single handed without them getting at you?" asked Evans.

James told of how he formed his post.

"When I got the news first I suspected you right away" said Evans. "From the fact that the reporter said none of the child scouts of the Vivianites were out and those of the other camps were too far away to have a hand in it and you two boys and my dear friends the princesses were out side the lines. You must have surely used a fast firing rifle with chambers for a good supply."

"It was a one shot--ah--ahh what you call it rifle" said Jennie forgetting for the moment the name of it.

"A Winchester rifle" spoke in voice. "It's of American make. James showed it to us."

"How in the name of Heaven did you shoot all those down with a single shot rifle" asked Empero-Vivian. "Did you work a miracle with it or something boy?"

"No" said James more modestly. "I know how to handle them. It took fifteen minutes though to do all I did."

"Fifteen minutes" said Evans. "Do you think that that was a long time. I don't see how you did it, and they not even get a chance shot at you. Does the rifle make much noise?"

"Not as much noise as your own kind sin"

"Have you got it with you yet?"

"Yes it is in here," answered the boy. "I stood it over in the corner. It's not loaded now though."

James got up and brought it to the general who looked it over and then handed it to Empero-Vivian.

"It's a strange make of gun, greatly different than our kind," said Evans. "I don't believe I'd know how to shoot that thing off. It's a wicked looking thing too. I can see also by the single shot chamber that it would hold bullet as used for our pistols and our own rifles too. Handy thing but it sure looks wicked. I'd hate to have to face its muzzle."

The great monarch studied the gun carefully, then said-

"Any one who knows how to handle this rifle could surely shoot fast with it even if it is a one shot rifle. The cartridge head slips out as soon as the trigger hits it so that as fast again you could insert another without needing to pull the spent thing out. Good invention, but you sure have to know how to use it. He tested the trigger and tried to work it but could not make it respond. James graciously showed him how and after some practice he finally got it. He then inserted one of his own pistol bullets and aiming it at a small branch of a tree through an open window pulled the trigger. Empero-Vivian was always a good shot, and he hit the branch cutting it off neatly. The only noise that came from the rifle was "PING"

"He sure did fire fast" said Angelina. "The Glandelinians yelled off their horses as fast as they came on. I and my sisters were scared for we thought sure he would finally be hit by their shots for they answered with their own rifles but they never could do anything. When panic stricken a number were shot down before they could wheel their horses and retreat. It was wonderful. At first we didn't believe he could do it, but he did. And as he and his sisters gave him a look that made him blush red."

"You have done wonderfully my boy in riding them of their worse foes" said the Empero-Vivian. "and there fore you sure ought to merit some of the reward that the Government had promised to those who would cause the capture and destruction of such a man. The best thing that can be done however is that the reward could be forwarded in due time to your father and mother so that they can have a far more comfortable home to live in in the future, while you who have preserved my little girls from so many unseen dangers merit their companionship for life. As soon as my two good sons arrive you shall be introduced to them."

PANDORA AND HIS FRIENDS HEAR SOME NEWS.

THE KNIFE WITH THE BUCKHORN HANDLE.

THE SUSPICIOUS ACTION OF JAMES ANDREWS.

CONCLUSION.

The next morning it came up to all the boy and girl scouts to decide whether they would accept Andrews that is James as their mascot. We usually know what that means for an animal especially to be an mascot or mascot but among boy and girl scouts, next to their highest commander a mascot has also the highest position, and only those favored by the prince, Empero-Vivian or the Vivian Girls can be a mascot among boy and girl scouts, or among the soldiers, and to be a mascot mascot you have to be an officer.

"Angelina Aronburg said we'd take a vote on it."

"Yes and to night is the regular meeting night of the Vivianite Boy and girl scout troop, and it is to take place on the schedule of eight o'clock around an enormous camp fire within the big St. Nicholas Park in this city, so we will soon know where we stand."

"But do you think spies may interfere or try to get information," asked another

"Let them get all the information they want. That won't do a bit of good. For it concerns nothing about plans and what care we what the enemy think who we elect and who we don't elect. As the Americans over there say they can go to--"

"A nice hot place where there is no winter or summer but forest fires all the year round for ever and beautiful creatures" called Demore and lost souls. Or rather if you are not afraid to mention it "HELL."

"Thith hath been a pretty hot spring for the crowd crowd all told don't you think, I'll Aggie."

"It certainly has my German lad as sure as your name is Ted Stancklinburg. Our camping though had been cut short recently by forest fires, in fact we must be the creators of them without matches they follow us so much, and even with so many rainy days we are having now it does no good - it only makes so much smoke the sun don't shine any more" thanks to the enemy. We had no sun since Easter."

"Yet, after three hundred of the fellowth came down with bad cases of heat prostrate and the sun no done it either and the smoke is so plentiful. The heat comes from the east down."

"That was some news to me to find out that a boy who is a foreigner is the only one so far that could do a thing like he did to General Kill child and his gang of cut throat child murderers and do it so quickly with a one shot rifle."

"Oh I used to think at first that all that talk about him so easily pulling the dear princesses through unseen perils impossible to escape from was a silly yarn too Toby, but now I put a heap of stock in the same," declared the unusually tall and thin boy who seemed to answer to the queer name of "I'll Aggie" he evidently been rubbed so by his comrades, as an undersized cub, and when shooting up later on had been unable to shake off the absurd nickname.

"But here we still got a long time left of our vacation from activity since the move won't move off from the vicinity of Pandora and is concentrated at the West Ward Dorinda, you know," remarked the chap called Toby and it would be a shame to let the summer time dribble away without one more whack at some sort of adventure, and one more whack at the forest fires since one is advancing toward Pandora, and the open air life we love so well, and we could take James Andrews, Pandora and his argal sisters with us."

Toby just held your horse," exclaimed the one who lisped so dreadfully because of an injury he had received to his lips once through a shell fragment and which had not yet healed up completely, and whose name was Theodore Stancklinburg though never called anything but Ted. "You let Miss Angelina Aronburg decide for the crowd. I'm dead certain He'll lay out a Joyouth, confound my lipsing, I can't help it, y Joyouth plan at the meeting no night that will call for the unanimous approval of every member of the troop to be found in thith city these hot dog like days."

"Hear, hear Ted has got it down pay, let me tell you," cried Toby Manning brother of, I'll Aggie, who is the bosom of his family was occasionally minded that he had it seemed been born to be a boy scout.

"Yes you know our faithful and hard working chief girl and boy scout leader to a dot, Ted," added the long legged scout with a handsome grin in his good looking and freckled face. Though tall and long legged he was by no means thin, and despite his size it looked as if he could win with bare hands a fight with a young ox. "You trust Angelina Aronburg to think up a program that will meet with universal approval in James Andrews' behalf. But this is a pretty warm proposition for a late May day. I believe though it is August in Africa. Let's sit where we will get a breeze for a while, while we are waiting for Angelina Aronburg and Angelina Riches to show up."

"Accordingly the trio of boys and boy scouts leaders too they were and of very high rank in boy and new uniforms, that looked as though they had been a present of the Princesses (they had been) proceeded to perch upon the top most rail of the fence surrounding James home at a point where a splendid oak tree threw its wide spreading branches partly across the side walk. They were just outside the main front entrance of James home. These three lads belonged to the local troop of scouts, not of the Vivianites, but of the Lagoians, but they had come here to visit some brother and sisters of theirs during their vacation, and decided to stay until the vacation was over. All boy and girl scouts on the various Christian armies were always in a flourishing condition. Under the leadership of Chenoweth Walter the Wolf Patrol of the troop nearly a million strong in general kindergines army had accomplished so many unusual things that no enemy scouts never came near kindergines army for fear of the little "Human wolves" as they called them, and a great few had taken possession of many boy and girls to become enrolled when among rescued child slaves old enough to be accepted. In kindergines great army now concentrating on the grounds across the Big Old Knoll or Yellow Brick Road, there were also the Beaver Patrol (they worked like beavers too to the sorrow of the enemy) with a full number of five hundred thousand boys and nearly twice as many girls, as well as the Fox (the enemy feared them more than a hen fears a fox) seemed destined to finish their quota of eight hundred thousand new members in the early fall. Fall out side the present number of over a million old timers. They were dressed these three kinds as much as the Vivianites by the foe, and were the Salvation of the Christian armies they were in. The three boys whom we may say have met on the road chanced to be among the original charter members of the troop. All of them belonged to the Wolf Patrol, for it often happens that fellows wearing the same totem are brought close together than others. Since it chanced that the exciting incidents which we have started out to chronicle in the present story fell almost exclusively to the Vivianites, the boys belonging originally to the "dangerous" Wolfe Patrol it might be well to give a brief description of who and what they were before going any further for the enemy with the help of James Andrews will soon give anything if these three never existed, or the four others."

Ted Stancklingburg, being the Patrol leader of the Wolf Patrol, the chief of them all come first in line. He was a manly lad, German in name but really a full blooded Abbeianian, with nearly as many winning qualities of violet or her sisters, that made him a prime favorite among all his comrades and the soldiers and generals too. At one time his father had charge of a vast farm and cattle ranch up in the Calvernia north west, and while there the boy had learned a thousand things calculated to be useful to him in his capacity of a scout general. Because he was such a "holy terror" to the enemy he had long ago received official authority from the Vivian Girl Princesses to act as deputy general or an assistant scout master to general King Kindergines, the highest commission for a boy scout there is. Ted filled the position in such a clever fashion that no one ever questioned his ability to play the part of guide either. He was also a dreadful dangerous raider, and the enemy could give credit to great losses suffered because of him and his raids. Ted however was now for a time afflicted with a dreadful limp on account of a hip injury which though a healing was taking its time about it, so that as the boys used to say if offered a foot he could get no closer to the real thing when dared, than to say "Thoft Thopap. He hated his condition, hated the enemy for it, and decided the pay the enemy a beautiful; 2

beaut beautiful reward. Then there was Mark Anthony Gunnington, who was looked upon as Ted's chum. He was the grand son of a famous gunner and there were those who prophesied that some day Mark would follow in the foot steps of his illustrious ancestor, for he though a boy knew the works of a considerable enemy and Christian cannon. Mark was also something of an artist with a pencil. He drew off hand, charcoal or other sketches of Glandelinian generals always in a humorous vein that excited roars of merriment. Mark was also something

of a musician and had in the beginning been elected to fill the position of bugler to one of the troops. Again to speak of Ted he was a marvel in his way, for he had no knowledge of medicine than most doctors did and on this account they often called him "Doctor Ted, or "Old Saw bones." In a case of shell fragment wounds, fainting from heat, or cramps or near drowning, cut from enemy sabres, gumbo gunshot wounds, broken bones from flight injuries with the diabolical enemy, or in fact anything likely to happen to boy and girl scouts when engaged with the enemy, Ted was what Lil Aggie always called; "Johnny on the spot." Though Toby himself could never pin him down to saying which spot. Toby Jones was really the funny boy of his regiment of the Patrol. His father being one of those Conventinian Veterans, who had accompanied Emperor Vivian to Evangeline St Clair, and saw the full fury of the battle both leg would do but the boy must bear the venturated name and so he was Christianed Tobias, Emperor Jones. Toby was ambitious with scouting, leaning lay in the line of scouting as near to the enemy as any one would have dared, and he was always trying to watch every movement of the foe that would even discount all the efforts of such heroes as the Vivian Girls. The dreadful fate of the girl scout Doris Green and her famous scout ing squad when had no terrors for Toby, though his chums were always warning him to be wary that gunners of a Glandelinian battery don't spot him.

"Glandelinian scout put role may dread us or dread to meet us," one of them said, "but it is us who dread the Glandelinian gunners. They fear nobody." Doris Green had been out scouting with thirty girl scouts, and some regiment of Christian cavalry passed the spot two hours later and found what was left of their remains and the remains of their horses. A high explosive shell from an enemy gunner had been aimed true to the mark.

Toby had on several occasions of the past, attempted to show off with one of his ambitious scout ing efforts, and a number of girl scouts had to go his rescue. He had been trapped and was surrounded by the foe who tried to shoot him. He fortunately had a good number of bullets with him and he had killed a good number to his credit. When he came of his effort to lead the effort of the enemy it would have been fit for a moving picture to witness the ludicrous results that came because of this over vaulting ambition on the part of Toby so that he was nicknamed named "Snoodle Toby."

But he was not one whit discouraged, though fourteen times he was in a hospital because of his dare devil recklessness, and often declared that unless his life was cut short he meant to see that the name of the Joneses went ringing down the ages as one of the most illustrious since the days of the American Paul Jones, who fought sea battle in the American Revolutionary War. Till Aggie Arthur Stanbury was

also a very good scout and a loyal companion who could play a joke on the enemy, and take one when it was aimed at him, he was a rather fond of photography, and a crazy for geography and addicted to some what harmless brag. Another member of this gang of boy scout officers of the Original Wolfe Patrol division was a Southern Calvernian boy, Charles St Peters by name, the

though known simply as "Spud" because he was such a lover of potatoes. He possessed all the traits to be found in all Abbeianian boys who have been born and raised south of the Angelina and Ageline lines. He was inclined to be rather more holy than most Abbeianian boys are, but was inclined to be a good deal to touchiness whenever he thought any one doubted his honor, talked with a quaint little twang, that was really delightfully musical and taken in all had grown to be a prime favorite with his fellow boy and girl scout officers. However "Spud" had one silly weak knee which though he tried hard to overcome it, would occasionally crop up. A matter of good they had been to him for some reason or other he avoided the presence of the Vivian girls, and it was found out he was dreadfully superstitious of them, and believed that they were really beautiful spirits, which failing he laid to having associated with some

for legends and in some way abiding or imbibing their belief that the little girls were really supernatural. Though he loved their inner indescribable beauty and so intently ways that never theless scared him. Yes at large to say at one time he even carried a rabbit foot for luck, and to ward off

the Vivian girls. The animal was said to have been killed in a game yard in the full moon and it was a sure enough hid foot too, which he believed indeed to be a very important distinction, since no other would answer. He was not an Abbeianian either in his action as it seemed, but this doesn't mean he believed in ghost and such like. Of late however "Spud" said less about these things than when he first came to be a boy scout, and Angelina Aronburg believed he was by degrees out growing the foolish superstitious beliefs about poor violet and her sisters. He had lodged at times

for this company but was afraid of them... 2.2.2.34456

Other additions to the officers of the Wolf Patrol divisions were Henry Michael Condit, known simply as "Hen" as he liked to cackle like one and Andy John Ditt. The latter was a fat good natured chap, always perspiring, and who had a queer habit indeed of placing his forefinger alongside his nose when puzzled or reflecting. Put to a Gladiolusian foe he was as cool as well as stout that a lemon or a cab apple or a crab apple was too sweet for the taste in comparison. An occasional mention may be made in these pages to other official members of the troop it might be well the reference to simply give a list of their names, and let it "go at that" as fill Aggie would say. Matty Peter Eggleston was another leader, and after him came "Red-head" Huggings, Ty Collins, Jaspermer Riwether, Tom Cropsey, Larry Billing, Phil Dale, and "Doubting George" hobnobbing cousin to Ted. Jack Armistage filled the position of third leader and after him came Nat Scottie into Ben Gimmonize, and Jim Comfort. Apparently the three fellows perched on and drew rail fence had agreed to wait for the boy leaders who were to join them in starting first for the favorite "Swimming hole in the Park" for their conversation has first been to this fact. fill Aggie began to grow a little impatient, and he wiped his perspiring face and in so many words gave his two chums to understand that if the laggards did not put in appearance in side of ten minutes he meant to start without them.

"A fine lot of scoundrels" Spud and Andy are showing themselves to be, not keeping their word. The tall boy grumbled, "There didn't you hear the clock strike eight. They were to be here not late to the quarter to the hour! Suppose something happened that keeps them."

"Oh well you know Spud Spud" isn't in a hurry. Chuckled Toby. "Fellows raised down in southern California are used to taking their time. It's the warm climate that does it; he told me, but speaking of angels, and you hear their wings they say--for unless my eyes deceive me, there comes" Spud "right now."

"Yeth and thauntherg halorg, like he might be away ahead of the time that form eating her a Spud with what, call a cool cutthroat?" When the fourth lad joined the bunch there was a lot of good natured badinage indulged in all around, at first the manner of boys in general.

"Do you intend waiting any longer for Andy?" asked the new comer. "Yeth we have waited fifteen minutes for you Spud" said Ted, and it would be only fair to give poor old Andy ten minutes more."

"Spud" immediately took out his watch and held it in his hand just as though he might be a might have been the judge at a sprinting match.

"I couldn't help being late" late myself got to talking with Angeline Vivian out there down the company street and couldn't pull myself away. What is keeping Andy though I wonder."

Before five minutes had crept past however there was a cry raised.

"Here comes poor old Andy," said Toby mounted on his horse and coming like the wind after all look at him puffing away will you. He just knows he has been keeping us waiting here so long and that is making him put on so much steam. Now he nearly took a header into that fence."

The boys sat there on the rail fence and began to greet the coming horse back rider with loud shouts;

"It he up Andy Andy."

"One good turn deserves another you know."

"A little more power to the left foot, or you'll slide the horse into a house yet Andy."

"Oh Andy doesn't you mother at home know your risky risking your precious old neck on that beast of a horse?"

Though usually he would grin or smile or laugh at these words he did not this time but looked mighty sullen and serious, and did not cease his exertions until he had reached the place where his four chums sat on the fence. Then they saw that while his round face was red and the perspiration stood out in beads on his forehead, there was a drawn almost a scared look on his countenance.

"Hey what ails the fellow" burst out fill Aggie, as though discovering that Andy Andy was trembling more with some mysterious emotion than fatigue.

"Yeth hurry up and tell us what's happened" cried Ted Stalcklingburg jumping off his perch, and hastening to the side of the panting boy who had just dismounted with difficulty. Andy Andy seemed to swallow something that may have hastened to choke him when making a great effort he managed to say a few words.

"Terrible thing happened fellows. Knocks the reputation of the Wolf Patrol divisions all to smithereens."

Of course this excited and alarmed those four scouts as nothing else could have done.

"Has anything happened again to the Vivian girls?" almost shouted Toby.

"No it's Hen Condit" answered Andy Andy. "He's gone and stole a lot of important papers from General Jack Evans headquarters and lit out that's what. That is why Andrews Penrod and the princesses were not home. They were at after him but he got away, and him belonging to our Wolf Patrol too."

"Hey for the love of heaven and Saint Peter say that over again 'on't you Andy Andy? I sure believe my ears must have played mean tricks on me." Exclaimed fill Aggie his face becoming pale.

"Henry Condit" robbed Jack Evans the guardian of the Vivian girls, and the little princesses are you telling us? Dashed Toby. "Come off now, you're just trying to give us taffy, to see what we would say thinking it smart."

"I tell you honestly and cross my heart to die just came from the house of Andrews" continued the perspiring scout, mopping his reeking forehead with a suspicious looking handkerchief, that may once on a time have been good and white. "You see General Jack Evans did not this morning let the little princesses get up as early as they generally do, because last night they were really badly worn out and tired. It occurred when he and they were at Mass with Andrews and Penrod, and say they even think that Evans might have been given a dose of scotch whisky to make him sleep longer because they awoke sooner than he did and had a hard time to arouse him."

"Hold on fellows" snapped Toby just then. "As luck would have it here comes the girl scout chief Mattie Turner on her own horse. He said she had to go over to St. Johns Camps on an important errand for the head who is a general this morning, which was the only reason she couldn't join us on the meeting. Let's hold her up and Andy can tell the whole story then."

When they made urgent gestures to the pretty girl scout chief (she hastened on the swiftly flying horse horse (it flies without wings) she hastened to draw rein in laughing joyfully and gleefully at the same time.

"I hurried over and back on purpose to follow you boys to the old swimming hole with my own bathing suit to join you" she told them "but I didn't expect to meet you good little gentlemen on the way. Don't delay me as you know it is good little ladies first."

"Put Jennie please listen, this is no joke, something awful has happened and you ought to know about it." Declared Toby at which the good little girl looked searchingly at each of the others in turn, and seeing how grave they appeared, she demanded what it meant.

"Why you see Jennie" exclaimed fill Aggie. "Andy Andy here was late in joining us. He came along on his horse urging it on for all his was worth and looking like he had seen the ghost one of the foolish foolish people believe in. He only started to tell us when you came in sight. We were waiting for Angeline Aron and Angeline Aron to come and join us but something is delaying her, but it's a terrible, that do you think, he says our Wolf Patrol Lieutenant Henry Condit, he deserted us, and robbed the princesses and Evans in the bargain."

Jennie Turner was off her horse in short order and she faintly fainted. She faced Andy Andy, as a lawer might a witness on the stand; and Jennie just knew how to pump a fellow so as to get the main facts without loss of time as any girl scout leader understood.

"Go on and tell us about it Andy Andy," she commanded. "How did you happen to learn about the fact in the first place?"

"Why you see Jennie" answered the other, only too willing to explain to the best of her ability. "Angeline picked, she sent me over on an errand to James Andrews house, an errand to James himself. He has wished to see him. He wasn't there neither were any one at home except Evans and some other. I was made than hops too when I learned of it too, because I just knew that such little girls like the princesses doesn't deserve double crossing by no one."

"What did you find when you got there?" asked Jennie Turner, who knew Andy Andy to be long winded and that often the quickest way to learn facts from him was to put him on the grill.

"Why they were all upset." Admitted Andy Andy.

"I thought you said they were not all there?" said Jennie Turner.

"Andrews and Violet and her sisters were not there. They were away at their Daily Mass and so was Evans. Emperor Vivian was there though and he was as mad as a bull seeing red, and his wife the Empress was as white as chalk yes, and scared too. See me that when the Emperor went into the library after the little girls and their brothers and Andrews had gone he found the safe open and every thing gone. It was an inside job the Chief Gemini Rodney Graves said, because nobody had busted the safe and it was the safe belonging to Andrews father."

"Then the chief of the Gemini, was there was he?" questioned the chief girl scout leader.

"Surely he was indeed, Empero-Vivian had phoned him. There were a dozen officers in the house too and more seemed coming right along, and a crowd of child scouts were about the place awaiting commands to do whatever - toll concerning the strange robbery. Biggest kind of excitement. Oh it's going to be town property before night I guess, and again within this city now lots of people will be pointing their fingers at every fellow suspicious of being strange and saying they knew strange were no better than the law all round here. Oh - you would I not like to get hold of that Hen Candide though."

"Oh what makes them believe it was Hen," continued Jennie.

"Say that is the queerest part of the whole thing," answered the fat boy. "The silly gump gave the whole business away himself - went and left a note behind him written on Violet's typewriter telling that he was the guilty villain, and that they needn't expect him to be seen again because he had lit out for the Glandelinian camp and don't dare follow him because the wise he'll put it wise to the assassin spies where the Vivian Girls are."

"What? you don't say," gasped, ill Aggie - she half stunned by this later intelligence. "I would never thought that Hen could be such a fool to double cross the Vivian Girls after they trusted him so, and yet a bigger fool as to vomit himself like that."

"Then was he last seen?" demanded Jennie Turner still after information which she must know.

"He went to bed last night they said just as usual; but shucks it would be the easiest thing for him to get into their headquarters with the pass he had and in getting out climb down from the window if he got a notion. I've known him to do the same thing a dozen of times just for fun, rather than take the trouble to go around the stairs."

"Then Hen has disappeared, deserted the camp, and no one has seen him this morning?"

"Never a soul," Empero-Vivian said that his wife the Emperoress was the first to do discover the loss. She had went to the room of Violet and her sisters and seeing her them gone had at first thought they took the important papers."

"But surely if it is theirs and their fathers they would have a right to know he told them what they did was all right."

"Yes but they didn't take anything. They were still at Mass with their brother Evans and Andrew, Empero-Vivian and the Emperess having gone to an earlier Mass. And Empero-Vivian is whopping mad over it. He nearly took a fit when the Gemini Chief said he reckoned that somebody had chlo'formed him and Evans. He called Hen a viper and said that if he could only catch him he'd see that he got his deserts."

"Listen Andy Andy, did you see that note?" asked Jennie Turner.

"That's what I did let me tell you" came the prompt reply, "and it was in Hen's well known hand writing too, I could tell that a good distance from my face if I saw it. Now I not heard the scout Master tell him he was well nicknamed because his paper looked like a Hen had dabbled in the ink, and then strolled around every which way."

"Then you can tell us about what it said can't you?" continued Jennie.

"Landy Andy laid that ready for finger (hee hee) of his alongside his nose, as though that action would aid his memory. Then he closed one eye, a nother singular habit of his, after which he slowly went on to say--"

"Doubtless the exact words have slipped me, besides to tell you the truth it was very hard also to read it, but it was something like this. He said circumstances which he could not control had forced him to do this thing, that because of the Glandelinian cause he really served with he could not be sorry if he tried, and that also as it was his duty to be a spy and disguise as a Christian boy scout it could not be helped. He hoped the Vivian Girls would forgive him, and for get there was such a fellow in the wide world as Hen Candide. There was also some more that I can't just recollect, but it was to the effect that he believed he had plenty of things coming and money too, so that Empero-Vivian could take it out of that, and call it square. But it is horrible, and just this what this is going to do to the armies before Pandora Jennie. Never since the Vivianites were organized organized has it met up with such a terrible blow..."

"All of them looked very serious. They knew that a certain element within the Christian lines would only be too eager to seize upon this incident to take advantage to try and prove what certain foreigners had always tried to falsify claim, which was that Ablesannian boy and girl scouts after all were no goodier than children of their own nations, and that when put to the test they could only turn out bad as well as the rest, not thinking that at times Glandelinian boy scouts can fool you easily enough by being in the cloak and acting as any Christian about for the time being."

untill he sees an opportunity to do his treacherous act."

"Yes in the eyes of Glandelinians the honor of the Wolf Patrol is hanging in the balance," Jennie said, "Will Aggie, are we boys going to just stand by and not lift a hand because it was one of our make believe chums and yet a Glandelinian spy in disguise who did this mean job, obliging the Princesses. If it was any one else and they called on us to back him down, wouldn't we respond right away. Here's a supreme test before us that is going to prove how much our honor means. We can't let a Glandelinian scamp get away with them..."

"I say the same Jennie," urged Chatze indignantly. "Let's all get busy and see if we can't help Violet, and her sisters run down Hen Candide like a fox we have got the trail off. Let's fetch him back to face Empero-Vivian and Violet, and her sisters, and prove too all Glandelinians that the boys and girls of the Ablesannian Wolf Patrol can never stand for wrong doing in their ranks and don't excuse spies either. Yes gosh it is surely up to us to show our colors."

Jennie Turner rubbed her forehead. She looked thoughtful, as though possibly she might see a little further into this mysterious happening than any of the rest.

"Listen fellows," she told them. "I've known for some little time that Hen was that Hen was acting very queerly. I had a hard time to get him to go to daily Mass, and among us all he never went to Holy Communion. He failed to attend the last three meetings, and when I asked him about it he avoided my eye. I've been wondering what it all meant and had intended to have a good heart to heart talk with him as soon as I got a chance."

"Hold on," said Toby. "I wonder now if that man, saw him with could have anything to do with this ugly business..."

Jennie turned on him nett like a flash. "Flash."

"It may have more to do with it than you think Toby," she remarked. "Then was it you saw them and where?"

"Just yesterday morning," replied the other, "and down at the bridge across the river, you know that long city bridge on Central Street. Violet and her sisters were crossing it on their way to Mass with their parents and brothers, and Hen nodded to them and me, but it struck me even at the time he acted like he hoped to goodness I or they too wouldn't bother to stop to say anything to him."

"And a man you didn't know was with him you say?" questioned Jennie.

"Well I didn't have the chance to glimpse his face, in fact I believe he did not want me to see his face for he turned his head away as, and they passed, but I made up my mind he was a stranger in this city, so far as I could could see, he was in no uniform but dressed as a civilian..."

"Indeed that looks mighty suspicious I should say huh," declared Chatze positively. "That stranger is the spy I'll be bound according to my mind huh."

"It may have been that poor weak Hen has been cowed and bulldozed into doing the whole thing," suggested, ill Aggie, sagely.

"It seems strange how he could do such a thing after what Violet and her sister saw him do for him, and once when he was sick Jennie and Argeline sat up all night for him."

"Now I wonder if that could really be the case?" remarked Ted?

"Do you mean," said Toby "that you suspect it was the spy himself all along, and that he might have kidnapped Hen and wrote that note himself?"

"Most likely."

"We ought to get busy and do something right away Jennie," observed Toby Jones to her.

"I'm glad to know that's the way you boys really feel about it," continued Jennie. "This is a bad piece of business. I myself know all that Violet and her sisters had done for Hen, and once when Hen's father lost all his property during the Ablesannian war Violet and her sisters out of their own treasury restored everything for him and paid out of their own pocket the doctor bill for Hen's injured father. When Hen was sick with Scarlet Fever Argeline and Jennie nursed him the danger of catching it, sat up for him at night while their sisters took turns other nights. Argeline's possession no doubt preserved them from taking the fever. I don't know I can't make myself believe Hen did that. Surely if so it was an awful act of ingratitude and how must poor Violet and her sister feel. They must be broken hearted. But if it was only that second level who did it himself, and kidnapped the boy and slandered him well fix him. It is up to all the boy and girl scouts of the whole regiment of Vivianites to concert upon the mystery and find out the truly truth. But Oh God, pray the boy really is innocent. I had with the help of Violet and her sisters laid out a great scheme for a good thrilling outing for all of us to start this vacation since the fog is quiet but every thing must give way to making your comrades down, and learning the whole truth."

"Fully for you Jennie." ejaculated Lill Aggie, looking delighted. The others were almost as exuberant in their expressions of approval. Just a brief time before some of the number had been wondering what could be done to give them a short sojourn in the woods outside the city to begin with the vacation period, and hence a longcome this necessity calling to the other members of the Wolf Patrol to awaken and defend the honor of their organization.

"Here every one of you jump onto your horses" ordered Jennie Turner as she mounted her own horse.

"Are you meaning to go to Andre's house?" called out Landy Andy.

"Yes."

In another moment they were off and they were quickly at Andre's house. Fully covered by boys and girls scouts were in and around the house upon which such a sudden catastrophe had fallen, not the curiosity but all eager to find clues in which they could follow the runaway and the others. They talked among themselves, asked questions, examined the quarters not assigned by Hen, and shook their heads pityingly as they observed the white face of the good mother of Violet, and her sisters, who with Penrod and James were still at Maes and knew nothing of what had happened. Evans himself was there and he was rather rather a severe man and looked very angry, and kept calling the boy hard names as he told how Hen must have known the combination of the safe, and that after all Violet, and her sisters had done for him he should turn around and do them such a dirty trick.

"When they learn of this returning from Maes they won't be able to eat their late breakfast they'll be so upset" he said.

Jennie Turner and the others managed to see the convicting note. They were all of the same opinion as Landy, and agreed that no one but Hen could have ever written those fearful words.

"I would never have believed Hen was such a silly Ass," was what Lill Aggie remarked, after surveying the crooked writing, which of course he knew only too well. Then to the greater feeling of awe and sympathy Violet and her sisters and the prince and James were seen coming, James of course this time in the lead for he had been the first to see what this crowd in front of his house and wondering what was wrong.

"Attention" he commanded to every body outside and they obeyed at once for he was soon to be a prince too. Penrod and the little girls excitedly with fast beating hearts hurried up as James demanded;

"What happened here? What's wrong?"

"Your house had been robbed. Hen Conditer robbed your safe and stole all the important papers in it" said one of the girls scouts. But James knew no one by that name and asked;

"Whose Hen Conditer? There were no Hens in my place. How could a chicken rob my safe?"

"A boy scout by that name did it" she said.

He then was in the place first, commanding the others to step aside and went into the room where the safe stood wide open. Jennie Turner and the boys just mentioned followed. James examined what was left in his safe just as Penrod, and Violet and her sisters wide eyed came in.

"But how did he get the safe open?" demanded James. "Did he know its combination?"

I never gave it to him. Where my father, and my sisters that at they were not here. Am I the mess; the house not properly guarded and this to happen. Who was that boy any way?"

Most of those in the place never knew, but Jennie Turner came up to him and explained the whole situation, and Violet and her sisters hearing it couldn't believe their ears, but when they saw the note they were convinced and horrified.

"I'm sick!" said Vice Violet as suddenly dropping into her chair and covering her face with her hands. "This to happen and after all we did for the boy and his poor parents."

"Such light indignation" moaned Jennie. "This is a cruel blow to us the worst yet."

Jack Evans now tried to cheer them and most of the scouts were cleared out of the building except Jennie Turner and the four boys who had followed her. It was dreadfully hard for Violet and her sisters to gain control of themselves. Very few things hit them harder than uncertainty. But at they were more regretted at rick then angry, and Evans tried to convince them not to worry, for surely they knew that any one who does them a wrong never has any good luck afterwards. There were a few foreigners in the building, come to see merely from curiosity sake, but also more from sympathy and sorrow for the poor little girls, and they too tried to cheer the little girls by telling them they were such good little girls, and praising them as much as possible. After they had hung inside there for some time until the little girls were more like themselves again, and Jennie

had asked all the questions of Jack Evans she could think of, she and the boy went outside on the veranda to talk it over.

"Right now some of those foreign people are looking at us in a sneering way Jennie" observed the touchy southern Calvinian boy, indignantly, and I give you my word for it they are beginning to say among themselves that Hen Conditer belonged to the wonderful patrol. Jennie was very subtly got to do something to clear the good name of our patrol."

"We will rely on the girls scout, simply and yet with that reasonableness which has carried conviction in its train. Already I've got a good suspicion. There may be nothing to it but it has given me an idea, where we ought to look first of all and convince Violet of her sister and Penrod to that fact for they will no doubt lead the hunt."

"Please tell us about it Jennie!" begged Toby.

"I just knew Jennie would get on the track double quick time" asserted Landy who always believed there was nothing impossible to the great girl scout leader, once she set herself to a task."

"It all came about from hearing a little boy talking when I was down in the market yesterday morning hunting up some special good vegetables which Penrod asked me to get and to which dinner he begged me to come and share with his sisters. Maybe you know who he is and maybe you don't, he is Johnny Anderson, the boy who always ships out a raft of dried ginseng roots every year so they say, and in the Spring sends a good bunch of Musk rats to this city."

"Sure we know Johnny" assented Toby quickly. "He comes to this city with a big load of hay once every week. His folks live a long ways off up beyond the two Lakes Lake Pando and Lake Murmur, where he of the Wolf Patrol used to go camping last year."

"That's right" said Jennie Turner and their farm borders that terribly big Forbidden Swamp lying beyond Lake Pando, a dangerous swamp to those who don't know the way in and out, full of bogs and quick sands. Well I happened to tell Johnny or happened to hear Johnny I mean tell how he had taken a look through the swamp the other day just to find out how the Musk rats were coming on, so as to get a pointer on his winter business this year. He said he honestly believed there must be some number of men hiding there or doing something there, because in several places he had come upon many tracks made by men's shoes."

"But people sometimes go in Forbidden Swamp to hunt don't they Jennie?" objected Lill Aggie.

"Not now with two big armies confronting each other, and even at this time no one could find any kind of game up there you know, and nothing else could be shot at as they say these swamp animals can scent the presence of so many men and flee away from some where." Jennie Turner continued. "But Johnny has something else to say that interested me considerably. It seemed at several no a number of places he found ashes that told of a fire, and while rooting around in one of them he picked up a piece of steel that he allowed me to see and gave to me. It had evidently been filed and boys can you guess what it made made me think it must have once been?"

"Although all of them looked eagerly interested, they shook their heads and wondered why as though they would not be able to guess at any effort."

"Go on Jennie and tell us!" urged Toby.

"Yes let down the bars and relieve our anxiety please Jennie." Added Lill Aggie.

"Unless I am way off in my reckoning," said the other solemnly. "It was a pair of steel hand cuffs such as officers fasten to the wrists of Glandian Indian prisoners when taking them to the camp, especially despatching especially despatching dangerous prisoners."

It was about three o'clock on the following afternoon when a cavalcade of children riding as many husky horses and led by seven beautiful little girls moved slowly and carefully along the shores of the treacherous Lake Pando a many miles away from the city of Pando and from the Christian Christian lines. All the horses were mounted by lively lads and girls all of them in the uniform of Abbeemian boy and girls scouts, the kind as a rule that distinguish Child Scouts in Abbeemian, different from what they are seen in other countries as they were armed to the teeth like Abbeemian cavalry. Counting the beautiful little girls it would be seen that they numbered just seven, and this included a whole regiment of girl scout, and an extra regiment of boy scouts including all those whom we met on the road under the spreading branches of the big oak (poke yoke) and Mark Canning's Prince Penrod, and James Anderson and his sisters in addition. Since the entire membership of the Wolf Patrol here visiting the Vivianites consisted of eight it was plain that the only one lacking was the unfortunate Hen Conditer. As he was a Violet and her sisters were they had firmly made up their minds at any risk to exert themselves to the utmost in the

hopes of finding the little deserter, and bringing him back to camp, and therefore they had set to work preparing for the campaign. As said as they were now they kept their weapons to themselves as much as possible, and though they did not feel like speaking it was their force up to Prince Penrod for their sake to give such advice as was required by all the others, telling them to go as light as possible since they would have to be moving around, and ordinary camp material could not be considered. There was chance too that they might be compelled to remain out in the open for quite a number of nights, and there for there were plenty of nights or ways rather where by they could secure shelter without carrying along such a cumbersome thing as a tent. As no body no matter what their work was to be would not miss a single base in the morning two police had been brought along. Each boy and girl had their rubber military rain coat strapped to their backs (Abbeonnan child scouts do not wear common Scout ponchos but wear a full sized raincoat). Each of them carried their most trusty rifles, a had their hand grenades, and pistols and sabres, not that they expected they would need all that against a single man and a boy but that there was chance they might encounter a landallian cavalry patrol and they must be prepared. Besides this all of the scouts had seen to it that each one had some sort of a food supply, in the shape of bread, wheat, dried beef, and such things as could be most easily packed. As Penrod had declared they expected to be like "The Hermann hummers" and live off the country as they went along, though ready to pay good cash for any and all eggs, or bread secured from the farmers.

"Uncle Josh" as one of the boy scouts was called had arranged to carry a coffee pot along together with a supply of the ground bean, while Andy had a big frying pan fastened to his pack, which the others laughingly just knew would be frequently tripping him up, and making all so sort of noises when they meant to steal silently along, and therefore Violet had ordered him to see to it it was tied to the horse's saddle instead to his pack. Just what they meant to fry in that pack no one fully knew; but they were strong in hopes, and believed that things would turn up to satisfy their hunger when the sensation became too acute. They had no choice on the road since early morning for it was a long way up to Lake Pandora but so far they met with no foes as they were still within the christian lines which were very wide. As this region before had been the scene of some of the bloodiest fighting around the country near Pandora of course the conversation among the boy and girl scouts covered many memories connected with those experiences for they had worked hard during the battle and had seen much service. The horses had shown signs of playing out some miles back, but they had managed to coax them along and there was little doubt now that they would reach their intended destination inside of a very short time. This was a farmer's place that lay near to the big swamp at the head of the big Pandora Lake, a body of water so wide that it would take three days for the fastest ship to cross. Here they would arrange to leave their horses while searching the dark recesses of the swamp. As all of them even Violet and her sisters had an unusual amount of experience in such unsavory places they believed they knew fairly fairly well how to go about the hunt. Only they had to look out for quicksand, and quicksand here was peculiar, that even if you was roped and a rope thrown around the neck of a horse, the animal could not pull you out.

"Well then we ought to get near that large farm mighty soon now I should think Jennie," remarked Penrod himself as he flicked the back of his horse's neck to disturb a big greenfly that was trying to stab the sweat covered animal in a tender spot.

"From what I have been able to find out, and from what I know from my own experience up here," Jennie answered, "The north bend of this lake lies just beyond that patch of willow trees and we will see the farm house as soon as we make the next turn. Easy there with your horse the Violet dear you came near being thrown out of the saddle just then."

"The peaky old road is so narrow and rough it's hard to keep any of our horses from going straight," complained, ill Aggie in disgust for one foot of his own horse had indeed slipped over the edge and his escape too from a bad spill from the saddle had been a close shave.

"I reckon since the forbidden swamp must lie over in that direction then," remarked Jimie pointing as he spoke.

"Just what it does," replied Angelina, who was leading them and not looking as a gullie.

"It sure looks dreadfully gloomy, I should say," remarked Jennie.

"Swamps always do you must know," Penrod told his friends. "Yes," added Anna, "some of them are always half dark even in the middle of the day. That is because of the thick jungle of vines that hang from trees to

around the canopy of branches and thick clouds of leaves overhead. Why down south in my country, where Spanish and other kind of moss cover the trees in the swamps, it is almost dark as a rule." "But Prince there's one thing I don't understand," suggested Landy Andy looking aside ways at the sad tearful eyes of poor Violet and her sisters. "Out with it then, and if I can explain I would be only too willing." He was told.

"Supposing now for the sake of argument that a stranger was a treacherous dirty tricky of a landallian spy who had escaped from our lines some where, and that he managed to get a strategic hold on our camp, then, so that the other just had to do whatever he was told, told—get all that do you, supposing that he did not really write that note, that the spy made him do it, and then to cover himself kidnapped the boy. Well if he skipped with the boy out of Pandora city night before last how under the sun could they get way up here in a day or two?"

"Yes it is something like thirty miles from the christian armies outside of Pandora I should say," declared Jennie Turner, and it takes that boy

Johnny a day and a night to get to the outskirts of the christian lines with his load, all down grade too, you remember that Hen Conditt never was anything to brag of in the line of a long distanced walker though he is good at horse back riding. "Hiding."

"He may have had to make up his mind that he had to do some fast sprinting unless he rode a horse," said Prince Penrod when he realized what a honest nest he had stirred up back the road in Pandora.

"Yeth," remarked Ted Stancklinburg who had been listening to all this talk with certain ideas of his own, and lots of times it isn't the very hard to get a life on the road. Wagons and so forth happen along you know and the farmers here in Abbeonnan a every thoft hearted people you these."

"As going to say the very same thing," Ted "Jennie Turner," remarked, "when you took the very words out of my mouth. Yes they may have had a lift or else Hen had to stretch himself to do the most vigorous walking of his career if he and his companion had no chance to take horses to ride. All of which is based on the supposition that they did come away up here and are hiding right now some where about if not in the forbidden Swamp."

"I suppose you are figuring on what Johnny said eh Jen?" asked Penrod. "I'm a figuring on a whole lot of things and it don't need at all time or what ever you pronounce it, we piled the other" and among them is the fact that more than a dozen unknown men have been using the dangerous swamp for a hiding place of late to try and find out intentions of the christian generals."

"Perhaps we will learn a heap more about it after we strike the farm we are heading for," suggested Ted looking at the sad faces of Violet and her sisters.

"And there, if you look (the cook) now you can see the house, a, among the other those trees, with a little smoke coming out of the chimney at the kitchen end," said Jennie Turner pointing ahead.

Will Aggie deliberately took chances by moving one hand from the reins and vigorously rubbing his stomach with it.

"Oh I know something of what bullying old piping suppers farmers wives serve up," he hastened to say, throwing a little longer he could into looks and words. "And here's hoping we get an invitation to stay over there until tomorrow morning. If they are very pressing Prince, I entreat you not to hurry us off. As long as we have the swamp surrounded things can wait that long and we don't expect to do much in the night time you remember."

Prince Penrod first looked at his sisters, for he and they made no rash promises. Then he simply smiled, and started to talk of other subjects. Poor Will Aggie who did feel so empty after such a little lunch by the wayside was left in suspense. Violet and her sisters depressed by what had happened had eaten no breakfast, no one could have coaxed them to and they didn't even want to hear of food now.

"What's this farm we name?" asked Toby.

"Michael Elmeon," replied Penrod. "You know Johnny Johnny Green is only a board boy and he has to work for the farmer until he gets to a certain age, when he is supposed to be given a sum of money and be his own boss. That's the law in this country."

"Well all I hope is that we pick up some decent clue around here," said Will Aggie. "Yes and a bully supper in the bargain, that will fill a horrible vacuum and put us all in fighting condition."

All the time of this conversation Violet and her sisters had not said a word. They felt too down hearted to do so, and their mind and heart

was on the boy's side. That's what I wanted something of a 46
 as mention. Dogs began to bark, crows to crow, cows to moo, moo, moo,
 and even a donkey started to bray in a fearful fashion. Immediately
 Johnny Green, the boy who trapped me, came running out from the
 tough appearing boy about fifteen years of age came running out from the
 big barn where he had been milking some of the cows for he held a three
 legged stool in one hand as though it might be some weapon of defense. The
 farmer a long lanky individual with a keen honest face also bobbed in
 eight, holding a curly comb, while at the kitchen door could be seen the
 tall graceful figure of his pretty wife evident bound to learn what was
 happening even if hard to believe in consequence. Three tow headed
 wild eyed little children evidently the offspring of the farmer and
 his wife who had been playing at teeter with a plank laid over a carpenter's
 "horse" for a saw, ranged themselves all in a row, and gaped their
 fill at the strange and magnificent spectacle of a long column of boy and
 girls armed like cavalry soldiers and all dressed alike except Violet
 and her sisters who did not wear uniforms but just plain purple clothing.
 Penrod rode forward ahead of the column and asked:

"Are you the farmer's wife?"

"That I sure am son, what fetches the hull lot of you up this way? Meaning
 to camp on the lake shore it might be! I've heard about the boy and girl scout
 troops of the Vivians army, Johnny, yonders, been apining to join
 em this long time back, but of course it aint to be thought of, with him so far
 away."

"Yes the main band here" said Penrod are the Vivianites but seven of
 the boys here belong to the Wolf Patrol Mr Farmer. But I'm the leader
 and more than that but the son of the Vivian, Prince Penrod! Perhaps
 you know of my Father. He there for not paying any attention to the
 "rank astonishment of the farmer there upon him" introduced his
 sisters whom the farmer stared at as he if he thought he saw beautiful
 ghosts and some of his officers too and even mentioned position as Doctor
 father of James Andre as occupied a prominent position as Doctor
 Then he added "but Mr Farmer we have not exactly come up here to camp out
 this trip" after bowing to the farmer's wife who had
 first darted indoors to see that her supper was not burning and then
 hurried to join them. Penrod knew that the truth might just as well
 come out in the beginning as later. On this account he did not hold anything
 back but he perfectly frank with the owner of the lake farm.

"What might be your object then Prince?" asked the tiller of the soil res-
 pectfully and possibly feeling a bit of natural curiosity in the matter
 and yet not able still to keep his eyes off Violet and her sisters.

"Ask him first of all won't you Prince?" pleaded till Aggie, as though he
 feared lest this important matter be lost sight of in the confusion
 of affairs. "Whether he can spare some of us some eggs and a few broilers
 to take into the old swamp with us."

"I guess ma c- n't let you have what you want along them lines. I re-
 plied the farmer. "Though seems like somebody's been amaking fuss with her
 laying hens lately. They keep disappearing right along. Sometimes I think it's
 a mink that's getting em but there ain't any signs of such a critter
 around; cause you know a mink'll kill as many as a dozen fowls in one
 night, and just suck their blood."

Prince Penrod exchanged suggestive looks with his sisters and Andre.
 "From what you say sir" he remarked quickly "you fowls are carried off
 bodily. Is that it?"

"They jest keep on getting less and less right along," the farmer admitted.
 "We and John Johnny here was thinking of setting up with guns to see if we
 could get a crack at the chicken thief, whether he was a mink, a badger
 or a to legged mink."

"That is what we was a meaning to do," agreed the said Johnny; glad to have
 his name mentioned in the matter at all though secretly he was all the time
 looking at Violet and her sisters and admiring their spiritual like beauty
 and innocence of looks."

"Well we've got a good hunch, Mr Farmer" said till Aggie, bound to get
 his say in the affair and thinking Penrod was too slow in getting to the point
 "That we might put you mine to that some thief or thieves."

"I'd shore be glad to hear it," declared the farmer. "Johnny a here has been
 sayin as how he believes there's a faller hiding out in the swamp, cause he
 seen his tracks. I even reckon on sending to the army for help and see if
 we could run him down with some bounds."

"Well Mr Farmer that is what we about to be doing," said Penrod. "And
 And now if you'll listen to something I've got to tell, you can understand
 what sort of interest we have got in this thing."

So in a few words as possible he told the story of how Hen condit-
 had been reported to have acted in such a queer way, robbing General
 Jack Evans and the Prince's pocket of important papers for military purposes
 as those were not touched but of Andre's money which he had hidden in the
 safe and actually leaving a silly letter that fastened the crime on his own
 shoulders.

"He was seen by one of my chums talking with a strange man just the day before
 before this happened" continued Prince Penrod. "It hurt a man more than any
 thing, because I and my sisters did so much for the boy and that this is a
 very bad act of ungratefulness on his part. If it can be proven against
 him we Abieannians do not forgive an act of ungratefulness and will punish
 him within the full limit of our power when we capture him, and too we can
 charge him with rank desertion. We also believe the man was the same old un-
 known party who has been hiding in "Forbidden Swamp" for a time past, and
 as you have just told us living off your flock of fowls, with another
 large squad of boy and girl scouts started off last night the swamp; it al-
 ready our bounded so that he and the boy cannot escape if they are still
 there. Johnny here down in the hay market, gave my friend Jimmie Farmer
 something he picked up in the swamp near some sheds. He said it is Mr Farmer
 and all of us believe firmly it is a part of a steel military hand cuff
 which was filed in half showing that the man must be a desperate character of a
 spy escaped from some interrum net camp of the army."

At that the farmer's wife uttered a little shriek, and began to look
 frightened.
 "Henny" she told her husband authoritatively "you go get your gun right away.
 And Johnny chain the bull dog close to the kitchen door. After this I'm coming
 to make sure the barn in place when I'm left alone, and Henny kept inside the
 house along with me."

Prince Penrod guessed that the said Henny must be the bulldog. He also figured
 that as a rule the animal was kept in house at nights which accounted for his
 not interfering with the carrying off of the farmer's chickens. The
 farmer was plainly deeply interested by this time in the story come
 connected with the coming of the Prince, his sisters and all these gradually
 uniformed scouts.

"Sure I'll do all I can to help you land the critters Prince," he
 answered Penrod. "But that swamp is some big and some mighty dangerous and I
 guess as how you'll have all you want to do chasing through the same where
 half of it is quicksand. Supposing now you let things rest till to morrow
 and make an early start. Maybe we might bag the mink this very
 night, if so be they try to make another haul on my feathered stock, aiming to
 get a good turkey this time."

Of course Penrod could see through a grindstone that had a hole in its
 center. He knew very well that the farmer wanted to make use of them
 all in order to protect his property but it seemed Penrod's purpose
 just as well to readily agree to the proposition. As for till Aggie his eyes
 were almost popping out of his head with suspense; he was licking his lips
 after the manner of a most hungry dog when scenting a bone. Penrod asked Violet
 and her sisters if they wished to eat any supper but they slowly shook their
 heads but Penrod was determined that they must eat something.

"We will stop over with you then Mr Farmer," agreed the Prince and before
 morning try to finger out our plans of campaign looking to "Forbidden Swamp".
 up, the chicken thief as we are believed to be hiding in "Forbidden Swamp".
 "I'm sorry for one thing" remarked farmer's wife
 wife who apparently hailed the decision of Prince Penrod to run and her
 soul with joy that was not to be denied.

"What might that be, ma?" asked till Aggie in a quivering voice
 for the poor boy began to have a terrible fear that she was about to warn
 them that the stock of provisions were much too valuable to be wasted on
 even a deserving company of boy and girl scouts.
 "Of course we'll be glad to have as many of you as you can have supper with
 us, and a good breakfast too for that matter," she told them. "But as there are
 so many of you that I'm afraid I couldn't find beds enough to go around
 even if you all doubled up."

At that the poor elongated scouts gave a loud laugh, the clouds passed from
 his face like magic. If he could only be positive of his regular relations
 it mattered nothing to till Aggie where he laid his head.

"I don't let that little thing bother you Mrs. Jennie" he hastened to say,
 in a way making himself spoken for the whole crowd; why we are used
 to camping out you see and in our time we all even including the prince
 have slept in the queerest beds you ever heard tell of."

the big oak trees. The sky was unusually black with faint distant forest fires smoke and yet while it was not actually too dark the boys and girls had some difficulty in seeing as well as they might have liked. Penrod and his sisters were listening to the faintest sound. They wondered why they did not already hear the groans and whines of the wretched thief who had been hung up by the heels without receiving a second warning... The minute thing how Johnny had been whisked above, Penrod himself felt sure no one could be blamed for letting out that shriek when the outcast ropes came about. No one would have thought it queer if the suspended rascal kept up his groans as he writhed and twisted in a vain effort to reach up to the limb, which was so beautifully shaped that it was not even a circus contortionist would have been able to do. He imagined he heard some sound ahead of them, but even at that Penrod could be certain and when he asked one of his sisters she said she heard nothing. Another of them said it must be the night breeze sighing through the upper branches of the tall trees or the alarmed turkeys holding a confab among themselves for all she could tell... But they were rapidly bearing down upon the spot now and in another half minute ought to be where they could see the creaking figure of the caught thief of rope.

"I saw something away yonder," Johnny ventured Catherine in a surprised tone, "but it doesn't make no sound."
"Huh, something's gone wrong then I guess with the one caught," grunted the inventor and if Catherine could feel surprised what a surprise it must have been to Johnny when he saw a dangling figure to greet him but that despite the wild yell so full of mortal agony if not terror. Perhaps wise and shrewd Penrod, and also his sisters had begun to hazard a shrewd guess as to the why and wherefore of this silence. They were gnat at need, feeling through things before the answer came to any of their chum.

If this were so at least they did not venture as yet to say anything to them about it. But now all of them save slow poke, Andy, Andy who could not run fast because he was fat had arrived at the tree. They could hear the alarmed turkeys making some twittering sounds above but if any of them had flown off the rest remained on their roosts. Johnny had been smart enough to fetch his lantern along. This he now proceeded to light and as soon as the flick took fire he began to examine the trap.

"Holy Moses and Jumping Jack," exclaimed Johnny.
"Oh gone the luck, let us down let us down" some one wailed as though they were broken hearted by the outcast ropes.
Violet and her sisters looked in astonishment and bewilderment at the trap and then at Johnny.

"Please please let us down," came the wail.
"Good gosh!" gasped Penrod. "Your trap caught three persons on the same foot."
"And two of them are knocked unconscious by something," added Jennie Lu Mer.
"That's what comes of not testing things before hand" said Violet giggling, with the air of a wise dove who knew it all though that was only her way of speaking in her supercilious and excitement.
"Gee whiz he did test it Princess" said Jennie Lu Mer laughingly "did we not see Johnny hanging head down. There's some sort of a mystery about it that's all."

"Not much" said Penrod, who while others were talking and prying no attention to the victim unless for mercy had been examining the end of the rope; "The noose must have been bigger than usual and caught the three of them at once by that's all."

"I guess we'll have to cut the culprit down with a knife do you think so Penrod," cried one of the others.

"No, no" cried Johnny against. "We can move the huge hand back."
"That's right just what we can do" continued Penrod firmly.
Every body had to push up to examine the three hanging there and the there was no dissenting voice after that. They knew that Penrod and Violet and her sisters were a light as they always appeared to be in matters like this.

"But say please, please, please, cut me down cut me down I'm getting sick hanging here by one leg I tell you!" demanded the man.

"Maybe I'll help you get loose when I feel like it," suggested the bound boy. "Caught three of you with one loop. Ha, ha, ha. That's good."

"How did the other two happen to get knocked out?" I wonder" said Joyce.

"Maybe in the suddenness of the outcast ropes they knocked heads to gether not to speak the whole against the limb with knockout force," suggested Violet.

Penrod.
"Just what happened as sure as anything," answered Catherine, while the sisters looked and giggled. "They were too smart for you boys that time" she said to the swinging prisoners.

I wonder how the loop got them all at the same time and by the same leg" too" said Daisy. "That looks strange."

"Maybe they got each foot in the same noose as it might have been big enough then to catch them" added Argeline. "See, here's the loop within our sight, and it's around the right leg of each of them. Some strong rope to hold the three without breaking."

Sure enough it was just as she said. The loop showed in plain sight around the right leg of the three of them. Johnny had hid himself behind a tree tree nearby to have his laugh out it was such a funny sight.

Penrod led by Violet and her sisters hurried to where the noose had been perched on the brink of the steep little descent. From there the rope stretched as tight as a harp string, and they had a hard time to get the noose to start to the bottom to let the three men down and as they came gradually down the one still conscious was covered with rifles.

Johnny was the most joyful and surprised fellow Penrod had come across in a long time. He kept muttering to himself as they were throwing cold water on the faces of the other two to bring them around. Johnny sure did seem to be in a happy frame of mind since his trap had caught three in one bunch and by the same leg.

"Now I understand how it happened" said Penrod. "It was just as if the three had tried to climb up with the same foot at the same time, for it seems the box itself was responsible for it must have slipped from under them. I heard sort of rumbling sound just before the shriek. The noose caught the three of them at the same time/2"

"And we didn't get a glimpse of H. N. Conditar after all" lamented Andy.
"Now I was hoping I'd see him here too."

"Yes it's all off now but maybe he wasn't around here," admitted Nettie.

"Of course after that now the boy if he was here wouldn't be silly enough to stay around here," suggested Daisy.

"Huh that old trap is more good than expected seeing as how it has captured that mess," chuckled Johnny. "I reckon any how as I'll have to think up some other trap to keep them from coming near the house too. But they ain't going to get any of them turkeys if I have to set up all night, a and boy, boy, boy a gun from you fellows in the bargain."

"What's the matter with tying Moses the bulldog to your front door in a nice dark spot?" remarked Penrod. "He's barking now at the kennel near the house. I'd certainly make use of the old dog if I were you Johnny."

"Just what I will do Penrod. Moses ain't a great hand to bark, bulls do the business with their teeth, stand O, with their nose. He's barking because he can scent I'm out here and wondering why. That is the only time he can give tongue. I'll fix him by the door for the rest of the night. What are you going to do with those three prisoners?"

"They have been hand cuffed and will be questioned the first thing in the morning" said Penrod. "They won't get away" he admitted truthfully. "Our scout sentinels are more watchful than owls and it would be a cinch for them to try and make a break. How does it come though the farmer hasn't shown up?" he added thinking it a bit queer Mr. Jensen displayed as it seemed so little in his interest in the safe keeping of his young turkeys."

"On him" chuckled Johnny. "Nobody ain't again tuh get him waked up once he hits the hay. I've been awakened at nights by the loudest thunderstorms you could ever imagine a hearing, and he there snooring like sawing wood all the time. Talk to me about sleeping, he kin beat anything yuh ever met. I bet t he misus is up and waiting to know if we grabbed one. Wait till I tell her the funny news. He, he, he of them hanging there at one time. What a funny sight it was."

"Was it possible after all that one of them had a chance to grab a turkey?" asked Violet, as she picked up several feathers from the ground near the trees."

"What do you say about that Johnny?" Penrod inquired.

"Well it don't stand tuh reason he did," replied the other gravely. "Even if one of those men did had held one at a time he never'd a held on tuh hit ar to that rope had slung him head down. A. do, guess I ort tuh know. If you don't believe it, and if any o yuh wants tuh feel what it's like I'll rig up the trap again in the mawnin' for yuh. Hold a turkey nowthin. He couldn't even hold his breath, but had tuh give a yell like a hundred soldiers was killing him."

Indeed they were all of pretty much the same opinion, no matter how brave a man the Glandelinian trespasser might be, when he met with such an sudden and unexpected upheaval as that running noose brought about his wife were bound to desert him for the time being at least.

It may have been noticed also, that at no one, even brave Violet and her sisters the most venturesome children of them all volunteered to make

the additional test when morning came especially Catherine who had one experience like that already in her life time. They seemed perfectly satisfied to accept the will for the deed... They had witnessed the speedy bucking of Johnny's trap twice now, and from what they saw of the three men had no itching to try and find out what it felt like to hang head downward from the limb of a tree, with a leg almost dislocated by a sudden jerking powerful lever.

"Well we have no reason to cry over-seeing as we have these raskils." remarked Johnny. "The thing did it a work and that's all they is to hit. Might as well get Moses and fix him to a dark spot near our front door."

"Pen-rod dear, what are you thinking about?" asked Argeline just then, for being used to the ways of her brothers she could see that he was pondering something in his mind.

"If you want to know sis dear it was about that yell." Pen-rod admitted. "A pretty husky whoop in the bargain. Observed Joice. "I o my sisters used to think we could beat all creation letting out a yell, but that went one far better, you hear me talking."

"Yes" added Daisy "it sounded as if the top of the world had blown off the fellow fellows made such a howl, anyway that's how it seemed to me when I was waked up so suddenly."

"Have we ever heard a whoop like that before?" asked Pen-rod. "How you are thinking of Hen Conditor, of course Pen-rod. came from Jennie who saw it in his mind."

"Well Hen's got a good strong pair of lungs let me tell you," admitted Daisy. "I remember that time the cow accidentally tossed him two months ago and say he made every body inside of half a mile run out doors to see what was the matter. They found Hen straddling a limb of a tree, and whoop whooping it up for all he was worth. put that yell though it did come from a boy sure enough, did not sound like his voice though."

"And just as well any other boy badly scared." Hattie observed. "I think I myself would be able to do some fine yelling and screaming, and even shrieking if you call it that along those lines, under the same conditions."

"Then it seems that we will never be able to identify Henry by that shout." laughed Pen-rod (although he thought to himself it sounded like Gerald Star-rings voice) "but there is a way we can find something out, as all scouts ought to know."

That remark immediately put them all on their mettle though Catherine after looking questioningly at her sisters agreed and said:

"Sure thing Pen-rod dear, for of course you mean if we could find a trail around here smaller than the foot prints of those three men, we could at least pick out the different foot prints if not so, and any one of us girls ought to know something about the kind of shoes Hen wears."

"That's me a" admitted Jennie "because before this happened I happened to be going with foolish Hen more or less lately and she said the last words pretty sadly. "show me and my sisters the foot prints and I'll tell you soon enough if it is him."

Of course nothing could be done without the lanterns, they had left their flashlights in the saddle holsters so they kept close to Johnny telling the main body of scouts to spread out and keep watch. Johnny only carried a lantern. From time to time he was given instruction how to hold the light so they might examine certain prime spots.

"Hello Pen-rod's found something." suddenly exclaimed keen eyed Hattie Vivian, when she saw her brother stoop over almost under the tree, and along side the large dry goods box.

"That's so Pen-rod dear what is it?" three of his sisters asked him in a breath.

"Gather round me angel sisters" the other commanded "and let's see if any one of you can recognize what I have picked up."

"It must have fallen from the pocket of one of them when he was dangled so suddenly upside down." was the way Argeline Vivian put it; quick to guess the truth, though she herself had not thought of this possibility before.

"Correct for you Eva dear - that's what happened." Pen-rod admitted acknowledged.

"Is it a knife Pen-rod dear?" continued Argeline. "Once more you hit it." said the other, "and Eva dear since I know you too besides Jennie and violet have been going more or less with Hen lately perhaps you would be able to recognize his knife if you happened to set eyes on it?"

"To be sure I would Pen-rod dear." "You've handled it then have you?" "Lots of times because you see I've lost my own frog sticker some weeks back and I ain't had a chance yet to buy a new one." Argeline confessed.

"That sounds good to me." Pen-rod told her. "So now angel dear take a look at this, and tell us what you think."

"With that (get under your hat) he brought his hand around having been keeping it behind his back all this time to test their shrewdness secretly. When he opened it there was disclosed a common every day big jack-knife with a big buckhorn handle such as might be expected to be found in the pocket of almost any boy scout, and capable when given a keen edge, of performing miracles in the way of shaving sticks, and cutting up apples and slicing the strongest kind of rope. So Argeline, gravely though eagerly took up the knife while her sisters crowded around her eagerly. She carefully opened the big blade, and seemed interested in the certain nick she found there.

"Pen-rod dear, that settles it" she said finally "it's Gerald Star-rings knife, I'm positive beyond doubt, and that must have been him that escaped hanging from this tree a bit ago like his three men comrades did. I'm beginning to suspect that Gerald Star-rings was Hen in disguise."

"But we captured him and his two companions about four weeks ago didn't we?" protested Joice.

"Yes, but that scamp could escape from a labyrinth." said Catherine. They escaped during the time Andrews saved us from the unseen spies."

When Argeline settled the matter in this convincing fashion, and Joice made her surprising statement of having captured the three boys before the nearest of the scout officers showed more or less interest in the outcome.

"But sure Hen Conditor could not be Gerald Star-rings in disguise." put in Daisy. "I know Gerald's voice in a mile and I thought that was his yell but did not care to admit it."

"I'm beginning to believe something is funny" said Violet "but that proves one thing to us, Gerald Star-rings is up here alright. If foul play has after all been done to Hen I know who is at the bottom of it."

"It proves a whole lot of things according to my opinion" added Jennie Vivian as she nodded her pretty head in a way she had of emphasizing her determination. "It tells us that after all poor Hen did not do anything bad, that he must be in the hands of Gerald's glandelinians, for the man must be one of the spies, and maybe the boy with him who looked like Hen Hen Conditor might have been Gerald disguised like him."

"According to my notions Pen-rod dear" said Daisy seriously "the hand of that unknown man, if not men stands back of poor Hen's troubles. Until we had captured Gerald Star-rings and his two companions Hen didn't seem to have a single worry. He was always a light hearted chap."

"What under the sun can it mean?" queried Hattie, looking distressed because to tell the truth, she and her sisters and the missing scout, had been getting quite fond of one another lately, and the shock had told upon Violet and her sisters more than any boy scout belonging to the Wolf Patrol itself....

"I can tell you what I think." ventured Violet just then (get you when) "If Fred dok Lowden could really duplicate himself to look like our dear brother Pen-rod, and so treacherously deceive her, that same boy must have done something to poor Hen, copied ways to disguise to look as him and then wrote that note. I don't see other wise how he could make him do whatever he wants unless at a gun muzzle he made the boy accompany him to the swamp with Gerald star-rings in their escapade. Yes I even believe he either forced Hen to write that letter or wrote it himself himself. Needn't laugh Jennie dear, I've been reading it up all lately and there are some queer happenings along that line."

"Pen-rod how about that do you believe in it?" asked Jennie furme.

"I decline to commit myself--just yet at any rate." said the boy prince.

"If that little treacherous snake could make himself look like me on that one occasion it might be so he duplicated as Hen. I'd like to get my hands on that reptile. I confess that queer things do happen and a fellow who always refuses to believe because he doesn't understand is silly."

But we do know that either Hen was captured by glandelinians, or something mysterious was done, and what it is we are going to find out before we are many many days older."

"I like to hear you say that Pen-rod dear" cried Jennie Vivian herself "because I just seem to believe believe the thing is more more than half done when you set your mind to the work. I can't but help think how poor Hen must be feeling right now, after that treacherous Lowden might have put him into such a fix."

"If it wasn't for my little angel sisters I'd be sunk." said Pen-rod. "It is you who are giving me the inspiration."

"How about those tracks we started out to find?" asked Joice just then, hoping to prevent Penrod from pursuing her sister's further as they disliked praise, though of course on how they liked to praise others though. They had looked around for James Andrews but he had not followed. He had slept through it all.

"We'll give another look before going back to our sleeping quarters," replied the prince. "Just bring the lantern over, Johnny, they'd be apt to head away from the barn."

It was really in the direction of the nearby swamp that they now commenced to look. The wisdom of Penrod's figuring was soon made manifest, for they quickly ran across what they were looking for.

"Here you are," said Penrod, "and now get busy sister dear Jennie and see whether it is Hens or crows or Gerald Starlings."

"Yes Jennie dear drop down and see what you can make of the foot prints here," Angelina told her sister anxiously. "We want to find out then we won't need to feel so bad when we thought at first Hen had so cunningly double crossed us after all we did for him. It seemed it couldn't be."

Now Violet or any of her sisters had had good training in all kinds of work associated with scout craft. They had even taken numerous lessons in following a trail, and always gave a good promise of being a shining light in that respect.

"Please hold the lantern closer Johnny," she said as she thrust her nose down near the ground. "Yes, here is a foot print as clear as anybody would want to see and I sure ought to know the boy who made the same."

"Tell us why Jennie!" asked Penrod, with a pleased smile. "That is a very easy thing to do, Penrod dear. You see, look closely, that is a diagonal mark across the toes of this impression—well that is caused by a patch on the left shoe. All right Gerald Starling had just such a patch put on his shoe a week ago after we had captured him. You know that for a fact do you Jennie dear?" questioned the boy prince, who did not want any guessing about this business.

"Why I and my sisters sat there with the prisoner all the time the army shoe maker was working at the same, having accompanied Gerald to the cobbler's shop to make sure he didn't escape from us," continued Jennie. "What's more I studied the tracks he made every time he stepped in some half hard mud that day after he left the shop. Oh I am as sure of this foot print as I am that my name is Jennie Francis Vivian."

"Well then we've had double evidence," spoke up Jennie Turner. "And I guess that ought to settle the matter. It is Gerald Starling, and I'm afraid now it's our Hen that was dragged away to cover their escape. Penrod will it please pay to try and follow the trail?"

"Hardly not just now at any rate Jennie," the other told her. "We might aim to do something of the kind in the morning, but Angelina, Jennie and James Andrews will be selected to act as guides. I don't understand how these enemies of ours could risk such a dangerous swamp. If once caught in quicksand it's only a miracle that will get you out. But even here it looks as if they headed for the swamp. That's a point to remember comrades..."

Indeed most of those within hearing, and especially Violet and her sisters were just as well satisfied. The idea of starting on a trail that might soon take them into a dismal swamp where even a road may suddenly end into a treacherous quag was impossible to be rescued from, and at midnight in the bargain with a cloudy sky overhead mostly dark smoke did not appeal to any one of the men and especially Violet and her sisters who wouldn't do it under any conditions. Accordingly they turned back, heading for the friendly barn, attracted doubtless by fond memories of those comfortable beds in the sweet hay.

"How about the bulldog Johnny?" asked Penrod, as they reached the barn entrance.

"I'm meanin' tuh git Moses up yonder and tie him to a dark place by the door," replied the boy. "Our house has got tuh be look arter more o' them turks if he's tuh stay up all night tuh do the trick. And lemme tell uh Penrod I kin make up another trap jest as cunning as any ole fox. I'll git em yit if so be they keep hargin' around these parts."

"I believe you would Johnny," assented the other, who realized that the bound boy was displaying several good traits that would carry him along through the world once his time of bondage with the farmer was up. There being no reason why they should keep away from their sleeping quarters any longer, the scout troops headed by Violet and her sisters and Penrod entered the barn.

"Now but it's awful dark in here though," protested a protestor. Penrod after he had knocked his shin twice against some projection

and even slammed into a high post that chanced to be directly in his way....2.2. "We'd better stand still for a little while so as to let our eyes get used to the gloom," suggested Violet. "It is always that way when you step from light into an awful dark place, you remember, but a few minutes later you can see all around you. It is better to waste a little time that a lot of cuticle."

"Just so," whined Jennie Vivian. "Already I believe half an inch of skin has been torn off my chin and I believe my nose is swelling where I banged the same against that awful post."

"Yes," piped in Daisy. "I stepped on the teeth part of the farmer's rake and the c handle made a connection with my forehead. I thought I say that I observed daylight when it struck me."

"Well," remarked Joice whose ankles had not been bruised. "I believe I can see a heap better already." But I hope Daisy that rake handle did not bruise you. That happened to me once, and I had a beauty spot for a week on my forehead."

All of them found that their eyesight soon became accustomed to the gloom, and that it was not so very bad after all. They had just managed to reach the place where their traps were left, and started burrowing in the hay again, when Penrod so very acute of hearing called their attention to certain suggestive sounds outside.

"That must be Johnny and his big brindle Bull dog going past on the way to his front door," ventured Hettie as they plainly caught a whine, and then a low howl that was vicious enough to make ones blood turn cold.

"If any more of those Glandelinians hidden in the swamp should be reckless enough to come back and try to enter the farm house," Joice was saying, as though she could not keep her mind from grappling with Hen's condition and his troubles. "They will surely be surprised and then some, when that ferocious old Moses grabs them by the legs, and holds on like every O every thing."

"For one now," admitted Angelina. "I would like to be excused from any session with the big white c white teeth of Moses that sticks up from his lower jaws. But if you will ask me my opinion I would say one good scare a night for Gerald especially was as much as any ordinary Glandelinian could put up with, when his three companions were hung up so funny like," and she giggled.

"Nothing doing for me either," murmured Joice, showing that she too was of the same mind as her sister. At least it was evident none of the boys and girls expected being disturbed again in their slumbers, for they went about settling down as though they meant to enjoy a good long session.

"Don't wake me up too early mother dear," Catherine was heard to say half to herself. "For to morrow won't be May the Poist, and I'm not to be the queen of the occasion either. Please let me have my snooze but every body please." "If you was attired as the queen of may you would surely look the part," said Penrod.

"Maybe," would because as you say I'm your little Daisy Flower." That made Penrod blush but it was too dark to see it, and some of her sisters tittered.

Evidently nothing did occur within to disturb their slumbers which doubtless were additionally sweet after that one break, but let me tell you dear readers the watchfulness of the boy and girl scout guards taking hourly turns at sentinel duty sure did prevent an awful disaster and tragedy.

A man was seen by some of them trying to climb up a certain rope hanging from the open door of the hay loft, and when they came nabbed him and searched him he had evidence within his pocket as that was a shock that sent a chill down the back bones of the captors.

"So you dirty devil," hissing one of the girls. "A fire bug eh. Wanted to set the hay afire while they were all asleep. Well fix persons like you." "Throw him into the bog in the swamp," suggested one.

"No well, do better," said the girl. "Let Penrod decide his fate."

"But heavens it would not be right to let the poor prisoners hear of the awful narro escape they had," said another. "It won't be no sin to make away with a dirty skunk like that. Think what would have happened had we not seen him. On god, not a one would have escaped alive. You know how fast hay burns."

"Aw throw him into the quicksand and none will be the wiser," suggested the same boy.

The man was dreadfully scared and pleaded for mercy. "Mercy for a devil like you," hissed one of the girls. "Evidence against you to make you face a firing squad in a hurry. Who sent you to do this?" The man was silent.

"All right. To the swamp with him," she said. Half a dozen kids dragged him protestingly forward and had him by the edge of the swamp and now with their flashlights looking for a sign of

quicksand but could not find any trace here.

"Tie his hands and feet and drop him into the water," suggested one. "If Jerry Mercury pleads the frightened man for to Glandelinians it was Hell to be captured by these ferocious little Abbeesian soldiers."

"You don't deserve mercy. Tie his hands."

It was done and his feet too and he even had no chance to struggle.

"All right. Throw him in unless he makes up his mind to tell."

"I'll tell, I'll tell, don't throw him in please, there is quicksand under that water. Mercy Mercury."

"Who sent you to do that fiendish work?"

"Gerald Starling."

"Who is Gerald Starling, what general is he?"

"A Glandelinian boy scout."

"Oh I've heard of them little devils, but you know you might die any way. We hold you prisoner only till tomorrow and Penrod will hear of it."

"Have Mercy Mercury."

"That depends upon Prince Penrod. All right comrades tie him to a tree at the edge of the swamp and have five guards watch him. We'll fix his head to tomorrow morning."

This was done and the sentries waited till the morning.

Penrod had them all up when he considered that it was night and proposed to turn the sun was only peeping above the horizon through a red colored smoke haze and the birds still twittering among the trees nearby (but Penrod knew what great hands farm people the world over are about getting up in the morning at an early hour, and he did not wish to keep Mrs. Jensen's breakfast waiting for any sleepy heads. The slight protestations among some about getting up so early ceased the moment he mentioned that word "breakfast," and they all immediately announced themselves as being wide awake.)

"Hm. seems like I could even smell the batter cakes frying right now fellows," Penrod told them with a smack of his lips. "Notice that, soon to give them the well known name of flap jacks on this festive occasion, because we are going to eat at a regular table under a hospitable roof; and it is only when in camp that wheat cakes are called flap jacks."

"What am I going to eat for breakfast?" protested Violet. "You know Penrod dear, and my sisters don't like them."

"Eat them for the sake of the farmer's wife" put in Jennie. "They won't hurt you and she'll feel sad after she has made so many and you won't eat them. They'll do you good for the trip you're going to lead."

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," chorled Angeline. "Hiccup."

"Yes but if you kept eating it an onion you would soon think it did not," affirmed Violet. "I'm eating toast and milk and butter for breakfast and nothing else and so are my sisters, but say do you reckon that bell was meant for us. Oh where is my other shoe; they pinched me so I took them off in the middle of the night, and the left one has gone and hid in the hay."

"Maybe the rats got away with it Violet," suggested Penrod suspiciously. "I'm certain I heard them squeaking all around here, and you know they like pieces of shoes to make their nests with."

"If I get the rat maybe I'll try him for breakfast" laughed Violet good naturedly. It turned out however, that there was no damage done to a missing shoe was soon discovered under a wisp of hay, and quickly Violet crept out in the wake of her six sisters and Penrod. A second time the bell was heard and at that they all started on a run for the rear of the house where a number of tin basins and plenty of soap, as well as clean towels, were announced that the farmer's good wife had gotten things ready for them. Penrod had guessed right, perhaps his keen scent had discovered the odor of pancakes in the air for they were plain sight several good sized pyramids of the golden beauties with a big pitcher of maple syrup and plenty of fresh butter to go with the same. Mrs. Jensen may only have had three little girls of her own but she certainly had been brought up in a family where there were good boys because she knew so well what their weaknesses were, what with the fried eggs, pieces of sweet ham, strictly at dietly home grown and fresh, a great asher of sweet ham for those who do not like wheat cakes, coffee with genuine cream in the same, a dish of oatmeal it was a wonder some of those girl and boy scouts were not completely foundered. Violet and her sisters exactly ate what Violet said they would to the evident surprise of the farmer's wife, though of course they made good with the eggs too but drank milk instead of coffee. Yet Penrod had more or less difficulty in coaxing James and drew away from the table. The boy could not hardly breathe, he was so full, but he heaved many a sigh as he noticed that a fresh plateful of those

unexcelled

unexcelled pancakes had been just put on, with no one left to do them justice. Shaking his head sadly, James finally managed to get on his feet and leave the dining room. His last look indeed spoke volumes; it said as plainly as anything those fully expressive words "though lost to sight, to memory dear" and probably never again in the course of human events would James Andrews equal the astounding record he made that same morning of thirteen pancakes straight, and Violet had asked him jokingly, "why not down thirteen more and be done with it?"

Penrod knew they would have a big day ahead of them, and was really anxious to get started. He had made arrangements with the farmer and his wife to supply such provisions as they could conveniently carry along with them for a couple of days, while they were carefully combing the big and dangerous forbidden swamp in the hope of coming across the parties they sought. If any of the Christian officials with soldiers to help them should put in an appearance, Penrod hoped they might be given such information as lay in the power of Mr. Jensen.

"We are not chaggin' you must know Mr. Jensen," he told the farmer as they were making their last preparations before starting forth. "much as we want to be the ones who will round up those Glandelinian lunkers in the forbidden swamp for if the soldiers come to take a hand in the chase we wish them every good luck possible. Yes and what is more if we meet across with them I'll command the soldiers to get those dirty snakes dead or alive for they last night according to the stories of the guards set a man over to set fire to the hay where we all lay."

"All we want" added Violet seriously "is a chance to assist our chum Hen condit. We now believe him not to be a deserter but a prisoner among those Glandelinians, and we are bent on setting him free even if we don't do not capture our enemies."

Each of the seven little girls had a certain lead to carry besides her other main coats and their packs were supposed to hold the extra food supplies as well. People no doubt on seeing that these consisted of might might imagine the swamp hunters meant to spend a very long time in their search, but then such persons would in that way betray their gross ignorance as to what the appetites of child scouts, and even of poor good Violet and her sisters always so much out in the open in all kinds of weather amounts to. They were taking no chances of going hungry and two whole days meant at least three times that many full meals, with sundry bites in between, which if Violet and her sisters themselves even did not have they would feel too faint and hungry to do anything or even walk.

Penrod often said he believed they didn't eat enough, and though they had been so stubborn about their toast and butter he did succeed in tiring each of them to eat at least three wheat cakes, and no matter what the penance what wouldn't they do for him who had done so much for them.

From what Penrod had learned through Johnny Green it would be necessary to navigate most of the swamp by boat as most of it where there are no openings to be noddle ground was only treacherous impassable bogs. They had several flat bottomed skiffs, that were used for that purpose usually by the boy in his fur hunting expeditions during the fall and winter expeditions and seasons. Of course as long as Johnny knew the ins and out of the swamp he was drafted to guide them. Penrod had hinted at this to the farmer who at first said that unfortunately things were so much behind at the farm that Johnny could not be spared to accompany them, but Penrod told the farmer that nothing could keep his sisters from this expedition, and for their personal safety, and the safety of the scouts if Johnny knew the swamp so well, the boy would have to come along, and as Penrod was prince, his word was law and the farmer had to yield to avoid his displeasure. Penrod had hoped at this too not because he feared his own ability to get a sound but Violet and her sisters told him they always seemed to have a habit of getting caught in quicksands every time they tried to cross a stream, and the reason Penrod was determined to avoid this, especially when these quicksands in this swamp were of such that only God alone could get you out. When Penrod had soaked in all possible information the board boy was capable of delivering, he believed he was in a fair way to master the situation. If he and his unknown captives were still hiding any where in the big swamp Penrod fancied they could be found. What was going to happen after that event came about of course he could not say just then. Led by Johnny now they made their way along for some distance until the place where the three flat bottomed skiffs (biffs) were kept tied up. It was here that Johnny made a sudden discovery that gave them all a little thrill.

"Well I guess" was the sudden exclamation that broke from

"The boats," muttered Johnny Green.
"Well what's the matter with them?" Asked Joice perplexed. "They are here for us can easily see them."
"Well then how many kin you count, tell me princesses?" asked the other beseechingly, still giving an occasional dubet his eyes as though doubts clung to his mind regarding their faithfulness.
"Why let me see, I believe I glimpse three --- no there are only two skiffs of looting in that little bayou." Jennie Vivian told him looking at him queerly.

"But the re ought to be the re I tells yuh." Insisted the
v bound boy "Wun two year -old, a mother-built last season and the last un just
this spring. Yessir - there on em in all."

"They was every wun th a re yist' ' day," persisted Johnny.
 "A - re you su - re of that," Penrod asked him.
 "Well P rince my name s , Johnny G re e n a in't it?" demanded the other grimly
 "I s m working out my toime with M - Jensen hy a r a in't it. Then I still got

"Yes that is a good sound fact." Penrod assured him. "All eight you enemies they gut one, th at's boz." Penrod expected some such result as this, so after all he did not seem to be very much staggered.

"But of these Glandelinians had been working and moving around in the swamp for a couple of weeks or more, more or less, could he do without a boat all that time tell me," continued Pen-rod.

"I guess he cud Pen-rod, though w' an yuh want s tuh trap muskrats yuh need a boat. I guess he cud Pen-rod, though w' an yuh want s tuh trap muskrats yuh need a boat."

"All right Johnny, believe you are backing up the p...
said Timothy Croveton who had not spoken all this time and it looks as if one
of the Glandelinians changed his mind last night and took one of your boats."
"Y es an' by gosh, the newest one o' the lot too." g roaned the bound boy, as
a fisher... went to where the other rakifis floated, secured to stak-
...

would give a quick chance, and there for they couldn't afford to dare take a ny more chances. So as a boat would come in handy for them, they must have took it. " We would wish the best in the bunch come to that," added Argeline.

"I consider that sound reasoning Angelina deane" observed Penrod who was never happier than when he eluded found that any one of his deane sisters could always play good judgement upon any matter." but the boats gone and

"It can surely be done as early as a boy can turn a hand spring," vowed Violet as she and her sisters and some of the others immediately spread out fan shaped, like hounds that had lost the scent temporarily, and were

[illegible]

"Oh sometimes queer things do happen to us little angels as you call us" laughed Jennie, "They say the race ain't always to the swift. But take a look every body and see if I am right. I want to be su-re."

"As plain as the Heavenly beauty of your loving face Jennie," admitted Timothy Groveson with great admiration in his voice. "No personal remarks about my beautiful face please Tim," said Jennie giggling. "I know my face as a little too beautiful, but it answers my

"And I'm afraid we'll have to divide our force, choose our best and make a start." Timothy Donovan was saying (not baying).
"Dinger but I'm glad I could begin along," said Johnny Green.
"We are glad of it too," Johnny Penrod told him, being glad the boy could

"As there are eleven of us all told," the marked Violet said, "that means eight in each boat - eight in one and eight in another so it would be easy to divide up. Penrod doesn't go, you better ride it. This new skiff looks to me somewhat

"Shuck we don't use no oars in the ole swamp, in fact yuh can't," declared the other A. "A push pole poles the best way tuh git along. Yuh see it is the ole shuck boat, it's a catch at the end."

"Ard a mighty good idea too," avowed Violet, "I myself have had a good deal of trouble about it, being very shy, much pols poles, and even got hung

The prince glanced over his force. It was only fair that he arrange it so the weight would be as nearly as possible. As there would not be a sufficient number to fill the other risk off equally. Perched called to that number of scouts

the command of the second boat. And too there was another good reason for doing this, since James had always shown himself clever on the water much more than any other boy he had ever known. Johnny was already showing that he was pulling the boys in by means of a rope attached to a beach ash

When the two boats had been brought to the shore, packs were distributed into the name according to the direction of the leaders. These were not hunted up ahead, but placed where they could be out of the way of the one

take his place" Though even if we do lose our break our role we can always

cut another one easily enough."

"Yep, I saw a go into the swamp without my hatchet," answered Johnny taking his place in the leading boat which was to be Andrews. "Yuh see it come in mighty hardy when yuh want to make a fire or cut you way through gum tangled swamps or brush. Then besides, I find a use for the same in setting traps, for muskrats ain't the only kind of fur we traps around these diglins." Some of the boys in the boat might have liked keeping up the conversation, especially when it bordered on such an interesting subject. Penrod however knew that time was valuable to them all just then, with such a difficult if not dangerous task ahead. They had to find two parties of men who were in hiding somewhere in this dangerous swamp, and as Joice Vivian remarked: "It was pretty much like looking for a needle in a haystack. The farmer himself not had come up and stood there on the bank, and waved his hat to the Royal child and the scouts as he watched them poling away. They could almost imagine they heard the tremendous sigh that came from his breast as he too saw a glorious chance for real fun as it seemed to him pass from his grasp and his bound boy to get it all. "Good bye and good luck tuh yuh all," he called out.

Following the serpentine passage of clear water the two boats soon passed from the sight of the farmer, though doubtless he could still hear gurgling sounds as the pushpoles were worked and the flat paws of the skiffs passed over the numerous water lily pads. And now the swamp was before them.

Violet and her sisters, and brothers and the scouts with them in the other boat surveyed the scene with lively anticipations. They could easily understand that the immediate future might throw all manner of strange adventures across their paths if not perilous ones, and like the boyscouts themselves Penrod and his chums were ever hungry for exciting things to happen, though secretly in their hearts Violet and her sisters felt a little apprehensive and uneasy for they did not like the looks of the swamp and it was dark and forbidding within, and no sun shining, and yet too it was close, steamy and hot. But then at first too the borders of the big "Forbidden Swamp" did not look so very forbidding. However both Penrod and Johnny sawed them not to expect that this condition of affairs would last long.

"You remember what Johnny in the leading boat told us," she remarked to his sisters and him in a tone so that all of them could hear his words. "It keeps getting worse and worse the further you go in and darker too. Things are always easy to begin with you know but after a while we'll surely have our hands full. Above all things we must keep our heads about us, for if we do that we'll escape getting lost. And most of all watch out for those confounded boggy spots. They say it would take a miracle to save you if you went in deep enough. The farmer told me once you are in up to your arms pit. God alone could save you, then to be roped to a house and run the house would not draw you out, the ropes would only break."

"Then Johnny did admit a person could get lost in this place? Did he?" inquired Jennie uneasily.

"He used to lose his way often when he first started coming in here a few months ago," confessed Penrod, "and then he began to have some system about his excursions so that by degrees he got it down all pat. That is why since he knows the swamp we engaged him as a guide. He knows the quicksands too."

"Yes Johnny said he believed he could pole a boat pretty much into the heart of the swamp with his eyes shut or bandaged," remarked Tim. "Too bad Argeline. Nice after all couldn't get off and be along with us." lamented Violet. "And Penrod dear, if we'd only had told her to come along!" "Huh to bad you can't see Violet dear, and put it up to Penrod," laughed Timothy G. Overton. "I wouldn't worry about that if I were you, chances are we won't get lost much, for Argeline Hesse is in the leading boat or I'm seeing things, and by the name taken even if we do get lost it will be some kind of sensation to wake us up. Only we got to look out for the quicksands."

Violet searched her head, but not knowing how much of this was intended to be a warning to her she did not reply but looked at him searchingly. As they were gradually working further into the dense growth by now there was enough around them to chain their attention and arouse their interest. In some places they could see that the shore stood above the sluggish water, although covered for the most part with many thick trees and dense shrubbery that would be difficult to pass through. Channels too began to be met with running to the right and left so that it behooved Penrod to remember to keep the leading boat always in sight and also to remember the perfect directions given by the man at the appearance if he wished to avoid getting lost in the start. Johnny in the other boat was indeed using his knowledge of wood craft to some purpose. When it happened that the two skiffs came alongside he called out to Penrod as if to settle

some point he had in mind.

"Even if I had not listened carelessly when Johnny was laying down the law to us about the main channel in here, Penrod dear, I believe, would have no trouble sticking to the same up to now if I was leading the boat," said Argeline Vivian.

"Why though Princess?" asked Tim.

"It's just this way I continued the brave child briskly as though only too willing to show her hand. "You see Johnny has followed the same passage in here so often now he has actually gone and left a trail behind him."

"Say what are you giving us Argeline please?" demanded Tim. "On she a trail is silvery well but the water leaves none. Once it settled down after a bust boat has passed, I defy anybody to tell a thing about the same."

Argeline giggled as she she easily was amused at the dense ignorance of some of her best friends.

"You have got another trick coming Jim dear," she said smiling. "I suppose if you sat down and asked you poor brain a whole year you would be no nearer it all knowing what I mean so I will have to explain."

"Guess you will that," muttered Penrod himself. "If you know yourself what that you are getting at, which we all doubt I bent even your sisters for they are looking at you doubtfully too."

"Well look there," said Argeline pointing with her finger. "Do you notice that where we make this turn to the right the bushes along the path point in a kind of badly frayed, like something had rubbed against them a heap of times?"

"Why yes it is so," admitted Tim and Penrod together looking at the spot and he as if they were seeing things.

"Zill right then," continued Argeline. "If you two good little boys of mine had kept your eyes about you all the while you would have seen that same thing at nearly every turn."

"And you see that dark as it is in here?" gasped Tim.

"Yes indeed. Trying to cut short when he poled along, Johnny has left a track of his passages at every bend. I always look sharp, and I can tell an easy as falling off a log whether he went on, or cut into another passage. And I'll bet Penrod will back me out now on that explanation too."

Penrod laughed when he heard his sister make this remark, and drawing her tightly into his arms said:

"Every word that you are saying Argeline dear is the truth sure enough. I've been watching those ragged edges of bushes myself and said that to see what you would say to Tim's argument. Of course you see the time might come after a while when I'd get mixed on the directions given by Jon Johnny and then indeed I would want to have some other scheme so as to find my way."

"But after a bit Penrod dear we will get to a spot where Johnny changed his course from one day to another, as he went to different traps, then how are we going to regulate our hunt then?" asked Tim.

"We have got to search the best way we can for a missing skiff," Penrod exclaimed. "If only we can find it hauled up some where on the bank we will know they want another at that point don't you see?"

"Why how easy," declared Jennie Vivian, "evidently lost in admiring for the simplicity of the scheme, that could never have occurred to her before."

"Oh then if that is the case I reckon we had better not make quite so much racket as we go along, for if there are many landallians instead of a few they could form for us a fatal ambush in no time and wipe us all out in a hurry."

"I was just going to remark about that Tim," Penrod added. "If all of a sudden we found the boat, and had been talking aloud and laughing, the chances are that if there are only a few landallians they would easily give us the slip. If there are many of them they would lay in wait for us and commit a massacre. They cannot escape however as the swamp is surrounded by all our followers but they could do us tremendous harm if there are many more than we in the two boats. So after this whoever is doing the pushing and who is going to take turns pushing try not to splash more than you can help, and when you do talk let us do it in whispers."

Penrod all this mystery added to the pleasure of such little girls as Violet and her sisters, at least their pretty blue eyes were sparkling much more than they went as they watched Penrod continue to ply his pole with the air of an avastian controller along the shore and canal. Once however he must have summed it too hard in the peeling ooze, for when he tried to pull it out there was considerable resistance. Penrod managed to stop the moving skiff in time to save himself; even then he might have been pulled overboard

and hurried into the quicksand at the bottom of the stream only that any of his watchful eyes might anticipate something of the sort, there was that same man around his legs, and held on grimly until the poles could be extended, extricated. At his elbow two of them had slipped by since entering the big and dangerous swamp, and they were yet far from the heart of it and believed they would never need to get into its very haunts. As for the Glandellians, had no intention of going that far. It was very hot in the swamp now and the air was very steamy and all around them lay a solemn silence broken only by the splash of a bullfrog leaping from a bank the gurgling of some water snake or the solemn croak of a bittern in fishing nearby, followed by the flap of its wings as it flew away, alarmed by their approach. All of the occupants of the two skiffs were more than unusually impressed by this strange silence and also the darkness. It seemed as if some heavy weight were pressing down upon them. Violet even whispered to Jennie that it could hardly be worse if they were passing through a big country cemetery at midnight.

At the same time all of them being bright awake or wide awake children there was plenty of interesting things continually cropping up to arouse their interest as scouts.

Five minutes or so someone someone was calling attention to this or that thing though never forgetting the need of caution. If at any time a voice was raised raised more than Penrod or any of the Glandellians, his sister deemed wise a single "hiss" from his or her lips caused the speaker to moderate his or her tones instantly. By now they were not so much much concerned about where they went as the possibility of finding the missing skiff. As eyes were ever on the alert. A number of times Argeline Vivian or it might be any one of her sisters, felt a sudden thrill as some object caught their attention some distance ahead which at first glance seemed to open up great possibilities. Then as they moved closer and a better chance came to investigate, deep disappointment and chagrin would follow (not swallow) for after all it only turned out to be the end of a log, or some such simple thing, and not the steers of the old skiff after all. James Andrews happened to be a little ahead of the other boat at the time Argeline Riches consulting her wrist watch, found it was just ten o'clock. When she showed this to Andrews the latter grinned as though very much pleased.

"I nominated ten didn't I Argeline?" he remarked in a low tone when you asked me to take a squint up at the sun through the trees and say what the hour might be."

"You certainly hit it in the bulls eye that time James," admitted the pretty little girl scout guide. "and I confess I thought I half an hour later I'm still some shy it seems indeed, on telling times by the sun and stars."

A low hiss from Penrod just then, as he wielded the pole caused the two to stop talking, and turn their attention to what was going on. They discovered first that the leading skiff (not count de bluff) was now heading for the main narrow channel. Then looking further with the boys and girls could see despite the semi-darkness that evidently some good sized party must have camped there, for to the practiced eye many things indicated as much. When the prow of the flat bottomed boat ran gently up on the shore at the low side of Penrod, Jennie Vivian who happened to be further up in the bow than any of the others jumped to the land and began to draw the skiff up. There was a bank several feet high just beyond, but Jennie waited until the others had disembarked before attempting to ascend this.

By now the other boat had also landed, reached shore, with its crew tumbling out, though avoiding any sign of confusion, for they were pretty well drilled in the elements of obedience to orders, as all true scouts should be. No sooner had the boys and girls gained the higher ground than they readily discovered that it had been the site of a big camp fire at some time in the not far distant past. A good number of things told them this, chief of which might be mentioned the good extensive sized pile of ashes that lay in plain sight. They could even see the sticks that the unknown party has used when cooking some sort of meat close to the red coals. All of the carefully gathered around, while Penrod gravely examined the ashes, while the others eagerly waited to hear his decision.

"Quite some time old," said the police at last having figured out the solution by means of certain rules well known to those who have made wood craft a study. "At least a couple of years had passed over since this fire was left. There are no foot prints that I can see. That also goes to show it was some time ago, but I think it can only be a person who camped here though why he should have made such a big camp fire I cannot understand."

He pointed as he spoke to where soft hemlock browse, had been gathered for the purpose of forming a sort of couch, and there being but a single bed upon Violet or any of her denizens could easily guess Penrod was a scout when he sat one party had made the temporary camp, though it seemed strange that he had made such a big fire unless he was a lover of fires, or it had been cold at the time.

"Then it must have been that unknown man," said Argeline Vivian, and once again Pen was not with him at the time...."

They moved around, as if looking for further signs, because scouts are always very keen to find tell tale marks that will add to the size of the edifice they are building up founded partly on conjecture and also on many "give away" facts. Argeline Vivian herself it was who suddenly emitted a low whistle, and the others closed up, well knowing that she must have made some sort of important discovery, even her waving one of her pretty hands to them—she held a small pistol with the other of course.

"See that?" she told them when they reached her side amidst the bushes adjacent to the open where the long cold fire ashes lay.

"Fences for a cookie," Exclaimed Andrews, "and a heap of the same too."

"How we know what he cooked on the ends of those sticks," observed Tim.

"Yes, and now we know where one of the Glandellians went to," added Violet.

"This is more than Johnny here can across," remarked Argeline Vivian. "Because he only guessed the Glandellian chicken thief or thieves were hiding in the swamp, for he has seen tracks. Hold on, he did say there were another two, at the place he picked up that filled half circle of steel but it must have been in a different place from this."

"Well it is only a little incident after all," said Penrod, "and does not tell us much that we didn't know before."

"Only that we are on the track of those lost chickens, you know," giggled the line. "but see here Penrod dearest if they made a fizzle of that would last night how do you suppose they are going to keep from starving to death in here, places are hard to catch in swamp water a like this." "No make something easy will you please sister dearest," he retorted the other. "Though if I was in their place I think I could easily manage to keep alive if not keep from going hungry at times. There are lots of ways for doing that if you only stop to think."

"Are indeed there are," spoke up Jennie, eager to show that she had learned her lesson very well with such rot cleaving to being an expert at at some things as was Penrod and Andrews. "Now with some cold and a bait I reckon rabbits could be trapped or snared though oh how I would hate to hunt those poor little denizens. Then gray squirrels are plenty there if only you found a nest of the same in a hollow tree. But I wouldn't attempt that unless I was facing real starvation for my heart goes out to those poor little creatures, creatures."

"And" added Argeline with a yearning vain in her sweet voice "How we not seen shopping big green back bullfrogs plenty. If there is one dish I am fond of more than any other I know of that's fished for from a legs. Yum, yum don't I wish we could spare the time to knock over a dozen or more of those bullfrogs. "It is up to you if you wish to delay such a duty as we started on to fulfill Argeline" advised Penrod.

"Duty first brother dearest before pleasure" she said. "We must get Her first at any sacrifice or even peril. He is more important than our stomachs."

"Then there are fish in these waters too, as fat as fish as big as any I ever set my eyes on," continued Jennie, "and when you are hungry they taste very good, though who don't hate the bones I'd like to know, and I can hear you chomping to death once on a Friday. We are than pick-a-l according to my mind and that's saying a lot. Oh I guess a smart fellow with matches to make fires, could manage to keep the hungry old wolf from his door here all right right."

"But all men not even brightest of Glandellian soldiers are not up to one tenth of the reason known to boy and girl scouts. Ventured Tim "Which is why they have to be so low staying off hungry by hiding the chicken waste of poor Christian farmers. Let it be enough for this time Penrod. Suppose we go around again and continue our exploration of forbidden swamp before noon."

"It is so enough of a big patch of mud and water and bushes and mystery," Admitted Hattie as they began to climb into the boat against again before. "Add a from what Johnny just now told me we have not seen anything of the place yet it is so large, and that good part of it sure is absolutely inaccessible. Penrod announced them; where at the time we were all sorts of

Incidentally, looks to the right and left, as though the magnitude of their task might by this time be making a strong impression on the minds of the boy scouts, and Violet and her sister too. A charge was made in push-ups as they started off once more. Any one of the policemen volunteered to take a turn too though it had turned out to be no child's play handling that long heavy pole which had a "nice" faculty for clinging to the ooze below the surface of the water and necessitating more or less exertion in order to drag it loose each time it was used. Penrod did not want them to do it but he couldn't shake himself of their intention. Though Tim, and Andrew and Penrod had done it no others had taken their turn yet, and out of love and respect to those as the work had been it really looked as though the three boys would strain themselves first before they would ask any of the little girls to do it, and none of them were complaining at all even though they were puffing with the exertion.

"Perhaps Penrod dear and you too Tim," said Jennie it will prove to be a case of the "last straw on the camel's back, and then casting discretion to the winds you will feel compelled to thrust the push pole into the hands of me or any one of my sisters. I don't seem fair to you boys to do it all. You are only putting off the evil hour as long as you can until you tire yourselves so much that you won't be able to even handle it a minute. That better be we that we should not lend a helping hand."

"But it is the boys' place to do the pulling and not put work upon little girls, especially of your kind."

"Oh yeah. In God's eyes you are as equal as I am any time and just as good too."

Tim grinned and patted her gently on the cheek causing her to blush happily.

"Yes," he said and every body were as good as you little sisters and all us Abbotnians were there would be no such things as wars, we would wide myst miss and so on."

So moon came and found them well into the depths of the swamp and still seemed to have made no progress. They went ashore to eat their lunch, Landy Andy himself begging that they have a small fire and make a pot of coffee for those who wanted it.

"I can pick up plenty of dead dry wood Penrod you know" he went on to say in his wheedling way, "so that there isn't going to be hardly a whiff of smoke that anybody could see with a field glass. And say when you three boys are all tucked out with pushing a boat through the grass and lily pad paddles, makes you feel so fine as a blissing cup of coffee. So please say yes Prince dear."

At first for fear of discovery, and peril on his own sisters especially Penrod said no but Violet and her sisters beseeched him to let the land have some saying:

"Even though I or my sisters don't usually care for coffee, a little would do us all good at this time so let him do it Penrod dear."

"You little angel sisters of mine could stir tea from a black stone" he told his sisters laughingly, "when you plead like that and look so beseechingly I can't resist. I reckon we might have a small cooking fire and a pot of coffee. A big fire won't hurt either as long as it don't make no smoke. None of us would object to it, and sandwiches of any kind and dry eating, all by themselves when you are hungry. So go ahead boys, but no chopping, mind, break all the small stuff you gather over your knees."

"But a hatchet would come in"-----

"No chopping please" objected Violet. "Do as Penrod says. There must not be the slightest noise Landy. That is MY command too. You must reason and obey."

Violet, and her sisters eagerly assisted, though at their request Penrod and Andrew who knew more than they on such matters kept a watchful eye on what they gathered lest they mix in some green or other stuff that would make a black smoke when it burned. When Penrod and Andrew said "not that stuff" they threw it aside. Another scout (not put) managed to find a good stick with a crook that would hold the coffee pot over the blaze until it boiled. Indeed the scouts were not in the habit of putting up with such apologies for comfort as these; as a rule when they camped out they had tents, blankets, and a little spide-contaption that folded up in small compass and which served as a small wind-on stove stove being placed over the red coals, with cooking utensils resting on the bars. The coffee was thoroughly enjoyed by every one and a vote of thanks taken for Violet herself who had called it to be made. Feeling for a short time afterwards the boys and girls scouts felt refreshed and refreshed when once more the task was taken up. Violet and her sisters looked at Penrod and Tim tumbling last into the middle of the old skiff, and as Penrod then took hold of the pole again Violet was on the point of saying something in protest, then she shook her pretty head as he picked up the push pole.

"Not yet but soon it has got to be; only I hope he won't strain himself." Tim had Violet matter to himself, not did he need a further hint to know what was passing through Violet's mind, she or her sisters were not going to evade this share of the arduous labor for even they thought more of the boys than even of themselves very much. It doubtless took considerable thinking and planning on the part of Penrod to make sure they did not "repeal." So far none of the boys and girls could say as they moved along that they had ever before seen the stretch of water and scrubby shore covered with so many trees and vines as this one was. It also had dense thickets and many of the trees were of all kinds of grotesque shapes and very tall. Out side of the unusual sultry atmosphere that always there smelled perfumed and sweet sweet as if from many unseen flowers and good smelling plants. This spoke volumes for the snappiness of the young boy prince, though some how some of his boy chums did not seem to consider it such a wonderful feat for Penrod. That is the penalty for being successful; others expect great things from such a comrade so that he is put constantly to his best efforts to satisfy them. It must indeed have been quite some time, perhaps as much as two hours after they had stopped to eat their lunch when without warning the brave swamp explorers, met with a surprise that gave them a new thrill. At the time James Andrews happened to have passed a little in the lead, though he would soon be dropping back again especially when the there came a chance to make mistakes in direction, for he wanted Penrod to decide such puzzles, however the boy must have forgotten his warning from Penrod or Violet, and her sisters, for he cried out:

"Hey every body looked what we are up against again. A big big black lake of some kind that that is."

"Silence everybody" hissed Jennie who knew it would but just like James and perhaps some of the other fellows to burst into a shot as soon as they could get command of their voices. It was certainly a strange large black looking lake with weeds growing out of it here and there, a strange black lake to be sure but genuine enough and not such as can be seen in some swamps, and at the edge of the lake sat blue berries as a small bear and he was engaged on sitting on his haunches and gathering in the bushes with his sturdy forelegs. To them all it looked as though he might be making a good lunch from the luscious big blue berries that grew in such abundance here and there through the swamp. Up to the moment that James Andrews thus called attention quickly to the presence of the strange black lake, the bear must have been ignorant of their being so near at hand, then he did notice them he simply gave a disgusted grunt, and slowly ambled away through the brush though he stopped several times to look slowly back at them. Jennie declared the bear glared back at her twice as he went off and even stuck out his tongue just as if he knew there was no one about to shoot at him.

"Say let me tell you this old Sassy Swamp isn't such a bad place for a game preserve after all," said Tim. "I think some of us could enjoy having a week or two up here. But it is too far from the Christiana river for us to stay."

"Oh I don't know about that," remarked Landy meditatively, "we could be on a good fat set of houses and start in the middle of the night when there was a moon. That would give us a whole day up here. Take it at Thank Giving Day and we could make it there with Friday and Saturday thrown in. Princeton dear think it over won't you."

"Plenty of time for that" Catherine smilingly assured him "But now we have our hands full as it is without borrowing trouble with game."

"And perhaps before we are done with it," Tim cooed again "we would be that tired of seeing nothing but swamp all around, that we'd never come to a round again."

"Put what sort of a lake is that?" asked Angelina Nichols.

"Peak bog it's no lake," said James Andrews. "I'd know that thing in a dark night, for the blackest night ain't as black as that thing is. Keep away from it I tell you as it is a quag and only our dear blessed Lord knows how deep it is. It must be in a big water hole in the swamp and it seems more than four miles wide. Harg it that we had to come upon it, but it is good the stream does not go into it."

"I am going to make a proposition Penrod," said Landy. "I'd like you and your sisters will agree. Suppose we go ashore and tackle some of those elegant blue berries ourselves. It's a shame that bears should be the only ones to enjoy such a feast. And it's tough pulling so low and that exercise gave me a home-sore sound" after lunch.

At that Tim grinned and looking almost eagerly at the speaker nodded his head while he muttered:

"That settles it my boy! see you-finish. You want to be more fat than you are I see."

Penrod seemed to consider for a few seconds and looked at his sisters.

"I was re- born," she didn't jump f- a little while, just to get asy handy," he observed to the first of the "at" and every one in for a mass of good - pipe like he - 193- 1914 in while the supply lines, but I'm sure let the little in and my sister especially got the - one a first and also keep away from the edge of that black lake. If you are caught we'll have trouble saving any one of you and I know what that is. That is not that. not pent. James th at a black quicksand the kind Johnny told us about. Once caught only God can save you by a miracle."

The berries were larger and thicker than any they had ever seen before and James Andrews declared he considered the judgment of the little brown bear "prime".

"He sure knew a good thing when he found it and so do we," He told those who were working for fingers and jaws near him. When Penrod and also Violet and her sisters concluded that enough as an food as a feast, "He they once more embarked and the voyage was resumed. There was a new pusher in the old skiff however and that was a little Vivian girl. "He've Penrod dear suppose you charge seats with me," Jennie Vivian had gently and smilingly remarked, as Penrod started to work the push pole just as though he had a mortgage on it and looked as tired as a boy could be tired. "My sacrifice you tell so much just because we are girls."

"Penrod looked worried.

"That for Jennie said he ventured to say looking at his sister with distrust plainly marked on his own pretty features. "Why do you want to push the boat now? Not but that I'm willing to do anything I'm asked you know sister dear, but sure wouldn't it look nice even to a bunch of Glandelinian soldiers if they saw you one of my sisters doing the push poling when a boy should be doing it. I don't like to see you doing it and believe me the pole is some heavy too and if you had even the slightest slightest mishap we might take chances of getting wet and maybe losing our packs in the bargain, because you know we all are a awful clumsy about these things."

"Well in this case we'll have to take the risk," said Violet almost decidedly but pleadingly. "The only satisfaction is that if anybody gets wet we ou- ourselves a lot won't escape. We are all in the same boat you understand brother and we sink or swim together. Now Pen-rod dear please fo-ou-sakes give you sail a break."

"it but--"

"Now, period dan r please, please, please climb up here and even if I don't know how to handle a pusher. Time I or my sister, a hunk lau ned a few more of the tricks a true blue state of you s ought to know." pleaded ed Jannie.

Period really wanted to do his best. He did not want to have any girls do such work out of respect and love but there was no way of getting the best of his sisters when they were afraid he would overwork himself. The really knew how to work a push pole for she had watched how Period, Jim and Ned had used the heavy pushpole and thought she and her sisters could easily do it too.

"Now that is the way Jennie does," said Per-od, reluctantly, "you can do it all right if you only keep on the watch. But I'd rather do it than see any of my little sisters work their pretty little arms off."

"I won't work my pretty arse off" he yelled Jennie with a happy grin. "I guess I fooled all of you if you think I am my sister's slave. I pushed a skiff before. We are very good at pulling canoes too."

"You think you were fooling me were you?" demanded Parred with a grin.
"You will have to go some to fool me." Athas told him all about you and
my other dear sister and he said I'd like to see the best you could
not do yet. I'd be seeing you tonight Jamie if instead of letting you know
how row your brains to tiredness I'd be keeping you tight in my arms all
the rest of the afternoon. You sure little are smiling to say so.
The way you look this afternoon, more of a little angel than ever. See

The way you look him up and down, at
 Delany has been in Tim's arms all this time already and bless his little
 soul she's as happy as a girl to see the Jennie dear - and don't speak so loud
 when you drop the pole and in again."
 Jennie smiled at this and showed herself as he said so perfectly that

He suddenly turned his attention to other things of interest they happened to see around them as they continued their journey.

Crows were in the trees above as the two boats glided under a north wind. It was strange to say they suddenly became quiet as a violet and he was a [unclear] undergrowth with them. This circumstance might pass probably unnoticed by who one does know little of the [unclear] of wood-craft, but to an Indian it would be a sign that the sharp-eyed birds had discovered something strange and seemingly unusual in the little [unclear], or that the sudden silence of the birds showed that they had discovered some human beings hiding on the boat, probably an enemy, and as the little [unclear] understood good

wooded off they were but the birds were not, and the a force of men then
 moved against the poles. As the Glandellave they were looking for did not
 appear to be located along their line, they needed not to fear that their
 presence in the swamp would be betrayed through the purchase of a penis as a down
 currier, or flying about in excitement. Some time later James and even uttered
 a low "hew" that earned Jennie just then in the act of putting the pole back
 into the water to hold it suspended in midair.

"I'm not, I may be mistaken at least I hope so," said James and drew "But something suspicious like moved over in the branches of that giant oak tree a yard or so and unless my eyes do deceive me which they seldom do it was a big cat. It was a grey-brown color."

"You mean a 'wild cat'?" whispered Jennie, for the two boats were close enough together for the occupants to have shaken hands had they wanted to.

"Just that," meant" he pouted James, firmly. "I can't say that I see him now; he must be somewhere where up in the 'thicket part of the big trees; but it must have been something more than a racoon - a coon because, actually she stole the blaze of its eyes."

"Then" gasped Jennie who though brave as she was could not help fearing for the bobcats and looking as though she wanted to drop the push pole on the spur of the moment, "let you run Jim dear why don't you. Don't let us be jumped on and clawed something awful. let you run Jim please do, they are awfully vicious you must know, especially when they've got kittens around so they say."

"The haven't lost any cat," remarked Jim composedly, "And besides I don't
more than half believe the fairy story. And we got to show me before
I own up. I reckon some of my people must have come from Southern Argentina
State."

"As they like a heap of miles and Jacksons there I understand
 we marked Tim Jaxon with considerable success. But I'm glad to see that
 Perod has thought it worth while to lay hold of his rifle so as to be ready.
 Of course we don't want any trouble with any old Puma but there is such a
 thing as a real armed peace. If she jumps for us, I hope Perod will give her
 a load before she lands that is all she may pick the little girls as his
 objective. So go on and too we have got to pass pretty much under
 some part of that tree understanding."

some part of that tree and examining it. A citrus under Penrod's initial initiative Tim was also picked up by his guns and James also was did so too and started to keep a continuous watch. As James and I were both said they could not really continue on their way without passing under the wide stretching branches of the tree where he claimed to have seen something that looked like a big brown wild cat. "Oh t busy ones of you the boys and help Jerrie with you pole too and push unplug," said Tim. "Don't stand there John Tim - just like you was frozen stiff, we ain't going to let any cat grab the little girls make up your mind to it. Get a move on you too Lady Andy for Heaven's sake." "Yes, yes,"

mind to let a move on you too, I am sure. To the victors, all Jennie's heart was beating wisely considered was the expediency with which she could get past that ominous tree containing James' secret. Perhaps too, Jennie's heart was beating a regular tattoo as she found herself actually compelled to pass under the tree itself owing to the new ownership of the dandelion at just that part of the way. Perched arching out of the tail of his eye could see how pale his good little sister had become, and he was secretly scared to feel she would yield to her terror and do something without consulting her self that would cause disaster.

"Hold still! don't move anybody" suddenly called Jim when their skiff was directly under the tree, and he proceeded to elevate him again in a hurry as though sighting the quarry. Something did jump down on the tree all right, and something banged Jennie on the right shoulder causing her to drop the pole overboard and fall backward in the bot boat which came near swamping. Then before anybody could recover on the pan c surprise it jumped out of the boat and glided away into the thick. Despite the excitement James and rows remained enough presence of mind to rescue the floating pole before he had gone completely out of reach.

"What in the world was that," said Tim.

"It was a Puam Puma" said Violet still looking pale. "It looked at me as if it was going to spit, and then leaped out."

"You see I thought sure I did see something whisk out of sight up there," said Arnie; yes and it had glowing eyes in the bargain. The men now that is enough for me."

"The afternoon is nearly gone, and we have not seen anything of Hen
Conditt yet." advised Tim later on still holding policy he had swept on
the counter the afternoon of yesterday.

"In forty of time for this is a another try coming," said Penrod. "We are here to comb the stump through from end to end but what we will find no one knows. Keep listening, too. It might be possible that we will hear a shout that would give us clues."

"Say now I have not thought of that before," admitted Tim. "If Hen is being treated harsh like by the Gladdellians who have him then prisoners maybe he might let out a yelp once in a while. There is no harm done in listening I believe, and Jennie Vivian here can tell if it was him giving trouble." Now and then some sound did come to their ears but of an entirely different character from the one they were hoping always to catch. "A grand daddy bull dog on some money leg sent out loud and deep tones demands for 'more rum more rum more rum.' Then a saucy blue jay started in to scold the boys in the leading boat for daring to trespass in its preserves and how the angry bird did lay it on until they were well beyond reach of its clatter."

Once a far-away glow floated faintly to their ears at which there was at once an immediate comparing of opinions. Some believed it was distant thunder and that they were bound to be soon caught in a storm which had been creeping up unnoticed on them, the dense foliage by which they were surrounded preventing them from learning the fact much sooner.

"If you ask me what it was Pearl" said Jim when he found that the others were not able to agree for it sounded often now "I'd be inclined to say that it was thunder from some distant Christian or enemy cannons."

"Bully say, I not meaning to be funny either," he remarked. "I hardly Andy to a I'd a heap more to tell. It was a few distant guns than a thunder storm having this way. It's bad enough to be in constant danger of getting ducked by falling overboard without taking dances over head in the bargain..."

As they did not hear the petition of the suspicious sound, the scout finally determined that Tim had purloined a light, and that someone somewhere must be in action. The more they pushed on into what seemed the impenetrable recesses of that mountain, the greater became their wonder as to how they were going to find those they sought. Sure indeed the chances seemed very much against them, but then they had abundant faith in Pen Rods and Johnny Greene's accuracy, and they seemed to be determined on winning out.

Butless too the others reasoned to themselves Perrod had some clever plan laid out which he would spring when the proper time arrived and this confidence did much to relieve their minds as they pressed steadily on.

I asked Jennie was evidently bent on making Penrod and Jim pay for their previous hard time with the pole, for she kept at work thorough frequently she had to hold her pole under her arm while she mopped her dripping brow. Penrod heard her plying very loud, and Penrod and Jim

7. I tried to get her to relent and give him a chance to "spell" with him but she continued on heedless of his sighs and half heard groans to which she enjoyed teasing them to sit there at the window, one of the boys with Dugan lay in his embrace asleep, and she too looked and smirked as though she were joined in the vulgar game of one-upmanship that they were so readily an-

ained on the pillars and one was known whether it was a really an
any movement or harsher or what, but the nature was a good, lucky
ducky, coming to pop. Jenni, Jennie and I don't mean maybe. At that time
all of the account had been looking very good in the time line some of them
turning to come back to daylight and some of them take a turn. Then

trying to coax her to desert and let some of them take it to turn. Then
 all they knew was that without any warning Jennie was dragged out of the stern
 of the ship skillfully struggle to clasp her unwillingly, pretty little
 about the push pole that stood at an oblique angle caught firmly in the
 tenuous mud, and then releasing her hold because she simply could not
 hold on and slip with a great splash into the dark colored water of
 "Forbidden Jump."

"My God" said Penrod "And there 'n quick and at the hot + om."

Her sister was later killed out of the militia and announced as an announcement became order - conditions to rescue her was impossible, and she was really a ghost, but the splash which was simply terrific was easily noticed by Johnny Green, and even as she vanished completely beneath the surface, Johnny broke in:

"Your misheken p'rice badly mistaken, guickward is not at the bottom of water that deep to make such a splash, n and if it is she couldn't go down far enough into it to reach it's great stuck. and if she had she would still be where she saw the splash splash and a swim on time would have been prompt."

"The man I was lost part of of the push role," said Juan Andrus who told his boat to stop the moment one of the other skiffs began to try to tip to the left. His push role against one of the boats, until Tim did better when that for the moment pushed up a thumb that he knew was from a star and started to use a video of a video loudly so as to check the position of the first boat. Meanwhile of course to know that Johnny was right, Jodie came to the surface like a bottle cork that had been pulled down to the life of a man.

"They help her get into the boat," came from Pan-od. The other boat had by now picked up a lone Algonquian, and Pan-od and Tim had leaped over the side, seized the little girl by the arms. There was no room for look of terror in her face as a new light had appeared to her, only a look as if some sort of nonchalant joke had come to her with plenty to laud a helping hand. The little girl was accomplished and leaped aboard the skiff from which he had fallen. The two new-comers were also covered still sticking up where it had not caught though with difficulty as it were stuck fast, and then given in the charge of Pan-od, for of course, Pan-od would not under any conditions allow her to continue that audacious task of pushing after she had been rescued from that dirty muddy ally water.

"It's wonderful attack," said Panrod as he cleared the pole. "There's hard sticky clay on the bottom here. That'll hold anything, without expecting it."

Tennis you - little girl - on - on a night indeed, it looked as if she had taken a half water, and mud bath. Two h of her - into a wiped the slime off of her - nose and face and also hol - as good as they are could with clean linen which they brought with them.

"So had a remarkably close call" said Johnny when he had removed his shoes and stockings to get rid of the slime while her sister wiped her feet. "It was lucky the water was deep."

"I'm terribly sad you boys were on deck to help me though if it is only water, I could have swam easily ashore. But my clothes with all that mud was heavy enough to make rock swimming. When there was no quicksand below the surface, I went in so hard I finally reached bottom and hit my head on some stone lying in the clay. I believe I went and got too confident, and I made no little curve lanes, but holy smoke how that clay can grip. I just couldn't get the pole out, and that's a fact."

"You're telling me," said Anderson, "who had been the one to get the pole out but had to have six boys to help him. It was stuck so fast." "It took me and six boys to get it out where it was stuck. We will have to add our efforts to float past without polling ourselves one else will get stuck that way."

"Here, there's I won't forget that you did boys and neither will my sister
and I won't. I hope I'll be able to do the same for every lasting one of
you some day."

"You are too kind Jennie. I searched and sewed. I made of us a carrying for an experience like that. Not that I want to poke fun about it but I'll never forget what you looked like, dangling there on that push pole, and trying to explain your lack of a wound if so as to climb down - those were against you as you have nothing on them by which to grip. I want to make you not to know that you made me think of Jennie deau."

"Go on and tell me," (glad Jimmie) "I won't be mad."
The boy now had a slight tremble in her voice for she was by this time
beginning to feel the effects of her immersion for she now had been dreading
cold for some reason, and she had been so hot with her work of pushing the pole
up she fell in, he had really desperately tried to prevent that but
could not do so.

"Why you see, remember how we once with Parndon went for our hunting after; got you here to Parndon, hunting in a small tent with a three foot line at the end of a stout pole and a small hook baited with a piece of red flannel? Well when we had seen a whopper big green huck we would dangle that red stuff close to his nose. It was funny to see him squat down like a cat does on sighting a spurrier or a robin robin, and then jump up to grab the flannel. Finding, however, that our light he wanted that spurriered by the most kind, and never went on to any" but as soon as he feels the hook he changes his mind. "Then he starts to do the greatest acrobatic feats you ever saw, twisting his mind round over his head like he wanted to turn a somersault, or else climb up the line. Well when I saw you dangle there on that bushole, I thought of a fair green huck frog."

"Oh Yeh. I guess you would have tried to climb too if you had been in my place." She giggled, but drawing her coat a little closer around her and shivering.

"No, I would not have allowed Jenita" said Andrews nobly, "to go back there. And you, in the kind and you, alone - too, you could have stuck to the pole until we reached you, or those who were against you." Jenita and also her sister a shot a suspicious glance at the chosen and the chosen and then they were silent. - different from what the child seemed to be. But now took a handkerchief in the discussion.

He said that he had been told that the man who had been shot was a member of the Communist Party and that he had been shot because he was a member of the Communist Party. He said that he had been told that the man who had been shot was a member of the Communist Party and that he had been shot because he was a member of the Communist Party.

"So soon in the afternoon Penrod, what a up-decked Tim the having
said since last evening the pushpole did not understand why they should
call it a days work at not much had done two to clock.
"If you look at my poor little sister Jennie, you'll understand why," continued
the boy. "Since she couldn't bear to see his state-suffer anything.
"Why she is shivering, sure enough," exclaimed Tim looking up at the girl.
"You Jennie dear, I'll be your feeling cold on such a warm day as this."
"I don't know whether I am cold or not," stammered Jennie, trying to put on
a brave face though her lips were a turn blue and quivering. "It's
something though because I was so hot before, felt in and that state-in so
icy cold."

"Go, you and my sister you have got to do one of two things, Jennie dear,"
Penrod said with a naughty naughty because wise Penrod knew very well
something was wrong with Jennie and he couldn't stand for it.
"What is that?" stammered Jennie.

"Either take the push pole again and warm you - blood up, or else go and
and dry your clothes. Otherwise we will have you getting a chill and sick in
the bargain and then the father in the fire will be destroyed as far as
your health goes. I don't want you sick nor want to see you hunt. Which shall it
be?"

Jennie was going to say "she would use the push pole again," but Violet put
in her word and said "she would use the push pole again," she said. If it is all the same to us
all, we'll go off to the shore and every one too," she turned. "Head for that
little cove across, and you too Tim."
"I'd like to lend her something I've got in my pack," he remarked Andrew
for he saw a look pity on the shivering one. "Only you can see with one eye
it wouldn't come within a mile of seeing it and he wouldn't look at two
you would with me by mistake though how I got hold of it in the first place
I don't know."

"I've got a good sweater she could put on while her clothes are drying,"
volunteered Tim. "Of course I can't be a judge by a jugful but
then you know sweaters are at a premium. He won't let it go around here. I
laugh it is no maybe she could fit it in it. She is as much as a sister as if she
was born to us and we must not let her come to her, confound that clay."

"That's a real good of you Tim dear," said Jennie. "You have always done
lots more for me and my sister than we ever did for you."

"You only think so," said Jim.

The landing was soon made, and when the dripping little girl got ashore
the first thing her own sister did was to get her to jump around, and then
the rough waves came back and forth. This of course was to induce a circulation
of blood, so as to resist the chill following her late immersion.

"Tim, I've got my dear little sister to you to make the fire," said Violet.
"Use dry wood so that there will be no little or no smoke, and build it in
that low spot over to the right. If we choose to keep it going to night, there
is only a small chance that any one will discover the light in that dip..."

Nothing pleased Tim better than to make a camp fire. Besides the genial
glow which he so dearly loved, being a fire lover by nature it doubtless
meant that before a great while they would be cooking supper and as he happened
to be away from a such a task was never-forgotten to the lanky scout whose
appetite never failed him. There were others to help pick up the light
kind of wood, even again Violet and her sister (except Jennie) joined, for
every scout has to learn such things early in his career of wood craft.

Soon a crackling little blaze of wood was up which being carefully fed
presently amounted to a considerable fire.

"Here you are Jennie dear," said Penrod when he could feel the genial
heat at a distance of some five or six feet away. "Get behind the bushes and
the fire and sit up off. Throw your clothes to me and I'll hang them on
these sticks we have planted around the fire. They'll soon begin to steam
and then dry out."

Tim took hard himself working each article dry as possible which was
done off by Jennie before he hung it judiciously before the fire. Fortunately
the good little girl had made out to carry some extra pieces of
padding of clothing in her pack, and having done there, with the help of
Tim's expensive sweaters she was all right. She even enjoyed it so good
naturedly, a little fan and poked at her as she sat. "You're a pretty thing,"
smiling good naturedly.

"The one and thing about this dry day is because though Tim and I have
saying to James who chanced to be nearby. "And that in the way clothes are
after they have been wet."

"But I hope my clothes won't be dried up so I cannot get into the name 'Jennie'
other and but not really. "But I can tell you one which if you won't
other and but not really. "But I can tell you one which if you won't

"Don't laugh then something is wrong. It is a story but it really happened
for, saw it with my own eyes near my palace home before the war when I
was younger. It was that a fat hen bachelor was living in a house near
from our palace, who had himself washed a suit of his new under-wear himself
and hung it on the clothes line to dry. It hung there for quite a while and
I being so young there took a special interest in playing a joke on the
poor old fellow without meaning any harm. The maid had come along and I had went
over there to say goodbye how charitable I am to lend her a hand even though
I am a princess and did not need to work. While I was doing so unseen by the maid
said, took the Bach's of under-wear, and hung up a cold suit
of my own under-wear, which, still had the stained shirt, since I was four
years of age. Then going back home, watched laughingly out of the open window
to see what would happen. Then the stout butler stepped out to get his suit and
saw that baby outfit hanging in its place he rubbed his eyes and heard him
say loudly to himself:

"Great laughing, I said, and the clerk swore they wouldn't sink a bit.
Feeling he would go and bowl out the clerk of the store where he bought
his clothes, laughingly went out and confessed the joke played on him
and he being a good natured fellow chased after me as I ran caught me
in his arms and hugged and kissed me tight saying, was the most little
delightful angel in the world."

Every body did laugh at what the Bachs had said for that story was
a funny joke on him.

After a quarter of an hour however, he assured Jennie that her clothes were
drying nicely and did not seem to be losing any of their former generous
proportions. When he was late on take in hand. There was no lack of results
when it came to doing the cooking, but Penrod found he had his own sister
to choose from even Jennie expressing a willingness to serve as she
had to have her share the blame more or less any way, and might as well be
busy, and believe me when any of the little girls cook for you, you'll eat.

Afterwards the fire was allowed to go down, though Penrod did not feel
that it was positively necessary for them to let it die out entirely. If it was
bound to be true they doubtless the mischief had already been done, in and
having to shoulder the blame, they might as well have the game. It was a
great delight to them all to squabble the fire around the fire and
talk in low tones. There were no boisterous language or action tolerated.
Penrod and even Violet, and he pointed to the stand that they
were now on serious business and all such conduct must be left to another
time unless they want to war with the enemy of their presence. Still they found
plenty to talk about most of it connecting with the strange happening at
Pamlico, in which their unfortunate comrade, Hon Hen conditior, had
such a prominent part.

"I wonder now," James Andrews was saying at one time as he sat between
two of the Vivian girls in a room around each, as they did the same, "whether
the Chief of all the Christian gentlemen, Jack Evans got a clue like we
did that would fetch him up in this region of the country with a swarm of
soldiers meaning to try and round up these escaped Glandelinian boy scouts,
and soldiers?"

"There was a variety of opinions among Violet and her sister as
who knew Evans well but none of them having contrary views.

"It would be too bad then," said Tim, if they managed to haul them all up
with Hen in their midst before we could get him in hand, and hear his story
of what happened."

"That is a fact," said Jennie. "I and my sister know and love Jack Evans
like a second father, but don't help those who did us wrong. As Hen is
expected of doing a wrong, those who would capture him would take him back
to the Christian camp and thence into the town just like he was a real
criminal. No matter what excuse the boy might give, the soldiers would
not listen in leaving that all for Evans and my father before whom he would
be taken with the other prisoners. Of course if a real big sin was committed
by the boy we are sorry, we cannot and will not help him out as we would
do wrong ourselves then, but I and my sister believe he is innocent and
was only double crossed by General Starling and his two escaped companions.
Papa, all of you, including my dear brother Penrod, we have just got to
confound Hen first, that is all there is too. If he is guilty just help him,
but if not we'll intercede for him."

That seemed to be the consensus of opinion among all the rest too. By degrees
they began they had come to believe that Hen conditior must be a prisoner
of the Glandelinian boy spies to have acted as he did, or something was done
to him by one of the boys who then duplicated as he and stole the money and
papers from Andrew's safe and lit out. Nothing else would explain the
mystery though you believed Hen if he only caught must be under a spell for

He had always been reckoned a mild, inoffensive good fellow, one of the best boys in school. He had no idea of doing any thing so terribly wicked as to commit a crime, but a number of the headquarters of Violet, and her sister, 2:22

"That is just what it is," declared James Andrews, as they again talked it all over in hopes of getting a better conception of the truth. "The claudelins who have got him if he is a prisoner must be some of those terrible hypnotists you read about over in the United States though I did not see any such things here."

"A what?" asked Violet, for to tell the truth these little girls never heard of such things as were in Abilene.

"A Hypnotist, I saw one down at the city of Chicago two summers ago at a show in Live Oak Park and he made fellows do the most ridiculous things anybody ever heard of."

"Such as what?" asked Jennie Vivian, looking surprised but also as though she might be very skeptical.

"Why one boy thought he was a goat, and ran all around on his hands and feet, hunting for tin cans and old shoes to eat, another thought he was a dog, baying at the full moon, and I nearly took a fit listening to him whoop. Then there was a third fellow who believed he was made of iron, so he stretched himself from one chair to another, and there a man stood right in his middle, and he didn't break either way it was the grandest sight you ever saw."

"Fakes all - rank fakes" piped up little Daisy. "Yes, one of those boys was so dumb a confederate to the effect that impostor and my sister know what you mean by Hypnotists. You notice as Penrod told me in your room county they were come to small places where every body knows every body else, but show in big cities, where a new audience comes each night. If I had a chance maybe, and my sister would like to see a circus like that just to laugh, but you couldn't get us to believe in hypnotism worth a cent. Then too there are those so called fire eaters. The trick is while only the oil is burning if they really can do it, it is the devil that gives them the aid to do it without burning themselves or a trick about it which they don't want no one else to know for fear every body will soon practice that. Such things are so strictly forbidden in our country that as to those who come here and try it."

"Well then" demanded James Andrews, "What do you think this or those claudelins have got on Ben Condit?" that he has made him do whatever he wanted, tell us that if you can."

"I don't know," replied Daisy promptly. "We are not sure either if Ben Condit is really in the swamp or not."

"See" cried James Andrews exultantly she backs down right away."

"There is a lot of things I'll admit I don't know" added the little girl with a giggle, "but if he really is a prisoner then it is my opinion that poor Ben is being held to those men and boys by some kind of force and they could soon make him believe he did something terribly wrong and he only hope to skip out before the soldiers come would get him, but let's wait until we find him, and then we'll know it all. There is no use of even a most fiercely loving argument over something none of us know anything about. We'll get the help on us afterwards."

"A sensible conclusion" remarked Penrod who had listened to all the talk with considerable interest, "and as the hour is getting late suppose we begin to settle now on how we are going to sleep (peep, peep) through our first night in a forbidden swamp."

Up to the moment of them had apparently bothered about figuring how they would make themselves comfortable, so that Penrod's suggestion was like a bomb thrown into the camp.

"I should think we had better get busy indeed, if we want to have a good place to sleep on," Jennie Vivian exclaimed, "for even as good and hardy as the little girls were the hard ground did not appeal very much to Violet, her sister, accustomed as they were to feather beds, no matter where they slept, and yet here the ground was wet, spongy and soft in places and no fit to lie upon."

"We have no blanket or a blanket" said Annelise Riches here and that is why I laid out to keep the fire burning in a small way through the night."

"But luckily" and added James Andrews, "who had been looking around for a while since they came on. The men are plenty of fire and fuel and fire can close by. We can make our beds like turtles or as in the United States used to do, away back in Daniel Boone's time."

"Every fellow will have to a bit of fire if then," said Penrod, "so lots start in and lay a foundation for a soft and warm bed. Every one of you would like to sleep in a warm bed, wouldn't you?"

make you be a good command it."

"Hay was good enough for me last night though" declared Tim, "But I have got a hunch that I can sleep as sound as a log."

"Headlock for mine every time," announced James Andrews.

Then there was a bustling time as the entire number of boys and girls started to break off small branches and twigs from the adjacent trees or to pick them off from the ground, laying them in neat piles until they looked as if they had secured enough for their purpose. The beds were arranged something like a circle around the camp fire, and acting on the advice of Prince Penrod who in his younger days too had been on the cattle range range and knew what was right, each sleeper expected to keep his feet toward the fire. They took good care though not to put anything too close to the fire for if something should catch fire when they were asleep on my. "Looks a heap colder as if it was a big cart wheel," observed Tim.

"If so then the fire is the hub, and each one of us spoke, that's right too," Penrod agreed, and also Andrews acted as though they would never get enough of the fire, and browsed for violet and her sister's Jennie Tuome and Annelise Riches. Long after the others had stopped gathering it, they continued. Then even Violet and her sister joked them about being too gone to them when there was no price to pay, James Andrews had a ready answer.

"You and your sister and the other two girls are a whole lot more important in position than anybody else don't you know princesses," he told them, "and on that account you nine little girls ought to have a higher pile under you. Besides I always liked to gather things in."

"Well we nine fairies will remember than that boys" declared Joice Vivian, "the next time we need a big supply of fire wood. You have fixed it up good and tight and you'll find us the most obliging lot of 'fairies' east of the heavens."

"And you'll find us the most obliging of boys" the two put in. "There ain't enough good things done for you little girls anyway. You should be in heaven instead of on this cruel world."

"We will be there some day, and will take you along too" piped in Daisy. "You are just as good as us."

"Yes and no matter how good you are friends have been to you girls you were never spoiled" said Penrod with a smile. "You are good in every way."

"How about you giggled Violet. "When I had a slight toothache one night didn't you put me to sleep and hold me in your arms all night, staying up for my sake."

"Yes and yet often do the same thing I'll warrant" said Penrod.

After considerable work, and playful fussing and joking, they finally managed to get fixed in fine style. As none of them had slept so soundly on the previous preceding night owing to their strange environment, and the wild alarm that had sounded when Johnny's chicken thief trap had sprung, the boys and girls were both weary and drowsy. As they were in such a swamp and as it did not seem necessary to the referee for any one to be on guard duty, all being too sleepy, they all went to sleep. Penrod was readily the last to drop off, and he smiled with love and pleasure as he laid his head to glance around at the stretched out figures of his sisters, the two other pretty little girls and the old boy scout, besides counting Andrew and Jim. You couldn't hear their breathing and finally after he said a few extra prayers for before all going off to sleep he had led the night prayer, he also gave himself up to indulging in a refreshing slumber. He was awakened by a horrible crash that made him instantly sit up and he was horrified to see that all the beds they had worked so hard to make were starting fire and to be aflame. Other figures were tottering up all around and he was up quickly pulling the girls off the flaming boughs before the fast spreading flames reached them. They all saved themselves in the nick of time for each of them was a blaze that would do credit to as number as they were in the big camp fire. Penrod looked at the camp fire and saw that it was only a smolder.

What happened gasped Andy the first thing, for he was digging his fat knobby knuckle into his heavy eyes after having jumped from the burning boughs and no thought of trying to get out the last atom of consciousness from them.

"It was me" replied James Andrews, promptly, "did the suspicious action of firing my gun."

"They had by this time edged off from the heat of the black blazing beds."

"That at" demanded Penrod excitedly, thrilled and horrified in spite of himself at the danger now escape.

"A careless man," came the mocking answer. "He must have set the fire."

"You, what's all that James Andrews?" Tim exclaimed. "You must have been dreaming. You, what's all that James Andrews? The wind must have been blowing embers from a neighbor's fire, and did it in your sleep. The wind must have been blowing embers from a neighbor's fire, and did it in your sleep. The wind must have been blowing embers from a neighbor's fire, and did it in your sleep."

"It's a good thing, none of us especially the little girls happened to be in a hurry of going to bed that night."

"But that's and fishes I tell you," said Andy, and sitting up, "then I'll be the tallest of the boys' accouters."

Of course by this time all were standing busily watching the destruction of the beds and indeed excitement and anger had gripped hold of them for now they realized that James and Andy was really speaking most earnestly, and showing no symptom that his suspicious action had been no practical joke, and too the camp fire had and could not have started their bough beds ablaze.

"No, tell us all about it, James," he commanded.

"Well it's about this way," said the other obediently. "I smelled something like pine wood burning first, and there was a heat that woke me up, and just as I sat up I saw some of our beds all of a sudden aflame and something with a flaming torch move over in the bushes about twenty five feet away. Yes I heard the fire picked up just then so brilliantly that I could easily make out what looked to me like three men peering at me through the bushes one of them shaking out a torch—fact is, I know that is what it was and nothing else. I was scared at the sight and unable to move for an instant."

"Tell me what you did then," asked Penrod.

"I always keep my knife close handy when I sleep out in the woods you remember Penrod," continued the other, without pride in his voice, "so all I did was to grab up the gun and blaze away as quick as I could then saw the same to my shoulder I knew the shots would awaken you so you could save yourselves as the flames didn't just then spread that fast to prevent your getting off."

"Penrod caught his arm in a fast grip."

"I hope you did not miss at least one of those dirty devils only twenty feet away, James—didn't tell me you were silly enough to do that?" he asked somewhat hoarsely. "They'll escape and tell the others we were here."

The tall boy chuckled and Penrod's fears were instantly dissipated.

"I'm not a fool Penrod," he said lightly. "I am sure I hit two of them with the same discharge and the third I killed. If the others are not dead they are wounded."

"Good enough James," Penrod went on to say in a relieved tone. "I could not believe you would be so reckless as to let all of them get away."

"It was apparently Andy and a turn to appear skeptical now."

"Huh, I suppose they lit out then like a streak, after you wasted a good charge of shot after them, and knocked branches from the limbs of the trees—is that what you want us to believe James and Andy?"

"Didn't you hear the how those made who did escape rushing away?" demanded the other severely, "but then all of you started yelling at once as you leaped from your burning beds of branches, and I guess you didn't take much notice. I suppose you think the camp fire set our beds aflame."

"I heard some sort of noise off that way save enough," asserted Violet pointing.

"Correct Princess Princess, for that is where the fourth one was was kneeling, right over there in those thick bushes. You see I might not have noticed them at all only they happened to move just when the flames of the burning branches of our beds lit up the scene more brightly."

"Oh I admit that you may have seen something," persisted Andy, "but the chances are ten to one it was a white faced heifer that had hit on our camp, and was looking to see who and what we were. They come too when there is a good sized fire burning in one spot, for I know by experience I made a good fire near a cattle farm once at night it was a dark night too, and I tell you, to my amazement found myself surrounded by a lot of cows looking down at the fire. I managed to scatter them. We happen to know there is a good sized stock farm not a great way off, and I reckon their cows get into the swamp once in a while. Am I not right Princesses?"

"But maybe Andy is right," said Violet with a little shiver. "Surely our branchy beds did not catch fire from the blaze in our middle, the beds were too far off and there is not a bit of wind."

Let James prove it though to settle the argument.

"All right," sneered Andy. "I'm going to show you Andy where you are way off your line. When I've got eyes and pretty good eyes too and know how to handle a white faced heifer with my smoke that is all."

With that the indignant boy handed his gun to Tim, and stepping over to the fire picked up a half burned branch from which a little flame just shot up and this he whistled loudly around his head several times until he had it crackling and taking fire afresh, so that it promised to make a very good torch, if used for only a brief time.

Penrod made no objections to the programme. Indeed he was deeply interested

in the outcome but that was it might prove to be. After having made sure of sufficient light, James and Andy boldly strode directly toward the spot he had indicated as the hiding spot of those whom the said had almost caused the dreadful non-tragedy.

"O slow please, please, please James," warned little Daisy. "If only one is only wounded he might be laying for you then. Keep him covered with the gun won't you?"

"Oh Daisy please give us a rest won't you didn't I tell you I shot three of the and the fourth was after the shots gave him a scare? Who is afraid I got a good trusty knife in the other hand?"

With that James and Andy reached the bushes indicated, and the others were close on his heels every boy and girl eager to find out whether what he had told them was in fact true, or if the apparitions had only been a figment of James' imagination, the suspicious ailment as it were of a stirring dream. Every body gasped. There a man lay there, men in gray uniforms too. Two of them were easily dead, they having been kneeling for other in such a way that the same big bullet went through their heads at the same time. The other man was too badly wounded to even move. They paid no attention but went ahead a little ways to see about the fourth man.

"Here's where he pushed back the brush as you can see for you fellows. And there lies the three others. Yes and there is plenty of foot prints besides. Look where the fourth man knelt down, because here's the mark of his knees as plain as anything." Now what do you say Andy? Is the law on me after all?"

Lundy had to confess that it did not look that way.

"Oh I'm ready to own up you did see four men snooping around our camp James and Andy," he confessed frankly, "and when you let fly with your Winchester and killed his three companions or at least two and wounded one badly he lit out like all possessed. Penrod of course the chance of it on a the Glandelinians some of those who had kind kidnapped. Don't you think?"

"We know of no other in this," he given looking ruefully toward the burned up beds which were now glowing smoking embers. "They must have discovered our camp fire and had crept up and set fire to our beds before Andy saw them, and also no doubt meaning to kill us and steal our food supply. We happen to know they are short of grub and now that the country is being closed against them these Glandelinians are beginning to be more or less afraid to venture out of the swamp to secure another lot of fowls, or anything else along the entire line. Ha, and they thought they were burning when I was around they had set fire to the bog which my slavers were sleeping on first. First a man attempts to set fire to the hay in the barn on which we slept and was captured in the act, and now this."

"But it looks as if these Glandelinians came alone," Penrod Penrod, feeling he could only a set of men foot prints," he marked James.

"Oh Harvey I certainly hope now they have not done anything terrible to our chum, Hen Corbit," quavered Catharine in a panic.

"There is no reason why we should believe such a thing," announced Penrod, decidedly. "We already agreed that they may possess some sort of strange power over poor Hen and I suppose the boy is being held a prisoner by the rent, while they are waiting for the four men to come back with provisions."

They walked back slowly and the fire was revived, for since no one felt like trying to sleep again after the destruction of their beds they concluded to sit up a while and talk it all over. This attempted dutifully done on the part of the four men had apparently put a new face on the whole matter. It might change their plans to considerably too, some of the scouts feared.

"I don't see why that should be," Penrod explained. "Of course after this we will have to keep a watch a very right, so as to catch them if they try to do anything to us or get away with any of our stuff. It may hurry things along in the end for the whole swamp is thickly surrounded by the well armed scouts and they could not get through the co-don. If they have little to eat and the Glandelinians are finding it impossible to go out aside the swamp, knowing the boy and girls are waiting to arrest them they may finally make up their minds to surrender to us."

"Then you believe they know why we are here do you Penrod?" demanded Tim.

"It seems possible, although of course we have to jump at conclusions because we really don't know," came the answer. "But why the two first of us try to get the hay in the barn on fire while we were all asleep, and now this new fire of course?"

"I knew, but this is a little dark mystery," confessed Tim. "And I have a much better account of the guessing to the answer than I did on the night these Glandelinians, how did Starling and his two companions make them get away, what are they holding over Hen Comditio's head; why should our chief do that awful thing if he really did, and then so leave such a silly letter behind to convict himself, and why the two attempts to burn us as we sleep? I'm all in a swirl and if anybody can straighten me out, I'd be a heap obliged."

Apparently, nobody could, at least there was no effort made in that direction, that made Penrod mad was that the bough beds of his sisters were the first affair and only it was a miracle he had saved them at all and several of them had not received a single blow of flight burn, and some burn but not holes in their clothing. Some of Jennie's beautiful golden brown hair had been partly scorched. In fact to tell the truth all the boys and girls felt that they were agrouping in the gloom, and even the most guesses had only a slender foundation. Violet and her sisters even believed that F. A. Wick rowden was Hen Comditio in disguise.

"We have enlisted in the war though," said Landy Andy grimly, "and we won't be kept back by anything. Try to set us all afire and even burn up our good beds in the bargain. Of all things try to burn up such good little angels as Violet, and her sisters and our two others. That makes me feel so mad I could bite my self like a mad dog. If any more of those Glandelinians come snooping around they stand a mighty good chance of getting the same dose, that is all I'm going to say about it."

"And we'll run across Hen, sooner or later, you can put that in your pipe and smoke it," asserted James Andrews firmly.

When they had discussed the subject from every side without picking up much additional information worth while, the boys themselves began to feel sleepy again. So Penrod told them off in watches, two scouts being assigned to duty at a time. Landy was left out to the last for they wanted him to be the longest on the watch. Though Penrod hardly believed there would be any other watchmen from Glandelinians that night it seemed the right thing. Little girls were said to go back to sleep once more. They were greatly upset by the attempt to burn them that way, and knowing the nature of Glandelinians feared some other dirty and wicked trick might be attempted.

Strange to say no one had paid any attention to the wounded fox except tying him to a tree and roughly digging out the bullet and binding up the wound as unceremoniously as if he was nothing at all despite his howls of pain. However, Penrod was too good a boy scout to take unnecessary chances and not wishing some other disaster to come or to lose the main part of such supplies as they had fetched along for several days, Penrod took all due precautions. No one dared to make any more beds of the same stuff, but had to take the chances of lying on ground as dry as possible to be found, and the camp fire was kept up good and proper the balance of the night in the bargain for they felt as though the illumination helped to guard them. Complete darkness might have tempted the other Glandelinians to try again while they would be afraid to attempt such a risky move while the flames crackled and lighted up the immediate surroundings.

Finally all of Violet and her sisters except Jennie were able to fall asleep again, but Jennie remained close to Penrod shivering with the fear of what might have been, not that they really were scared of lying, but who in the world wants to be burned. Penrod knew how to soothe her and after he had half her in his arms for about fifteen minutes he had her as deeply asleep as he had wanted her, and then slept with her in his arms all the rest of the night. After all nothing happened to disturb them. The sentries stuck diligently to their duties and changed at the time appointed. This had been laid out by Penrod as the sky had cleared, and the stars could be seen in places. He figured time from the position of certain bright planets, and their setting would mean the different changes in the round mount. Boy and girl scouts who have been in camp have learned these methods of telling time by the use of the heavy watch, and few of them after a once mastering the interesting method find a need for rings or bells.

When the light shifted in through the tree tops overhead, Penrod was the first to awake and found he still held Jennie in his arms and she was still sound asleep. He looked around at his own sleeping comrades and then setting Jennie down very gently he slowly awoke to his feet.

Then he first glanced at his sleeping sister, a lying cloth close together on a large stretch of dried grass the boys had pulled up for them to lie on, and then he glanced at the still smoking embers of branches that once just a number of hours before had been beds for his sisters and the rest.

Looking down at his sisters lying there he had a sneering grin as he said, "So they have come to this eh. Tried to burn them in the hay in the barn, and then here. Ha. Ha. Well that is something. He turned and looked at the

prisoners who were asleep, and then again he glanced down at his sisters and there was a scowl on his face.

"Don't let the Glandelinians," he said to himself. "I'm more than tired of them. I'll have to find a way to stop this and, shall it be more than tired of them. That attempt to burning was not meant mainly for us boys and confound it I know it. It was not meant for us at all. It was meant for them, and THEM only. Ha, ha, well I'll have to look into this" he added with what you may call a wicked grin. My sisters. Heaven knows I never thought I would ever have sisters, and yet sisters like these. And yet what did they have to go through, before even I knew them and now, --ha--ha. Well I'll make it short work."

He went over to where the prisoners were.

"How can that devil sleep and with his wound in the shoulder no conscious in him to bother him. Sleeps on like it was no sin to try and burn little girls and boys out camping. Wake up you 'SHAKE' and Penrod thought it seemed queer to do so, it was righteous any how for he kicked the man in the side.

"Wake up you snake." and he kicked him again.

The man was awakened and being tied there looked on the boy in fright. To be in the power of boy scouts was worse than in the power of the old devil.

Penrod looked down at him with a sneer. "You snake in the grass" he hissed. "you and your two dead comrades set our beds afire last night. You intended it only for the girls. I know it."

"It--it--it's fair in war," gasped the prisoner.

"Yeah, go is this," and Penrod kicked him in the shin. "I ought to tie you up tighter and make a slow fire around you. Make you eat the fire you try to burn children to death with."

"If you are a Christian dog you wouldn't do such --such --cruel things," complained the prisoner.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Penrod. "So Christian dogs wouldn't do cruel things. The one kind of things are, not cruel when justice demands it. And I'm not a Christian dog. I'm an American even though my parents are the rulers of Abbeism. And the princesses are my sisters. You know Americans are very very mean."

The prisoner looked aghast for when you arouse us Americans you sure find out something. Americans as America proper are not to be trifled with. We Americans we have justification demands it are then very mean indeed to enemies who do cruel things, and what would any American do who would see a couple of skunks try and burn little children to death in bed while they sleep, and especially such good little girls like Violet and her sisters and the two others and such good boys."

"You, you, being a prince, am not an American."

"I am one since I was brought up there," hissed Penrod. "I have learned American ways, what they would do to you over there for this attempt would be plenty. I guess I'll have you burned."

"Mercy please have mercy mercy."

Penrod only laughed. He was really cruel when driven to the point when when he knew often what plight his good sisters had been in. That and his sorrows for them made him cruel and heartless.

"Mercy, ha, ha what a funny word. Mercy. I never thought you Glandelinians knew the meaning of the word. MERCY, he, he, he. "and he kicked the culprit in the side. He went over to the camp fire and picked up a large smouldering brand.

"What---what are you going to do?" gasped the prisoners squinting hard by the fire.

"I like-- to like to play with fire," said Penrod. "Hold still. I want to hear you yell."

"No, no," screamed the prisoners loudly please don't please."

At that noise the boys first gave sounds of rising.

"Do you know anything about Hen Comditio?" demanded Penrod. "Tell me or I'll stick this torch in your face."

"He--he--is our prisoner."

"Where is he at?"

"I--I--don't know."

"All right I'll burn you."

"No, no, I tell you please don't. Put I'm telling you the truth. I do not know. When I left they blindfolded me so I couldn't be able to tell location in case I got caught."

"Is--is he guilty of what he is accused accused of?"

"Accused--a accused of what?"

"Of stealing that money?"

"I tell you truthfully I don't know."

"You are a liar."

"So, I hate you the death," said the man loudly in his denunciation, for the looks of Penrod frightened him. All the boys were awake now. Lundy, Andy standing besides Penrod. Even he had been quite heartbroken over the affair of the night, and especially at the looks of Penrod and his associates and the two girls over their escape from such a dreadful fate. Lundy, as usually most fat boys are, was very good natured and almost always had a gleam of good humor in his eyes but he did not feel good humored now. Since the experiences with the princesses and Lundy had Penrod had begun to fear that Lundy had lately shown signs of developing a new trait in his disposition.

"Aw don't play with the mouse Penrod," sneered Lundy. "Let's hurt him. He tried to burn the little girls and us last night. I believe he intended it only for them."

"Oh, please have mercy, please have mercy."

"We don't show mercy to Glandelinians as they don't know the meaning of the word when they have children in their clutches," said Lundy. "We accounts give no quarter but we'll consider on one condition and that will be told later. Come away from him in Prince Kash you hands of the snake." Penrod obeyed, though he gave the prisoners the darkest or blackest looks. His sisters were still asleep and he hated to awaken them but that he must and did. It was while they were eating breakfast that Penrod expounded a new scheme, and after placing it before his comrades asked them what their opinions were.

"The question now is," was what he said looking with a snarl toward the covering prisoners, "whether we keep our skiff along the water ways with a cowardly prisoner in our midst, or handcuffing him and shouldering our packs, take the shore from now on, and make him accompany us in our midst under heavy guard, and as our rule always has been majority votes carry the day."

"But that old skiff suits me all right if we have to take that old treasure house snake along with us," objected Lundy with a dirty look toward the prisoner, who did not particularly fancy to tramp through marshy land such as must be their portion when a prisoner who with his two companions tried to burn the little girls, and the boys the night before. All looked very crossly at the prisoner while Lundy and her sisters stood with their backs toward him.

"Why ought we to make a disagree with that prisoner with us Penrod?" asked Tim looking with disgust at the Glandelinian, and a loathing in his eyes, also unable to grasp the meaning of this new move with him. "Better either shoot him dead there, or leave him tied up the way to starve. We don't want that no more mere nothing with us."

"Oh please don't do that," pleaded the prisoner, but no one answered him. It's no fun to be in the hands of a merciless band of boy scouts. Instead of answering they only gave him the meanest and ugliest pugnacious looks.

Then James Andrews who was quick to see things especially when some suggest ion on the part of Penrod was conceived said:

"Why what ails you fellows? Don't you understand my sighting that escaped man, the shooting of three others last night and the fire of our beds" and he looked angrily at the prisoner "might alter the whole business. Now there is no need of looking for a needle in a haystack, for we have got a real trail to follow up, and if we lose the trail we'll make the prisoners lead the way, and if he won't we know where there is quicksand, impossible for any one to rescue you from and we'll just throw him in and--"

The man cowered before James stare and winced.

"That's right James, and we scouts are ought to be able to accomplish the task." Tim remarked in his superior way, which showed every body knew was skin deep, for he was a splendid fellow at heart and well liked.

"But I'd rather leave him behind where he is and let his comrades find him or starve or one or the other."

"What about the skiffs then if we abandon the same?" asked Lundy.

"Oh we'll make the place, and Johnny can easily find his property, when we are paying him fifty dollars or more for the same," said Tim lightly, and boys better make a start with their packs right now, and we'll rope the prisoner round the neck and have him tied to some of us and the rest keep him covered."

Lundy sighed heavily, and seeing there was no escape of having the prisoner come along he started to carry out the suggestion of the trail scout James Andrews. His lack of ambition was so noticeable that James Andrews could not resist the temptation to say:

"I see Lundy is brooding because we are going to take our 'gentleman' prisoner along. I am just thinking the other fellows that Lundy is going to play out on us for the prisoner is going to give us no end of trouble, so we might lay the snare tied hand and foot in the skiff and send him

silent in the skiff and let him be picked up by Father James. I'll let him stay there, he can't go and I'll let him come and rescue him."

"What me stay here and let him go to death," ejaculated the prisoner. "Have mercy."

"One paid no attention to him."

"I know what we can do," James Andrews went on maliciously. "We could have Lundy hold the rope and pull the prisoner along with him. He's not only fat but good and strong, and too heavy for the prisoner to escape from."

"What me have that dirty skunk near me," ejaculated Lundy, commencing to put considerable vigor into his labor. "I guess not if I know myself and I think I do."

"Oh for that matter you could do what you please with him," continued the generous James, "though for one good mile any way."

"No thank you if you please not any in mine unless Penrod commands me to and then if I have to--well the prisoner will be sorry he had me that's all. I hate the sight of him, I'm going where the rest do make up your mind to that. If none of you don't like to do it either why push it on me. The rest's plenty of pick and I'll this swamp and you can put it into use. I'll if you're too soft to do that I'll let him tied up and if you're afraid he'll escape stay yourself with him James and Andrews that's all. You could go so I don't care to have him with me if you tried and I'll do you so you'd like company but not human snakes and if I have to I can put up with you as a steady James Andrews. Now that'll do for you. I don't want to be considered for a second. Of course if Penrod or the princesses command me to then I'll do so but I'll be too bad for the prisoner and feel like kicking his teeth out right now."

Of course James Andrews was only noting a little fun with the fat boy because there was no thought of making him pull the prisoner along and least of all would Penrod or his sisters have dreamed of appointing the fat scout for such a duty.

On deciding on such a radical radical change in their plans Penrod did not forget that it might be better for them to cover the two bonds. He thought of the Glandelinians chances to come upon the skiffs, they might think it was policy to remain in the plank to such an extent that they could be used for a while, and possibly the scouts and the little girls would be glad to get out of the dangerous swamp by the same means they had taken when entering it.

"First of all lets hide the boats some where," he suggested. "They're a pretty heavy lot of boats but never of us ought to be able to carry them one at a time."

"They need not be taken very far either," James Andrews answered them. "here is a handy place close by. Every body on the job and see what you can lift. I'll lead a hand."

After all (here a haul) it was nothing to speak of, for the two skiffs were easily hauled, and nicely covered for concealment. Then the boys had moved all traces of their passage any one might walk by within a few feet of the patch of bushes and never suspect that in there so neatly hidden.

"The job is done," said Penrod. "Now I finish packing and we will be off."

Lundy himself heaved a sigh, for he had lightning fear of lingering fear that no Glandelinians might come up and rescue the wicked comrade. The prisoners too had a lingering fear that there might be more in that case. The boat was by James Andrews and as they appeared on the surface the noise he could not help being left alone in that dreary swamp tied to a tree made him very nervous. He also kept a wary eye on the tall scout and had he commanded all the leaves and leaves him remain to the trees he would have been a good deal better. He felt that could have been heard all over the swamp. Of course it was Penrod's intention to examine the skiffs left by the mysterious Glandelinians who had wanted to escape and see whether it would be possible for them to pick up the trail. He was of course taking it for granted that the party was to the same man they had been hunting ever since they reached the swamp, and obviously too he must be the last man among the Glandelinians, so far as Penrod could see, and that into consideration he had seen with that of the skiff. Although there was really nothing remarkable about then to distinguish the indentifications and indentations about all the prisoners. He knew that they took certain chances in figuring that out. After all this man may be one of the leaders of the five spies, maybe he was that Matt Fellow. Well no matter which of these two solutions to the mystery proved to be the correct one Penrod meant to stand close upon the party should he will not be before him. He still favored

in the original plan and in fact were both led by the other. Speculation to his comrades, that that fellow was a dummy, was false, and almost impossible to be captured, even when taking him by surprise. All of them being ready they set out, with the prisoners roped between them and guarded by well-armed boys. Penrod, and his sister and also James Andress led the van for they were recognized as the best equipped scouts in the Vindicator Patrol when it came to a question of trailing. There was nothing in experience that Violet, and her sister did not lack, and they were good also in their position as well as their constant practice in these lines. It soon became evident to them that the fugitive had not thought it worth while to try and hide his trail at the time he fled from the camp. At the death of his two comrades and the wounding of one, too, these sudden shots and the result also must have given him a nervous shock so that all he could about just then was to put as much distance between himself and those boys and glimmers as possible and get feeling the first scheme failed.

The fact that they all carried weapons and would not hesitate to use them if a name must have convinced him and by the proof of the death of two of the men that it was a risky thing to have around that region any longer. Half an hour after the boys moved on, the prisoners complaining of the pain of his wound because of so much walking. Some times it was at a fast walk, and then when again the trail grew fainter so that those at the head of the column were compelled to exercise all of their knowledge in order to make sure of the things mentioned more or less to the relief of the suffering prisoners, to those complaints and moans they paid no attention, believing probably he was putting on much of it.

The boys had been warned not to make any unnecessary noise, not to allow that the prisoners to do the same, and if he did not obey, why they had permission to do with him what they choose. Talking save in the lowest of whispers was strictly tabooed, and even at that Penrod did not encourage any conversation with even his good little sisters. They also had to take care of their feet (not down the street) and not put any weight upon some stick that would break with a loud snap, even such small things have spoiled the little glory before now, and the backs of wild beasts of human fugitives cannot be too careful. If fat lady puffed a little the other made no objection, since he took care to do it half under his breath. It was not such easy work, lugging a wounded prisoner along, though an account of them enjoyed every minute of the time, being constantly thrilled with the expectation of suddenly coming upon a camp where those they sought might be found, and taken by surprise. James Andress often thought the prisoners with his gun, warning him bravely that it would be as much as his skin was worth if he did not keep still and stop shouting and growling.

It was in this humor that they came to a long that lay directly across their path. Here the trail ended, but of a course such clever boys and girls as Penrod, and Violet, and her sister and James Andress and the others would understand a little trick like that.

The stumbling fugitive had not really taken to the log, panned as it along to the other end, and then jumped off....

"You my dear sister take that side, and I and my two boy leaders will cover this one," said Penrod in a low voice, and without the least hesitation, "Ten to one we'll get him again."

They did for Jennie Vindicator herself, quickly found the tracks once more. This incident however told them that the fugitive had begun to fence would be followed when no more came, since this was his first effort to battle a baffling pursuit....

"I'm so sorry that happened," said Penrod softly to Violet. "Because it is going to make out track all the harder you see."

"Do you mean he has begun to fence he will be followed?" asked Violet.

"That is just it," said Violet and Penrod. "If that idea gets a firm hold of him he is bound to do away with it by fence out how so on to law in the bush. In the end he might even try to quit the camp, and take his chance of abandoning his attempt to reach his comrades and boys of getting away from us to lead us not away."

"I'll be don't quit at that point," said Andy with a grinning face. "I'll be don't quit at that point," said Andy with a grinning face. "I'll be don't quit at that point," said Andy with a grinning face.

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line if it takes all summer with glad to have you say that Penrod. But he is a very smart fellow, and he is a very smart fellow, and he is a very smart fellow.

This time the fleeing man had reached a new point, for his tracks could be plainly seen, but the trail abruptly ended....

"It's an easy guess" said Violet he said after a brief examination. "You can see that he stood up on the ends of his toes here, for the indentation is very deep and then besides look at this large piece of bark lying fresh on the ground, with a few small pieces mixed, but surely soaped from the trees above us."

"That's thing Violet" declared Jennie herself, while the others stood and watched the actions of their comrades with the utmost curiosity. "The fugitive just grabbed hold of that lowermost limb, gave his feet a fling against the trunk of the tree, and hoisted himself up yonder."

"Then perhaps he is some where up there still," suggested Andy.

"I don't think so," continued Violet, "but we'll sent up an expedition to find out after we make sure that all avenues of escape are closed. My own opinion is that he passed out along some other low hanging limb, and dropped to the ground again, perhaps thirty feet away from here."

"It's look and see," said Jennie eagerly.

"He came full," said Andy, "but unless you step mighty fine you may cover up the prints of his shoes where he dropped down."

Penrod himself had already decided just about where he would have descended from the tree, his sister simultaneously having the same opinion. Her opinion seemed to have settled on the same spot for she was just at the heels of the others. Instead of looking down, they kept glancing up. It might be they were mentally following the startling figure along that great limb....

Presently Violet who was in the lead abruptly stopped....

"I can see signs that tell me he came this far, but they end up there," she told her companions.

"Yes, and here you see fresh leaves on the ground," said Angeline. "Look sharp Argillitide, Jennie dear, and it may be a beautiful eyes will fall on the fresh trail."

"Yes and you may pick them up," she told Angeline with a giggle as she examined the ground and then from Jennie's low but eager cry told that success had been accomplished. She pointed to the mark of feet close behind beside them, but at large to say thinking of throwing them off the trail the fugitive had moved his shoes.

"He has moved his shoes," said Jennie.

Undoubtedly the fugitive had dropped on a moss to the ground and then he moved his shoes.

"Say let me tell you he's a slick article, that chap," said James Andress, after they had once more made a fresh start. "I wouldn't be surprised to learn he's been in the plains of Western America in his earlier days he seems to know so much about Indian ways and all that."

"But he's met his match in our policemen for a fact," insisted Andy, full of genuine admiration for the pretty and yet extremely good little girls, who had many a time led the boy and his scouts to victory over tremendous obstacles.

"Silence every body now," came from Penrod, though naturally it must have given him a very warm good feeling in the region of his heart to know that these good chunks of his felt so kindly toward his sisters and were not backward in expressing their sentiments.

So they continued on for another stretch.... The fugitive must have come to believe that by this time he would have thrown any possible track-off the scent, at any rate it was evident he did not try any new game a looking to baffling pursuit.... Gliding along like shadows, the bunch of scouts accoutred and nine little girls with their two princes made fair progress.

Penrod, and also his sister were of the opinion that at any minute now they might come upon the spot where the unknown alien had his hide out, or where he might receive direction and help from the Glandellian camp. He and the little girls had communicated their plans to the others before then, and they all knew the party they would be expected to play should it all come to a desperate fight or a hold up.

The prisoners wisely made no sound as he was forced to follow his captives but he showed some signs that he was not able to stand as much as walking so steadily as the scouts, and the little girls were. Then if it came to a pass, covered by the arms of four of the scouts it was doubtful whether the prisoners could get around his neck as he was and two boys holding the other end of the line whether the man would dare take chances and try to flee. Then another idea they had in mind was that if the man they were pursuing would reach his comrades and warn them, they might try to flee the camp and leave the boy behind them to take him or kill him.

Somewhere too. Penrod and the little girl also believed they would find what they were seeking in the unusually large patch of brush that now lay ahead of them. They caught glimpses of the water beyond which proved that the arm of the swamp extended in this direction. Pushing steadily on as miserably as possible, they were presently able to part the bushes, and discovered a still slightly shrouded light in plain sight. The boat they had been searching for lay on the shore, with one plank smashed in, doubtless either by design or by the result of an accident, that had wrecked the hopes of the Glandelinians. Eagerly they surveyed the prospect, and then Tim Groveton gave a grunt of disgust.

"Skipped out, that's a merely shame," he exclaimed wrathfully. "But what is that white thing stuck in the clutch or clutch of the wand yonder?" demanded Daisy.

"It looks to me like it might be some sort of communication from our poor papa and Hen Conditt," because that is an old scout and Indian way of leaving word, you know," said Joyce.

Violet, was already hurrying forward to possess herself of the message. The others watched her take it from the clutch of the stick, and open the soiled paper on which there seemed to be more or less crooked writing in pencil. Then Violet turned to her comrades, a look of satisfaction on her argal face.

"Is it from poor Henry," asked all of her sisters and Penrod at once "that be the important fact stamped upon their minds. At the same time they realized just as well as anything it must be so. Violet would not be smiling so sweetly and then frowning too (not a few hoo poos) as she deciphered the meaning of the crooked scribble. As all the boys knew, and the little girls too, for some reason or other though it was said because of a bad shaky right hand, Henry was one of the poorest writers in the school of boy scouts, and to avoid such trouble had tried to learn with his left hand as it was not shaky, but had not succeeded yet. It may be remembered that in speaking of his other "note" some of them brought this fact forward, stating that a teacher had once declared the boy well named, since his efforts looked like hen tracks on paper. But it wasn't that the boy didn't try to learn, just any one try and see if he can write with a hand that is not a wful shaky.

"It's lucky and Thank Our Dear Blessed Lord that I'm able to read any so to sort of old writing," remarked Violet, and even without the slightest touch of glacial pride. "It's a gift with me from Heaven thank God, and Hen some times came to me to ask me to tell him what he had set down, for after it got cold he could not even read it himself. It was I and Jennie who he seached him to try and learn with his left hand as that is not shaky." "Then you have somehow sensed the meaning of his present communication have you Violet, dear?" questioned Penrod, a little bit given to stilted written language himself....

"I can read it all right, and I believe my sisters could too," was the reply she received. "But understanding the English of it is another thing. The sentences seem very badly disconnected, and some of them are queer. When Henry wrote this he must either have been out of his mind or else he was in great fear of something, or some body."

Of course when the leader of the Vivian girls said this it produced something of a sensation among her six sisters and the others, for they were seen to exchange grave looks, while Jennie Vivian was seen to sadly shake her pretty head, and give that little rattle of her a little tilt upwards, as though she now believed more than ever the time was near at hand, when she would be compelled to make some sort of use of the same, in order to save the kid napped a drum.... 2.2.2.

"Please read it out to us Violet dear," begged Penrod.

"Yes, we are wondering what it can all be about," added Tim Groveton.

"Then listen and please don't any one interrupt me until I finish," said Violet. "This is indeed what Hen has written with a lead pencil on this sheet of paper, which I believe he may have torn from a little memorandum book I happen to know he always carried about in his pocket, and while he had almost filled with writing about me and my sisters that would make you think we were all ready in Heaven. Don't grieve sisters you know very well for you have seen it."

She held the crumpled paper close to her eyes, for in places the writing was rather faint, and in two particular spots, Violet, a had to guess away at a word or evidently a drop of something, perhaps a salty salty tear had fallen on the paper blurring the work of the

lead pencil stub.

"Dear sisters and my good boys and girls friends, perhaps you'll get this" said Violet. "He says he's in the swamp some where, that he has seen us, and know that we are the princesses, and that the others are boy scouts though whom they are he doesn't know for every one except us girls wear the child scout uniforms. Of the scouts he thinks you boys are the scout militia. This is what I managed to write from the notes."

"Dear princesses, I know you are out looking for me on the charge of having stolen James' and my good money from his safe in his home occupied occupied by you and your sisters and your grandfather. I came here to tell you as you have entered the most dangerous swamp in this country which once you lose you yourself you'll never get out. Unless I can find you or you follow my tracks you're a goner, or if lost will be the most miserable kids on earth----but I say on the honor of a scout, I never stole a cent of money, I was tied to a chair in Empress Vivian's bed room by three Glandelinian boy scouts who escaped from the Christian camp with some few Glandelinian prisoners, and my truth is well founded, for your father, Mother and Evans will tell you so as they found me securely fastened to the chair and gagged. They are dreadfully worried since you disappeared in the dangerous swamp, and have a strong number of men combing the place at all risk to locate you. Oh what hard luck when they surprised me, the three little rascals rascals, but as they pointed guns at me and were desperate I had to do as they said no matter how hard I rebelled and had to give them the combination of the safe."

Then with a gasp they fastened me to a chair and gagged me so I couldn't holler out for help. I'm meaning to leave this note behind in the scout way, and don't I hope you'll find it, and listen to reason Princesses. If you come upon them don't think one of them is me for he ain't. That I is one who stole my uniform left me half naked when tied to the chair and so posed me copied me so he could look like me. Better though I leave them where they are and quit the swamp before you go so far in you'll never get out. It's name is a right one. That's all. Henry Conditt."

"Great Jumping hooting Cassan" exclaimed Timothy Grovetonia, who with the rest had hung on every word read by Violet. "That proves of one or two things. Fifth our poor papa had been caught napping by these Glandelinian boy scouts, or else they surprised him in his own room and made him do as they asked. Any way he may also be looney for I always knew Hen was weak in the upper story just a wee bit. Poor chap, we've got to avenge him, we got to get those three young snakes again if it takes us till Christmas. Our house is taking now."

"Yes, and we all say the same," but not from James as he doubled his unusually expansive fists and looked in deed savage. Indeed a hasty glance around them would have told any observer that this strange message filled with warning and telling all the truth, left by Hen Conditt in the clutch of a stick thrust into the ground had renewed their former resolution not to give over the search until they had either found the three Glandelinian boy scouts or exhausted every known device looking to success.

"If you ask me," said Violet, "I'd say the answer to the middle answer to the middle lay between the several things you mention, Tim. Hen is crazed a little so they say but it is with fear now what might happen to us out in this dangerous and dismal swamp. He fear a now we will be in the power of a dangerous swamp and that if we once lose ourselves there is no getting out whatever a how it is to be done of course we can only guess, but the boy tells us in this letter that he did not rob you James, that one of the others did after trying him to a chair, and that he believes a strong party of soldiers are searching for us with the intention of preventing us from going too far into the swamp. That explains his panic."

"And say, he tells us right at the end of his note that we should quit the swamp before we go so far in we'll be lost." Jennie Vivian went on to remark and according to my notion, that condition is next door to being insane. Why maybe the poor fellow fears for us more than for himself. I pity him more from the bottom of my heart than I ever did before."

"Notice what he incidentally says near the end," added Violet. "Better quit the swamp before you go so far in you'll never get out. That seems to strengthen our theory that the swamp is a dangerous place to be in. So that settles it."

"All this mention of his must stand for the three Glandelinian boy scouts who had gotten of course and tied him to the chair," ventured James. "You could not be any body else" Violet made answer looking closely at Penrod. Penrod who so far had not spoken a single word in fact had just now does not seem to think of any other three persons."

"These three Glandelinian boy scouts are no common mammals let me tell you," Penrod finally declared. "They must have had plenty of experience along their own line of work."

"When the truth comes out Penrod, I'm positive that you three will be found pretty near the exact facts," affirmed Tim. "But all the time we are jabbering away here," warned Joyce. "Remember that they are getting further and further away from us."

"As to that," Penrod assured him, "a few minutes don't make so much difference, and it is always best to start right, so as to avoid a loss of ten minutes ten times as much later by making serious mistakes. I'm not worrying about the dangers of the swamp as long as we have Johnny Green and Angeline Rhoe with us. Then again, I'm pretty sure that those three Glandelinian boy scouts are much too smart to think of trying to leave the forbidden swamp before night comes, even if they plan to do it then."

"Some how this intelligence conferred the more impetuous ones. They had had such unlimited faith in Penrod knowing what course it was best to pursue that his judgement was his judgement was accepted on its face value every time--just as the Treasury notes of the United States Government are relied upon to be without the slightest doubt in specie. "About how long ago would you say they had slipped out of here?" Catherine asked, as they still lingered, looking to the right and to the left as though wanting to make certain nothing valuable in the way of a clue could have escaped their scrupulous scrutiny."

"Jennie, I mean dear we are depending on you for that information," suggested Penrod and he sister, Violet together, although it could not be doubted that he and she too were able to give a pretty good answer for they had observed certain signs as well as Jennie."

"Not more than two hours ago," said Penrod. "Jennie ventured with considerable confidence manifesting in her manner as though if put to it she was able to muster all the evidence necessary to establish her veracity."

"Just about what I thought myself," added Penrod with a satisfied smile at his prettiest and good good sister. "Two heads are better than one any day dear sis, especially when they seem to work together as well as ours do."

"Then the three Glandelinian boy scouts, did not think to skip out right away after the other got back here, did they?" asked Andy. "Knowing there was not apt to be any sort of pursuit in the night. Then again that one fugitive we trailed so far relied more on his own having blinded his trail as a man as James said had spent some time in the Western part of the United States among Indians and cowboys could have done. It was not a great while before dawn when he must have aroused the other Glandelinians if there are any and the three boys and told them they must get away..."

"But when do you think our chum could have scribbled that message and how and what is he doing here also in the swamp?" asked Daisy.

"Evidently he must have known about our being within a mile of him," replied Violet with a promptness that told how she had figured it all out. "I suppose that man told him about the uniformed boys with us Princesses and the other good little girls who were in the swamp looking for them, and the before the three boys guessed the truth about our coming after him, and the before..."

"Then discover our own danger in losing ourselves in a swamp sooner or later," Jennie continued. "Then not with the foe after all, took the first chance he had to write that message. He must have fixed it in that split stick and then stuck it here in the ground scout fashion."

"We seem to have it all sized up to a dot by now," remarked Penrod, preparing to move, "and there isn't anything else for us to do here, suppose we get busy on the trail again, Jennie dear."

"I'm your pretty little chicken, you can depend on me when it comes to scenting out a trail brother dear. Wonder if that man will be up to any more high junk in the way of walking along logs, climbing trees, and such."

"At times! We will keep a good look out for such capers, believe me." "And if it is really those three boys," said Violet, looking at her sisters as if she knew sure they would agree with her. "We ourselves will have to look out for them." "I do not know whether they fear you boys scouts or not but the scoundrels know we are argel possessed, and that only makes to them more defiant of me and my sister. Just recently when we did capture

those three boys they gave us the awfullest fight you can imagine and yet we seven against the three and we armed just as good as they. They are not the least bit afraid of me and my sister and so in case we do meet with them, you boys keep close to us to protect us."

"Indeed we will!" they all shouted. They were soon moving along (go to to hog knog) the seven or eight trackers in the van as before, with the others trailing after, dragging their unwilling prisoners along, whom they had not since spoken to nor to them. They treated him as if he didn't exist, but kept watchful eyes upon him just the same. Landy this time brought up the rear though James James Andrews kept a careful eye on him most of the time, as though he feared he might step up close and start a row with the prisoner and cause noise enough to be heard by those they were tracking. Fat as Landy was he was never care less clumsy, but though he took jokes, and was humorous he was sometimes treacherous to Glandelinian prisoners. They had known him to do such things as to torment prisoners more than a few times in the past, and as this prisoner was one of four who had attempted to burn them all in their sleeping camp beds the night before the escape was no telling what was in Landy's mind, and as James didn't like Landy's face just now he made it a point to drop back and keep him company when he imagined the situation became acute, so that he had any consideration or sympathy with the prisoner. It was just to avoid unnecessary noise."

From the rapid manner in which Jennie and Penrod picked up the trail it was plainly evident that so far the unknown fugitive had not bothered to resort to any of his tricks looking to blinding the tracks."

He had been compelled to wait for daylight before trying to move through the swamp because it would have been impossible at night time unless one were familiar with the way occurred a lantern, and there were parts of the swamp too that was absolutely impassable, because of extensive bogs and dangerous marshes. Neither of these happened to be within his scope, and so he had to depend upon daylight. Daylight."

Of course none of the boy scouts knew what sort of a trap they might expect when finally they overtook the man they were following, or came upon the three boys and their soldier companions, the former of whom Violet warned as a good deal more late and feared no one not even the argel possessed little girls. That little they could gather from various sources included them to believe he too must be a pretty desperate fellow if he knew he was closely followed he could easily ambush a few of the boys on the girls. But the mention of him being left out by them was what made them wonder."

He might be dangerously armed for all they knew. Such Glandelinians usually are, though in this case it might be otherwise, Penrod had told them since he believed the man had been also a prisoner making his escape when he first attacked the "Forbidden Swamp" and concluded to have of his hide out in its day. Violet had also warned that if taken by surprise and seeing no chance of escape the three boys might chance anything before allowing themselves to be captured. She remembered when once when on the train, Gerald Starring had attempted to kill himself, he and Penrod by jumping from the train to fall down a steep place and that only by landing on something soft was that saved them. Still Jennie was not for taking too many chances. As he moved along, she managed to keep her little small and short rifle of her in position for quick use, should an occasion arise calling for service."

She also tried often to glance ahead from time to time in the hopes of detecting any suspicious ambushes. A sudden attack that would suddenly disconcert once every one and leave every body in a hole might throw the entire party in a state of helplessness, which would always reflect on the ability as scouts. They spent half an hour in this fashion though the trail wound in and out so much that at the end they could hardly have been more than a quarter of a mile from the late camp of the fugitives. When they were halted by a wide and extensive bog of dark brown color. Water was seeping up through it, and the ground at its very edge was fully soaked under their feet as they stood there."

"Here here's where we are stopped," said Penrod.

"Put the trail changes direction and goes this way," said Jennie as she examined the ground. She looked down close to the ill smelling queer mire and suddenly gave a start."

"Did you hear that brother dear?" she whispered suddenly, then they cut a hand no as to clutch the others' camp; while every one became rigid with suspense."

"It certainly sounded like some one was coughing," admitted the others.

"But I'm damned certain it wasn't from in front of us, but over to the left."

and now see the bog in which would be some queer thing. I had seen it in the quad, which she had indicated with out atatched finger.

"I thought the same Jennie said," Pen-od told her, "But then this t-tail is a little bit more so much it might get around the slough that way as any enough."

"Of course it might Pen-od."

"All we can do is keep going along and follow the t-tail in the new direction and some of us watch for signs of the three boys and their Glandelinian companions over yonder."

"Then you don't think it would pay to strike out to the left?" questioned the other, who seemed to be hesitating between two opinions.

"It would be silly to suicidal intentions to try and catch one that t-tail slough for a certainty," said Pen-od decidedly. "Even if we tried it by means of using the t-tail and the like as some do, it might catch one of us. After all our a-s might have deceived us and it might have been some queer hunt of a fork, or a strange sound that at some times comes from a slough, a he on fishing for minnows, or a muck at choking over his dinner we must keep on and follow by the new t-tail. It's a short cut to the left of course, but I wouldn't let any one chance crossing the quick sand even by any safe device. It might catch some one and then we'll have an awful job getting her or him out, and we member Johnny says it's almost impossible to rescue any one if they sink up to their shoulders in it. No we must follow the new direction of the t-tail that's all."

Indeed Jennie, and he sister looked relieved. After all it pleased the little girls to have some one decide a puzzling question like this for them for they dreaded even the sight of any kind of bog. Responsibility weighs heavy on the shoulders of many even on noble boys and they are only too glad to shift it on occasion.

"Just as you say brother dear, and I reckon you are quite right too," always in a low sibilant tone that would not carry farther than a dozen yards at the most... They again turned to take up the t-tail which just at the point happened to run through some bushes coming up to their hips and along side the bog. They went forward very cautiously to be sure the one who they were tracking did not turn off just to way lay them, and cause them to step into any bog. Hence it also atatched without being seen in this direction too, but it was not so. It was easy to see where those ahead of them had brushed through, for they had trampled down the lush grass and brushed aside the tender branches of the bushes. Pen-od had bent over to take a good look down at the ground before setting forth when he heard Angelina Vivian give a sudden violent hiss. Now that was a well known sign among boy and girl scouts of the Vivianites and which had saved them in good stead many a time in the past. Heard under such threatening conditions it could only mean one thing, Angelina had discovered some sort of danger, either that they were about stepping on an unseen quag or some other danger and Angelina was warning every body in order that they might step back and drop down out of sight. Pen-od looked at her, and she made a signal with her fingers. Pen-od then did the same and every body seemed to understand this instantly. Instantly for as though they were all moved by the same certolling influence, they allowed themselves to sink on their knees amidst the friendly bushes that afforded such splendid shelter. Even as Pen-od dropped down he had shot a quick glance toward the right from which again that solemn cough had now once more come, and saw saw something which startled him, and the rest who also saw.

No wonder the young prince was surprised and thrilled by what he saw as he crouched there amidst the high bushes, and stared over their tops. But more than sixty or seventy yards away at the least there appeared to be a violent commotion among other bunch of bushes as though a number of unseen parties might be forcing their way through the obstruction. Even as Pen-od and his sisters and boy and girls clung as well looked, a fugitive came into view, quickly followed by a second, a third and still more until in all there were sixty in the queer procession that seemed to be heading directly for the late hide out of the swamp fugitives.

What startled the boys and girls most of all was the fact that they knew several of those who went to make up that strange company. First there was Walter John Starling and just behind him was a tall, consequential looking person dressed in a uniform of a very high official of the royal guard and with a glittering gilt shield fastened on the front of his lance. Next came a tall, thin, and violent and here came and all the boys here and others know Jack Ambrose Penn. Behind him came a second and third and a fourth man, also in uniform of high rank, whom they knew were also high generals, while the others were Angelinian soldiers carrying weapons that ought to be in the hands of the demons themselves.

"Oh and All Fish hooks."

"That was Tim letting off steam," he would have admitted it, but he uttered in a favoring expression so very low that there was not the slightest danger of it being overheard.

"Don't wink an eye lash if you can help it fellows," whispered Pen-od, who apparently for reasons of his own did not want even these good friends of his to know of their presence so nearby. Of course the other instantly knew what he meant and if they had been made of stone it is doubtful whether they would have maintained a more dignified attitude as they crouched there in the bushes. Fortunately all of those of the posse of soldiers seemed to be looking ahead. Perhaps they had been warned by Walter Starling that the place to which he was taking them was not very far distant, which would account for their eagerness. So they passed on. Pen-od kept whispering to his followers not to make a move unless it was to drop flat down on their faces. Apparently not even Landy felt inclined to do this. As long as the Chief of royal officers and his gallant posse remained in sight every one crouched there and took it out in staring. Then when even the last soldier had been swallowed or had disappeared in the scrub bushes might have been heard arising from some of the boys lips as though they were relieved to have the suspense ended.

"Never glimpsed us," remarked Tim triumphantly.

"A kind as bats in the day time," added Landy.

"They didn't happen to turn this way," said Pen-od. And since you all kept so still I don't believe they would have noticed us even if they had looked. I want to say it was well done boys and good little girls."

"That was Walter Starling wasn't it?" asked Jennie. Turner as though she wanted to have some one corroborate what her own eyes had told him.

"It certainly was," said Landy. "He knows how to lead people through any swamp."

"And you all noticed," he asked. "A marked violet." That they were making so slight for the hide out where no doubt Gerald Starling and his comrades must have spent the night. That shows Walter Starling must have figured out after we left him that it would be a good place for hiding. What do you all say about it?"

"Oh there's no question but what you are so correct Violet dearest," Jennie Vivian told her in her queer way. "But I'm tickled pink because Pen-od didn't take a notion to hail Jack Evans, and take him in on our deal."

"Would he not have a right to it since he is our guardian and has been so good to us," demanded Joice.

Pen-od laughed at that.

"It was not any hall to the chief this time you see Jennie dear," he remarked. "As to whether it was or is his right or not Joice dear, we have borne the heat and the burden of the day, and therefore it would not be right to fight that that crowd coming in at the tail end of the chase, should share alike with us. Besides you remember we decided to get at those three Glandelinian boy scouts and show them they can't put it over on other Christian boy scouts and get away with it."

"So we did," muttered Daisy.

"But just the same it don't seem right," still protested Joice.

"Well then we can change our minds and call to him," put in Pen-od.

"No, no," said Violet. "Too late now and besides if we did the fugitives would hear us and be wise and escape both a crowd."

"But Pen-od" objected Angelina, "supposing they go to that place, and find the Glandelinian fugitives flown, don't you reckon they'll just the same notice that we have been there?"

"So far as Jack and his men goes," he turned to the other. "I don't believe they capable capable capable of finding out anything except that the camp is empty. But all the same I suppose they'll know about us."

"Meaning that Walter Starling will see our tracks and read the story there is that it Pen-od?" queried Hettie, quick to catch on the meaning of their brother's words.

"Yes Walter Starling will tell, because he has been a boy scout so long that he knows more than the most slick Indian about following tracks. When he finds out that there was a lot of boys and girls in the camp he'll guess we discovered the place, that is proving that ain't a position of those reported by him looking for us."

"Maybe they'll take it for granted we ought caught the fugitives and be ready to throw up the game then and there?" suggested Daisy.

"Hardly that," advised Pen-od. "Walter Starling ought to be able to tell them different. He would soon learn after looking things over, that all our tracks were made after those of that man when he left the camp."

You see sister, that must tell him we were pursuing, pursuing the fellow. I put myself in Walter's place and that is how I believe I have figured it out."

"A good way to do to believe me would, Joyce."

"Then in that case," Jennie Vivian continued, "They will be coming along after us before a great while. Now if this doesn't beat every thing I ever took part in with you and my sister, it's a continuous procession, boys winding in and out through the high lands of the big swamp-- first getting news from Hen, and we go chasing for him in the swamp after escaped Glandelinians who went with him, then us and so many bold boys and girls scouts going into and also surrounding the swamp on all sides, and then to get a proof written letter of the real thing that Hen was not guilty that he had been captured and tied up in our headquarters and our father and Evans discovered him, and finally Evans and his valiant posse were bringing up the rear."

"But we don't want them to overtake us now do we?" asked Andy actually meaning to hint that they had better be moving on, for though no scout he was not really a fatty fatty, but all muscle and as strong as an ox for his age, and loved and feared and respected by his comrades.

"We do not unless Violet otherwise insists, do, it's up to them," Tim informed him plainly.

"Maybe I'll give in too just to see which is the best of us for hunting fugitives we can," put in Joyce and the rest expected to be on the jump again right away, doubling our pace it may be. Andy, the worst is yet to come, he remembers."

"Hugh you can't scare me any more," the strong fat like scout told her for he knew fairly well that with a trail to follow they could hardly proceed any more rapidly than before and if they did he could keep up better than any of them, and faster too for despite the stoutness of his legs there was not one of them who could win a running race with him. "Any way why should I be scared when there are seven beautiful little angels amongst us," he added.

"Yes but when we meet up with the three little Glandelinian desperadoes like Gerald Starling and his companions, we seven beautiful little angels need your protection," giggled Violet.

"Well we are an addition to the possession angels," said Andy grimly brandishing his rifle. "Here we are. We'll run away all right, but I'm afraid in the wrong direction."

Violet and her sisters giggled for they knew what "wrong direction"

he meant. She and her sisters knew the three Glandelinian boys were not afraid of her and her sisters by no means, angel possessed though they were but they couldn't understand why they were so terrified at the sight of boy and girl scouts. Progress was immediately assumed, and the prisoners stumbled because the rest period was so short, only the length of time the conversation continued. They went forward in about the same manner as before with Tim keeping Andy Company at the tail end of the procession for often he and Andrews did not like the looks he often cast toward the unwilling to go prisoners.

"Get on, on, and don't drag so much," he told Andy at last. "You are not so tired as that, and you are only making believe you wound hurt that bad. It was only a scratch for wasn't it? who dressed it?" The situation was now growing more and more serious and much depended on whether they could manage to overtake the fugitives before night came on, though it was of course not yet near noon (on the moon moon moon moon) yet a whole day's prospect of tramping through the intricate recesses of a swamp just where dry land afforded footing, and much work to avoid bogs, and do watch and do all that Johnny Green directed without a word on his part since he started to lead them was a monumental task that must try the nerves of all of them, and it was feared that so tired were they becoming that they would either have to compell a halt or drop out of the ranks long before sun set came, and they had intended to eat their dinner while continuing on.

Penrod, however, was hopeful that at they must overtake those they chased long before such utter weariness seized them. He knew that even Gerald Starling and his two companions, although no weaklings could not stand hour upon hour of continual walking, especially when it consisted of such uncertain footing as fell to their portion under those conditions. Complete exhaustion then got you when on the biggest might compell the three Glandelinian boys scouts to beg their companions to either leave them or else order a halt.... One way or the other suited the scouts and Violet and her sisters just as well, so long as they overtook them. When Andy found that the prisoners were puffing from his exertions, he took an extra grip on him, and would not listen to Jennie's

Vivian when she proposed that the prisoners better have a momentary rest. "All he has to do is to sit for a time while we wait on him," Jennie said or you can remain here with him where we leave you, Andy so you can watch him, and after we have done our business we'll surely look you up again, won't we Penrod?"

"Nothing doing," snapped Andy looking wickedly at the prisoners. "I'm supposed to hear you say that Jennie after that night of horror we just went through on account of him and his two companions. What do you take me for? He could stand it without even a feeling of any kind to see you and your sisters sisters burn to death so he can stand this forced march too. I'm a stickler I want you to know and I'll make him go on too. Adhesive plasters have not got anything on me when it comes to standing by you and your sister a thick and thin. Don't waste any sympathy on him prisoners, he doesn't deserve you a slightest consideration. These accused Glandelinians like to make you suffer all they can, so why not they get a taste of their own medicine, and no use wanting you breath my good little angel, save it for you work, say I and don't pay any attention to the prisoners. A nation of these Glandelinians ain't worthy of one of you little princesses."

"Let him be Jennie dear," said Penrod as she was going to speak again. "Why bother with him any further?" snorted Jim. "I'd release the rascal or tie him up some where so he can't even if he gets free get lost in this dismal swamp. It would serve him right."

"Why yes Andy is doing all right," added James Andrews. "and the prisoners prisoners is not stumbling as we supposed he would in the last half hour which is some record for the prisoners under stand fellows. And I believe too is is he is playing more tired than he is just to delay us in our work so the others can elude us."

"See Jennie dear he is right," said Andy. "What I'll get there is we have to bust one of his or own or own blood vessel in trying. That is the Abbeemian nature every time, but I don't believe that Glandelinian prisoners is so tired. I believe as James says there is hope of stopping us so in the delay his comrades may outwit us."

Having heard Andy talk in this strain many a time the rest of the scouts could easily put these expressions in his mouth for looks however counted more than mere words. However they had been making splendid progress all this while and must have covered considerable distance since the time when they watched the Royal Official posse wind its way past their hiding place. Jennie Vivian and Penrod, and also her sisters too (not a Jew) had once or twice held a low consultation after making an examination of the tracks they were following. The others listening to what their eight main leaders said found they were comparing notes and that it appeared to be the opinion of them that Gerald Starling and his followers were getting pretty tired. This they could make out in various ways known to Christian scouts who had made it a business of reading the story to be found in certain tracks.

"You can see even now how uneven Gerald himself walks most of the time," said Violet herself, "he wobbles even worse than his companion Fredrick Fredrick powder who goes to show he is getting pretty well tired out. As bad as he is I almost have to pity him for you blame the poor wicked little sinners, when perhaps he is weak from hunger hunger if any of us had to go without a bite to eat all day we would get unsteady on our legs too."

There was no dissenting voice raised to this assertion, eating is so necessary to the average boy and girl that nothing on earth can compensate for a dearth of food at the regular intervals.

"Then we saw several places where the three sat down to rest you remember and at range to say also the foot prints of a little girl along with them," Penrod reminded Jennie.

"Yes and the last time it struck us both that two of those boys had pulled her roughly to her feet again by main force which I take it was not nice and kind of that but those little little bullies as you might expect," Jennie went on to say.

"Oh the wicked little cowards," Tim was heard to growl and the look on his face as he said those few words told what he meant to do if ever the opportunity came his way to strike a blow in behalf of that little girl.

"I would say," began Jennie.

"Oh please help me somebody," came a plaintive wail from some little way off. "I hear you coming by you whispers. Oh God help me I'm thrown in here by three boys."

They were shocked to learn this cry and they had just come within sighting distance of a small stream, generally only half full of yellow mud, water, which is also called "Forbidden Hole Bottom Creek." It is an ugly, dreadful, forboding looking creek, whose shall banks are covered over with floods during the heavy rains and whose currents cut treacherous new channels at such times in the soft silt. It contains too at many spots that dreadful menace of swamp streams, sucking or quicksand.

They heard the cry again.

"Quick," whispered Jennie. "It came from that creek over there."

They all ran wildly in a hasty twirl toward the creek, pulling the prisoners a few feet as unconsciously as if they were with out him. The road ended about a hundred yards from a large stretch of water. Then they reached the creek bank. For a moment they all stood transfixed at the dreadful scene before them. Forbidden Creek reflecting in its yellow depth depths the darkness caused by so many trees above, branches and other trees that bent over it seemed like a pre-conviction of something any one would dread to approach. And up stream just beyond each of an overhanging branch of a big tree was an almond shaped sand but very smooth in appearance and of a strange reddish brown color. And in it they saw a little girl embedded nearly up to her waist, the water coiling slightly around her. The child's face was white and strained, and she seemed to be struggling against a sort of pressure that was almost preventing her from breathing, for she was at times gasping.

"Quick and of the worse kind," said Johnny Green under his breath.

"Can we save her? Oh don't tell me it is impossible," screamed Jennie. They all ran through the brush to the place where the child was sinking.

"It's all right little girl," Penrod called. "We'll have you out in no time." Then he said to Jennie, "You and my other sisters stay here and talk to her to keep her spirits up. You other boys, and you two girls do as I say."

He uncoiled a great rope and fastened one end first against the tree near the creek. The helpless little girl looked wistfully to where she thought she saw angels of small size standing on the bank and her eyelids dropped shut and she acted as if she could not hardly breathe now at all. It took no acuteness to see what had happened. The child may have been a prisoner of the Glandelinians who finding her a bother to carry along while in flight in order to get rid of her then and yet refusing her to be rescued in case they got overtaken had thrown her into the treacherous treacherous quag. No doubt she had only been first thrown into the water but as the water closed over her head she had struggled some how up to this sand bar only to find that it gave way under her like dough, that she now sank and sank, and could not pull herself free.

"Oh when are you going to help me please," she called. "I'm afraid I'm being swallowed up by this sand pool."

She now held both arms out flat but the sand was rising, creeping steadily up to her very neck. Terro-struck, Violet and her sisters like an icy wind, and Jennie before any one could think of stopping her, ran down the bank and plunged into the yellow water. She swam only a few strokes and managed some how to wade and dug paddle her way to the little girl feeling sure the possession angels would aid her in being freed later on and saving the little girl in the bargain. She sat down beside the child and with her cupped hands began to scoop the sand away from her neck and chin. She worked frantically to free her, while her sisters screamed and would have run down had not the boys held them.

"Come back Jennie come back," they screamed. "It will suck you down too. Please come back." Yet Jennie worked frantically to free the little girl, tears and perspiration rolling down her cheeks. She prayed constantly as she scooped sand, telling her sisters not to fear, and a moment later the other boys who had gone off swarmed down the creek bank. They had shovels and ropes and where they got them so quick no body knows, but had a couple of big doors. They laid the doors flat on the sand bars thus spreading the weight so that they would not sink and pulled, they soon to the relief of her sisters dug Jennie loose and pulled her to safety. Penrod and his other sisters being relieved praising her now more than ever for her bravery though on they were so frightened for her safety before. Then came the real problem.

To get the other little girl out and without hurting her, for as hard as they worked the stubborn sand would not release her an inch.

It absolutely looked utterly impossible to save her, but Violet and her sisters also gave forth all their own energy at the ropes fastened

around the child's arms, and chest, and after two hours desperate work they had at least pulled her so far forward that she was now to be within reach of the hands of a number. While Violet and her sisters held tightly on the ropes to keep her from sinking any more for they had her up about a foot now, the boys managed to go down the bank, and finally got hold of her arms.

"My gosh," gasped Penrod. "Hear the sucking down will you." Full hard every one. It holds her like a vice."

They worked manfully every one of them, including Jennie, Violet and Angelina, while the higher they managed to pull her inch by inch the more Violet and her sisters drew on the ropes to keep them taut, and soon with a word of "Heave" she was out.

Four hours of desperate work and only a six year old girl too.

"My that quick sand can grip fast and hard," said Tim. "But thank God she is out."

"It's a miracle you save her," said Johnny Green. "My arms are sore with my efforts to pull her out."

"It sure took us four hours without hurting her to extricate such a little girl from the dreadful clutch of the quick sand," said Penrod. "But Jennie dear were you not reckless in doing what you did."

"As long as you were all here I wasn't afraid to," she said tearfully. "If I didn't do that you all would never have got her out."

"You are right," said Johnny Martin. "That is the bad bog I spoke about. Many others the same I'm saying. We got any one out once you are in, and yet we got her out."

"I'll bet I know why," said James Andrews.

"Why?" asked Penrod who with several other boys was scraping the sand from the now weeping child.

"Because your sisters are with us. I'll bet if they had not been we would not have succeeded. You know they've angel possessed, and angels will do what to us is impossible."

"Violet and her sisters smiled but Penrod said:

"My Gosh you are right. Don't cry little girl. You'll be all right soon, but I hope she won't get sick," he added. "These that get caught like she was usually do because of the pressure of the sand around her you know." "Make her jump a few around," said Joice. "That'll restore her blood to circulation, and as we resume our march we'll have her walk along with us. I guess she'll be all right. Then we'll make a camp fire and clean and dry her clothes."

Penrod did as she suggested and after understanding what he meant her to do the child obeyed. When they thought sure they had the child warm enough they decided to resume their journey right away. They did not intend to ask any questions of the child because the mere mention of the three Glandelinian boy scouts made the child look so frightened and made her at first hang back as if she was afraid they would return her to them that they finally suspected how the little girl came to be in the quagmire. Filled with renewed determination the four after this stirring incident they once more took up their task, assuring the little girl that they would not give her up to the bad boys, but were bent on arresting them for what they done to her and for other reasons too. Jennie turned likened their progress to the ways of the dread Sibirian Wolf that follows its quarry day and night untill in the end its very persistence wins the victory.

"We are in this to a finish now," Penrod was fond of saying whenever he had the chance. "And soon we'll get the little scoundrel and then the Glandelinian friends. I'd like a nice meeting with Fredrick Lowden in special as I have an account to settle with him. I could never forget Jennie dear what he did to you, making you think I basely betrayed you by disguising as me and I have never got over it the way you looked and acted and fainted that dreadful day. The boys of the Vivianite Wolf Patrol mean to stick to their name and run the prey to earth. The little devils just can't get away now, and throw a little girl into the quicksand. All we got to do is keep on moving and believe the game is going to come our way. Every body put his best foot forward again. It's for the honor of the Vivianite boys and girls, that we get hold of those three boys before Jack Evans does. I'd just love to be acquainted with Fredrick Lowden. Oh he'll never want to see me again."

It was now two more hours since they rescued the little girl and more since they had started on this new trail. Before this time no doubt the posse must have reached the deserted hide out, and learned

that the Abianianians had flown. Yet it was even possible that they were now coming along the plain with all the boy scouts and the nine girls and Princess had left behind them. Figuring that Jack Evans and his men could not exceed their own rate of progress despite their four hours of delay, they could count on over two full hours advantage over the others. That surely ought to be an abundance of time in which to carry out their plans, granting that they could overtake the fugitives. Penrod had again cautioned them to keep very still. Too the swamp was very silent where they now found themselves and sounds could be carried to some distance under such conditions.

But suddenly Jennie had raised her hand for a halt for she had come to a full stop again, looking at her in surprise the others found that the little tracker did not seem to be bending over to examine the trail more closely as had occurred many times before. On the contrary, Jennie Vivian was now raising her head in an expectant attitude. Penrod even conjectured that she must be observing the wood pecker that was boring a hole in some nearby tree top, as it sat, at that "could be easily heard, and as she and her sisters too were very interested in all kinds of birds, and was about to try and follow the supposed line of vision on the part of his pre-tent sister, when he heard her say something. It was only a brief sentence but it meant words to those tired trail followers. "I smell smoke, wood smoke at that," was what Jennie hissed, as she continued to sniff vigorously.

Indeed it was no time for talking now, (let you know) and indeed every one realized that fact. If they were close enough to the fugitives to catch the scent of burning wood, the camp could not be far away. Penrod, and his sisters seemed to hit upon the same idea at the same time. They took note of the prevailing direction of the wind, and guessed that the fire must be in the quarter from which it was blowing, even though that was not exactly straight ahead, but a little to the left.

Making motions to indicate extreme caution, Penrod led the way. Now was the time for the scouts of the Vivianites to prove the value of the instruction. Many times in the past they had practiced this very same difficult feat of creeping upon the camp of an unsuspecting enemy to make a daring and desperate raid just as a bunch of red Indians might do, and what they had learned under those conditions was going to prove of great value to them all.

No one tried to hurry. Indeed what was the use, when those they had followed had come to a halt, and there was no longer any need of haste. They went on yard by yard, at random, their vision all the while, in hopes of glimpsing the column of smoke, or the crackling flames ahead. The prisoners and the rescued little girls were forced to do the same so they would not be seen by the enemy. And in making this advance they were careful to creep along as close to the ground as possible. This was an easy matter for all the rest, but to the prisoner who was "rather quite a stout fellow" it was quite a different task, though he succeeded in flattening himself out wonderfully well, all things considered and especially since he had to do so. When finally smoke was discovered, the concentration increased if such things were possible, for they knew not how many of the enemy there were and they would like to capture the whole without a fight if it was possible. Fortunately the nature of the ground proved favorable to such work as creeping, the re-birge certain amount of grass high enough to be used to conceal their movements.

Presently those in the advance could catch sight of four figures seated on the edge of the bank at the spot a place where the water extended. Back of them a good sized camp fire smoldered as though feeding upon good sized logs that had been thrown upon it some time before. One did look like a Hen condit but they could see he was too broad, and the others no doubt were Dargar and Starling. There was another boy with them in civilian clothes, and some like imagine imagine the thrill that passed through Penrod and his sisters and those other boys and two girls, when they saw that it is out to be a fact (go sit on a tack).

Pretty soon as they looked that saw that the smaller boy seemed to be engaged in industriously fishing, for he had a ude rod in his hand and baited his hook with some worms even as they watched. Their backs were turned toward the scouts so there was no opportunity for the newcomers to open negotiations with the four who should they want to.

And now at catching their backs at rifle more they soon made another discovery. There appeared to be only one man in the case, and he was lying on his back, and he seemed to be asleep, whether he was or not. Apparently the four men made could take things easy and rest themselves, but the slaves must keep constantly employed in order to try to take in something.

that would stay their hunger. It made Timothy G. Novaton and his teeth when he saw this, and Jennie Vivian who was closest to him had to touch him on the arm as well as shake his head warningly in order to convince him that nothing desperate must be attempted. With victory almost in their grasp they would indeed be foolish to ruin things by too much haste. As motions must from this time on take the place of speech Penrod began to make use of a beckoning finger to tell the others what their next move might be. This of course was a further advance. They must continue in some way to push closer to the camp, so that when the crisis came, they would be in a position to prevent any move of the man or the three boys that they might make looking to carry off with them. How whom the rescued little girl told them was her brother. And he did not even know no doubt what had been done with her, thinking probable she had escaped.

All this had been arranged before hand, and each fellow directed by the princesses now knew exactly what part he was to play in the round up. Jennie Vivian and her sister told tales - sister had indeed been warned that it would be up to them to be sure that the smaller boy did not run away, filled with a fear of the consequence, should he be taken, by even boys in uniforms and girls too whom he couldn't tell were friends or not. Advancing in this careful fashion, led by Violet and her sisters now in person the scouts had covered many yards, and were now almost within striking distance of the camp. It was at this particular moment that a sudden thing happened calculated to bring matters to a climax. After all that patient waiting, and the baiting of his hook, the persistence of the small fisherman who in a way as they could see even did not know well how to fish, was rewarded. He was seen to give a quick jerk, and then with a mighty effort throw a far fairer large, shining fish over his hand, almost accidentally hitting one of the other boys on the side of the face.

No sooner had it landed with a thump on the ground and commenced to flop furiously, than the little prisoner gave vent to a cry of delight, such as any hungry boy might utter when he found himself favored with a good chance to break his long fast. The sleeping man jumped to his feet as though at first he thought the Christian soldier had found them out. Gerald Starling himself had struck the poor little boy over the head roughly.

"Look out who you are hitting with that fish care less, or I'll throw you into the water!" and then telling him to get busy again if he wanted a bite to eat for himself because there was only enough in that big fish to take the edge of the appetite of himself and the three others. Tim G. Novaton came very near upsetting a lot of Penrod's plans when he saw this brutal act of the boy, for he started to gain his feet, and had to be pulled down by violence, shivering with excitement. The poor little boy had gone back to his task again looking completely cowed and disheartened. Gerald handled the man the fish, and the way the lad spoke showed though a boy he was in command of them all for he said:

"We've got this fish ready for the four of us and please hurry up." The man taking the fish in his hand, held it up as if you admire its looks, then he stepped down to the water as though preparing to clean the prize without any loss of time... possibly spurred on by hunger.

Penrod again began to advance a foot at a time meanwhile keeping close watch on all that was going on ahead. They had the situation well in hand, the line covering the ground, while the water underneath which was sure to be a quicksand cutting off escape in all other quarters. Even with out those so vicious guns the boys and girls might have proved themselves masters and mistresses of the situation, for clubs could easily serve in lieu of better weapons. As it was Penrod and his sisters felt positive things must go their way. Just then the poor little boy in turn suddenly to reach his supply of bait, changed to see that line of creeping figures of what he at first thought were seven beautiful little angels in human form as girls and a line of uniformed boys and two other girls in uniform on each side of them. Only the seven angelic little girls were not in uniform but in plain white clothing that little Abianianian girls wear. The mingled expressions of astonishment that crossed his face told what a flutter the sight must have brought to his heart.

Penrod instantly put a finger on his lips, and made a gesture warning the little boy not to betray them. The child also caught a glimpse of a man with a rope around his neck, and also a little girl which though not in appearance he recognized to be his sister. Perhaps it was just as well for the poor fellow seemed on the point of crying out in his

his mix of joy and fear, fear of the beautiful little girl in the
who looked so beautiful to him to seem absolutely supernatural. He did
succeed in making some sort of sound that attracted the attention of
the man who raised his head to growl.

"What ails you now you young little fool. I'm almost sorry indeed
I want to be the bother of staying here and not being you to the Glandelinian
camp as I had at first proposed with the three boys here, but as you
complaining about I would like to know if a couple of more fishes if you
expect to cut off you - hump - the first of the spoils always belongs
to us."

"I caught my finger on the hook, that's all Mr Frank," stammered the
little boy, and telling the truth too for in his sudden shock of shock
of excitement at seeing the pretty supposed to be little angels and the
boy and girls scouts he did really do such a thing and badly too.

"Well suck it then," said Gerald standing and get busy doing your work
thats all while the man cooks the fish, and perhaps another you may take.
Yes and while you are about it, don't think of praying that our appetite
may be stayed with this one for it won't and you'll have a small chance
for a bite unless they come in faster than they've been doing."

Well the crisis had passed, and there had been no discovery; but then
Penrod was coming very little now. He only wanted to post his troop
a shade better so as to cut off all chances of escape, when he intended
opening up the game himself, by springing a surprise on the men and the
three Glandelinian boy scouts. One thing he did mean to look out for and
this was a possible move on the part of the Glandelinian soldier and
the three others from laying a hold on the small boy, such a man and the
boys too would think first of all how they could use the boy for a
shield, while he made terms with the enemy.

It was an old trick, when Penrod had been known to be used with
more or less success.

more or less success when up on that Canadian Ranch, where a bad man was
occasionally met with, who gave lots of trouble before they were rounded
up, and this Glandelinian or his three boy companions might try the same
scheme. Two three minutes passed. Penrod did not believe it would be good
policy for them to continue to advance any further. He did not wish to get
so close to the man and the three little brats that they would by a sudden
rush reach them before they were able to do anything. By a low hiss
he warned his sisters and the rest that the critical time had arrived
when every one were expected to do his own duty.

Then slowly he got up if first on his knees, and then on his
feet. Very boy and girl duplicated his move, so that the entire group
were now standing there forming a long line slightly inclined to resemble
the new crescent moon, and there was the little boy turning his head round
around to stare at them, his face at the appearance of violet and her
sisters as white as snow as the chalk they were accustomed to use
up on the black board in school, his eyes were round as circles
while upon his stained face, hope, fear and expectation, almost a
dozen emotions struggled for the mastery.

"Hullo there," said friend Orditer called out Penrod, without the
slightest warning. The three Glandelinian boys suddenly turned
around, and up goes the head of the man who was busy cleaning the fish,
if not fresh. When he saw those seven beautiful little girls standing
there with a line of boy scouts on each side, and two girls with them, and
every one with a dangerous rifle bearing directly on his person, and
cowering the three boys as well he was too all appearances at duck
dd dump dumb for the moment, his eyes stared and his mouth fell open. Fish and
knife dropped from his no longer hands, while the three boys stood
in absolute bewilderment, though instantly in the act almost of drawing
their own weapons, but saw it would be rank suicide for there was thirty
to their four, not counting the nine girls with them.

"Caught by thunderation, and by a bunch of boys and girls at that."
There was a pause but at from his lips after which he started to use some pretty
pretty strong language until Penrod put his foot down sternly.

"Stop that kind of talk in the presence of us and my sisters Mr Frank."
he ordered. "We have got the four of you rounded up, and there is no use
kicking. If any of you make a move to run or jump this way, we'lliddle
iddle you with plenty of bullets do you have ought to do it any way
of that you did to this little girl here" indicating the child they had
rescued.

This time he had a hold in the bargain Mr Frank, and you three boys
mind you," said Tim Goveaton, still talking with indignation as the
he collected how they had seen one of the captives cuff the poor little boy,
and also of the difficulty they had in rescuing the little girl from
the treacherous quicksand, and perhaps deep down in his boyish heart

actually hoping the four might take a notion to get away, when they
could be justified in adding him with bullets. The three boys looked
defiant and scowled horribly at Violet and her sisters but did not make
a move to run or anything; as they saw no chance to do so without disaster
for Violet and her sisters no doubt would be the first to open fire if they
did.

"Oh I guess the jig is up with me kids," said the man with a look of
sheer disgust on his face. "I've had a little run for my excitement, but
you have the upper hand this time. If you were plain soldiers I would dare to
defy you and so would these boys, but so much is said about you kids that it
would be a suicide for us to try and make a break. I was a fool to bother
with the kid here who happens to be that little girl's brother, you got
with you, though how she got out of the hidden creek is a mystery to me,
but when the scheme came to us at first I thought it too fine to drop. I
suppose it was you kids who rescued her though rescue seemed impossible
and here is what, and they get paid for being silly gumps. What do you
want us to do boys. I'll obey with as much cheerful alacrity as I can seeing
that we are standing to death just now."

"I will stand to the boys next," said Penrod looking coldly on the three.
"First of all Mr Frank, lie down on your face and put both hands behind
your head. We are going to tie you up, and then I have something to settle
with red neck wooden while we wait for the Chief of paid generals with his
poems to come along. They're coming soon, so you get that Mr Frank."

"Sure I suppose I do, and since there is no other choice for me here goes."
"I suppose you fellows must be Christian boys and girls scouts, you are
in uniform though. The prettiest little girls are I know not once
organized a troop of the same in Glandelinia but never named I'd be
interested by the Christian child scout crowd, it's all in a days work though,
even though the girls with you are unknown."

"They are the dirty Vivian," began stammering.
"Keep your mouth shut," said sh snapped Penrod with a wicked look
in his eyes. "You call them dirty, if all the scum in the world and all the
water in the oceans were used on you three brats you'd never
be clean out wardly and spiritually."

The man accordingly stretched himself flat on the ground, then they could
see that he had held his hands behind his back, and conveniently
crossed at the wrists, seven of the boys advanced.

"Keep your guns aimed at him, and the three brats the rest of you."
commanded Jennie Vivian herself, and if he or the three tries any funny
business let them have it good and proper. Many months before we thought
we were able to bring these three boys to their senses because we thought they
were only making a mistake and understood but it is different now. We are
true and we are afraid of said boys and our forgiveness. Here Landy you and Tim
are good boys, sit on the man while I secure his hands."

The man attempted no resistance, for he realized the folly of it. He
was one of those kind who would never let soldiers take him alive, but
he had a heart for boy and girl scouts that was almost paternal and
the appearance of violet and her sisters appeared like little
accusing angels to him. He did groan however, when Landy squatted down on his
legs, and the other fellows could not help but blame him for running. It was
like a big load of bricks to him. The job was quick and neatly
dispatched, Jennie wrapping the man's hands many times around the wrist of
the prisoners. By this time Frank as his name was seemed to have recovered
his nerve and made out to consider the whole thing more in the light of a big
joke than anything else. Meanwhile there was the small boy standing nearby
and he hardly knowing what to look delighted at seeing one of his cruel
"bosses" tied up, and the three other also prisoners, to show the
despicable fear that was gripping his soul as he contemplated what must follow.
That at duck him most was the rear nose of the seven little girls
standing there and he was afraid to come forward and very shy of them too
though his little sister was near his side.

"Cheer up little boy," said James Anderson, stepping over to grasp his hand,
but to his amazement the poor boy immediately broke down, and began to sob
as if his heart were broken.

"You don't know the worst that's what," he said plaintively. "That man sent
a letter to my father saying I ran away and stole his money, and even wrote
to the Christian general I killed some body so that, wouldn't dare be
taken if I did escape. I've never had no peace of mind since he told me
that. He told me if I didn't do as I was told he would kill my little
sister and I've just had to even when I felt sick enough to want to lay me
down and die."

"What's this confounded man you've been giving to the boys father?" He Frank? "I heard Penrod steal money, and he faced the man who with his hands tied behind his back had been popped up against a convenient tree. The man looked at Penrod and then burst into a loud laugh. "I know there was a soft spot when we captured him and his little sister at day," he said. "And I made up my mind I'd work him for a while. He did not steal any money from his parents, but it was the way we wanted to cover up our escape from the Christian lines. On it was almost too easy when I wrote that letter to his parents knowing their address. I was all alone when I set up that clock gaze on him, waiting for his father. That the boy had actually killed an Argentinean officer and that the soldiers were looking all over for him. Oh indeed it was almost too easy I'll say again. He did just what we wanted him to. It was I who stole the money out of Padre Vivian's Vivians headquarters. You'll find every cent of that money in my pocket pocket because I never had a chance of a chance to spend any of it. That's all, now you understand how the silly fool."

The little boy had listened to this with that look of abject pain in his face. Then with the substance of the man's confession dawned upon his mind he began to show fresh interest that at once another emotion, that of wild hope to swiftly take the place of despair on his countenance. "Oh do you mean then Mr. Frank, that you wrote a letter to me? Please oh please tell me you didn't yet send that letter and I'll forgive you for every thing you've done to me," he begged.

"I wrote the letter, but never had the chance to send it off in the mail and when I did, I found I had lost it in the swamp," the prisoner truthfully told him. "I had other comrades with me but they escaped and are bound for the Glandelinian camp. I'd have joined them only I didn't want to pull up until I had stolen some important papers; and I thought there ought to be some pick-pickings for a close-up in Padre Vivian's headquarters in Pando. I didn't want the old money, but you'll find an important despatch between the dollars which I discovered there without knowing it. That's where I made my one big mistake. And now I'm going to be compelled to take my medicine. That's all from me you hear. Only, say kid, you are lucky to have such a fine lot of angel girls and boy scouts to help you out of a bad scrape."

"I can hardly believe it is true," muttered the little boy helplessly as he looked around him at the serious faces of the boy and girl scouts. "Just seems to me as if I had awakened and found it only a lovely dream."

"Well it isn't just the same little boy," said Jennie Vivian herself as she swung the other's cold hand as though it had been a pump handle, and she the honest milkmaid. "The money's been recovered and every cent of it and there is a reward out for the capture of this gent here and the three boys," she looked severely on the latter who broke away from a Christian camp with this man with a pair of hand cuffs on his wrists which he must have filed off weeks ago up in this same swamp. And you'll get the reward and may share it with your parents."

The boy looked very awed indeed as she looked at him, and though he said nothing so great as his feeling as he sister came around him he thought something which she could read through his mind and he sister too. "But I didn't do a single thing to get them, and that wouldn't be fair," and now the boy had his arm linked in that of Penrod upon whom he seemed to lean in this dreadful crisis of his young life.

"Didn't hey," said Violet. "I guess you loved him along, then again helped helped to blind their eyes which were put noisily close and close. Evidently you were part of the reward little boy."

At hearing that unique remark, Gerald staring himself burst into a hearty laugh. "Evidently that boy having made up his mind that he was going back into the clutches of the Christian camp, could enjoy a good joke as well as the next one, he undoubtedly was a sort of a devil's backside sort of Glandelinian boy any way."

"That's fine for you an Abbeurian Princess," he told Violet, turning theascal on is a good one. That poor little brat was too easy for us to work, so he fell into our trap as soon as we pulled the string. Why had as we were we felt ashamed of ourselves sometimes, it was like so much to king on him candy away from the helpless baby. But he isn't a half bad sort of boy and let's hope this'll be a lesson to him never again to throw stones at us. We are as human as any one else and have our own feelings."

"Yes, and you wouldn't have any feelings for us," said Violet. "We had hopes once to be able to convert you boys and bring you to your common but all our words were wasted on you and your two companions. But I'll admit I don't believe you're as mean as Fred Wicklowden. There is something noble in you even though you are one of our worst enemies."

"If you and your sister would remain home and keep out of this squabble we would not part you," said Gerald.

"Our country is as much at stake as you claim you are," said Jennie herself. "We have a right in the army more than you have in yours because you are in the thick of the cause and you know it. But don't speak to us again. We don't like to talk to such boys as you."

Having made sure that the desperate spy character whom they only knew as Frank, and the three boys could not escape, the boy scouts built a jolly fire, and proceeded to cook something, while the little girl who had been in the quick sand was made to stand near it to dry her clothing. The little boy himself was so savagely hungry they had to lead him away while the meal was in preparation. He vowed he was dreadfully tempted to jump in and devour his food raw. And when a good supply had been made ready, the scouts did not forget to feed their five prisoners, who certainly seemed to enjoy it very much.

"I'll even you a Christian dog you boys are a great bunch after all," he told the child as he out leader who was looking after his necessities in the line of food. "And after all I'm not so very you were the ones to get me if it had to be, and the boys either the wild new-fangled myself if the soldiers had gotten me for I'd have fought to the last bullet, and turned the gun then on my self."

You see before then the man had guessed that Penrod and also James and was must have spent some time out West in the American country, from various things he had heard mentioned. Indeed he had asked plainly if such were not the case, and as he had shown to be a sort of more humane Glandelinian than his three companions Penrod had told him something, and afterwards he told the scout leader a few interesting things connected with his own checkered career. His real name he did not reveal, but he knew, for he was not a born Glandelinian but a foreigner and had come of a good family, which he would not wish to divulge. He admitted that he had every chance in the world to make a mark in the line of law or the ministry and had even been a professor at one time in a college, but some how a love to serve in the Glandelinian army dragged him down until finally he did so assuming another name where he was not known and commenced his service in the Glandelinian ranks."

All this time Penrod had not spoken to any of the Glandelinian boys scouts. They were not tied up like the other Glandelinians were, but they were watched so closely that to try and break out of the strong ring of the total forty-four child scouts would have been a rash suicide.

For a time Violet, and also the sisters were surprised and wondered exceedingly why Penrod had said nothing at all to the three Glandelinian boy scouts. That after all he had not make any other remarks to Fred Wicklowden who still had his disguise that made him look like penrod. Penrod however did not so much as look at either of them as he prepared supper, and though the prisoners got their share, the boys and girls you must remember got their share first and all they could eat. Then the prisoners did get their share, Penrod did not give the best out, and did not serve them himself. The man himself told the scouts to take a lesson from his blasted career, and not ever enter the enemy's lines for any spying intentions, though they hardly knew whether he really meant it or not. Tim Grovaton was constrained to say, was "talking through his hat."

The camp fire was kept burning and fed with more or less green wood in the hope and expectation that the thick clouds of black smoke thus formed might draw the tracking posse to the scene the more rapidly. Evidently they did not appear and finally in a sarcastic tone of voice Fred Wicklowden said:

"Well if we are prisoners what are we hanging here so long for? Take us to camp if you're going to. Are you kids afraid to do it?" To his surprise and chagrin no body answered though Penrod gave him such a scowl that he was turned away from turning his face away.

It was almost two hours before the ones they were waiting for arrived which seemed to indicate that probably Walter Starling might not be quite as expert at following a trail of boys and men, as some of the other scouts were. Great was the astonishment of Jack Evans and his men when upon approaching the fire by slowly creeping up they discovered that at the about it were thirty scouts and nine girls, adding Penrod and even he recognized in the sad bedraggled figure a little boy they were looking forward to rescue. Violet too, and the rest at one place seated in the midst was a prisoner with a rope tied around his neck and held at the one end by two boys, and there seated with his back against a tree and his hands and ankles tied securely bound scout fashion, was another man they wanted, and seated in the midst of them was the three Glandelinian boy scouts. The Glandelinian prisoner seated against the tree G. G. greeted their coming and the look of amazement on Evans' face with a look of

amusement.

"Bette's late than never," he called out. "While you were sleeping over it, these smart boy scouts, and angel girls as they were called did the business and took us in. All the cold cash that was taken from the King's headquarters has been recovered to the last cent, and I will soon explain how I forced the silly boy Han to write that letter, when it was really me who stole the money. So don't blame the kid for that for he is innocent. He had his lesson chief."

Penrod thought it was pretty handsome of Frank and he did not hesitate to tell him so. He could see that the man was a strange mixture of good and evil though it seemed that bad elements were on top.

The prisoners were hastily given over to Jack Evans and his men except Fredrick Lowden for Penrod looked menacingly at the bad boy as he said; "I'll keep that snake. I'm going to take plenty to him when the proper time comes."

"Bette - not keep him with you" said Jack Evans. "You can have it out with him when he's safely in camp."

"I guess I'll accompany you back with them" said Penrod.

As there was no need of remaining any longer in the swamp they started. To leave Johnny Green himself said he would go back and take the two skiffs out, towing one behind him. Late on he would come and mend the new boat by fetching a good plank of wood to replace the one that had been staved in by striking a log at full speed.

"Hope we see you again at you - from Johnny," called out Jennie Vivian after the bound boy.

"Yes and we won't forget that clever chicken thief trap of you."

Added Tim "The one that caught three Glandelinians at one time. By the way Fredrick Lowden, here's something of yours that we found. You are my enemy but I don't keep things belonging to you nevertheless."

"My knife with the buckhorn handle," exclaimed the boy holding it thinking that if Jim would give it to him he may have a chance to use it to gain his freedom. "I missed that and I thought I would never see it again. Where did you pick it up Master Tim?"

"Huh you dropped it from your pocket once up on a time when you were near the men whose heads were some higher than their heads. That helped to give us some clue and there fore we knew that we were on the right track up here near the forbidden Swamp. Next time you are chicken hungry Master Lowden, bottom up your pockets, you never know what is going to happen these days."

Fred turned fiery red, and then laughed in a confused fashion.

"Well," he said boldly, as Tim still retained the knife "All of us were terribly hungry, and since I'd jumped in to my neck you know, an inch further I did not seem to mind. I suppose that is the way with all boys who go to the bad, the first step leads to another until they don't care a much what becomes of them. But are you going to give me the knife?"

"I'm going to retain it until I see fit to give it you" said Jim Outtily. "You may take a chance to use it on some of us as we don't trust you."

The other little boy who was rescued then hugging his little rescued sister said;

"Oh I'm sure hugging my little sister to know she had been rescued, and to also know it is all going to be like only an ugly dream now, that I don't owe you fellows and you little angel guardians. All my life I'll remember it."

Once out of the swamp with the prisoners, and they were soon at James' Jennings place. Here it was found that the chief general and his posse had come in their own magnificent horses. The boys and girls took to their own horses where they had left them but Penrod warned Evans that there was no need of haste.

"We prefer to take our time, Evans" said Penrod, after consulting with his companions and sisters especially like as not as it is getting dark now there we will make camp and have a jolly night of it, a living to the camp and then into the city before sundown again. But I'll send one as a courier to tell the generals and fathers too that we are on our way and expect to turn up some - late."

The scouts did with the Vivian girl as guardian, and the prisoners did camp that night in a wood along side the road. Fortunately the weather proved very kind to them. Jennie Vivian herself said the "wind was tempered to the shambles" by which she undoubtedly meant that since they had no tents or blankets or blankets it considerably did not turn cold because no doubt of the big fires still swamping the country, nor were they caught caught out in a heavy rain or thunder storm. This outing and with prisoners in the midst proved to be a fine one.

They had all passed through a novel experience when exploring the depths of the mysterious Forbidden Swamp, and Bette still had managed to save their poor, mistaken comrades from a fate, the very thought of which would often make him shiver even when months and years had crept by. He had saved a little girl from quick sand, and her mother too from the possession of the foe. They had a great night of it there in camp. The little boy and girl tried to forget for a time what they had faced, and joined the boys and girls in their songs, as they sat cross-legged around the cheerful blaze. Violet and her sisters were had the most beautiful little voices, for singing, and even their worst enemies the three boys listened enthralled as they heard them, and felt almost half sorry they had been so mean to them; but then their country's wicked cause got the best of all other feeling and they remained obdurate. Too for the

Too for the scouts and also the girls there was no longer any necessity for repressing their childish exuberance, for the gloomy dangerous swamp had been left behind not was there any hiding Glandelinians to take alarm. So they laughed and talked and sang to their hearts content, even the men joining in at times. Even Lady Amy helped out with his fine boyish tone. The morning found them as active and after breakfast they all again started on their way with the prisoners. None of them were in a hurry and it was really about the middle of the afternoon when the expedition entered the outskirts of the Christian camps surrounding the territory of Pandora city. The news had been of course widely circulated, and every body within camp at that entrance was on tip toe filled with excitement and watching for their arrival with the prisoners.

A great crowd of soldiers and boy and girl scouts had collected to greet them, and there were several militia bands and one of them played a solemn tune which some of the scouts believed must be "The conquering hero's come," though none of them felt quite sure of it, and then the other band took up the "Abolition National Emblem March." All before the three boys were taken in hand by Penrod. He and Conditte's innocence was proved, and Jack Evans was a awful sorry for him, and also shocked when he heard all about the terrible time the rescued little boy and his sister had, and Penrod and his chums made it a good point to see that the story was justly and widely circulated and the balance of the scout troop sided to the best of their ability, for when was wall liked. The consequence of all this was that most people decided that it was a good capture when the three Glandelinian boy scouts had been released by the Christian scouts. Besides it gave a moral lesson to hold up before the town Boy and Girl Scout leaders a fine moral lesson to hold up before the town followers how to always recapture a runaway prisoners, and hence for a long time to come the narrow escape which Men Conditte had was also used as a means for all boys and girl scouts to become watchful for the doings of foe spies. In this way it did doubtless much good if that could be any satisfaction to them. Up Violet and her sisters wondered whether Penrod was going to take the three boys into Pandora and then have it out with them or Fred Lowden, or whether he would do it in the camp. All this while Penrod had never spoken to the three, not so much as even gave them a look and this coldness on Penrod's part froze the three more than anything else.

When they were finally within the heart of the main Christian lines Evans acting under the boy prince's advice then finally halted the column and asked him what he desired to be done with the prisoners. "Take them all away" Penrod said, "except Fredrick Lowden. I understand his name is Prince Penrod, instead of me" he added with a sneer, and he said his son Bepero Vivian would be very glad to see him. Evans bowed respectfully and led the other prisoners away. Lowden remained with Penrod, his sisters and the boy and girl scouts. James looked disadvisedly at Lowden as he said;

"Prince please do me a favor will you?" "I sure will for what you have done for my good little sisters." "He answered putting James lovingly on his back. "What is it?" "I would ask don't dirty my father's house with that snake please." Violet and her sisters if they died horribly for it could not suppress giggles and Lowden turned red in the face, and scowled at James. "I see" said then Violet when she could put on a serious face "Not even for Eugene we have any use for you, Lowden. It's your fault. You have brought it on you - self."

"And don't worry" said Penrod to James. "Bepero Vivian wouldn't have him brought in. He'll meet him outside. Forward boys, and remember I hold any of you here responsible for the escape of this prisoner. Don't hesitate to shoot to kill if he tries anything. Shoot first and explain afterwards. It's my motto. I prayed hard for this day and the prayers were answered. Into the city with him."

After the long tramp through the swamp and from the swamp within the last twenty-four hours, and because of the singing and talking of the scouts way into the night, Lowden had not been very much rested, and also had not even given a horse to ride on all the way either. When the city had been reached, the child scouts were going without horses, and in the streets plenty of street cars running, Lowden had expected that the scouts would take a car, so that he could rest his weary feet, but instead of doing to they proposed to go to James house on foot, claiming it was not so far away to them, though of course to tell the truth it was some thirty-seven blocks.

The fact was too not a scout of them had a cent in his pocket, and they wouldn't use the money recovered from the safe, belonging to James father. After some distance had been covered Lowden complained of being sore on his feet and all Penrod said then was:

"You'll ride if you got money enough on your person to pay for all of us. If not you'll have to hoof it. We are not going to stop now. You brought this on yourself. Remember when you so treacherously betrayed Jennie to the enemy after disguising yourself to look like me you sure showed no consideration to her. We are broke."

Lowden however had only three cents, but he complained of; "You have a thousand dollars on your person, you sign boy. You could use that sure enough."

"I'll not use my father's money for car fare without his permission for you sake, even if he didn't object," snapped James. "If the others and the girls wish to ride the rest of the way then I'll pay car fare. It won't hurt you to work your feet a little. We only got thirteen more blocks to go."

"Only" meaning, Lowden. "Have a heart and let me rest or take a street car."

James looked at Penrod for a moment but he couldn't help feeling a little sympathy for the prisoners but Penrod said:

"It's up to my sisters. Remember it's your father's money not ours."

"But one of you could replace it," protested Lowden looking at the Vivian girls for the first time in his life beseechingly.

"Shall we do it?" Jennie didn't say it would thought it to her sisters for they could read their own thoughts as well.

Violet then looked at her sisters and then at Lowden, and then said; "Of course we ought to sympathize with the poor fool, and it was foolish of us to forget to take a little money with us, but under no conditions can we or will be spend a cent of James money when it belongs to his father, and I won't let him do it either, even if we could replace it. But we'll see if we can't get a cart of some kind from some one then and let Lowden ride in that."

It seemed for some reason or other that the angels did not seem to be with them that time, because they met said said said failure.

Every body looked at Lowden who had a cart and curly said "no."

"Another said. "On he is tired on his feet is he? What is that to us."

"Let him walk," princess said a second. "A little blisters on his feet won't hurt him. He did you no good."

"But the luck," hissed Lowden. "Every body is against me?"

"It certainly isn't our fault," said Violet.

"If you are possessed of angels as they say," growled Lowden, "they should help you out."

"Not in your favor; don't suppose they won't and why should we ask them?" said Daisy.

"Be patient and you'll be better off," said Angeline almost viciously. "Your soul is more important than your tired feet."

"But can't we sit down and rest a couple of hours?"

Jennie looked at her sisters, and then they glanced at Penrod.

"No what you angels make you feel like doing," said Penrod.

"No what you angels make you feel like doing," said Penrod.

"It's a good penance for you," said Tim. However it seemed that the angels didn't assist for Violet and her sisters seeing only thirteen blocks to go were certainly going to continue now, having delayed enough in vain trying to get a cart, the first time in their lives being refused anything by their friends, but that did not make them feel bad. It was only because their friends did not want to accommodate Lowden, having heard plenty of him.

So Lowden had to hoof it along even if he had to stop before he got there but finally after half an hour of more or less he finally felt relieved when Violet said,

"Well we are there at last. Sit down on that curb, Lowden and rest until my brother fetches out our father. He'll be sure glad to see you."

"What is he going to do to me?"

"How should I know," said Violet with a shrug of her shoulders. "I ain't in his place. But why should we worry. You didn't worry about any of the other good people and us. We'd forgive you but you won't repent. You and your companions are the biggest fools an earth. You'll rattle with us, and on what we could do to you if we wished, and would not need to bring you to our father either. We're doing it as it is your easiest way out and you ain't no penitent."

"You wouldn't let me rest?"

"We were not going to delay what was thirty-seven blocks."

Penrod finally came out but without Emperor Vivian. At that moment Jack Evans was seen coming, with Walter Starling, and on foot.

Penrod came up and said;

"Father will be out in a few minutes. James you better go in and replace your father's money."

James then went in to obey for he knew his father would be glad it was so easily restored, and Evans and Starling went in with him. Lowden sat there on the curb very sullen and quiet now, though secretly wondering what had been done with his two companions. He had wanted to take off his shoes to relieve his feet but no one would let him Jennie saying awfully;

"The idea taking your shoes off in the street. You'll have plenty of time to do that where you will be taken."

"You are not so good," he sneered. "You scratched my face up so that the sea is my main and I thought I was blind."

"I'll do it again and worse if you try any more tricks on me like that." she retorted. "I was justified in doing it."

"Be patient and you'll be forgiven," said Angeline. "You have no right to treat us so despite the cause you are fighting for and it's a wicked cause and you know it."

"It ain't a wicked cause."

"It is." And she said it so vehemently that he saw it was useless and fully to argue with her. 2..22

About fifteen minutes had passed still Emperor Vivian did not come out. That however seemed a relief to Lowden who knew that as soon as he did come he would have to stand up no matter how his feet still felt, and oh what he would give to take off his shoes. Still Emperor Vivian did not come, and even now Penrod had not even said a word to Fredrick Lowden not so much as even looked at him.

"I wonder what is keeping father?" asked Daisy.

"When I spoke to him he was in conference with some high generals," said Penrod.

"Why don't you let me go into the yard," protested Lowden. "Why sit out here in the street at rest?"

Nobody answered to him at that question, though James looked as if he was serious, for a time they continued to wait silently and finally as Emperor Vivian did not yet come they decided to change their location and sit some where else where the blowing sun did not hit them so much.

To have to walk in made Lowden angry but there was no help for it, but the distance was only a few yards further, and while they squatted on the fence of James yard, they made him sit near the fence but on the side walk, where they could watch him for fear he might make a break for freedom. But Lowden felt only too sure that that was what some of the boy scouts even wished so that they could have the excuse to pepper him, for boy and girl scouts don't like prisoners and don't usually give a quarter to no one who is of the four sides. Therefore he was prudent not to do anything rash even when at times it did seem almost an opportunity present to do as he wished however that the Vivian girls and the rest showed such utmost patience in waiting the coming of their father. He hoped that he would be long all the rest of the day, which would probably give him some ease but he did not dare say anything for fear that they would be lent of their waiting, and go and see what is wrong themselves. Any one would have thought no doubt that even the fittest forced company of the beautiful little princesses would have turned that boys army hearing after but not so. He had often looked anxiously up and down the street hoping that rescue in some form or other would come, for even had he the opportunity to make a break he could not well succeed, for he was not lying to get out of it, when he said his feet were so tired.

In fact he couldn't have taken a step.

It was all he could do to stand on his feet now. Too he had gone so far in his love for Glendelina's wicked cause, that even the angelic appearance of violet and her sisters did not make the slightest impression on them, in fact he shunned their company and wished he was anywhere else but near them, you know the wicked hate the good.

old Jidna thought he had heard O. P. and would have been so given up that night if he had not wanted of it. Neither is God obliged to forgive any sin if He wills not to and yet He is so merciful that He does. So why should we not also if they are so ready to forgive in our friendship and forgiveness they'll have to do a lot of forgiving for us, for they owe us plenty for what they do to us."

They were soon inside and the four slipped and while they were waiting it from the sounds appeared as if a thunder-storm was coming on, venting its rage in the distance.

"Are you little Princesses afraid of thunder-storms?" asked James. At that question Violet, and her sisters giggled, and some looked out the window.

"You don't know the half of it," Violet said finally. "To tell you the real truth, that is one of the most interesting things of our whole lives. A thunder-storm can't be loud enough for us, and as long as we are in shelter we are not afraid of our kind of violence either, called Typhoons or what else."

"And," said Jennie, "we don't know a number of them too." "I'd bet," said Jennie, "if you want to know one of those American no-madnesses you wouldn't like to again. I did and was injured badly."

"I may say you are right in that if they are such winds as you say," said Violet. "We never have those kind here where there is a long narrow cloud hangs down and pulls every thing away in less than a second's time, not only foolish people are afraid of even the night, and darkness. Only foolish cowardly people tremble or hide in places when a thunder-storm comes on, and shrink at the flash of lightning, and the rain does no more damage at the window if you stand watching one than the rain would be hiding under you, as many people do in dark closets as they do in your room, James. I believe why they are afraid is because their consciousness must be bothering them, and it is very foolish and also cowardly to allow the natural sounds of the night to upset the nerves, disturb mental calm, and bring the cold sweat of fear to the forehead. In fact when we are sleeping within the fire lines, we often found the right was the best friend we had because the darkness allowed us to easily escape while the day time was a too dangerous to try it."

"I have known many persons," said James, "to be superstitious and think of many strange things when an owl hoots at night."

"Yes, that is true and it is only foolish people who may think of so many foolish things when an owl hoots in the wood at night, but nothing really could be more companionable than the friendly call of the owl."

"I used to think many foolish things when I slept at night in woods and the owl came in," confessed Tim.

"You did?" said Angelina. "Why I'm surprised, and you are so brave."

"That's not it," said Tim. "I used to think what I would do to them if they didn't shut up and let me sleep."

They all giggled.

"The owl never bothers me to sleep," said Violet. "We slept once with some foreigner who were friends of ours and a bat flew into the room and those poor people were so foolish and began talking of vampires and said the bat will divide one and if it settles in the hair and speak of it as an animal that lay eggs, and goodness knows what. Only man mostly in foreign countries and that must be because of sin is afraid of night. We have seen ourselves with our very eyes that the thunder-storm sets the cock peepant and even posture as crowing in defiance. The heavy clouds drive the birds home to their nests but this is only so they may shelter their eggs or young, or keep themselves dry and many birds do not like to be wet. Lyn Hens and chickens and other fowl are not afraid of lightning or thunder, though they'll go where they can keep dry. Until the rain actually begins to fall, rabbit calmly continue to nibble grass and other vegetation they like though the thunder-claps split the sky."

"I used to think that day is the safest time," said James.

"Because of the Glandelinians now for you," said Catherine. "Early the night is a safe time for us than day, we learned that from many experiences, though of course it may not be so for some animals that can see in the dark, and we do not need the danger of walking accidentally into a river or a lake, providing it is all water for we sure can swim even against a current. Then we have been escaping from the fire lines so often at night, and we would be on a strange ground, we preferred rather to push our feet forward along the ground with a sort of skating motion, than to walk with the confident free swinging step of the day time. We have even developed the sense of touch to our feet, so that we can feel the way as we go, and are sensible to every crash change of ground beneath us, and that is what we always endeavor to touch out to our boy and Glandelinians, every thing we can do. Then they can save themselves from any foe that tries to shadow them. We can detect at once a change from a subtle to a false, or a wrong path to a sudden road, and an odder can tell as what we are in danger of walking into quick sand or weak horse. Feeling

the ground with our toes (so many I own), we never put the full weight of our body on one foot until the toes touch has told us that the going is good, for we are just as cautious as an elephant crossing a rocky bridge. And at the soot of times when we can detect by even small sounds we are surrounded by the Glandelinians and in the darkest places and the tightest corners we were so comforted by the knowledge that what hides our foes if they be only for soldiers hides us. Indeed we being Glandelinians and spies too for that matter, and better still Glandelinians trained in woodcraft, we hold a great advantage over the enemy, we know how to walk as silently as those so called ghosts they often talk about over in the counteries, how to hide, how to hood wink our foes, and even how to shadow, trail and even catch them unaware."

"But if pursued by a foe," interrupted James, "isn't there nothing at all to fear?"

"What is there to fear when you are walking up a dark lane at night?"

"Put how about wild animals," said Tim.

"You know very well there are no wild animals in this country," said Daisy.

"There can be now when the enemy had destroyed all traces and let loose animals."

"That doesn't matter," said Hattie. "We got good toasty guns. People sometimes suffer from nervous attacks when they hear foot fall which come and go mysteriously, and though that will put us on guard we do not fear, and if they are shadowing foes we can hide and try to plan how to surprise and capture them ourselves which we often succeed in doing. Yet sounds of that sort, where foot falls suddenly cease and perhaps a head again at a different place ought to be studied. The solution is likely to be that the person who has the friend or a foe has stepped from a hard road on to soft mud or the grassy ground. If you are puzzled by a sound that comes and goes, and does not come again, and you fear it was a foe shadowing you, the best thing to do is to stand still, crouch down, and put your ear to the ground on a gale post. Then you will hear every thing that is to be heard, especially on a frosty night."

"What would you do if the question if you believe some one you are suspicious of is following you secretly?" asked James.

"Well," said Joiea. "If you have an idea that some one who may be a foe is following you, to no good purpose up a country lane on a dark night, several courses are open to you—thus you may stay and show a bold front, or hide or run away. At running at night is a risky business; and the self confident scout is not usually persuaded to take to his heels. He relies upon his weapons, to climb into a tree and to wait until you follow over his lost trail is a plan highly to be commended. While the darkness that he does a nice possible Glandelinian foe also hides you James, there is also the chance that the sound of your footsteps may betray you. The best is to a foe lying in ambush. Supposing one of us Princesses was obliged to pass up a road alone where he had reason to believe that at any moment some of a band of Glandelinians might appear upon him—what would be the best plan of defense, James?"

"Why Princesses don't you know?"

"Sure but it is best you should know too."

"Why I'm sure I do as I was instructed that way by my scout master in the United States. If I were to walk silently on grass, so much the better, other wise my best course would be to keep to the middle of the road, so that I may slip to one side or the other in case of attack, and to be sure too that I have a good heavy stick handy, and when I can wield it perfectly should I be attacked in the open, and too Princesses if you were the one attacked, and you were wearing a coat, it may serve as a useful weapon, not only of defense, but of attack. It should be worn lightly over the shoulders, the sleeves hanging empty. Then if you are attacked, when seized you may slip away, leaving your coat only in the attacker's hands. Or you may swing the coat at his head blinding and enveloping him for a moment, and this will give a fair chance for a scout staff of walking stick to come into play. A lucky thrust in the body or face is one of the best strokes with stick or staff, and especially with a paracord or umbrell which your little girls usually carry for sun shade on hot days. If weaponless there is nothing more effective than a knockout blow in the pit of the stomach."

"And," said Daisy, "when walking or watching in the country at night, there are sights and sounds which will tell us very early if there is a moving. These sounds and sights at night form an important study, and it is always well to know what sounds are perfectly natural, and what are unusual. The lowing of cattle and bleating of sheep at night to us are usually natural sounds, yet a low head sheep and cattle utter anxious and peculiar lowings or bleatings, which often told us of unusual happenings and made us keep on our guard. I have heard bleated at night, when anybody was passing by the fold a low and queer sound. The sheep may have thought it was the shepherd coming to let them into a new fold, but it warned us we were being followed."

and also when we were in the night going down a road and we have heard suddenly the cattle of some farm lowering, which no doubt proves to us that at any rate we are passing through the field, thinking perhaps he was the man who brought the cattle back, but then we ourselves were ever on the watch for such a noise attacks upon us. This lowering of cattle when uneasy will carry for some than a mile on the air, to give warning to any watcher, that some one has passed their way. Cattle mobbing and pursuing a man and dog make a most awfully howling, once heard never to be mistaken. And when cattle stampede that also is a very sure sign that a dog has intruded on their pasture but probably a dog they are afraid of. A fox on a badge is likely to stampede sheep, who then possibly break out of their fold, and break their legs perhaps in a mad rush over feeding troughs or uneven ground. The passing of a fox at night gives rise to many sounds for any night watcher to interpret.

As the fox goes through the field where the rabbits are feeding, they rush pell-mell to cover, and as they scattle past, you may hear the thudding of their feet like miniature cavalry hoofs. The squeal of a rabbit caught in a snare at night may attract a fox as well as a night watcher, poacher or know this, and that if a fox has once found a rabbit in a snare he will come again on the chance of another. A half a dozen snares have been set, he may take half a dozen rabbits away, so that after one visit from a fox, it is very unwise, as poachers well know, to set the snares again in the same place. Also in winter, the short snappy bark of the fox as he goes about searching for his mate is a common sound of the woods.

When a opening and is haunted by a fox, no fox or human being may cross over the river without arousing the alarm of the birds; not the short cry, a single "peep peewit" which is uttered in the night as they fly in recognition, or to keep the birds of the flock in touch with each other, but a succession of long drawn out plaintive wails. The ever-vigilant peewits are at times some what vicious and will follow the fox on a person and swoop as if to strike him while they loudly wail and scold, and unless you go headlong on your way they surely will and they'll bang you with their wings or peck you in the face with their bills. A watcher standing silently and motionlessly in the woods at night may hear the stilling sound that good pigeons make when suddenly they launch themselves, with a mighty flapping of wings from the trees. Or he may hear the cock peasant's hurled cry of alarm. Either sound means that some one has passed by their roosting place. As the way far acrosses along other birds are alarmed, and give warning, and the watcher who notes the line of it and the line of disturbance, knows where the disturbance has gone, or in what direction he is coming from and make steps accordingly to avoid or meet him. In case in the latter situation he is a friend instead of a foe. There are in our places of our country especially in winter a large family of birds which nobody may pass by unchallenged, the field faeries, those cousins of our thrushes, that comes to us for winter harboring from the far north. Field faeries roost in companies, not scattering themselves all over a wood but haunting favorite parts, go the scout who knows he must pass at night through a wood where field faeries roost, and would pass unchallenged, should be careful to give a wide berth to the roosting places.

The birds only come in from the open fields when dusk gives way to dark; but their roosting places are easily to be noted by day. They love some warm sheltered spot, where the undergrowth is old and so sprouting, and they settle on the top of the undergrowth rather than in the high trees. As in the case of starlings there will not be venting on the bushes and below those signs in the shape of whitish splashes which tell infallibly of the birds that roost above.

We ourselves have come often to the roosting places of field faeries in the woods, and have tried to pass by unchallenged—even crawling slowly and most carefully on hand and knees—but never have we quite succeeded in seeing the birds sitting at roost. Always they have been up and away before we could see them uttering as they went that throaty chuckling as if to tell us they were never to be caught napping. You will never catch a field faerie napping, or a jessal asleep—and there's the call for supper. So's go, and then off to bed for us. We need rest and sleep.

The next morning his sisters still asleep. In fact he could not allow any one to disturb them as it was yet too early for the infant Penrod stepped from the door of the shed, and passed to be busy all morning cleaning his dusty horse and the horse and the horse and the horse, after that wonderful and stirring adventure in the forbidden camp.

"Almost six o'clock," said Penrod, Penrod and thrusting his hand into his breast pocket (not pocket) of his uniform working shirt (if not shirt) he drew out a rather crumpled bit of yellow paper.

"What time did General Vivianenna Ritchee say he'd be here?" Inquired Tim who like Penrod was attired in a business like uniform of working uniform, topped off with an old landolinian uniform hat which he always scornfully wore for duty work, and who was helping Penrod. Penrod who had been busy poring over the telegraphic message inscribed on the bit of yellow paper, read it aloud:

"Prince Penrod, High Tower Headquarters, of National Imperial Army, Pandora City, Calveinia

"Can I see you and your sisters about noon on Monday next. Wish to talk over a new plan with you, your sisters and your Father the Emperor. Wire if you can see me at that time and, will call you. Plan is important. Landolinian armies concerting at Podgie and Podinda on the edges of Big Hill Knoll. Good. Biggest foe armies ever mustered yet.

General Vivianenna Ritchee.

"Podgie, Calveinia."

"Wonder what he can want," mused Penrod in a speculative tone. General Vivianenna Ritchee father of Angelina Ritchee is one of the best known Christian generals in the country. I guess we all ought to feel honored by his wanting to consult with us Tim."

"Indeed you bet we ought to. Wonder what sort of a man he is. I never saw him. I suppose because you are a prince and your dear sisters princesses he may have feared you as may be included to look down upon him as a ordinary officer when he does see us. But hello Penrod!" he broke off suddenly. "What's that off there down far in the road at feet—over there about probably ten blocks away?"

"That speak yonder down the street! It looks like—yes yes—by Gorge it is—it's a horse man of some sort."

"That's what."

A sudden idea struck Tim.

"Say Penrod don't you recall reading about General Vivianenna, and his strange red horse which he named 'Red Hawk'?"

"Yes, I do. Indeed I do very well indeed. He could race any fast horse with it, and he captured the M & M Malton speed and long distance cup in a horse back race with Red Hawk."

"That's right and I'm willing to bet the hole outfit is right out of a doughnut that is the Red Hawk approaching now. Podgie is sixty miles away from Pandora City in that direction, and what is more natural than that General Vivianenna Ritchee should take an up to date way of paying his bill?"

"I do believe you are right Tim," said Penrod. "Let's go in and spruce up a bit and then we'll come out and meet him. But if my sisters are still asleep don't let any body awaken them. They need plenty of rest believe me." However they decided not to go into the house to wash after all for in the room of the barn which housed Penrod and his sisters he saw was a good sized wash room and to this the toys hanted to move some of the game of their morning's work, while they were thus engaged, and the horse man is coming closer since no chance has been yet to make it is a good time to tell something about the house and its grounds. It is so early up in the morning Penrod was always the same wide awake good looking brother of violet and her sisters, and was now well known for his achievements of success. The name of Penrod was becoming one of the best known in the world to say along the line of his chosen field of endeavor, and dreamed by the foe. Tim too almost as bright a lad but not so good looking, with a tough fighting face and taller, was like Penrod, having a family but his sisters and brother were too young to be boy and girls. His father James Grovetonia was in command of an army too. James home on account of it had a good high tower got the name of high tower being James father's estate, and was located on genteel street in Pandora City. It was a fine old place and consisted of a big rambling house, of mansion shape set in the midst of oaks and alms with unusually broad lawns stretching on every side.

But the most interesting feature of the place also was a big lake near a park also owned by Mr. and Mrs. a group of shops, work shops and medical laboratories in which Doctor and Mrs. usually worked at times when not busy with patients. Though only friends, and fast friends by now Tim and Penrod were more like brothers born to each other than friends. Tim was unusually fond of violet and her sisters, in fact he loved the

"That I'm suspicious," said Penrod. "And they are the very last things I want sneeping around the shed trying to find out about our heroes."
"Which reminds me," said James. "That Zackie Peke-ton spoke of some unusual horses once to me that would surprise us. Wonder what kind they can be?"
"Give no idea," began Penrod, and then broke off suddenly; "as by the way I have, though I do, recall hearing, the last time I was down at Westerville Avenue, that he and Jack had bought some sort of racing horses to ride down the street in to show us off."

"The very thing," said Penrod, "I'll bet it will feel good to be riding home again."

"Yes I want to get some copper wire and some bolts for something that went loose on the carriage. After that we can take a horse back ride into the Christian armies beyond the city."

"I don't think so," said Penrod shaking his head. "It's coming too slowly for that. Maybe a flock of sheep being taken to the stock yards or ---"

By this time they had almost halted their horses some of them having appeared

It, between the open sat Zuk Zucka, with an awkward look on his face, in the
out back behind him was a small pony like horse on which in full reg. in readable
sat Jack Gaunde was, encouraging him not the boy scout Jack Gaunde - e).

But Zacks paid no attention. In fact he fell off it and taking all his effort to get up and hurry to manage his odd machine.

"Well what ever else I will do it to won't fly" declared Tim and all the rest of us better stay back the other side and look out for it. I don't believe he has it under control." "Come along here" said Tim and we followed him down.

Indeed it didn't appear so. Zacks would now be seen standing with his arms crossed and the motor of the odd machine gave out a continuous volley of sharp reports as that I couldn't make heads or tails out of house windows.

report that I would be by [redacted] [redacted]

"Get you who was out of the wood. Get you who was out of the wood. I can't control this thing. I'll run you down."

"How ray. That's it. Zucker. You're flyin'." shouted Javk Jack enthusiastically. Of course it is very doubtful if he would have cared to change places

The sentence was never completed. As Tim uttered it Zacke gave a wild

"If he is still alive, it will be the fault of your silly friends those girls," shouted

"Why you fools got in to my way and made me lose control of my flying machine.
 took it back in a real voice.

"I hope you are not badly hurt back," Zuckerman said. "Take a starling, in a mild tone."

"It's all your fault you got laid out on horse back," he roared. "Think you can make me take it because you are so prett' pretty. I'll get even with you." "You can't," she said. "You just see if I don't."

"Don't talk nonsense" said Walter Starving quietly. "It had nothing to do with me. I was as good dead that is what the trouble was. You are not

re: 14. J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, Washington, D.C., to the Honorable Earl Warren, U.S. Supreme Court Building, Washington, D.C., dated 10/10/54, regarding the whereabouts of his craft, "Well, Mr. boy scout you just mind you" (indicating James "

"Spying on you. Well, so like that," said Sam, with a
 half-lighteous indignation, and his eyes flashed. "Who was in our shed this morning
 looking around to see what you could see. I would like to know."

beside Za che "I tell you of 'la what" "I went up reading up
a good mind to-to" --"
"What to what?" said Tim Govevoria. "wading judgment in his la -n.
"What to what?" said Tim Govevoria. "wading judgment in his la -n.
"What to what?" said Tim Govevoria. "wading judgment in his la -n.

parties in that machine, we paid a bit of a fee for it, and we had a good deal of it." and James said, "I was not expected to do that, but I did it."

"Hate - know - I - all" pulled Zuckerman's mouth. "I mean you know the only

to all these. I have been able to make no other friends all of you.

Violet and her sister were the first to get up at about nine o'clock and they hastily awoke Penrod, and even while putting on their shoes they

It is still raining hard and I'm afraid we will not

good time. We'll have to wear out long rain clothes to keep from getting wet."

"Well," said Evans jokingly to the little girls, "on a little angel who can't fly over a"

"He may have to," was the rejoinder, "if we can't get across any bridge we'll have to use some airship."

"Why not use the big one Violet captured?"

"We will send for it if we need it."

"Why not use it now?" proposed Penrod. "Then we can get there in a hurry. We can just to make a thrilling scene run it through the city without rising till we get to the county."

"But we'll have to use our noses till we get into the camp," said Joyce.

"That's a go."

"At some times there is a danger of traveling in an airship, and in a storm," said James.

"Not with us there ain't," said Jennie. "Remember what we saw. Don't get afraid. Nothing will happen. I know it."

She was mistaken, however. They would soon have to rescue some one as we will soon see which if they did not use an airship would have been a sad day for that poor child. Jupe to his unspeakable disgust was left behind, not that he cared for the trip but that he so liked the company of the little girls but he must stay behind and guard the place. There was plenty of room for the girl and boy scouts to go. He stood waving a good bye to the party as they skimmed off on their horses. They met with the scouts and then headed for the out skirts of the city and the camp. The road to the camp was a very good one, and they were able to make good time over it on horse back. At this rate of going even through the rain it was not long before they rode through the outskirts of the city, beyond which was a bridge crossing the big river of the county. Angeline Vivian was ahead of the others with little Jennie when all at once Jennie noticed a sign nailed to a tree at one side of the road:

"DAN GER BRIDGE IS DOWN.!!!!!!!"

Jennie signalled to the others bringing the column to a stop.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Evans, after they all had gone in another direction and were about to prepare for entering the huge airship.

"Why if bridges are down that does not matter to me," said Violet. "It will only be striking me that this is a mighty good time to test out the airship."

"By ginge you are right," agreed Tim. "It's get busy at once."

"I hope it still works as good as when I operated it when I captured it from those Glandelinians," said Violet.

"I hope so," rejoined Penrod. He bent over the valve with the purpose to admit a little more gas to the big airship bag, and him at the same time as the others were entering the cabins adjusted the gas pressure so that the radio lights would make the volatile vapor on which they depended to rise from the earth. A hissing sound presently ensued and the indicator on the gauge showed that all was ready to let more gas into the bags which were only half full. As the gas rushed into its container the bag started to round out more and in fifteen minutes began to again assume the huge cigar shape. Before it became too buoyant however, they secured it to the ground by the anchors of the tip lines of which were led on board. Then the work of filling went on, and soon the huge thing was tagging at her bounds.

"All right," announced Penrod, after a while, and they prepared to cast off.

But as they were about to pull up on the tip lines and release the big round anchor, there was a sudden commotion on the road behind them. They looked around and saw a farmer coming in a large wagon drawn by a horse that looked like he did not know what real hunger was. Yet the horse was caring about and evidently objected to coming close to the big

thousand foot long structure-half house cabins and immense long circular shaped bag that was drawn up in the road in front of it.

He was a foreigner too but a good man nevertheless.

"Now then, you obstreperous creature," shouted the farmer, getting out and hitting him on the nose. This done he came rapidly toward the boys and girls and then to him--extreme demerol.

"What about under the sun be ye this year centurion?" he demanded, gazing

gazing curiously at the big long balloon bag which was so immense in size and then at the Vivian girls whom he thought were human angels brought down

from heaven in it.

"It's a sort of big flying machine," rejoined Tim, while Violet and her sisters despite their greatest efforts hardly could repress an inclination to giggle, "didn't you ever see one before?"

"Waal, ya'as, I seen one at China Fair, but it was n't nuthin' like this ya'as. This ya'as a monster."

"If you'll wait a minute you'll see us fly," said Penrod. Penrod but the farmer didn't seem to hear him for his eyes were riveted on another notice on the camp road concerning the bridge.

"Gosh all humbuck," he exclaimed in a very coked tone, "if that ain't jest ter speakin' kind of luck. I suppose the crack has swollen from the rain and the old bridge had busted at last. Comma'n it all."

"Is not there any other bridge?" asked Jack Evans himself.

"Ya'as but it's bout a mile further down and a roundabout way to get there, and I'm in a hurry. Ya'as Betsy Jane is mighty sick and I'm goin' to the doctor."

"Where does he live?" asked Tim, imagining that Betsy Jane must be the farmer's horse or mule.

"Cross the creek a piece. Comma'n it, what am I goin' to do?"

"Tall you what," said Violet herself. "We will take you over in our ship and bring you to you and the doctor back. You can leave the poor horse tied there."

"What me ride in that contraption? Not but what it's mighty good of ye little angels to offer it--but--"

"If it is safe for us little angels it ought to be safe enough for--"

you," remarked Jennie Vivian.

"By heck that's so. Waal since you little angels are so j kind, I dunno if I care of I do. By gum, won't the folks stare when I tell 'em I've rid in a big bag airship?"

"But this is no aeroplane as aeroplanes," objected Angeline, who was a stickler for facts. "It's a dirigible."

"Don't see if it's digestible or not, so long as ye don't spill me out," was the rejoinder.

"On you'll find it very digestible all right," chuckled Daisy. "Come on, come on climb in!"

"Hunk Walsh is my name little angels."

"Well then Hunk Walsh. Put your foot on that step. That's it. Now then we are in the cabin. Are you all right?"

"By my bean poles. This is as comfortable as my parlor chair--hum." remarked Hunk Walsh with a tug at his gray goatee, as he sank into the softly cushioned tesselated of the airship cabin. He lay luxuriantly back and drew out a small anivary dirty corn cob pipe. Before the boys and girls could observe what he was doing he struck a match. At the sound of the "Lucifer", Jennie Vivian herself who was preparing to up anchor, turned like a flash. In a jiffy she had grasped the astonished farmer's wrist and sent both pipe and match flying out the cabin window into the road.

"Dam gas it all little angel girls. What did ye do the t f'?" expostulated the indignant farmer.

"Because that enormous bag above us holds fifty thousand million cubic feet of inflammable inflammable gas and we don't want to go up before we get ready," snapped out Jennie.

The farmer turned very pale.

"By gum and I was going to take a smoke. Big bag full of fire--big blow up."

Say young fellows and angel girls, I guess I'll--"

He was preparing to clamber out, but Jack Evans shoved him back into his seat. "Sit where you are and hold tight please Mister Farmer," he exclaimed.

"All right Jennie dear. How away. Ah up they come. We're off. Off for a grand ride with seven precious little angels and--"

"They let me out. Let me out. By gosh this is too de-n rich for my blood. I--"

Farmer Walsh, pale and trembling peeped out the window of the cabin and then sank back with a gasp. The earth lay several scores of feet beneath him and the distance was rapidly increasing. The buoyant buoyant gas which

filled the container had raised the big airship so swiftly that it had seemed literally to "flash upward, and the propeller made a loud booming noise.

Below was spread the panorama of the country side, patches of woods, the vast assembly endless christian encampments, fields fenced pastures, farmhouses, and the big city of Pandemonium from that height they could plainly see the ruined

blazing and the angry turbulent waters of the swollen current that had washed it away. All at once their passage had a flash shock. Tim connected

the engine with the propeller and the big airship began to forward.

Soon they were flying above the swollen stream and looking back they could see the road by which they had come and the vast encampments and the farmhouses

now kicking and plunging furiously at its halter ropes.

Dr James Batzermann, Physician and Surgeon."

Star - 1176.
"So they do," said James Andrews and look-- what that that--? Sure, ly a
balloon they are sending up. And a big one, too."
And sure enough as he spoke, the boys and girls became aware of a huge dirty
looking sphere with black smoke rolling from its narrow mouth... It was still
tied to the ground apparently, but even as they watched there came the
sharp report of a snorting cannon. Instantly the balloon was
released from the dith, and shot up toward the sky very quickly... swelling
and carrying the smoke out of its inflation was plainly judging by the smoke
from its mouth by not admit the big balloon too in fact seemed to form
some sort of unusually occur unusual occurrence to those on board the ship, and
looked like one of those that as a common enough feature of small traveling
shows...2

"I'll come as close as I dare," was the reply. Below, far below---the crowd of Gleadoliuiana, with arg-ry ups upturned faces watched the maneuvering of the jet aircraft. The fact that it looked like a

While the relationship still moves on above the two officers who had so long vil-

SECRET

alarms.
"But surely if you replace a re really hidden in a safe place and you know
your intentions by heart you have nothing to fear on the score of that"

So as a plan, the general opened a door in the side of the steel structure which they had not previously noticed. Violet and her sisters and Angelina looked were the first to enter when they were in the side the general closed the door, and turning a switch caused a flood of bright light to illuminate the interior of the wheel-shaped mine. Violet and her sisters and their companions found that they were standing within the conning tower through the slits they could see out into the sea, but their attention was speedily distracted by General Vivianma. The general indicated a good number of big seats, and invited them all to occupy it. Perrod himself was informed that he was seated in the operator's position, and informed of him was a sort of desk with a white top. This was divided into a number

But the fellow who ever he was kept on without turning his head. And evidently, making for a lane which ran at the rear of General Vivian's head

"I'm sure, but I'm very sorry," said Viviananna, "I'm sure it's a fence which
because of some big building, since General Viviananna had no liking for visitors
that we were not invited....."

Penrod aimed his pistol but yet he missed.

"He'll have to stop when he gets to the fence," pointed Timbly he can stop."

"Yes and may be he can shoot fight to him," joined James and said, "but I guess
we can make him."

"Unless he is armed," said Violet.

"Yes and so we can't forget that," was Penrod's reply.

They happened suddenly that the man whom they were pursuing had no inten-
tion of scaling the fence without assistance. He was making for a spot where a
number of empty packing cases that had contained apples were piled.

"Fence," he'll escape us after all," exclaimed Penrod angrily as he saw
this.

"He's too fast to be killed," said Violet.

Even as she spoke the man leaped the boxes and scrambled up on them.

He could have been in a twinkling over the fence had not the unforeseen
happened. The boxes were not piled up as he expected, and he was
and from the height of the man one of those underneath was away and

he and the boxes fell down with a great clatter, one of the boxes hitting
him on the head almost knocking him senseless. When the boys climbed
and the boxes they found as soldiers came running up that the man was

seemingly if not fatally hurt for the boxes that fell with him were a big heavy
wooden things. The man was taken off by the soldiers. General Viviananna with

Jack Burns had also been inside the "cave" like subterranean, when the
pursuit started, so that they were not aware of what had taken place. Put

on emerging from the cave, they missed the other, and hearing then
the sound of the boxes falling down came out of the shed to see that

had become of them and what caused the noise. Their astonishment of learning of
the chase and the injury of the man trying to get away was imagined.

"It is lucky the boxes were so heavy and prevented the man from escaping,"
said the general. "This plot is dangerous," thought. It must be a most dan-

gerous one and indeed well planned. Do you think he saw very much?"

"Why from that window he must have seen everything," said Jennie, and I
noticed too that one of the panes of glass is broken. He must have been

able to overcome considerable of our observation. It's lucky for us some-
body had been careless in piling those boxes."

"Luckily it was my fault," said the general. "It was I who piled
the boxes. If he had not fallen knowing of my trouble he would have told

the enemy General. I heard the crash of those boxes and wondered what had
happened. Is he badly hurt?"

"One of the soldiers who examined him don't believe he'll live," said Penrod.
"That box that hit him on the head may have given him a skull fracture."

The general overmastering his depression seemed in a more cheerful
frame.

"But General Viviananna will fight these spies--yes--yes--to the last ditch--
they shall not steal the invention of this thing if I can help it and make things

similiar for their use. If we can catch and powerful Glandelinian enemies
and indeed--but I'll give them a battle. I'll have a fierce attack upon their

camp--no more--"

"That's the way to talk," said the little girl in cheerfulness and if we can
help you to win out with the aid of our little scouts we'll do it. As soon as

the great machine can move you can have the laugh on that scoundrel, Gorg of
Glandelinian General."

The general's face glowed. He clasped the hands of the two nearest girls
imploringly and impulsively.

"I don't know what I can do for you," exclaimed the
general. "If only you could make the machine go, I will be under your

obligations to you that I can never repay."

"I've heard about thinking, as still we have accomplished what we hope to do."

laughed Penrod in reply. "And so I think we had better make our arrangements to
run back to Pando--a to our rowl and my sister will spend this afternoon making

out a list of the parts I shall need. I'm afraid that they will be quite
expensive."

"I don't mind a bit about the expense," declared the general eagerly.
"If only you can make the great machine go again..."

"The general's face glowed. He clasped the hands of the two nearest girls
imploringly and impulsively.

Eight and early the next morning they set about making ready for the
trip to Pando. It was a run of seventy-five miles from Pando on
horse back and the roads because of the storm just passed were not over good,
so they were anxious to get as early a start as possible while they were
feeding and saddling their animals, the general came up to them...

"I have a mother mission which I wish one of you would perform for me while
you are in the city," he said, and the boys and girls looked up from their
work.

"What sort of a mission?" asked Penrod.

"Well you see I've been thinking over the matter carefully. But have you fi-
nally been to Pando this morning. I don't want to hinder you from that."

"I've been to the office of the Daily Messenger," said Violet. "Why?"

"Well I have come to a conclusion. I want one of you little girls to take to
you--father a model of this big machine, the blue prints, and a note asking
him to take immediate steps to have this invention patented for the good
invention."

"But I thought he was not ready to patent the invention yet. That you were
afraid that by doing so your plans would be foisted," objected Penrod.

"That is just the point on which I have changed my mind. I'm certain now
with the help of your angel possessed sister that you can make the big machine
go and there is no cause for holding back the patent any longer. I dare not set
the model by express for fear that the Glandelinian spy plotter may steal it
in some way."

"No, no more send such things by express these days," said Jennie.

"Yes, very well then while you are listening up you work I'll wrap the
model up. It will have to be packed quite carefully as it is quite fragile."

So saying the general walked off to his study to get the model, by which
he set so much store, ready for shipment. This did not take long as the box
which was to contain it was already constructed. Very soon he had joined the
child with the package in his hands. Jack Burns who was to do some
scouting for the general, accompanied him. There was no need of either one
giving any cautions to be very careful of the fragile model for they
knew that what ever the child was always handled was always most carefully
taken care of.

"It will be safe in Pando as soon as we get there," put in Penrod.

At last all was ready and the model carefully deposited in a small
sack that one of the princesses carried. Indeed they only guessed, whom they
were soon going to rescue they would have been surprised. Penrod took the
lead at his sister's request and the next instant with a wave of his hands
the guard of children accompanied by a big body of the girl and boy scouts
went off on what proved to be an eventful journey and which was to show how
dangerous they really are when trifled with. Little Susan accompanied them.

The little girl had heard so much to go that they had not the heart to
be fussy here, and after all as Tim put it she was so gay that she hardly made
any difference any way as long as she really could ride a horse, and then
too it may lead her now to soon be a scout if she ever decided to be one...

Although there was no necessity for going ahead, Violet, and her sister
and their companions were anxious to get their errand accomplished and
deponit the model safely in their father's care, for once in his possession, for
any one to try and get it was like an unarmed man trying to steal a cub
away from its parent the tiger. Then too Penrod was looking forward, on
his return, to making General Viviananna's machine practicable. The day
was pleasant. The sun shone down hotly, but the boys and girls did not notice
the heat as they rode along at not too fast a trot. They passed through
Turnerville at a good rate of speed. As they were going forth they did
not notice a man with a black beard and a staff carrying little girl aside
at another road. But if they did not see him, Penrod did, and he took due
note of both.

"There goes that man with some little black hair and girl. I believe," recognize
as having seen some where before," he muttered to himself. "Wonder where he is
off to now. It might be a good scheme to follow them. I've got a scheme. I'll call
up some Glandelinian headquarters I know of, and find out where he is
going. It may turn out to be worth while taking after them. By golly, I know
now. G--at How come that little friendly black haired girl I met in Abbeville
before the disaster? Oh God help me in my plan! I must rescue her..."

In accordance with this resolve, he halted the column before a small
hotel and telling them to wait he went inside and closed himself in a tele-
phone booth. Adopting a foreign voice for he could hardly hear him to that of a
man he presented himself as "Adeldefob", and gave a description of a
man he was pursuing. He asked where he was heading for. The Glandelinian
at that head quarters immediately replied that the man had captured a
little "Christian girl" and was going to Pando--and thence to

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"That's that dange rous boy scout Prince Penrod and his tame devil slaves with their crowd," he exclaimed. "You escaped by a miracle. They are terribly bad as dispositions those child scouts."

"They will," said his companion. "Be on your guard Jack. You are in for it and me to. They'll never forgive you. They are invincible."

Both of the two foolish Glandelinians had to laugh as they saw the boy and glider sagged in apparently a confused mass. Crack. Crack. Crack. came three shots, and the bearded man companion fell dead from his horse.

Crack. crack. crack. crack. Crack. Crack. crack. came seven more shots and one of the bullets grazed him in the shoulder and he yelled but he rode on.

He was pale and trembling from his narrow escape, and he had good reason to be so for it is easy to guess that his fate would have been if he had been captured by the boy and Glileon's who usually show no quarter. The little girl with him screamed but he held his hand over his mouth. The thunder of his dead body away. The perpetrator was given up, and he was soon out of sight of them, and met with two more of his companions. Then they rode on.

Before long they came to a point where the road forked. A sign board standing there directed travelers to St Paul five miles, and St Peters three miles..

"I am afraid to go through," said Ann," decided Jak Jack to his companion fellows after he told the story. Those around may have telegraphed to the town and we'll be nabbed there."

"Let's take the road that takes to the right and avoid the town. It's a little way round, longer I suppose, but it's safer. We are beyond pursuit by now."

The highway now lay under a high arch of interlacing tree boughs that met above the track.... It was cool and pleasant, and when they reached a

little brook(the gook) the three men decided to dismount and eat some of the substituted sandwiches and pie they had stolen from some Calve indian

Fa-m-e-a They made a mo-ry meal of it the-re unde-r the t-rees, washin' down
 hei-r lunch with water from a small spring w- which supplied the b-rook. They

would not give the little girl a bite though she was hungry. They were just finished and were thinking of resuming their journey, when a sudden

sound broke into the stillness of the woodland road, a series of hoof beats like a squadron of cavalry coming.

"They stole body of cava-ly!" exclaimed the man Jack, who readily recognized the sound..

"And they are coming this way too," decided on their companions.
Less than five minutes after the approaching party swept into view. The
three Gladiators felt uneasy when they saw the squad march on, for they

know it instantly to be the identical damageous Wolf Patrol of the scouts

all allayed by the fact that at the head of the column were two girls

if recognized by them. The Glundeliners however, were disguised, fortunately for the cause. Hence still, as long as they had in their possession and the

little black hat and girl were exposed to full view on horse back, in the water should arise and make an investigation, and there were no

case the party should stop and make an investigation. And the other side
hope of assisting them as they were well equipped and carried long un-

girls back with a threat to shoot if she said anything, but

Jack checked him. He knew that their whole chance of escaping hinged on the child. The child was now approaching them as if they were from the child's point of view. He was for counsel both

Tom and Alph to appear composed and warned the little girl, that if she

and they meant it too. "If they won't bathe us at all," Jack said, "although it do

"There's a chance they won't bother us at all," Jack said.
look as if they must have followed us from General Vivian's line."

"Easy enough to tell oil on a specialist looking for shoe tracks, and boy and girl foot prints. The Indians can find anything better than Indians can."

He spoke in a low voice though fearful at that moment, the two leaders and a doz

others made up along side, and as Jack had been brought here, he brought her to a nt looking Gilascent, who was really the main leader brought her to a nt

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"I believe we are on the wrong scene scout," said one of the soldiers.
 "Yes, but what is a man doing among one of the buildings supposed to be occupied only by boy and girl scouts?" demanded one of the boys.
 "They let me in because I was no sick,"
 The boy however returned to the huddled figure of the man on the bed.
 "Did you hear any disturbance here to night. We are looking for two men who entered the place next door and vanished."
 "Ugh-ugh-ugh," and Adcliff was shaken by what seemed to be a paroxysm of violent coughing. "If they are in the next house, why don't you look there."
 "I didn't even hear a sound. No body passed through here."
 "We have but the one's no trace of them" but set out one of the girl scouts. "Are you quite sure you have heard nothing unusual?"
 "Ugh-ugh, cough-cough. Oh my poor lungs. Not a thing my dear girl, not a thing--is that all you want to know?"

"I guess that's all," said one of the other girls, and to Michael Johns she continued. "Are you sure they went in the next door?"
 "Yes, oh yes I'm certain of it. I'd know the house by those large handsome yet peculiarly shaped lower and upper windows. Oh what can become of them. They'll plenty of information to the enemy if they are not caught."
 "Well they're not here, that is certain," said one of the girls, and the rest with almost despair at the disappearance of the three men, they bade the seemingly sick man a good night, and hope you get well, and left the room. But Adcliff did not leave immediately. Instead he lay very still till he was positively sure that the two officers and the child scouts had visited the other child scout dwellings. Then he sprang from the bed and hastened to the panel. In a second he flung it open, and he leaned his friend Mike.
 "Phew!" panted that worthy, as he stepped out into the room, followed by still another person, a prisoner, also of the two a boy who looked more weary begone than the other. "It's like a furnace in the hall. I don't think we could have stood it much longer."

Alph who felt weak and very dizzy from his forced confinement for six hours in the stuffy hole, reeled over to the cot and sank down on it wearily. Then from another secret place the two men brought forth another boy who was unconscious. His body was limp, and his face still white and death like. Adcliff gave a startled look at him.

"He's taking a mighty long time to come to," he growled. "I hope I didn't hit him too hard!"

"What do you mean," exclaimed the other, a rather scared look coming over his own face.

"Why he's a boy scout we supposed you know and if we killed him and it is found he's missing we'll have all the child scouts in C-nation looking for us and we'll never escape as a condition in placed around the city or account of us." "nd-and---- Hark. What's that?!"

Some where below in the house somebody was shouting something at the top of his lungs. That was it indeed that alarmed cry, coming in that high pitched voice, down the hall.

Adcliff stepped to the door and opened it. The cry was plain enough then. It was being caught up and echoed by a score of frightened child scout voices through out the big tenement.

"All right, all right."

On the bottom floor of the tenement an incendiary bomb had been thrown, and it had exploded and splattered all the inflammable stuff all around, and already the flames were spreading swiftly to the stairways.

"We'll have to get out by the roof," exclaimed Adcliff, in a nervous tone. "This place will burn like a haystack once that fire gets a good start."

"That's right. Come on we have no time to lose. He's your man and Adcliff seized the boy roughly by the wrist and began dragging him out of the room. In the meantime he also had dived underneath the bed and secured some sort of an yellow envelope that had been hidden there. Having done this he started after Mike. Already the stairway was full of childish shouts and the acid reek of smoke was filling the hallway.

"Come on we've no time to lose," admonished Adcliff, rushing through the doorway, still holding the boy in an iron grip.

But the boy hung back pleadingly. His eyes were on the other boys whom, which a lay just as it had been flung across the cot.

"At the other boy--you've left him," he cried. "Only you don't mean to leave him behind."

"He's dead, no use carrying him a dead one. Shut up and come on or I'll take steps to make you," was the rough reply, and the next moment Adcliff closed the doorway of the room, and dragging the boy after them the three Glandelinian spies effected their escape from the burning house.

"And you could find no trace of Penrod and his sister no James and a whole lot of the rest!"

"It was the next morning in Emperor Vivian's headquarters, and that great table was seated at his council table with Walter sitting beside him. Walter had just finished telling of the events of the preceding day's exciting night. The last words and his eyes were red from lack of sleep, but the redness of determination in his voice as he replied to Emperor Vivian's query.

"I've told you all the rest to tell Sirs but if Prince Penrod, his sister and two friends are on top of the earth I'm not going to give up the search until they are found."

"That's the right spirit my lad," commented Emperor Vivian but at the same time he appeared to be up against a stone wall. The last you saw of them when they vanished into that house. There is no question in my mind but that probably at the Glandelinian who have harassed you, seized them to protect themselves from the boy and girl scout persecutions. I know by daylight a have often been captured and escaped but this is the first time it happened with Penrod among them and the two others. But the question is what have they done with them?"

"That's just it," said Walter despairingly. "There isn't a single clue to go upon. As you say we are up against a stone wall. Not knowing Prince Penrod as I do, and the little girl is too I'm sure that we will get track of them again some how."

"But the Emperor did not appear so hopeful.

"This gang of Glandelinian spies or other rascals the agents of the Glandelinian Headquarters of spies, who are trying to secure the strategic invention General Vivian had in his possession, appear to have a far better organized and desperate plan of campaign than we have imagined," he said, "and if they are captured by them and Penrod too with them will make it a more desperate situation for them. However, will secure all the Gemini and in the meantime we must notify General Vivian. The news can be kept from him no longer. I'll stick to this, although he knew that the General would be driven almost frantic by the news that the prince and princesses were in the hands of their enemies."

"Now while I get General Vivian on the long distance phone if it is possible," said the Emperor, "suppose you go over to the bank, where you left your money, and bring it and mine around here. We have a lot of gold to cover if we are to get on the track of those dangerous rascals, and that will be the quickest way to get about. I must regain my daughter as at all costs."

And so it was arranged, while the Emperor's horse around from the bank General Walter fetched him and the Emperor's horse around from the bank and directed. He found Emperor Vivian waiting for him with the information that the General had taken the news of the capture of Violet and her sister more calmly than he had expected, and when asking the general why, had received the answer that it was impossible with no many girl scout boys around them.

"By the way," he went on. "The general informed me also of something that you should know. It appears that Penrod's young girl friend of Abbe's name Nell is being eagerly sought for by the highest Glandelinian authorities because she knows more about Abbe's name and the cause of its deepest action than even any of my daughters or you do. I'm sure you should get the information I do not know. They seem to have some strong reason for wishing to get her back for something else too, and even went to the length of offering a large reward to all Glandelinian generals for the capture. The reward she is to be awarded as if she was one of my own jewels and the only way in she must live among the large regiments of child scouts."

"I doubt if they could find her through any channels now," said Walter with a grin, that ended in a sigh as he thought of how Prince Penrod and his sisters with the two boys were now mysteriously missing.

Emperor Vivian, who knew quite a good deal about horses, tried to divert Walter's mind from the trouble which he felt himself during his ride to the Headquarters of the Gemini in that city by discussing the points of the battle line of both sides at Redgate. But Walter only replied listlessly. His thoughts were centered on the missing friends. There was no news of the Glandelinian spies or the princesses and the others at Gemini headquarters. This hardly surprised Walter who had concluded that such close rascals as these Glandelinian spies had shown themselves to be, would surely have had sense enough to cover up their tracks. As they were leaving the building sense enough to have helped some of the scouts in their search one of the two Gemini who had helped some of the scouts in their search the night before was just then coming in. He stopped Walter and the Emperor and spoke to him.

"Here's a funny and strange thing," he said. "Do you know those three houses and the one next door to the one where your daughter and son, and you two friends vanished? Well they burned down last night through a mysterious fire bomb fire explosion, pig fire too. The ruins still smouldered and thirty six fire companies still out, fire spread through the buildings like as if they were made of paper. The flames swept right through the first fire gutting building from cellar to garret and spread to the other two. Four thousand boy and girl scouts lost nearly everything they had in those three buildings the fire left nothing but the brick cell. The building your daughter and son captured one spy also burned."

This news did not particularly interest Walter, in fact he knew of the fire as he had been one of the principal witnesses to the first outbreak and had been the first to pull the fire alarm. He had no idea that Prince Penrod and his sister had been in any one of the buildings and, if captured, they surely could not have been left behind, and therefore had no reason to be concerned in the matter.

"It's an odd coincidence," he said in reply as he passed on, "I'm glad we made sure that the royal children were not in the place which was burned."

"Well I hope by God's help you'll find them soon," he joined the other, "you can depend on it, that if they're still in this city of Pandora we'll get online on them some how."

Although Walter was by no means sure of this, he thanked the Gemini member, and presently was seated on his own horse once more with the Emperor beside him on his own.

"Too bad," said the Emperor, "although I really hadn't much expectation that we would learn anything new. These men we are pitted against are much slicker and smarter than we thought. But I do not worry much about the safety of my daughter because they are really angel possessed and no harm really can befall them. But I don't like it just the same. They may too have to protect Penrod instead of being protected now."

"Do you think, sir, that the black bearded man and his companions are the principals in this thing?" asked Walter as they rode off.

"No, they are simply the tools of a powerful secret syndicate of Gaijandian spies in Pandora, some of whom are composed of slick and dangerous but unscrupulous spies and revenue and other military agents, who are far too cunning to undertake the actual thing when they have men to do it for them. The thing that is bothering me is—are they still in Pandora or have they left with the children?"

"And what bothers me," said Walter rather sharply, "is because what has become of Prince Penrod and Mithril and his sister and the two boys?"

The Emperor looked sharply at the boy beside him. Then first years ago he had met Walter Starling, he had liked him well for what he had done for his daughter, then, but now a day he felt at times a little suspicious of him, concealing him and Penrod, and some of the others including his daughter. He had also liked the boy because he had seen that the lad was keen witted and successful as their forces were unscrupulous dare devil and mostly reckless.

"There, there Walter," he said kindly, "don't mind the situation of worry so much. They're angel possessed, I tell you and if they are captured it might mean good night for the spies. They often usually make prisoners late of the ones who capture them, but we cannot be too sure they are captured. Maybe they are missing because instead of being captured they are pressing the pursuit. Perhaps I'll tell you what we'll do. The way is nothing like a good horse back ride along a country road to clear one's head and enable one to do some stiff thinking. Suppose we take a little horse back ride out of town."

"I think that is a good idea, sir," agreed Walter Starling, and within another hour they were spinning through the suburbs, and then through the enormous Christian encampments out upon a country road, which ran through a charming landscape, dotted here and there by farmhouses within the very Christian lines surrounded by small woods and fields.

The Emperor appeared to be thinking deeply and Walter did not interrupt him. Instead he attended strictly to watching where he was heading for, keeping his eyes on the road ahead. They took a horse back ride of several miles, and then on the Emperor's suggestion they turned back having no intention of leaving the Christian lines. They rode back toward the city at a fair speed but they had not gone more than a few miles before Walter's eyes fixed on the road, became aware of an astonishing thing. The road through the encampments was at a right angle, and out of a cloud of dust ahead there suddenly emerged to their astonishment a thing hardly ever seen or even allowed in Abbiennia, and that was a large touring car, an automobile. It was coming toward them at a slow gait. There was however

nothing so very astonishing in this in a way, for Walter and the Emperor knew what an auto was, even knew how to run one to tell the truth, and in itself it formed no reason for Walter's startled exclamation. The real surprise was that nobody was driving it occupied it as a seat, and the next amazing feature was that some distance behind the car came a deadly horse as if running after the car and neighing pitifully. It the car itself was a bright purple in color, the horse was black.

"Look, sir," he cried to the Emperor, "if that isn't the same kind of a touring automobile they used in the count, it is the twin of them, and more astonishing still it has no driver!"

"And the horse following it has no rider," blurted my soul. The horse's some mystery he said, added the Emperor.

Walter halted his horse and dismounted standing at one side of the road. "What are you going to do?" demanded the King as Walter prepared to leap. "Find out what all this means, sir," was Walter's rejoinder. "Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the big deadly horse passed them. The Emperor, however, rode a little forward and seized the reins of the deadly horse. As the car passed, Walter made a flying leap for its running board. He landed safely, clinging to the side of the machine. Then while the great horse watched with astonished eyes, the boy clambered into the vacant driver's seat, and shutting off the power applied the foot brake bringing the car to an abrupt stop.

"Well of all astonishing things," exclaimed Walter, as having brought the car to a stop he examined it carefully. It was undoubtedly the best car he had ever seen. But what had become of the driver? How did the car come to be running by itself? How had it kept on a straight course?"

The last of these questions was answered when Walter discovered that attached to the steering knuckles was a device, which by an irony of fate he himself had invented and marketed. This device was in pretty general use on Christian gun boats and was known as the automatic steering knuckle. It consisted of stout springs attached to each steering knuckle, and connected with the helm of the auto in such a manner that provided the wheel was not turned, the car would automatically be kept on a straight course. The device had been thought out by Walter as an aid to beginners in gun boat driving, but it had been found so useful that many skilled gun boat drivers had adopted it. This then explained how the car had kept the road with no one at the wheel. But the deeper mystery of how it came to be where it was and minus of its driver and occupants, was far from a solution.

"There's something surely out of the ordinary in all this," decided Walter Starling in a puzzled tone as he stood beside the machine on the dusty road.

"Indeed I'll say it, it is the most puzzling thing yet. An Automobile he said and nobody riding in it, and it running on a straight ahead."

Walter Starling uttered these words as Emperor Mithril who had alighted from his horse, joined him at the side of the purple car. "There can be no doubt," he said, "it is a piling my pesty mystery. Here can the car have come from? I usually don't allow such things in this country and who owns it has broken the rule and shall pay. A confounded designer I'll say."

"It didn't come very far, that is by itself," he joined Walter instantly. "You see this automatic steering would only keep it on the road in a straight course. It couldn't help it to negotiate any turns or turns."

"That's so, when did you first sight it?" "As it came over the top of that high hill yonder I propose that we hitch the three horses on the rear and drive slowly along the road and see if we can pick up some clue to the mystery. And for punishment, sir, I'd advise you to keep the machine for the use of your daughter."

"An excellent idea, I say as you say the car can't have come far, we ought soon to encounter something, that will put us in possession of some knowledge of what has happened. Suppose you drive the car slowly. I'll follow on one of the horses, especially mine as to keep a look out ahead."

"Very well," agreed Walter Starling, who knew that the Emperor knew about driving a car as he did have one of his own and had a car of his own which he left at Angelina Agathia however. Walter got into the big purple touring car and boy though he was turned it around with a dexterity that showed he was no greenhorn at driving an auto. Walter took the lead and drove slowly for the sake of the horses, and keeping his eyes wide open.

"It's better," Walter said, "you wait at the right hand side of the road. I'll watch the left," he shouted back to the Emperor. "Very well," was the King's reply, and in this way the auto and the three horses went forward slowly along the road and over the back of the hill. The

hill, over which the purple ca- of mystery had appeared. Beyond the rise the road took a dip, but was quite at night.. At the bottom of the dip (dip) was a bridge spanning a small creek. (you got creek) The road at each side of the bridge was sandy and soft, and the auto puffed rather heavily through it, and the horses ploughed as if through deep snow. All at once Walter checked the big horse, he then raised his hand above his head to signal the emperor to halt his horse also.

"Is there anything you have found?" asked the monarch eagerly, as Walter applied the breaks and shut off power.

"Yes sire, look here in the sand at the side of the road. There are foot marks and yes by Ginge--there 's been a desperate fight of some kind here sire."

"I'll dismount and you get out, and we'll examine the foot prints more carefully" suggested the Monarch.

"Accordingly, suggested the
"Acco-ndint Acco-ndly both the King and the boy came to the ground
and the next minute were bending intently above the maze of foot marks that
Walter had noticed. It seemed plain enough that as the that as the boy had
suggested there had been a desperate struggle there, no other explanation
would fit the case. The grass was trampled down, and twice it had been broken
from the bushes in the vicinity of the tangle of the foot marks.

"Well I see you are in the right about the re having been a struggle here." said the Monarch, "but we are not any nearer to knowing who engaged in it, what it was about, or anything else that might do us good. I'm inclined to think--- bless y my soul boy what 's the matter?"

Waite had flung himself forward with a joyous shout. His leap landed him on the edge of the thicket right alongside some object he had described. He stooped swiftly and lifted it with a celerity of 100 mph. It was one of those large hen-t shaped glaucous hats that the boy held up and the keen witted reporter instantly guessed what it was.

"It's not my daughter-daughters," he exclaimed. "It belongs to a girl-scout who is a private."

"Yes, ho-ra hoo-ray. We must be close on that track now. It can't be that any girl scout was captured. I'll bet some feds were in the auto and they captured and captured them and set it going by accident. Oddly enough as Walter with a flushed face set down the hat and prepared to open a pocket book he also found, the Mona-ch by no means seemed to share his satisfaction. It was incomprehensible to him that who had ever cured the pocket book would have thrown it away like that with anything in it. He was not surprised, therefore when Walter having opened the bag gave vent to a cry of chagrin.

"Just as I thought," said the Emperor, rather grimly. "However the finding of that pocket book establishes one thing clearly enough and the finding of the hat too."

"And that is?"

"That Glandelinian spies have been here to Glandelinians rather in this auto, and we're surprised by a party of scouts on horse back. The pocket book belongs to one of them and it certainly didn't contain money, spies don't carry that around. They may be close to us now if they escaped from the scouts. See there is lots of marks from horse's too."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"I don't know either. I've collected that not very

Walter glanced about some what apprehensively. He collected that not very long before, when they had tricked the enemy on the wood road, Glandelinian spies had been closer to them than they thought for this might be the case now if they had outwitted the scouts." and on of several. scouts at hand

"I wish we had a good strong squadron of cavalry, or scout at hand to make a thoroughout search of the woods," he said. "So do I," was the rejoinder, "but you can depend upon it that those fellows if they had not been captured are still lingering here since the scout arrived on the scene." "I am glad that Salto made another discovery -- one of those

A It was at this moment that Faltz made another discovery -- one of those large square topped hats belonging to a Glandellian soldier that lay in some bushes almost at his feet. He picked it up with a cry having recognized it as one belonging to a Glandellian sergeant.

"Then Walter picked up a small boys cap.
"They've had a little boy of some kind with them sir," he exclaimed excitedly,
"just look here, this is his small sailor like cap." "Wonder if it is possible
that he was... Hello, what's that!!!!" #*****
...from the bushes

"Sounds like a whine and a groan," decided the FBI men as from the bushes that clustered against the bridge supports, the moaning sound came once

more ... exclaimed Kaitan showing his way through the

"That's a me child in pain," exclaimed Walter, shoving his way through the underbrush that clothed the steep bank so thickly.

"Be care ful my boy, don't take chances. you don't know that this isn 't a trap" cautioned the Mon arch. "those men may be;--"

He did not finish the sentence. A cry of alarm and pity from Walter cut it short. The boy had reached the edge of the bank (not spunk) on the edge of the creek, and in a clump of ~~elder~~ ^{elder} ~~side~~ ^{side} there he found something that filled him with sadness and made him utter a cry of pity.

"What is it that have you found?" demanded the Monarch, peering down. "Why I've found a little girl - probably sixteen or seventeen - she's in a sailor suit of white like that cap I found. O - probably - On the poor little girl, I'm afraid she's a waif - but she has fallen and accidentally off the bridge. Can you help me to get her up the bank? I could carry her but the bank is so steep I might stumble with her."

steep I might stumble with her." "Can I?" "Of course I can," and the Monarch plunged down to where Walter was standing. He found the boy stationed above the monument form of a small frail girl, dressed in a sailor-girl's suit, who was bleeding badly from a cut on the head, and a part of her mouth too was covered with blood. Her physician who despite a Monarch, could have been as good a doctor as any experienced physician made a swift examination of the wounds and then told Walter to dip his clean handkerchief in the water of the creek and when this had been done he bathed the wounds care fully. A bad cut was also on her left leg where the stocking was torn off. As the cold water touched her the child who had been moaning feebly, opened her eyes; and started to cry.

"Don't cry little girl, you'll be all right," said the Popeye man, and then to Walter she is not badly hurt throughout some as if by a substance as it looks. I have examined her and no bones are broken."

"But the cut is on her head, left and right."
"You mean leg and lip don't you."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"They are nothing serious. Now give me a hand, and we'll get her up the bank and into one of the machines. I'll leave the horses here in haste, hiding and make as fast a run as possible into the Christian lines and into the city for a doctor will engage my own family doctor."

into the city for a doctor will emerge my own family doctor. Waiter lost time in carrying out the Monarch's instructions and by dint of scrambling and clambering the two managed to get the wounded child up the bank. This done she was placed in the tonneau of the big fast touring car the no see were tied and hid in thick bushes, and the machine sped on once more no more. Not more than half a mile further on they reached the outskirts of the Christian lines and the guard who after ranking for passes and recognition the two was wholly astonished out of his wits to see them come in a machine, when just recently they had left the same position of the Christian lines on horse back. The Argentine decided after well not to waste his time to go into Pando with the child but decided on having the child taken care of at hand now, and on inquiring they were soon directed to the headquarters of one of the army doctors, and the little girl, who after a brief period of consciousness, had again lapsed into insensibility was placed in the physicians' hands for treatment. Waiter was almost dying with anxiety to ask the little girl some questions which might put him on the track of Violet, and he insists, but the physician forbade his patient being bothered even by an Argentine for the present.

But I will allow you both to talk together this evening," he said, and with this Walter and the Monarch had to be satisfied. The Physician whose name was "powered" a large military hospital nearby for wounded officers and in one of the rooms of this little girl was put to bed and made as comfortable as possible, and a Dr. Gross had to take care of her. As beautifully as she was dressed, the little girl appeared to be as much half starved," said the doctor, and that was weakened her system so much that she cannot resist pain like a healthy person." Walter related how he had found the little girl, and that she was Walter's sister.

W e W h e r e u p o n W a l t e r r e l a t e d h o w h e h a d f o u n d t h e b o d y a n d t h a t i n t h e e v e n i n g h e w i s h e d t o f i n d o u t w h a t h a d h a p p e n e d t o h e r f i r s t .

"What's his name?" asked the doctor.
"She told me in the car that his name was Helen," we joined Ed and was
not slow to notice an odd look pass over the physicians face. It seemed almost
as if the name called up a familiar collection to him.
"He'll be here," said Emma - Vivian, who like Walter,

"Do you know any one by that name?" asked Emperor Mirvian, who like most

had seen the interested expression of the medical man.

"I did a few years ago," was the reply, "but I have no further information. I am sure that if a child can be any relative of hers. After all all over the world Helen is a

common enough name." [redacted] had been diagnosed of and sent away. Penrod, James

After the prisoners had been disposed of and sent away, the state was to try a search elsewhere for a "rod

and him advised violent and he insists on to try a new way of doing

followed by them and the two boys entered another part of the house for the purpose to make sure there was no body around. He suddenly stumbled over something and banged his head against a room wall in the dark. From the shock of the fall his ears rang with the hoarse sound of a hundred waterfalls, and his brain throbbled cruel.

"Oh Pen-rod, Pen-rod" screamed his sisters. "Where are you? What has happened to you?"

"I stumbled over some confounded obstruction on the floor slat but you don't get tripped" he answered. "Better miss the flash, but oh how my head hurts. I must have hit against something hard."

He sat up feeling sick and giddy as one of his sisters managed to turn on her pocket flash light. An almost overwhelming nausea was upon him too, but as two of his sisters bent anxiously over him he overmastered the feeling and with their help rose unsteadily to his feet. The light revealed he had stumbled over a foot stool that had stood across his path. It was the only furniture in the room. "What a handsome looking room," he mused, looking about him by the light of the flash while he grinned at his sisters at which their looks of worry vanished. Also that on the faces of his two friends.

He rubbed his head and grinned some more as he said:

"By the feeling of my head I must have struck against some protection on the floor. The wall I ought to have been dealt a blow for something the way it feels. Ah sisters! and where's Walter Stavitts? Starving?"

"He went with me to the police and didn't return," said Tim. "Well we'll find him later," said Pen-rod, and now my dearest sisters, we must go back to our work of eating the other before they get away. But why in there a strange blue glow coming from your little girls. And how beautiful you look to night eh---what---hullo what's that?"

"Emmie like something burning," said Tim sniffing the air. "The odor of small of the flaming lower floors of the tenement had, in fact penetrated their nostrils, although of course, they didn't dream then for an instant that they were in a fire trap of the worse kind. But suddenly as they stood there trying to collect their wits, they became aware of shouts and cries, and the clanging of bells, and the shrieking of whistles. "There must be a big fire somewhere," said Pen-rod to the others, recognizing the clanging of the bells and the screaming sirens of the fire engines. "Maybe that's what delayed Walter Stavitts. If there is a fire close by, there must soon be a great crowd of boys and girls, scouts and soldiers and people. The other girls and we've all got to get out of this. He crossed hastily to the door followed by his sisters and the two boys. As he flung it open a great cloud of black suffocating smoke struck them a full in the face, almost depriving them of breath. Pen-rod reeled back, Tim slumping the door shut. A thrill of horror ran through his veins and the girls also. "Is can heat beat thickly, but his blood was icy cold."

"The fire is here in his house," he gasped. "And if we don't get out pretty quick, we'll all be roasted alive. Violet and her sisters held their hands to their faces and couldn't repress a scream."

Pen-rod hastily surveyed the room. On one side was a window, it suggested a means of escape other than the door, which was impassable on account of the dense smoke outside. The real fact is, the house that Pen-rod and the others were in had caught fire from the house where the blaze started and the flames had now eaten their way up two flights, and the noises they had heard from the streets were shouts of the fire men fighting the blaze and the rattle of the apparatus as it clattered up. It was indeed a big fire. The first building burning was a four-story affair and half a block long, and a hundred feet wide, and was a perfect furnace inside and the glare in the dark night could be seen for miles. The house Pen-rod and his sisters were in had caught at the lower and upper upper side section and the flames were spreading at a alarming rate, despite the desperate efforts of the fire men to check it, pouring at the fire of that huge house too about ten streams and thirty on the other and more were coming up. Hastily opening the window, Pen-rod and those who could looked out into what at first seemed a black void. The feeble stream of lamp light from the room as Violet had lit a lamp however presently revealed a wall opposite him, flanked with windows. It was a much higher building than the one they were in. One of the windows was immediately across from the casement out of which he was gazing.

The distance across the shaft did not appear to be more than a few feet possibly four or five.

"If we can find only some way of spanning the shaft we will yet save our selves and get out of the building," he said. He cast a rapid glance about the room and so did the rest. It's furniture was scanty enough not to require a very long investigation to itemize it.

There was a small wicket table on which stood the smoky lamp two disreputable chairs and a flowery cot. But none of these seemed to them to be what he wanted. While he still hesitated his sisters again screamed in panic and he knew the reason why for he suddenly felt and heard a crash beneath him. The house shook and Pen-rod knew that this betokened the fall of one of the lower floors. At almost the same instant the panels of the door began to blister and smoke rolled into the room through a crack into the under the portal. And they could all hear distinctly the crackle of the flames and it was suffocatingly hot.

"I must do something and for heavens sake do it quick too" he exclaimed. "But what?" cried Jennie desperately.

He thrust his head out of the window and shouted at the top of his voice, put above the noise and confusion in the street his feeble cries did not travel far. He looked about him despairingly. He really was only concerned for the safety of his sisters and himself his friends, but there was nothing he could do. He alone knew how desperately and feverishly he prayed for help. Was there nothing to save his sisters and himself and the two others from a fiery tomb?

All at once a miracle gave a gleam of hope. From under the dusty blanket on the bed he had just glimpsed the protruding end of a black, narrow but strong looking and of quite a length. It gave him an inspiration and to the surprise of the others, he threw away the coverings of the cot he found that it was formed by placing long strong planks across the stables and any one of these boards was just about the right length, for the purpose to which he designed to put it. His weakness forgotten in his excitement, the boy with the help of Pen-rod quickly lifted the board across the room and thrust it out of the window. It just reached the opposite casement, resting its end on the sill beyond a perilously narrow margin, but it was that own means of escape, the other boards who was forced to go first didn't hesitate an instant to clamber up on the board, and then they began the passage across the shaft. All crossed safely until it was Pen-rod's turn and considerable time had been lost. Before he set out to crawl across his frail bridge he cast a backward glance into the room he was leaving. As he did so the flames burst through the panels of the door and he was conscious of a strong puff of heat like that from the open door of a blast furnace. As he moved along and neared its center while those at the window anxiously watching him the board cracked and bent ominously, it had finally weakened somewhat by the weight of the others who had crawled over it and so too Pen-rod was heavier than all of them. It was thick but not particularly thick, and as said before Pen-rod was no light weight. The cold perspiration stood out on his face as he thought of what would happen if his slender support would snap from under him. He did not know how great a fall he would have, but he as well as his sisters were well convinced that a tumble from the plank would mean death expeditiously and terribly. They prayed desperately and held their breath in terrible suspense. They didn't cry out for fear of disconcerting him and it seemed more of an interminable time than to him before he grasped the other window sill. The boy had just gripped the projecting ledge of stone with his hands when he felt his support drop from under him. The swaying motion imparted to it as he crept across had caused the end that rested on the opposite window to bounce off. The next instant Pen-rod was hanging by his fingertips with space under his feet. He with the help of those of the girls and one boy tried to draw himself up but weakened as he was by his fall, he was unable to do so and worse still he felt his strength fast leaving him. A cold sweat of horror broke out on him, his sisters could hardly suppress a scream and some of them began to whimper and pray. Was he doomed to a terrible death after all?

All at once his foot encountered something. It was a thick water pipe running up the side of the house, and passing close by the window to the sill of which he was clinging with such desperation. If only he could reach that pipe he might be able to save himself yet. The thought put new strength into him. He rapidly weakening grip, and he began slowly and carefully to creep along the sill toward the pipe by moving his hands alternately. It was a fearful strain and any one in less physical condition than he could never have done it. If this had happened to any of his sisters she'd be a goner. As she could never have saved herself. But do it Pen-rod somehow did and at last by reaching came fully out with one hand, he was able to grip the pipe while his sisters giving him plenty of light with his flashes continued to pray hard. Then came the most perilous part of his whole enterprise. He

must desperately hold on to the pipe (the pipe) with one hand while he let go of the wall with the other. And then too there was a chance that the pipe might not be securely fastened and might give way under his weight. But it was no time to hesitate. In fact every second his strength was going from him. With a pained cry on his lips, and his sisters most pleadingly begging him to be careful, Penrod clutched the pipe and made the swing. To this day he cannot tell how it happened, maybe the possession angels of his sisters were with him but he succeeded somehow in landing on the pipe, gripping it firmly with both hands, and finding it was more securely fastened than he had thought it would be. It was the comparatively easy manœuvre for the brave boy prince to draw himself up to the window sill, and with the help of two of his sisters who alone could reach him to scramble over it. He found himself with them now in a cool pitch dark place only faintly lighted by the flames from the hearth across the hearth, though the flames were beginning to be checked by the effect of the firemen, with the help of the flashlight flashlights of two of his sisters he found that he was in a large bare room with an enormous pile of sacks in one corner and along the walls elsewhere a big barrel in three tiers. The place was evidently a storehouse of some kind, but none of the children stopped to investigate much. Instead he followed by his sisters and the two boys crept to a big door and gave the door knob a tug. It refused to yield.

"It's locked," he said, tears almost rising to his eyes in his disappointment. He and the others beat on the portal and shouted, yelled and screamed with all their might, but they feared the flames would spread to this house also. But no answer came. In fact they had known it, they were in a big factory, and which room here was never frequented much by the night watchmen, and no body worked here at night. It was not however in danger of catching as this building was fireproof as they soon saw. At last seeing they were in no danger from the flames across the factory, and tired out by all they had gone through, they desisted from their efforts to attract attention, completely exhausted, he took one of the flashlight which Violet offered him, and followed by them made his way to the pile of sacks. He and they sank down on them noticing they exhaled a pleasant aroma. He wondered what it was. Presently he realized coffee was in the barrels and potatoes in the sacks.

The very hungry if not half starved children and wholly worn out yet did not help themselves to anything for fear it was stolen. Mainly from the heat they were dreadfully thirsty and their mouths and tongues felt dry as lime kilns. Well, wonder that in their next remission they thought they should go mad. Luckily however, nature asserted herself, and the deep sleep of sleep of total fatigue prevented them dwelling on their misfortune.

"It is now time to return to the bedside of little Nell Michaelena Daisybell in the home of James A. and Mrs. to whom she had been brought by Penrod after Walter Starling had rescued her from the Glandelinians. Is it not a boy and girl scouts had not played any trick about the fence, or sign as the road had been out of order and it had been suicide to disregard the signs. While the two others had gone down the road a ways to see whether it was true or not, from a cross road, Walter Starling, and his followers had suddenly come upon the lone Glandelinian spy with the little girl. He had called for help at the sight of them, but it had been useless to resist and it was surprising that he had not been killed as boy and girl scouts don't usually give quarter to those though they can if they want to.

He and the little girl had been seized at first as a Glandelinian spy and she as his tool of decoy. Walter then with his gang joined Penrod's column and Penrod recognized the little girl as the one he was after, and told Starling all about her, and then she had been brought to his headquarters, the place where taken away some while ago. It was now evening and Walter Starling, as he had promised had returned to hear little Nell's story and see what light she could throw on whom the Glandelinians were who had stolen her or captured her and what she knew of Abbeinn and the disaster.

Walter returned alone, Empereur Vivian having closed a very urgent telephone message on the way returning to camp, which commanded his presence at his council hall that evening. It had something about the news that Irene Mylette was pressing his advance, and that Pando was in disguise. Irene Mylette was riding out alone to see the little girl who so strangely knew Penrod and have a chat with her. He found the little girl sitting up in bed much better thanks to Empereur Vivian's family doctor and his kind ministrations, and eager to see his friend. After first greetings had been exchanged, on her part a rather shyly as he was dressed so dignifiedly, the little girl lost no time in plunging into her story.

From her very country home where she had been visiting her Uncle she had been surprised by these spies in a field where she had been cleaning her Uncle's potato patch and had been carried off. They had kidnapped her because one of them thought pictures of her had been known and known what she knew concerning the secrets of the Abbeinn disaster. At any rate she had been thrown on the ground and hurried off down a wood road, which joined the main thoroughfare further on. Terrified half to death by the men's threats to kill her if she made an outcry, the poor little girl told how they had first taken her to a room in an old rookery in the city first which it appeared was used as a rendezvous for hard Glandelinian spies and other agents. Walter who had been warned by the doctor not to excite the little patient, thought it best to let the little girl tell her story in her own way, and therefore did not put any questions or tell her anything regarding the fact that Penrod and his sisters were missing. In fact yet she did not know Penrod was a prince. It can be imagined then with what a cruel shock he heard of the little girl's tale and Penrod caught and trapped in the burning building, and wondered how Nell had heard or learned of that. He sank his head in his hands, quite unable to speak for some moments. So that accounted why they were missing.

As he knew from what the Glandelinian members had told him that morning, that several buildings had been gutted by the fire, he found it almost impossible to cherish a hope that somehow Penrod and his sisters might have been saved. When he grew calmer little Nell went on with her narrative.

It appeared that after the men who had captured her left the city they made their way directly to the roads, and during their passage down the road she had been given no opportunity to appeal to passers-by. The travelers' threats of what would happen to her if she did alarm him too far had scared her enough but she had nevertheless disobeyed the men's command to keep quiet. That morning first had been spent by the spies being in active work of some sort. At any rate Nell said the man called Jake had gone out early, after writing several letters in a sort of shed in the country. As he left to post one some where he had dropped one unnoticed and as his attention happened to be clever she had by some trick distracted the man's attention, and had picked it up unseen by him. All that morning and early part of the afternoon were spent in the stable and then after the man's return, they took their horses out and she was forcibly mounted on one of them, she dared not offer any opposition and soon the tripping the city back streets were soon riding out of the city and riding along a country road. They came to a place where there was a bridge.

"It was here," she said, "that that good fortune boy scout I met in Abbeinn suddenly came upon us with a party of those boy and girl scouts I read about. Of course they escaped him, and his party, though none of him was shot and killed. As they met the other one then called Ralph I heard them say they were going to some place up the creek that the bridge crossed. But they were soon stopped by the sign of the road crossed for a while and two of them leaving one man to guard me so I wouldn't escape, went off to see if the sign was telling the truth as they suspected a trick.

Well they were gone for some time, and I guess it was that sharp bend in the other road that prevented him from seeing you and your party coming. Of course you came suddenly upon us and were riding fast. He tried to escape by urging the horses forward, but they were right around us at once and you know the rest. I never saw a man so scared before and he didn't fight either."

"It cleared up many points which had been enigmas. And to think he exclaimed most bitterly that it was not so very long before that that those Glandelinian soldiers made off up the creek with a little boy. Oh if we could have only caught them. But whom is the little prince you met in the city of Abbeinn?"

"It was your friend Penrod."

"Penrod? What makes you think he is a prince?"

"Because he can speak English."

"Do you know who Violet and her sisters are?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "They are Empereur Vivian's daughters."

"And Penrod is their brother Nell."

Nell's eyes opened wide in awe and surprise at hearing this.

"Nell's eyes opened wide in awe and surprise at hearing this."

"Penrod a Prince, Empereur Vivian's son? Why I thought---- thought----"

"Yes indeed, the boy you was so good to in Abbeinn is Prince Penrod Vivian."

"The youngest son of the Empereur."

So a moment she couldn't think of saying anything.

"And he would go to the bottom and peril to try and rescue me. I knew the princesses were with him for," recognized them through pictures I saw.

My poor but they were so pretty, but I couldn't see how they looked with

their names drawn. They meant to play the game all night. 566
 I was scared even of them at first."
 For a moment she was quiet.
 "Why don't you look at that letter I picked up?" she suggested presently.
 This was a surprise to Walter. In his grief of the supposed fate of Violet and her sisters and the brother he had forgotten all about the letter which little Nell had mentioned.
 "That is right. I had forgotten you had it," he said. "It may give us a clue. Where is it?"
 "In the pocket of my jacket. It's hanging up over the door on that hook."
 Walter lost no time in getting the message from the garment. Nell indicated. It was addressed in what was clearly meant to be a disguised hand to General John Jackson Manley, P. O. Box, Creek. Walter took the envelope open eagerly. Inside was a single sheet of paper covered with the same print writing that was on the envelope showing he either did not know much about handling a typewriter or wrote that way to disguise it. The note was brief and very much to the point.

"Unsuccessful Christian dog, gliscent spies captured the omnibus. Have also got goil who knows something about the Abbeign disaste."

J. D.K

"Phew. I should say that does give us a clue," gasped Walter, having read the note, "but it does not give us any line on poor Penrod and his good little brave sisters, and I'd rather have that than anything else. Hold on though. If we can find those other men and cause their arrest that will help us to trace the royal children. I'll get on the job now and notify all the gliscent leaders at once. I wish—"
 But just then the recollection of the probable fate of Violet and her sisters and Penrod, swept over the lad again and poor Walter fairly broke down. In the midst of his collapse Mr. Andrews James father came into the room. He had not heard anything of the fire disaster, his face however was radiant and it was possible that he was excited.
 "Some one wants to talk to you on the phone Walter," he said kindly.
 "To me?" exclaimed Walter, looking amazed.
 "Yes, somebody at Central is Street. The call is from Gemini Headquarters." Graciously wondering who could be calling him, except the Gemini, Walter hastened to the phone, which was in the same room where little Nell lay.
 "Hello," explained Walter, picking up the receiver. "Who is it. Princess Violet?"
 "What? Oh Violet? Oh Violet, and she and her sisters are all right."

And Violet indeed it was speaking on the phone. The sound of her voice brought into Walter's heart the most joyous feeling he had ever known. Little Nell's delight he fairly skilled about with excitement as Violet Violet grabbed the receiver and spoke rapidly. Graciously to the point told him of the escape of herself and brother and sisters and the two boys from the burning building, and how the next day, they had been discovered more dead than alive by the men in the factory.

"The work women," she said over the phone. "Must have found us all in a swoon or something, for when we awoke we found ourselves in an emergency hospital where the necessities and stimulants had been administered to us. The Head Doctor of the Hospital Walter then tried to communicate with father when he learned who we were, but father must not be home, and also then the doctor called up at Jack Evans own headquarters, but through the error of one of his aides, the message had not been transmitted properly to his headquarters. We therefore got there and found he was not home, the doctor having found we were all right and dismissed us. We had Evans sent for and when he reached his headquarters two hours after our arrival in response to our summons, he was amazed when we greeted him, and in fact he had not known we were missing as nobody had yet told him so, you can imagine Walter. But his blank amazement when we told him of our narrow escape from the fire. Come to Evans headquarters as soon as possible Walter. Penrod wants to see you. We are somewhat shaken up but we are better now."

"I'll be over right away," said Walter.
 Little Nell's pretty face lighted up wonderfully at the glorious news. In spite of Mr. Andrews urgent request to him to stay and have some refreshment, Walter insisted that Violet had told him to come as soon as possible and that he must get to Evans headquarters without delay. Too he was crazy with impatience to get the little Nell had so cleverly picked up into the hands of the proper authorities and so he placed it in the safe, and how

anxious he was to clasp the hand of the three famous boys again, and hug Violet and her sisters. Ten minutes Walter was off on one of the most pleasant trips of his life; shortly before he had hardly dared to hope that the royal children had escaped from the flames alive. He promised to return to the town in the morning. As Mr. Andrews said good bye he added:

"By the way I think I shall have something remarkable to tell you ere long about this little Nell Daisy Bell. She is not by any means what you think she is. I know her parents well."

"With which puzzling words Walter had to be content, for even if the man would have told more than Walter was more anxious to see Violet and her sisters than wait to hear anything."

"What a wonderful day this has been," mused Walter, as he sped along the road along the street on his fastest horse. So intent was he on his pleasant thoughts that he was quite startled when suddenly from under a street light there stepped a tall human figure. Walter turned out of the path quickly or avoid having his horse trample him down. But as he did so he heard himself hailed in a sharp voice:

"Hi kid."

"Well what in the world is it?" demanded Walter.

"Will you please give me and my little daughter a ride two days home. I am too far and my child is sick."

"Now at any other time Walter would have refused such a request, for because of the war hold up of horses men were frequent by Glandelinian spies. But at the moment he felt so joyous and at peace with all the world that he stopped the horse and told the man to put the child on.

The man did so, and then got on behind Walter. They had just started, when two men on horseback galloped upon from the rear, and another in front.

"The whole three of you are going with us," came the startling words. "Our own confounded animal around and go where we tell you. So the brat is sick. Well when we get through with the brat she'll never need to be sick."

The command was enforced by the pressure of something cold to the back of Walter's neck. If it was not for the man and his sick child Walter would have made resistance in spite of this, for even if one pointed a gun at him, Walter was such, and so strong even though a lad, that what was two men to him, but to do so would endanger the other two. The man who had uttered the command to turn about he recognized by his voice. It sounded like the "Mutt" fellow.

Indeed Walter did more than a pig thinking (if you could call it a pig like thinking) then he had ever done in his life before. Little by little he blamed himself too, for halting the horse at the request of the man with the child, for they being on the horse hindered any purpose of his fighting the two men with drawn sabres. If only he had not done that, how different things might have been, but Walter was not the sort of man to waste time in vain regrets. He really

He realized plainly enough that he was in the power of two Glandelinian secret spies a more other who had made them so much trouble, and that in the event of offering any resistance with the two on the horse even if he might win, they would be in the path of the blows from the enemy's weapons too. But he was not of the surrendering kind either, he'd prefer death to even giving himself up, and so he was decided not to do so under any condition. He therefore also decided to bide his time and to await the coming of some more favorable turn in his fortune.

"Come on, turn your horse around and look slippery now," growled the man who had spoken before emphasizing his order by an unpleasant click of the trigger of his weapon.

"I don't care what you do. I won't surrender to you," said Walter. "Kill me if you want to. I won't obey you!"
 "Oh you won't eh?" and suddenly it seemed as if a rope of some kind had ended Walter and his arms were held tight so he couldn't fight back, and then two started ahead, pulling his horse along after him.

"Where are you taking me? Hell taking me?" demanded Walter.
 "None of your business you Christian dog. Here you with the kid. Get off that horse quick and beat it. We don't want you. Get off quick."
 They obeyed with speed indeed glad to escape so easily. As the three then went on ward, Walter inwardly hoped and prayed that they would meet with a squad of soldiers or boy and gliscent some where along the way, that they were going, and in such a case he determined to appeal for aid, cost what it might. He knew that the city road a long side this wide street was a well traveled one and decided that if he had only had a decent portion of luck, they might meet with a party of cavalry or something something.

"Now let's go ahead quick. Fast too," came the order of the man to his companion, as they were turned about. The party then started up at a fast pace as fast as they thought was prudent. All this time the boy was kept covered by the two men. They rode straight on for a mile or so without encountering a single person. At last they reached a point where no more road was out but a new cross at the beginning.

"Turn off here James," the other man ordered, and their course was changed, and he could see that there was a dark row of tall wide trees on each side of this street the branches being so extensive that they met in a thick leafy roof overhead. It was like driving through a leafy tunnel. But Walter just then was not paying much attention to any scene of right when he was in this position. All he realized was that in the very moment when a way out of all their difficulties seemed to have been found, things had lapsed back into as bad a state as ever. He wondered how these Glandelinians had happened along the city road, and how they knew he would be coming along it. As a matter of fact neither of them had any idea that the horse man hailed by the two men with the sick child was Walter until they heard his voice. Then the leader's plans were made in a flash. The two men had been on their way to the place when Walter came along. His advent had made a change in their plans.

The trees were getting better and higher gradually and at last they reached a spot where they did not want to go any further with the horses.

"All right," said the leader. "That is as far as we dare go with the horses. We will have to hoof it the rest of the way. Get off your horses and come on."

He was taken off the horse and the leader's companion produced an electric flash light. Guided by this the party set out once more, Walter in advance one man holding one end of the rope that encircled him. As they proceeded it suddenly flashed across Walter's mind that the men were taking him to one of their hiding places. Little did he dream it wasn't, but just now a place chosen this night for their shelter, and my God, little did they know how fearfully it was possessed by evil spirits, a place where violet and he sisters brave as they are would have fled from in panic.

"Well at any rate I may find a chance to get on the track of these piee Confederates," he thought as they still pushed forward. All at once though the trees the white outline of a huge house loomed up in ghostly fashion. Walter guessed that it must be the headquarters of the spies. Then suddenly dawned on him that little Nell had picked up. He wished now that he did not have it on his person. If the man should see him for a weapon they might have a clue as to the whereabouts of little Nell.

The house, as well as Walter could see in the moonlight was somewhat like the old colonial type, but of Abbeennian build, with twenty great gaunt pillars supporting the ground (not round) story. However he had not much time to pay attention to details before the men hustled him around to the main entrance door, which one of them showed open. It led into a big entrance hall, and through what had evidently been the kitchen. The building was not at all old and everything was in good condition, and everything within was clean no dust or cobwebs anywhere as the boy had expected and Walter saw that who ever occupied it was only away for a short time. It could not seem to be any ideal place for Glandelinian spies to haunt it. They passed through the lower glass

and up a flight of stairs into a huge and gloomy main entrance hall with big doorways leading from it, and a grand staircase at one end of it. The rays of the electric light which shone on gilding and white painted wood work. It was evident that who ever had owned the house had been careful to keep it clean and polished for everything was sparkling and span. Then then it was for some reason a very melancholy place, rendered doubly so by the conditions of which the building was in, and that was being "possessed." Now it got to be so no one knew but the Glandelinian was blamed for it and that it was believed the devils were doing things to disconcert the Christian cause.

Turning turning to the left, the man who was the head and whose name was Ricken Picken entered one of the rooms which opened upon the great hall. A huge glass chandelier at least three of them hung from the ceiling and the evidences of Abbeennian golems remained in all the house did not appear as if there was anything wrong inside, but the wall paper was most luxuriously designed with beautifully colored flowers and other designs, but such a noise did they hear as if from running and squeaking wheels that Ricken's partner started and almost dropped his light.

"What in the hell is the matter with you?" growled Ricken in no unbecoming tones.

"Why the one confounded rat gave me a start."

"You're some brave man like a noblewoman eh?" sneered Ricken.

"Afraid of rats."

"It's not that. I thought they were ghosts at first."

"Yeah. The only spirits round here come out of a whiskey bottle." said Ricken.

Ricken in a reckless tone. "There is nothing the matter with this house. Ghosts are not existing."

"But they do say that there is something peculiar about the place, that is why the people who lived here moved away," said his companion with a slight shudder. "And with this kid here -- ha -- what was that?"

He stared nervously about him and something in a distant part of the house creaked and rattled and one of the chandeliers moved mysteriously.

"It's nothing but a loose shutter as it is mighty windy and hot outside, or some of those confounded rats," was the growling reply of Ricken. "Come on."

Bringing the boy into the back room where we can be more comfortable. The other man smiling by name, still showing signs of nervousness advanced with Walter and they passed out of the big drawing room of the mansion into a small, small chamber. Walter himself thought surely he had seen a big

dresser suddenly move into a new place by itself. In the smaller room were a table and two chairs, a large handsome cot, and the remains of a man on the table. A big lighted lamp also stood on that piece of furniture, and Ricken lit it.

"How then you get on?" he demanded, flinging himself into a chair where were those Vivian girl centepedes who stole from us that Hell beat -- and and the wild cat brother Penrod."

"This was the question which Walter had been dreading, but he assumed a bold front and also foolish ignorance.

"I don't know anything about centepedes and wild cats," he retorted. "I have nothing to do with insects and cats."

"I mean where are the Vivian girl Princesses. I mean where are they I mean I mean?"

"Ask that wall over there to tell you!" said Walter. "Remember no confessions!"

A black look passed over Ricken's face. "His lips clean shaven compressed in a thin line.

"Oh you won't tell me, and expect the wall to tell me. Well maybe we can find a way to make you."

"What do you want to know for, for you cannot capture them any way!" demanded Walter with a boldness more than he was wont of having.

"Because they are in the way of Glandelinia, and if we kill or capture them we are going to achieve great honor and get a good pile of money besides."

"That would settle the matter," declared Walter with seeming reverence. "If my life depends on causing the destruction I don't intend to

say, but in fact I don't intend to reveal any of their hiding places."

Now Walter was wondering over the mystery that seemed to have injected itself into the case of little Nell paley bell. At Mr. Anderson had hinted at some secret, then there was the letter with its vague allusion, and now this spy Ricken seemed to have some knowledge of the girl. Ricken

thought a moment, drumming the table with his fingers as if meditating.

"Do you mean to say that you and some other meddling jackanapes did not pick the little brat out of the creek where we left her?" he asked presently.

Walter was a shrewd lad, and saw by the manner that he was to use a slang to Ricken fishing. He therefore shook his head for he didn't pick

little Nell from the creek. It was some other little girl who really he found out had died from those injuries after all.

"I don't know what you are talking about," he said. "But I can tell you this, the whole army of boy and girl lacote are on the track of all of you on the charge of abducting violet and he sister's whether you did or not."

A swift look of alarm passed Ricken's face. The dangerous boy and girl scouts on their track, good heavens, is companions hand which he had seized to

light a cigarette shook violently. Walter saw he had scared the man but he had told the truth for all were scouting every place for only staring

he had about the floor. He was the more determined to follow up his advantage. But Ricken interrupted him.

"Why what do you know?" he began when the other came a startling interruption. "Some where a door slammed and the window in the room which was closed and even tightly locked, suddenly unlocked as if by invisible hands, and came up wide open. Then there was the sound of stealthy but swift

foot steps creeping rapidly toward the still stairway. Ricken's partner started up in wild-eyed terror.

"What is it?" he gasped. "What is it. My heavens look at the wall. It's assuming a form of a terrible face and leaving."

Walter himself was comically startled for the manifestation was absolutely there and no optical illusion. He knew at once. They were in a possessed house. Ricken turned pale and another window slammed upon the top and the door of the room opened and shut by itself.

"I-----I-----I-----I----- don't know---" he stammered. "Huh---huh---huh---k?" They listened hardly daring to breathe, though when Walter crossed himself the he would slight to him on the wall suddenly disappeared. The time the place, and the strange stories that clustered about the place, all combined to make the phenomena and the interruption an alarming one. "It's-----It's a ghost---" he stammered, "ghost---" stammered Wringly his teeth chattering.

"Don't be a confounded fool," hissed Rickson. "There ain't no such thing. It's a rat or a snake."

A fearful tumult of uneasy yells suddenly broke the breathless silence, and some of the yells were even in the very room. It rang through the deserted house in a way to make the blood run cold.

Walter could stand no more. With one bound he cleared the table, knocking over the lamp as he did so. Instantly the light was extinguished plunging the place into total darkness. The scream was still continuing more loudly and frightfully full of agony and distress like the damned suffering in hell in dreadful torment. Van Rickson's own voice gave way. With the yells came screams and screams continuing he plunged forward with a frightened shriek of his own added to the din and collided with a large old fashioned window that opened into the room, and plunged clean through the frame, with a crash of glass and splintering of wood. Walter couldn't help it he felt his scalp tighten with terror, and his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. He had desperately worked himself loose from the rope and pulled out in a large crouch crouching which he always carried with him for the Glandelinians had forgotten to take anything away from him. He could not however stir from the spot as he heard those fearful steps drawing close and close. All at once as he stood stock still his heart pounding till it shook his frame some thing happened that changed him from inaction into wild panic. From the front the direction in which he judged that the door leading from the large room into the small one must lie there suddenly appeared a black something of unusual height and broad shape moving and crouching forward. With a cry of fear Walter dashed off into the darkness. In his panic he did not know where he ran when finally he got outside of the building and into the road. Then as he sped along he could hear the swift pit-pat-pat of pursuing foot steps. All at once as he continued to run, the ground seemed to subside under his feet, and he felt himself falling-----falling forward into space.

In his headquarters not far from Podgla within the fox lines, overlooking the wild river with its bustle of enemy water traffic full of soldiers, sat general John Manley, the man to whom Jake's message had been addressed--a message that as we know he had not received. General Manley does not need any description. On the door of general Manley's headquarters room was painted the word "private." Without this screened off sanctum was a busy room full of officers and their stenographers for military correspondence. On the door of this outer office appeared the words "General offices of the military department." General Manley chief of the Chief commander. At the precise moment that we are looking into the offices of his headquarters, a man whom we have never seen before--to wit Josh Sawden shoved his way and essayed to continue to shove his way, past an office boy, who however held up the man at the rail behind which were the desks of the stenographers and others afore said. Mr. Sawden appeared to be out of temper. He never had a good temper in the first place. Seeing that it was invalid for him to try to get past the boy without sending in his name, he hastily wrote on a piece of paper

"Through your chief little enemies the Vivian Girls and their brothers and a squad of boy and girl scouts the little brat Nell had been rescued. Must see you at once, Sawden."

He folded this, and handed it to the boy, telling him to take it into general Manley's and look slippy. Then Mr. Sawden adjusted his diamond at which the stenographers had been gazing in awe, and awaited the great man's summons. It came quickly.

"The general says you are to come right in," said the office boy on his return with a great deal more respect in his tone than he had used before to the man. Sawden lost no time in obeying this injucious injunction. As soon as he was inside the private office, general Manley motioned him to a chair.

"What the dickens is the meaning of all this?" he demanded with a lowering brow indicating the man's scowl.

"It's plain enough ain't it?" he joined in Sawden. "The brats have been rescued by girl and boy scouts under the Vivian Girls."

"And I paid you to see that she was brought here to me, and that every one through agents within the Christian lines were to be kept in ignorance of anything but the fact that she was a child slave," thundered

the general. "How did this thing happen? Let the Vivian Girls bring at a get the best of you too?"

"Well what are you going to do when a big bunch of little brats in uniform come along on horse back, and capture her and the fellow with her right before your very eyes?" protested Sawden, mopping his brow for it was hot in the place.

"Stop yawning and tell me what happened," demanded general Manley angrily.

"Just this," he joined Sawden. "he was kidnapped and the man with her by a column of boy and girl scouts under Walter Starling." and he went on to explain to Manley, how it happened. And he concluded, "not one of us have had a chance to get hold of the little brat again, for they took her to the home of a guy called Jack Ambrose Evans, or something like that, and then--"

"Hold on," demanded Manley angrily, but with a note of eagerness in his voice. "This man Jack Evans as you call him, we generals all know him--he lives some where in Pando--"

"That's the trick."

"He's the guardian of those little girl demons the Vivian Princesses. He has his headquarters in Pando--" he he-ot not. He is a sort of an inventor--against us isn't he?"

"Well He and those boy and girl scout kids invented a way of getting that kid away from us all right, all right, just because their brother Penrod knows the little brat and is her friend."

"Well where is the little brat now?"

"In Pando, I guess," learned later that that is where those kid soldiers were headed for--when we passed on the road. They are dangerous to tackle and strong bodies of Glandelinian cavalry runs from them, but they have that little Nell hidden else any of our spies would have got her back all right. It is said that any one once rescued by those boy and girl scouts cannot never be taken again. It was said of that child slave brat Jannie, and not only has not been retaken but no one even knows where she is."

"A nice mess you have made of it," growled Manley angrily. "You should not have let those dangerous boy and girl scouts see her. You are right, you'll never get her again. Well!" he demanded, looking up as the office boy tapped timidly and then opened the door.

"Here's a general Huebaum you brother to see you your excellency," he announced.

"Good," exclaimed Manley. "Show him in. Sawden you'll have to step outside for awhile."

The spy obeyed. He evidently stood in considerable awe of general Manley, and showed no hesitation in carrying out the order. As he stepped out a man of the same dignified appearance as Manley stepped in. The new comer was general Huebaum Manley, the brother of John Manley. He was as we all know a bearded man as tall as John but more handsome looking but with the facial expression of a fox, a sharp shrewd inquisitive manner and a general air of dignification. As the door closed he gave his brother a crisp nod and then asked sharply:

"Any news from Pando--"

"None from the Christian lines. I don't know whether the spies I sent succeeded in getting a line on General Vivian's intentions or not, but I've just heard some bad news from that fellow you passed."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Sawden. He's the spy who had his confederates capture that little Nell Brat. He has just come in to tell me that the brats gone and curiously enough the people who have taken her are in some way connected with the Vivian girls, who are aiding general Vivian and their father as well."

"Phew. That's odd indeed. But that brat Nell is your personal affair, what I come to see you about in this, we've got to get general Vivian out of this territory of Podgla or we are in a hole we won't get out of. Where's Vivian advancing a portion of his army in that direction?"

"I know that just as well as you," said general Manley gloomily. "I sent to Father to advance his armies but he's too confounded slow. From what I've heard general Vivian is in a position that no one can be ousted from and he's got some sort of a gun device that ours as well as the Abbeianian governments are looking for. We know it's not patented yet and if only Jake and Adcliff succeed--"

"You haven't you have not heard from them yet?"

"Not a word, but they are reliable men and if it is possible to get hold of General Vivian's models or papers they will accomplish it."

"Look he's John" struck in the fox faced Huebaum Manley. "Do you know where he is to find you men in Pando--"

"Yes I can lay my finger on them at any time!" (oh Yeah)

"All right then you go to Pando. A you yourself at once. Take Sawden with you."

If mine and you and other vast Gardelinian armies are going to keep their heads above water, we've got to get the best of general Viviananna before Empereor Vivian throws in his own forces, and in this emergency forget that strange invention and give him battle at porinda. Get Mylertze to help you if Father is so slow paky in coming. We could never depend on him to help us. I'll tell him a thing or two when he comes. Viviananna won't retreat, so it is fast to drive him from his works by trickery if we can. Are you able to start for Pandorat once?"

"Yes. Yes right away practically. I agree with you that something must be done and done quick too."

And so it came about that half an hour later Manley and Lawden were sitting in disguise in a New Bedford and Pando - a rail road - rail road coach bound for Pando ra. As the train flew along Manley idly asked Lawden how his own pretended circus he had set up to fool Christian spies was getting along. "It ain't getting along at all," was the guff - re joice - re joice. Those confounded Christian boy and girls - coute - added the circus, and burned our tents and killed our wild animals and captured all the actors, because we sent that confounded girl they rescued in mid air - in a balloon. It seems we have had no luck after that girl Nell got rescued from us. It had been bad enough before that. Then we lost that big Lion Leo. He was a big drawing card, but the scouts captured the cage wagon, and sent it to a Park in Pando ra."

"So you was the only one who escaped the raid of those fierce boy and girls - coute?"

GI: "Accounts?"
 "Yes just duk ducked right out when the attacking parties came led by that confounded Penrod Prince. Guess my performance was a score bunch when they found that I'd left them in the lurch, when the attack came, but it couldn't be helped. They were only performers, I'm a spy and got to do my work for the glandelinian government, not what about this girl Nell Daisy Bell as she's called. You could know in a general way that she knows a lot about the cause of the great Abbelemnian or Abbeieenn disaster, and something that you don't want to see get into possession of the christian generals!"
 "Knows something about the Abbeieenn flood?" said Hanley with a sneering and sneering laugh. "She's got the orders I got concerning the disaster in her possession for she spied and swiped it on me, and confounded it she happened to be the only one who happened to get it, through many others tried hard."

As luck would have it White's wall was not a long one, but nevertheless he was bruised and shaken by it. Had it not been for the fact that he had tumbled into what underground near the house had been an old wine cellar that was floored with soft mould he might either have been killed or injured with a rather serious injury. As it was however his tumble through the open trap door which in the darkness he had not noticed in his haste to escape from the possessed house resulted in no injury to the lad though it was quite a fifteen foot fall. Suddenly he heard himself hailed from above.

"Say you kid, what's the trouble."

"Say you kid, what's the trouble?"

"I've fallen into a hole of some kind." He joined the boy much astonished

astonished at hearing the voice, which was not an unfriendly one.

"Yes and I came mighty near following you. Wait untill I get a light from

own house yonder and I'll see what I can mead to get you out of your

trouble."

trouble." "How I wonder who on earth that can be," thought Walter, as he heard the one who had addressed him retreating across the street. "Could he have heard the screeches in the possessed house and seen me come out of it?" Before long the man was back with a lantern which he had lighted in his house. As he held it over the edge of the trap door, though which Walter had tumbled the boy gave a start. The man's face was painted white, and he had on a suit of loose white material with funny looking black miles stenciled all over it. The men peering over the edge of the hole saw the look of astonishment on Walter's face, and broke into a laugh.

astonishment on Wilfers' face, and broke into a laugh.
"I'll bet you are wondering what under the heavens sort of a chap
I am," he said. "Well I'm a Christian episcopite disguised as a clown and I was with
that make believe show of awakens, but the boys and girls - I don't know - raided us
and to escape them we dressed up as clowns and dug out with everything
He's even took our clothes and I had to make a shift in this rig. They
captured me too but when I proved who I am they - released me. And this I have
on is all I have."

"On is all I have."
"Oh said Walter greatly relieved...."How come you knew I fell in the hole?"
"I heard all the noise in that possessed house, and saw you run out of
there. That in the world was you doing in there lad! I thought you had more
common sense than to go into that building. It's ~~even~~ against the law on account
of its condition."

"Help me out M-r and I'll enlighten you on the matter."

"Help me out Mr. and I'll enlighten you on the matter."
"Sure. I look there is a so to ladder over there. Climb out and I'll
tell you how, came to be here before you tell me you're, and then you can
tell me something about you're self."

waiter lost no time in clambering up the rough contrivance for getting in and out of the wine cellar. Then he followed his newly found friend to his house on the ground floor into a magnificently furnished room.

house on the ground floor into a magnificent furnished room. "You were a fugitive from some one," said the man, "no doubt unintentionally those evil spirits of that house yonder got you out of quite a scrap or scrape didn't they?" and the man regarded the boy in uniform with a quizzical sort of look."

"I should say you're joined the boy." "If it had not unintentionally been for the demons I don't know what would have happened to me. I'm surprised surprised those wascally spies will not be possessed themselves now since they were in that place, but they almost scared the life out of me too." He added truthfully.

"Then he told the man what had happened to him.
"The noise from the house woke me," said the man. "I opened my window and listened with my ears wide open, and what I heard showed me mighty quick the two fellows who may be spies and who had been carrying off some bit of military material - sexuality was - were running from the house like sheep panic, and then a moment you later came out and fell in the pit, that ever the ~~the~~ evil spirits were it certainly worked."

"It certainly did" laughed Walter, "but it scared me as badly as it did the bad spy men, almost."

"Well it's hard to please every body as the feller said when they kicked at his carry ing limbu-ga-cheese on the street caput now tell us what you a-re doing he-a-o sonny."

Then Walter told him as much of his adventures as he thought advisable, when he had finished the clown exclaimed:

"So you a-re one of the child scouts that rescued that little girl from the ballett ballroom."

"And you are too the leader of the boy s who captu captu red Nell?"
 "Well at first not knowing it it was considere d a captu red prize untill
 Prince Penrod identified and claimed her You mean Nell Daisy Bell do you?"
 inquired Walt Waite

"Yea,

"What were the Glandelinians going to do to that pretty black haired child slave?"

"child slave?"

"child slave" nothing. Her name is Nell Anna Daisybell, and if she was questioned she would tell you and others things about AbbieAnn and the disaste. and show you papers too that would even make the eyes of the Princesses pop out of their heads in surprise."

"What do you mean?" asked Walter with a curious sense that the name of Hallie Daisy Hall was familiar to him somehow.

"Just this, and for the sake of our Country's cause, and for the princess's sake I don't mind telling about it, that little Nail be before she done this was stolen from her country home, by the Glandelinian cavalry under Colonel Melville about twenty to the count, under General Hanley."

Stenson and brought to the camps under general Manley.
"Why he's the general who's trying to steal the plans and invention of
general Vivikhanha," exclaimed Walter.
"I don't know anything about any general invention," said the make-believe
clown, "at this I know. I'm that kids father and I'm going to tell you what
I can about that good kid of mine. He's got plenty of information to give to
Emperor Vivikhan--and I don't care if Manley knows it. He can't get her no
how since you captured her."

"How did you find this out?" asked Walter eagerly.
"Why I was in disguise in Manley's head quarters on the night that the kid was brought in to Manley. Manley gave the colonel a big sum of money for his services and then he hoped to keep her where no one would know."

was brought in to Manley. Manley gave the Colonel the information that he had captured my little girl, and Manley hoped to keep her where no one would know where she was. Then some how she must have overheard some strange conversation among the Glandelinian Generals, and as there was an easy chance to grab the girl, he decided to resist the temptation and did so. He had them all

among the Glandelinian Generals, and as the
the papers she couldn't resist the temptation and did so. He had them all
the time on her son even when the spies were taking her to General
Fede - ails army and they did not know it. Manley suspected some Christian
Fede - ails army and they did not know it. Manley suspected some Christian

[illegible]

"But had not the little girl any friends?" asked Walter.
"A girl like she has many friends so I heard but particularly I heard

them talking about a general foreign name--" "Wasn't the name general Kinds--" asked Walter-- "re collecting the mysterious hint about Nell which Mr. Andrews had thrown out...."

"Yes that was the name sure enough. It seems that this great general Kinds-nine has great plans of his own or something, but Henry said he'd been satisfied if the little girl was put to death by burning at the stake." Walter wondered greatly how it was that Mr. Andrews could have had the suspicion--which he evidently had--that little Nell had accomplished something that no Christian spy had even dared to undertake, but he was not to find this out until later. After some more discussion of little Nell's strange history, and Walter wondering how Penrod came to be acquainted with her in Abbeism, the lad suggested that they should go out and try to find his horse and ride at once for Emperor-Vivian's headquarters, but his new found friend, whose name was Richard Daisy Bell pointed out that in such a darkness on this night had, they would have a hard job to find the horse, and might get lost into the bargain.

"My idea would be to wait until daylight," he said. "In the meantime I'll get my wife to get us something to eat. Then we can take a nap until it gets light..."

Walter agreed to this and soon there was a good hot supper on the table. But Walter almost lost all interest in the supper when the man showed him something which little Nell had sent him. As the boy saw it he gave a cry of joy and he eagerly investigated the discovery. It was some plan of Abbeism. As Walter clasped it, and then fell to gathering up the plans he was fully burning over with joy.

"I say I've got what Violet and her sisters no at all prayed for," he kept gleefully repeating. "How they can go ahead and indict Glandelinia and prove she is the guilty one."

Richard Daisy Bell seemed as joyous as the boy over the discovery. "That possessed house certainly brought good luck all around," he said. As he spoke a noise behind them made them look around. Walter almost uttered a cry as he found himself looking straight in the muzzle of a revolver held by a Glandelinian spy. Another had Richard similarly covered.

"You began crowing too soon my young master," sneered the man with a contemptuous smile. "Now just hand over those plans, and hurry up about it quick too. Walter instead of obeying sprang like a wild cat his two hands as quick as lightning grasping the hand of each man that held the two of course Walter was only a lad but it was surprising to know the strength he had. He held each wrist in such a vise like grip that the two fellows yelled in pain and dropped the guns. Then Richard sprang in and the fellows were securely bound by a rope, rope soldiers called and the revengeful soldiers were taken away. It was the same two men too who had surprised him on the horse. They had been two to one this time to say against Walter but what was they to do when he leaped and grasped their gun hand wrists. It was a bitter thing to have to acknowledge, but the boy had triumphed. Silently and with flashing angry eyes they glanced at the boy as they were carried away. They had to admit they were beaten, badly beaten too, and by a boy.

Emperor-Vivian was standing on the porch of James Andrews home the next morning, and Jack Evans was with him. By his right side was little Nell pale and a bit shaky from her trying experience with the Glandelinians but with a more happy and glad look on her pretty face. The news of the safety of the Vivian girls and Penrod had heartened her up immensely. All at once a street car stopped near the very house, and two boys and seven little girls whom they recognized as Violet and her sisters and Penrod and James got off.

"I wonder where Walter is?" questioned Evans, and Nell looked up at him. Violet and her sisters were the first to enter the yard followed by the two boys. The next minute after greetings had been exchanged and loving ones at that Penrod and the little girls and James too were asking the same question. "Why he left here last night?" "Didn't he arrive?" "Yes," exclaimed Emperor-Vivian. "Didn't he arrive?" "No," we have not seen a sign of him," said Penrod looking worried. "I thought at first it may be he changed his mind thinking it wise for us to come. So this morning we hurriedly took a street car and came down." "What could have happened?" exclaimed James anxiously while Violet and her sisters looked frightened.

"I'll bet those rascals are mixed up in it some way," cried Penrod.

"Oh what can we do to find him?" said Violet.

She and her sisters were evidently distressed, indeed Penrod never seen them so distressed before. He too was greatly worried for he had liked Walter--Staring very much.

"I wonder," said James Andrews "if he didn't get mixed up in the address and go to the wrong place, and then finding his mistake get mixed up so he got lost."

"That isn't possible," said Violet for at the phone when I gave him the address he told me to wait till he got a paper and pen pencil and wrote it down. "He must have been waylaid by some of those spies and--"

"Wait a moment things may not be as bad as you imagine," said Emperor-Vivian. "It can be possible as sometimes happen that he may have forgotten to take the piece of paper with him and--"

"The-- comes somebody on horse back and fast too," said James who had been looking down the road. The word had hardly left his lips before down the road from the opposite direction to that from which Violet and her sisters and the two boys had come--arrived, there came a cloud of dust and at times a horse's head was visible. Penrod recognized the horse's head in a flash.

"It's Jane Walter," Walter's horse," he exclaimed and then the next instant-- "Walter is in it. Thank God. Where can he have been?"

"I'll bet he did make a mistake after all in looking for us," giggled Jennie. "Poor Walter!"

"And who is that with him?" wondered Jack Evans.

"Why, why it's a clown," gasped little Nell but in a childish laugh.

"Why why?" she exclaimed joyfully a moment later. "It's it's my dear papa from spy line on Adams Circus, the only man who was kind to me in that whole company that can be doing with your friend Walter!" A few minutes passed and the horse then stopped at the gate, and Walter dismounted and rushed in, and he was soon clasping the hands of the others. Nellie too was doing for joy, while in the back ground ground Emperor-Vivian and Evans looked on. To the surprise of all, when they asked why he didn't come to them his story was soon told.

"We found the horse near the possessed house as soon as it was daylight," he said, "at the men who took me prisoner and then fled at the phenomenon had tinkered with the horse shoes of the horse, so that carefully I had to bring him to a blacksmith and it took him some time to fix them up. And that's all that he's done, the two men are captured, and we have some important papers in our possession."

"You are just like us," said Jennie a little teasingly. "Always getting captured and escaping. Those demons if they really were those unintentionally helped you out."

"But they sure scared us some," said Walter.

"How could they?" said Emperor-Vivian consolingly. "Maybe we'll get the little girls to clear the place of those evil spirits. They succeeded in two places already."

But Violet shook her head.

"I guess not I'm afraid this time," she said. "We don't want to occupy the place and we have too much other things. If the old spirits want the place let them keep it. We won't go in and dispute them."

"But I'll bet you could drive them out," said Jack Evans. "You did in the other two places."

James Andrews looked at Violet and her sisters in great surprise and couldn't find word to say anything. Violet looked at Evans and giggled.

"You think we are scared?" she asked.

"No, no," he hesitated to say. But you have done it all ready twice."

"But why should we interfere with them in that building. We don't want the old place," said Jennie. "If they came to James house we'd show them something. But it is not for us to interfere. The result's not our headquarters. But if you want us to try it we're game."

"I guess it's wise to keep out for they'll make you lots of trouble," said Walter. "It's worse than the other place where you had been troubled. But little Nell's father here has something he wants to tell you all."

"No tell us," said the Emperor-Vivian in wondering tones looking at the very eccentric figure of the make believe clown, who was talking apart with little Nell. "Yes it concerns Nell's horse!" "If I'm not mistaken you'll ready suspect her to be more than an ordinary little girl."

"Frankly I do," was the rejoinder. "He gave me some plans on which on one page was a peculiar mark in the shape of a large wingless with a code letter letters on it. I never recall have ever seen such a peculiarity and yet the code reader said it had something to do with Abbeism."

"Where could it be?" said Emperor-Vivian. "Exclaimed Walter much to the surprise of the Emperor and Evans, the latter of whom had started at the name of

"Well Daisy Bell. Well you are making yourself famous & are going to be. It's all the same, I say."

Of course until Walter's story had been told the rest of the party could not make out Walter's delight, but it appeared accordingly to Penrod that it would be a difficult matter to prove whether the little Nell would be safe from the enemy or not since what she had done and in the meantime much had to be done. The fact that it was General Manley who was to the main one concerned in trying to spoil the plans of General Vivian was another complication, and truly Manley was not a man to be outwitted either. There was never a day that he really didn't even hoodwink Violet and her sisters and often they admitted it.

A Conference was held at which it was decided that for the present Nell would remain under the care of General Vivian himself. In the meantime the others would go through many parts of Pandora and try to get on the track of the desperate Glandelinian spies. Before they departed however Nell's father was fitted with an old suit of General Vivian's himself, and proved to be a very good Abissinian with a very grave and serious countenance.

A clown would have been the last thing you would have taken him for, and in fact he was no clown either. He posed on one to spy on the spies who ran the pretended circus.

From Pandora General Vivian was fully apprised of the recent happenings, and knowing that such things really would have happened he begged the Vivian girls not to run into any unnecessary dangers.

General Luckwick Baldwin another staunch friend of the Vivian girls had returned from his military business in Agathia, to resume command of his fighting army he said, and had expressed his desire that as the girls had secured the model of the machine and as it was in the safe keeping of their father they should not bother about the spies, as the spies were too dangerous and those kind were impossible to be captured alive any way. As general Luckwick himself had a good deal of military work to attend to and as a big battle was soon coming he did not come to Pandora as expected. Little Nell rather side with them to the barn where they put up their horses and then left them, promising to call at their headquarters later in the day.

Having seen their horses put up Violet and her sisters and Penrod too started out for the Gemini headquarters in Pandora. There they were informed that not a trace had been found of the men who had given them so much trouble. Walter himself then related what had occurred in the Possessed house. "So they dared to hang out in that old place," exclaimed the chief official of the Gemini to whom he communicated this information. "Well I don't think the same ones will come back there again, but I'll send a couple of strong-armed men out there immediately to search the place completely and bring two priests along to keep the evil spirits at bay. We may light on a clew."

He went on to inform them that every station in Pandora would be guarded, and that had no chance to capture the men supposing them to be in the city would be neglected.

"Well I suppose we will have to be content with that," said Walter as they left. It's tough to think that those men may right be in the city now and yet we can do nothing."

"I should think it more likely that they would be in Podgie by now," said Penrod. "And after what a scare they received in that abandoned mansion as you said Walter it would be my idea that they would try to get as far away from this vicinity as possible, knowing that maybe even the evil spirits besides us would be on their trail. It is said evil spirits trail the wicked."

The boys and girls walked on through the streets, looking into shop windows and especially into those in which mechanical apparatus was displayed. But this began to pall after a while, and Penrod suggested that they talk a short while along the river wharves. The rest readily agreed, for Violet and her sisters were always tremendously interested in shipping, and each a man in a man they set out to visit one of the most interesting quarters of the Pandora "Hub".

The A & B wharf, where the river war river cruisers lie, particularly attracted their attention, and they were gazing with interest at a smart looking river war craft attached to a smart schooner unloading her finny freight when a familiar voice struck on their ears. "Why hello you beautiful little girls, and three boys, what in the world you doing here?"

They turned a little startled and found themselves gazing into the frank bronzed face of Captain Andrews big brought brother of James Andrews, and skippers of one of the big river war frigates, who had shared their adventures during the time James helped Violet and her sisters to escape the many unseen spies who were after them. 2.2.2

The captain indeed was unaffectedly glad to see his young ship mates again and asked them many questions about themselves since the time they left the big war frigate. He had that Admiral Johnson's fleet had progressed exceedingly, and now were aided by a number of big steel battleships, besides fast submarines all engaged in keeping the river open for the Christian shipping. He was so eager to unfold the story of his progress and the progress of the admiral that he did not at first notice that neither of the boys nor the little girls looked particularly cheerful.

"What's in the wind, ship mates?" he demanded. "You look as down in the mouth as a hooked cod fish..."

"As bad as all that (get on you what)" grinned Penrod. "Well Captain there is a reason, and a good one too?"

"What's up? Have a head and spin you yarn. If it's anything I can help you out of since you did so much for the fleet and you dear sisters, trust me to do all I can."

His manner invited confidence, and seating themselves beside the veteran of one of the Christian war dogs on an upturned box, Penrod poured out the story of their troubles.

"Well if that don't beat a big novel," exclaimed the captain when he had finished. "And those Glandelinian spies are still in Pandora do you think?"

"We don't know," he joined Penrod. "We have really no way of finding out, and the soldier, and Gemini, and sad to say even the child scouts are as helpless as we are."

"Oh the Gemini are pretty good, and if they can't do anything to help you then you've ran across a pretty close band of foe spies."

"We have even tried to get the military police to help us," said James Andrews.

"Oh the military police are always no more use than a lot of babies," declared Captain Andrews. "For what you have done I'd back you girls and boys against any military spy or detective I ever saw or heard of."

"That's very good of you," laughed Walter. "But..."

"We are afraid we have proved the kind of military detectives that don't detect" interrupted Violet.

"Don't be down cast my brave children," counselled the captain heartily. "I'll trust to your friend James Andrews here my youngest brother. He pulled you little girls out of a desperate scrape before, and he'll help you get those close spies. When things seem at the worst, it is generally the time they begin to mend. I'll spin you a yarn about that if you like."

"I wish you would," said Jennie. "I'll pass the time away pleasantly and make us forget our troubles."

"Back sixteen years ago I was mate of the war craft I am not Captain of," began the captain. "We sailed out of Pandora on the fifth of December bound for Agathia. Two days out we ran into as nasty a sample of blizzard and cold wave weather as I ever saw. We lost our main mast in the gale up the river and two of the men were killed in its fall. Then when the big blizzard had blown itself out, the captain took sick, and worse than that we got stuck in ice and our provisions began to get low. Then one night the ship took fire, and we..."

"Dash my lee scupper what's up now?" exclaimed the amazed captain, as Penrod and James Andrews suddenly leaped to their feet and dashed off followed by his sisters and then Walter, leaving him in the most exciting part of the story.

"It's two of those men, the one they go look," shouted Penrod, flinging back the words as he ran. It was indeed two of those Glandelinian spies. They turned as they heard the boy's shout, and then recognizing the whole party took to their heels. The child ran in and out amid the maze of traffic, and for a time it kept the two spies in sight. But finally in the crush and crowd they lost them and had to admit that there was little likelihood of their ever finding them again. Regretfully they retraced their steps, but on their return they found that captain Andrews had been called away on business, leaving word with the men on board the cruiser that he would visit them at their headquarters later in the day.

"We do seem to have the very worst sort of luck," declared Walter as the three lads followed the little girls back toward their own headquarters. "If only we could have caught up with those two spies."

"You prince made a big mistake when you shouted out as you did," said James. "If we had followed them in silence we might have managed to track them to where ever they have their hang out."

Penrod reluctantly agreed that this was so.

"But just the same," he added. "We do have hard luck, and for the sake of the good little girls more than our fair share of it, but those confounded spies are close and daring."

After lunch they set out for General Evans headquarters, having already telephoned to the military police office that the spies were actually in Pandora, and that two of them out of the five they had encountered were still at large. Just as they were leaving the place where they telephoned however, they met with unexpected interruption of their plans. Richard Daley Bell hurried up to them, his ordinary grave face flushed and excited.

"I've news," he exclaimed "great news."
"You've found those men?" asked Penrod and the two boys in the same breath, while Violet and her sisters looked on curiously.
"I've done far better than I do you suppose I've seen?"
"I have not the least idea," said James Andrews. "Maybe"-----
"Nobody less than John Manley, and with him was one of those spies himself."
"General John Manley here in Pandora in disguise," gasped every one of the children in one breath.
"Yes."

"He must be going to meet the other two spies," said Violet.
"I don't know but I did better than just seeing them. I followed them. I traced them to an old tumble down livey barn on St. Clements Avenue. They are there now I guess. I ran all the way here to tell you, and I'm most out of breath."
"Good work," Exp exclaimed Penrod. "If only we could capture that general. It looks as if the net was closing in about those glandelinians after all. Come on angels, and you two boys, we'll hurry to head quarters, get our boy and girls scouts and go down there. We'll bag the whole gang in a bunch."
"That's the idea," cried Walter, but hurry up we have no time to lose. Play Glory Be to God. I feel better than I have for many a day. Things are coming out our way at last."

In the livey stable of a St. Clements street, sat four men. They were grouped about a large table in a small room in the rear of the place for the stable now was what was sometimes known here as a "blind" and the place unknown to the city, was the resort of all sorts of unprincipled characters of dangerous glandelinian spies who had reason to fear the christian forces of law and order. On the table was a little of very important papers, typewritten military specifications and strange code like yellow red and blue points but the most conspicuous object was a wide and long white envelope. One of the men was General John Manley, and the identity of the others may be easily guessed. They were the spies, hidden among them.

"Well you Excellency have we earned our rank?" asked Lawden as Manley paused in his interested scrutiny of the papers and the big envelope.
"You bet you have," he exclaimed enthusiastically "and as soon as we have a contract with the christian government I'll give you a bonus as well, why with these plans and the important papers in the envelope you have secured it will be easy to force General Vivianann to retreat from Podgie and give Myletze a chance to advance on Pandora and hold us. That a fool he was not to have his spies watch us closely. Now we have all the benefits for nothing, despite the interference of those brats the Vivian girls."

"But you Excellency" interrupted Lawden "how are you going to get the stuff to Pandora. There is a hunt for us on in the city, and I guess by this time you are being looked for too, and outside the christian camps there are so many scout patrols, men and child scouts that it'll seem impossible to get through."

For Lawden had discovered that his letter had not been delivered, and readily guessed that it might have fallen into little Nellie's hands, and from her passed to the possession of Violet and her sisters and their Father.

"I've arranged for all that," said Manley. "The military of the Nationals may guard all the railway and other stations; but we won't go by train. I know a man here who has a fast motorboat of good size and well armed, and as long as he won't know us, he'll take us any where for a small sum of money. He'll take us down the coast of the river ways and then put us ashore near Podgie. We could go toward Depressionville where the action is still going on. We will then separate and each Podgie command by different routes."

"That's one of the best plans ever," said Lawden approvingly. "I'll bet by this time we have those Vivian girls fooled and outwitted for good and all and their confounded prince of a brother too. Does this fellow with the boat know that you are going to hire it?"
"Yes I thought it best to be prepared for emergency, and so I have arranged for the boat to meet us that Allgrove Wharf. That's some distance from the main or regular shipping place, and to avoid attracting attention to us I've hired a spy to try and make a big Allgrove Wharf fire."

"And that old Forligner Frank Harvey more wicked than us has the disguise for us," so he said," added Lawden. "Oh Frank!" he cried raising his voice. In response a pug-nosed red faced man of a strange unusually low rough type for such a good city shuffled in.

"Well sir what do you want?" he demanded in glandelinian....2.2.2.22
"Did you secure those disguises as you said?"
"Sure indeed sir. They are upstairs in the upper room where, sleep. Do you need to put them on now?"
"I believe it has to be," said Manley. "There is no knowing how soon some of that christian out fit may cross our trail" (not tall) and we don't want to get caught napping."

"All right go right up to my room," Lawden knows the way," said Frank, the crank, who although as he posed as the owner of the stable and though not really a notorious rascal was nevertheless in favor of the wicked glandelinian cause, and secretly helped glandelinian spies, and for nothing nothing too.

Half an hour after the four glandelinians had taken their way upstairs they reappeared again. But indeed how altered! If alterations can be confirmed. Lawden who was a great adept at such a sort of work as disguise, disguising himself had excelled himself at this work. Manley's small mustache had been shaven off, and he had discarded his uniform and was rigged out like a big bloated, broken down drunken old street car driver, and the other man had the semblance as a man who had seen hard days, and the fourth appeared to be a seedy downy heels forligner with an untidy black beard.

"Great" exclaimed Harvey as he viewed them. "your own friends and even mothers wouldn't know you, and that's the truth too."

At this moment there came a loud vigorous knocking at the door of the great stable, which was closed and locked. Harvey darted to a peephole in the front of the place, constructed for the purpose of spying.

"Great scott men!" he exclaimed the next instant in a low tense whisper. "It's the princesses and prince kids you were talking about, with nearly a score of boy and girls scouts fully armed just dismounting from horses. The prince is at the door. They're not in uniform but I'd know a child scout any where."

Instant conversation revealed a org the among the glandelinian conspirators. put Lawden who alone remained cool, spoke up quickly.

"Say Harvey is the old get away still working?" he asked quickly...
"Yes indeed it is. You know where it is. It leads out on the main alley. There's no way for you enemies to get round there."

"Good, follow me comrades and we'll fool that bunch of little christian dogs yet," exclaimed Lawden darting to the rear of the big barn, while Frank Harvey called out in a surprised voice;

"Who are you out there you kids? That in thunder do you want?"

"It's the military boy and girls scout police patrol. Open this door instantly do you hear?" came a sharp boyish voice in the outside.

"All right. All right anything to oblige you," and Frank shuffled toward the door, "that's up you kids. That in the world do you want here?" he demanded as he opened it slowly.

"To search this stable of yours. Some suspected glandelinian spies have been traced here, and if we find you have sheltered them you'll be deported. spoke up one of the Vivian girls he self who happened to be Angeline.

"Here!" exclaimed Harvey, in well simulated amazement "glandelinian spies in my stable? you must be mistaken."

"Oh no we are not and we found out that you are too well known by us to be fooled by you. Stand aside."

And she and her sisters the first to enter gave Harvey a rough unlady like shove that sent him spinning to one side and entered the place, followed by Penrod and a few of the scouts. But as we know the spies had flown for not a trace of them could be found. The "get away" as Lawden called it a secret door in the back of the place leading out on an alley was too cunningly constructed even to catch their attention.

"The what did I tell you kids?" grinned old Harvey when they had finished and discovered that they had drawn a "blank" as hunters usually say. "It's too bad to do anything like this now in this city. Why if every body heard of it that by stable was searched for glandelinian spies who ain't here it would give me a bad reputation."

"We are sure we all know you and that even though you may not be an old rascal your heart is for glandelinian," exclaimed Penrod "but you are too foxy to get into the toils of the Abbelemian military laws. If you are found

guilty of he-becoming Glandelinian soldier-spies you'll be deported.
We don't want foreigners here any more."

"On my, oh my, now you kids do talk," exclaimed old Harvey looking as if he really was grievously un-enthralled insulted by the saying that he even though he was a foreigner was not an honest and upright citizen. "Well, there's no doubt in my mind that the men were here," said Walter Starling, regretfully turning to his companions, "but they have gone and covered up their tracks mighty well too."

"We've had luck than war," growled out Penrod gritting his teeth, and just when we thought we had them too and had captured that John Manley in the bargain I don't suppose we'll ever see them again now."
"It is not likely a," admitted Walter, "from what we have seen, they must be a band of slick fellows all right, and desperate too. If they were a cornered I don't believe they would be captured alive. They resist us, and use the last bullet on themselves."

"But suppose General Manley starts to work out his plans and makes a general move of disastrous consequences upon General Viviananna, can't he be stopped?" asked James Andrews, while Violet and her sisters could find no word to speak they were so crushed with their disappointment.
General Jack Evans (on the ambrose) says that such a slick and well experienced Glandelinian general as he is would make just enough alterations in his plans since little Nell outwitted him, so that it wouldn't be possible for General Viviananna to hold his position, so if Manley has plans in his possession, there's an end of it."

I noted this speech was the contribution of James Andrews, who had talked with Emperor Vivian on this subject. There being nothing more to be done at the stable stable they stayed away or went away followed by a sarcastic grin from old Harvey.

"You little brats won't never catch an old bird like me by putting salt on his tail," he chuckled. "I wonder if them fellows took the important papers and the big envelope they set so much store by? Looked like so much junk to me but I guess it must be valuable to them cause all right."

He peeped into the room where the consultation of the spies had been held and found that the envelopes, and the papers had been taken. Jawden in fact in his dash for the alley had taken the envelope and placed it in his inside coat pocket, while Manley had grabbed up the papers.

"We ought to have arrested that old codger," said James as they were waiting for a street car, while the scouts went off some where else to perform a new duty. "He is suspicious any way. He must have let those spies escape through some secret place in the barn."

"If that is so," said Penrod, "let's go back and see."
"No, no it don't pay to waste time on that now," protested James. "We couldn't get anything on that old skunk any how. The enemy had flown and that's all there is to it."

"And we couldn't do nothing to him unless we have evidence," put in Violet. "Yes," said Jennie, "we have suspicions of him but no evidence. That won't help much and we can't condemn any one with out evidence."
"Surely you could take the matter in your own hands being princesses," protested James.

"I don't mean that," said Jennie. "We can't do a thing without evidence. If we had evidence we'd see to his deportation right away or hold him as a prisoner of enemy spies. It's not just to do those things when we have no evidence. He's come the street car now."

At home they told their father, Emperor Vivian of the escape of the spies and how they believed the old man had aided them. Secretly having learned the address from them, Emperor Vivian had the old man watched and watched closely. The little girls with the three boys were sitting in their room that afternoon pondering fresh plans, when Mr. Andrews came in and said:
"One of you is wanted instantly on the phone. Important message from a man who seems to be a sea captain."

By his sister Penrod was asked to answer they all following in the room to find out the details.

"This is Captain Henry Andrews," came a voice at the other end when Penrod answered it. "By the great horn spoon bill but I've most valuable information for you princely children. It concerns those Glandelinian spy lubbers who have the plans in their possession."

"Mysterious," cried Penrod, "is that so? Where can we see you?"

"You wait at your headquarters and I'll be up," was the reply. "If my information is right those spies are about to slip through your fingers again."

"By ginge not this time if it's humanely possible to catch them" his sister and two boy friends heard him say to himself as he hung up the receiver.

He then explained to them and finished with:

"Well, follow them no matter where the chance may take us. They won't get the best of me. In the meantime I'll order General King Kinde-nine to strike a blow at Podge while the Glandelinian commander Manley is absent. He's a spy for Section No. eleven and got General Kinde-nine on the phone."

"This General Kinde-nine, well this is Prince Penrod talking. Manley's army is without a head. Manley is a fugitive and a spy in Podge's hands somewhere. Strike his army a blow if possible before he gets a back."

"Right, I will wait the answer right away or tomorrow."

"As soon as you can make the attack. Delay not a minute if possible. Hu-ry."

"All right," and General Kinde-nine hung up.

Now where the chase was to take them neither of the royal group of kids dreamed at that moment but they were on the eve of a very adventurous incident of their lives if not one of the most.

Captain Andrews burst into their headquarters a short time later like a bombshell, scattering boys and girls and guests in his mad dash rush to reach the Princesses and the three boys who were waiting him in the reception room.

"If you want to catch those rascally spy fellows you must come with me immediately," he exclaimed panting. "They've gone down the river in Captain Spiffledink's motor boat. They've fooled him in thin king they were Christian officials. They started about half an hour ago; but if we hurry I'll go after them, follow them in mine, and there is a chance we can overhaulk them or at least keep track of them."

Of course the reference to Spiffledink's boat was so much Greek to Penrod but the captain would not explain any more just then.

"Don't waste time talking now," he exclaimed. "I'll tell you about it as we go a long, give my top an ile, but they'll get away if we don't hurry."
There was evidence enough from all this, that there was not a minute to be lost, and the little girls, and their brother and two boy friends who all had their hats on followed the energetic energetic seaman out of their own headquarters without an instant's hesitation. Outside was a row of horse-drawn swift horse taxicabs. Penrod engaged one of these big enough to hold all his followers and they started off for the main River Wharf at a rattling speed. As they spurned a long the captain explained how he had got upon the track of the gang of Glandelinian spies.

"This captain Spiffledink is a foreigner and a regular shark," he declared and though he seems to have a good reputation along the whole water front he'll do anything for money. Well as I was standing on the end of the wharf, slipping wharf where he keeps his boat in the Crab, and a good fast clipper she is too. I saw him meet seventeen precious steady looking chaps. The one known as Manley however was not among them. One looked like an old bum and the rest were as bad. Too I don't know why I saw a dreadfully dreadfully big cloud of smoke fur the off and learned that a big wharf fire was raging and that some spies were suspected. "That's in the wind now!" I thought and as they came toward me I slipped in behind a high pile of wooden ware house boxes, for I didn't want Spiffledink to see me and was curious to know what he was doing with that outfit of Glandelinian spies. Well as luck would have it, they stopped just the other side of the box pile, and I could hear some of what they said. I heard enough to convince me that they were the Glandelinian chaps you were so hard after, in disguise, and then I jumped for a telephone."

Violet, and her sisters and the three boys, gasped in their eagerness to hear more.

"Oh, we're there all the way!" demanded Penrod.

"Well there were seventeen of them. And they've got some very important plans with them too. I heard one of em chap called Jawden laughing about the way they tricked you by sneaking out of a stable by a secret back door in an old man's stable."

"So the rascals were there after all," explained Penrod with a frown that was menacing. "Well if that does not beat all, and after all Harvey was sheltering them and aided them to escape. Well after we capture those spies if we do Harvey will find himself under arrest."

"Well when I came back from phoning you what should I see but the Crab put me out into the stream. Right then and there I started for the headquarters of your fathers, and there's a chance--if God wills it--just a chance--that we may catch them yet. You see from what I heard they were fugitive fighting on not sailing until tomorrow, but I guessed they charged their minds."

"Leaping lizard," exclaimed Violet. "This is war work with a vengeance indeed. You did not overhear any one of them say where they were bound for captain."

did you!!!!!! "Huh? AA '(((())

"Yes East Podge, one of them said it. But here's the wharf. See far over there to the north, that big cloud of smoke and the stream of water from fire hoses. One of the fellows made the fire to throw off per suit. Come on pile out. Penrod you pay the cabman, and I'll pay you back on the motorboat, as I got to get the old Sea meow ready."

When the girls and boys joined the captain once more they found him busied over the engine of a long good looking milita-motorboat more like a cabin re venue cutter about sixty feet in length and armed with machine guns.

"Will you be ready right away?" inquired Penrod "Because if not I guess we ought to phone Father. He'll be anxious if we are missing without any explanation and we don't want him to be worrying."

"All right my dear Royal friends, you'll have time for that but hurry."

Penrod however went by himself the boat staying with the sea or river captain. In five minutes Penrod was back, and Captain Andrews announced that all was ready, urging the wait for Penrod, Violet and her sisters had watched the big clouds of smoke from the wharf fire and wondered how one spy could have set a blaze so big. There was so much smoke it resembled to them one of those big volcanic eruptions they had seen. After Penrod's arrival no time was lost in casting off, and in five minutes more the River Meow was headed down: down not a m. A long chase had begun and one that was to prove remarkable in more ways than one. They were headed in such a direction that it was evident they would have to pass the fire, and so in case fire tugs were in the river the captain told Violet that they would have to show their royal flag, or because of the fire lines across the river they would not be permitted to pass.

"Seems queer doesn't it?" remarked James "no think that only short time ago we were sitting in the room of my home, thinking we had lost the trail for good and all, and here we are hot on it again, only by sea instead of land or by river rather."

"It does agree with Walter's Starling, and see we are nearing the fire. My what a big one too. Van a big row of freight boxcars, and two ships are burning too."

It was indeed a big fire but though Violet and her sisters watched it and were so captivated by it as they approached nearer, the boys were too busy to watch it, and Penrod was looking after the engine, while Captain Andrews steered. The motor of the River Meow was a powerful ten cylinder ten cycle one, developing the speed of a fast express limited train. This made the River Meow unusually fast for a craft of her size and class but the children had recalled that Captain Andrews had told them that the Crab was a swift craft also but not armed.

They were soon near the place where the fire actually was, and as they drew near enough, they saw that the whole wharf in that locality, and a long low row of buildings, and all sorts of boxes and other material on the wharf and even cars and three big ships were all burning sending up toward the sky an enormous rolling wall of smoke at times pierced by flame. A line of fire tugs were pouring streams of water on the blaze but to no effect. But there was to be no stopping on their part to watch even such a spectacular fire for they were bent on capturing, if possible, those spies. They had to toot the whistle of the boat three times before the fire line was lifted for them, and then they went on at a much faster speed. Twilight, with a great red glow in the sky behind them, found the River Meow well off down the great stream. Penrod was riding as you would call it a "swelling seat". James Andrews who was on the lookout, was the first to sight some five miles ahead of them, a motorboat.

"Can that be the Crab?" he exclaimed pointing.

"Here take the wheel a moment while I overhaul her," said Captain Andrews eagerly.

He dived into the cabin and re appeared with a pair of strong binoculars. He focused these on the distant craft and after a brief scrutiny announced that it was beyond doubt the Crab that they had sighted, and that to his astonishment it was armed with a big long range gun, which he had not seen on it before.

"He must have had some sort of engine trouble," he declared "Or she would have made better time than this."

"Can we overhaul her do you think?" questioned Penrod anxiously.

Captain Andrews shook his head doubtfully.

"When if she had to slow down for a time, she is creeping ahead now, but maybe if all goes well we can keep on her track through the night. For some thing we know she is bound for East Podge, and, could find my way there blindfolded...."

"Perhaps I could fix your engine so that it will give us a little more"

speed. "volunteered Penrod.

"But could you do it?"

"My brother ought to be able to," said Jennie Vivian a little saucily. "Seeing as how he saved our lives in a submarine sunk below the water when nobody else could do it, and it was getting all right."

"So Well I wish you could Prince," responded the River captain, taking the wheel from James.

"I'll do what I can," promised Penrod.

He fell to work on the motor and found that by readjusting the carburetor he could coax more speed out of it. By this time it was dark, though in the distance to their rear it seemed as if half the horizon was lighted up by the glare of the big wharf fire. Penrod having finished his work on the motor, went forward with the running lights. Soon they were shining out like twin jewels--red to port--and green to starboard. Then he set the stern light and coming back eagerly looked into the night ahead of them. All at once through the darkness a white light flashed up and instantly vanished only to reappear again as the Crab rose on a river wave crest.

"So long as we keep that bright white light in sight" we are all right," declared Captain Andrews, and resigning the wheel to Penrod now who wished to take his turn he went below to prepare supper which meal Violet and her sisters first ate, and the others in a ways. Coming on deck after his meal Penrod saw to his astonishment that the big dancing white light ahead of them was much closer than it had been before he went below. This no doubt meant they were overhauling the Crab.

"We are creeping right up on her," declared Captain Andrews, which Penrod mentioned this fact to him. "We ought to be alongside in half an hour if we keep at this gait."

The words sent a thrill through them all as Penrod said; "That means a fight" and their hearts beat pretty fast.

"That's what it does Prince," returned the doughty captain "but we are all well armed, and we've got the military law on our side--don't forget that."

"No, and we don't forget that there are seventeen of them, against our eleven," added Violet, with a grim smile. As they crept closer, Walter was apprised of the turn events were now taking. They looked over their weapons.

"Without necessity I don't approve of fire a-m-s; fists is my way of fighting," Penrod said. "But we are going up against a gang of spy sharks that are desperate, and we may have to fight with guns."

Silence fell on the party as they slowly but surely crept on the bobbing dancing light ahead. As they came within hailing distance Captain Andrews boomed out a hail;

"Crab a hoy."

"But there came no answer to him."

"Looks as if they are going to cut up very rough," declared the captain. "All there is nothing for us to do but heave up alongside and board them."

You little girls are not a little scared are you. If not all right, if you are a better not get into the scrap."

"Not a bit," said Violet. "We are always too hot to get at all Glandelinians who in the past and future have and will cause us so much trouble."

Now we are scared of them."

Captain Andrews spun his wheel over and prepared to be a-down on the light but as he drew up close to it, a bewildered puzzled look passed over his face. At the same instant little Daisy spoke;

"Isn't there something rather strange and off odd about that light captain and r-ews?"

"Just what I was thinking little Princess don't it's too low down in the water to be at the end of a boat, and by --- by the great ho-mapp on horn spoon bill. Those spies have fooled, trick us.."

"Why what's the matter?" put in Jennie while all looked curiously at the light and then saw what it was even though the captain said;

"That lit light's nothing more than a lantern set adrift in a bait tub."

And so it was as they had seen as he spoke. The wily party on board the Crab had certainly played a successful trick on the desperado. Extinguish the light, they had set the lantern on a big bait tub, dropped it carefully overboard and cast it loose to drift at its own sweet will.

"So for the last four hours we have been following a will o' the wisp."

"What you call it," groaned Penrod dimly.

"Looks that way," agreed the captain. "Confound it all we might have surely known that they'd be up to some trick as that--such a ship load of desperate spies."

He shoved back his cap and scratched his head...
 "Well child - a n" he said "It's a game of blind man's bluff from now on, do you want to take a chance or go back."
 "While there's one left we'll take it at any cost," declared Violet stoutly.
 "We never give up unless it is hopeless."
 "I wonder how far east ray that old tub led us," mused Walter a few minutes later, when they were once more on their course.
 "Impossible to say for sure," said the captain, "but a light tub like that would drift fast and their trick trick will have given those spy lubbers a big lead on us."

"Not much doubt of that I'm afraid," agreed Penrod.
 "But we may as well keep right on now," said Argline.
 "Possibly we'll track or get track of them at East Podgie," added Hettie.
 With only this hope to buoy them through the long night hours, they all clung to the machine trail. All of them were too excited to sleep and so they took turns on turn about at steering, with Penrod attending to the engine and keeping a lookout. As the first gray warning of dawn came on the eastern horizon Captain Andrews consulted his log, compass, and charts for the river where he was about so large that it resembled a sea, and rivers are wide in these Abbeinnian countries. He declared that they were not far from East O Podgie and that unless something had happened to the Crab during the night she must have landed her passengers there. This indeed was a bitter pill to swallow, but the boys and beautiful little girls kept hoping against hope while the light grew stronger, as the surrounding waters of the sea like expanses of the river became visible in the late spring dawn, a cry of delight broke from all of them simultaneously, popping down and up and down the water up, on the swells not half a mile off lay the crab. She appeared to be motionless except for the action imparted by the waves, and it was evident that something was the matter with her engines.
 "I'll bet they tried to run so fast during the night that they overhauled them," declared Captain Andrews as he gazed at the other craft. He turned his wheel, and the River-Meow began to head toward the Crab. At first it appeared, that they were not observed, but the next instant they found out differently. Penrod who at the moment only was looking at the craft the most looking in another direction saw a bright flash, and a big puff of smoke from one of the big port holes of the Crab raised deck cabin, and a few seconds later came the report of thunder something like a cannon that made the girls and the two others turn their heads instantly in the direction of the sound with a start. Close to the boat then there came a big geyser of water which sprayed all over them in a shower, and then following the ensueing silence there came clearly across the water in a threat through a megaphoned threat, "-----" ~~the Crab~~
 "That shot is a warning. We could have hit you easy. Keep off or it will be the worst for you."

Captain Andrews snatched up the River-Meows megaphone. His bronzed face was flushed with rage and fright from what might have happened to the children and his voice shook with suppressed fury as he bellowed back!
 "You infernal scoundrel is what do you mean by firing at my boat when there are children in it? Are you going to let us board you, and give up those plans or do we have to make you."
 "Oh go to the hot place and stay there, what do we care what you have on board you skunk," came back from the Crab in a voice which they recognized as a warden.

"Yes, and you keep away from us unless you want to be swimming in this water and remember it's impossible to swim as the current would pull you under," came back in another voice.

"By Neptune princely children," growled Captain Andrews "it kind of looks as if they had the upper hand of us after all. If they hit us with a shot we'll all drown as it is impossible to swim this part of the river. See the speed of that log of wood floating down. That proves of us or of it. Now I don't see how we can board them as things are now. If that captain of the other boat was not a up right and honest man and knew what he was doing, our guns could bring that boat to disaster in a hurry. It's no use sticking our heads in a hornets nest, and that's what we'd be doing if--- Hello. They are moving again, guess they've got their engine fixed. Well we can stick to their wheels, and if they run into a town I didn't say you were a clown," we can arrive close enough to them to cause them to be arrested."

"But will they make for a town now that we are so close to them and on their tracks, as all towns are in Christian possession in this locality seeing that the size of the Christian mission?" wondered Penrod. "Is it not more likely they'd land along the coast some place where there was no risk of encountering the military authorities or scout patrols and so on....!"

"Jove Prince I don't know but what you are right." "Well all we can do is to tag along and watch our chance"

"Look one of them is coming out of the cabin with a very big megaphone," cried Jennie suddenly.
 They watched a figure clamber up on the stern of the boat ahead and raise the speaking trumpet.
 "River-Meow, ahoy," came the hail.
 "Aye, aye what do you want with us," bellowed back captain Andrews in no amiable tone.

"What do you have you on board your boat. A party of soldiers?"

"No."
 "How are they then? Boy and girls scouts?"

"No."
 "Who are they then?"
 "None of your business."
 "Well if that is so, I'll tell you something. No matter they on board are are it is no use you following us. If it's the plans you are after, we landed ashore and sent them off last night while you fools were chasing chasing that bait tub."

Indeed if a bombshell had exploded in the midst of the party on the River-Meow could not have felt a deeper sense of consternation. The long chase had been for nothing then, and as Penrod had put it, they had indeed been pursuing pursuing a "Will o the wisp."
 Penrod was the first to recover from the shock.

"I don't believe it at all I tell you," he declared stoutly.
 "It would have been like the elkhavary however to be able to pull off such a trick though, believe," struck in Jennie Vivian herself.
 "What do you think Captain?" asked Argeline.
 "Just this, princess, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." declared the stout old River-Meow man. "It can be possible they did land the plans or plans during the night, but in that case if they really did, what are they doing away down the river-shore in this direction? And even again if they did land the plans I propose to keep on their heels till we can cause their capture or frustrate them from getting through Christian territory into their own camps...."

The captians who'd put new heart into the royal children and instead of slackening in their pursuit, they kept up the sea or river-Meows speed which, do what they could was slightly slower than the speedy Crab. About an hour after the hail from the Crab's after decks had come, the craft ahead suddenly changed their course.

"They're heading in two directions," cried Penrod excitedly.
 "Yes I see they realize they cannot shake us and are going to land and make a good run for it," decided Captain Andrews. "Great sea serpents but they are putting on speed..."

The Crab certainly was flying (not in the air though) Great jets of spray shot up on each side of her bow, and the roar of her motor could be heard like the incessant discharge of a whole battery of gathling guns.

Penrod sprang down to Walter's side at the River-Meows engine. He tinkered with the carburetor and speeded up both spark and gasoline supply and there fore like an arrow shot from a bow the gasoline boat sprang forward gallantly, very timber in her shock under the vibration, but like a gray in thehound after a rabbit she hung tenaciously in the wake of the Crab. It was a desperate tenacious river race filled with the keenest excitement though violet and her sisters were considerably nervous and apprehensive as the guns of the Crab had fired four times striving to make the boat a mark but the solid shot missed every time. Penrod's heart pounded and the blood rushed hotly through his veins, and with burning eyes he straitened up from the engine, and gazed ahead. The distance between the two crafts was the same the Crab maintaining her lead. Again a gun boomed forth but the shot only splashed the water like a geyser rather than the possession and a wail of the little girls had something to do with their failure failure to hit the boat on their aim was poor. The crew even fired with rifles and a machine gun started popping but to no effect.

"Can't you get any more speed out of her?" "Almost groaned Captain Andrews. "If once they reach that coast and land, we'll have a tough job getting them again."

"I'm afraid that I can't do any more with the motor," responded Penrod. "The engine's heating up now and if I force it any more it may stick altogether and then we will be out."

The river-shore two of which boat's or both boats were heading at racing speed was a wild and desolate looking stretch of beach with cliffs

toering up to some height from a rocky base,,, and pine woods and hills on top.

"Like as not old captain Spilledinks knows just where he is heading for," said captain Andrews, with some uneasiness, "but I don't like the looks of this at all. See those rocks and that shoal water all about us. We may run aground any minute and at this speed that would mean good bye River-Meow."

Penrod nodded and Violet, and her sisters looked more anxious than ever.... They saw fully the dangers of navigation so close to the rocky river-shore. But he kept on with out the speed dodging in and out of shoals incessantly even though the gun on the other craft continued to fire and one shot hit a rock somewhere and showered the boat with pieces of it. Captain Andrews with his heart fairly in his mouth for the safety of his craft, followed his every move carefully, for he knew that all would be drowned if the boat would hit one of those rocks. He also knew that the Crab drew more water than his craft and that where Captain Spilledink could go with safety he could follow. The chase through the watery maze kept up for an hour or more, still being fired at but to no effect, and then so far as the River-Meow was concerned, it came to a disastrous conclusion. With out the slightest warning Captain Andrews' craft (as bait) rammed her nose at full speed into a sand bank, and which proved too to be a bank of quick sand, and at the same moment the children and the captain were thrown every which way by the sudden shock. Penrod was up in a jiffy and shut off the engine so the boat would not go too far into the bog. The others were as quick as they could covering themselves and set to work to use paddles which were in the boat to get her free before she started to sink into the quagmire the engine too being reversed and run at full power but could not move her until by shoving they finally got her free, from the bog but she was still stuck in some other ground which though solid held her stoutly.

"Well if the bad luck isn't holding out to the end," exclaimed James despairingly. "What on earth can we do now?"

"That indeed," echoed Walter. "I guess they win this time."

"What giving up already?" exclaimed Penrod. "Why comrades there's lot of luck left. The boat can be gradually pried off the ground bank. In the meantime I've got a plan."

They all hung eagerly on his next words.

"We'll take the dinghy and row ashore. It can't be so very far to some village or town where we can summon the militia by authority. That will give us a chance to land those miscreant spies yet."

"It seems about all there is left to do," said Violet who as well as her sisters did not seem to be very much impressed with the plan...

"Hello the 'old crab' has dropped her anchor," exclaimed Penrod, pointing to the other craft, which had come to a stand still about five hundred yards off.

"Then surely there is no time to lose in getting ashore," declared Captain Andrews, "We have got to beat them to it, come on prince and princesses and you ladies, two of you help me get the dinghy over."

The dinghy referred to was a small light flat bottomed boat carried athwart the stern of the River-Meow. It took but a short time to get her overboard. In the meantime James himself had dived into the cabin leaving the task of lowering the small boat to two of the others.

"Come in here," he shouted, as soon as the boat was over and floating astern. The others and the captain obeyed... 2.2.2

To their astonishment they found James in his underclothes busily engaged in stuffing not only his discarded suit with old bits of canvass and anything he could find to give the clothes the semblance of being on a living frame, but the old clothes of Violet and Jennie as well.

"What in heaven's name have you got in mind now?" demanded Walter staring wonderingly.

Jim James explained.

"I was just thinking," he said, "That there was no use in our all going ashore. Three of us must be on board the River-Meow (how about the cats Meow) to guard her against attack. But at the same time it's important that those fellows on the Crab should think there is no one here. My plan is that Violet and her sister Jennie remain on this boat while their sisters, you Penrod, and the others row ashore with these three dummies of myself, and Violet and Jennie sitting in the stern of the dinghy--- that's right giggle you girls but I know it does look funny, but you can easily dispose of them in some bushes when you get there, some where we can claim them afterwards. Then you make off at top speed some some telegram office and summon help and I'll stay here on guard with Jennie and Violet....." "QQQQ"

"ut they may attack you" objected Penrod.

"That's not likely. In the first place our boat is a gun boat, there's aint and we have sufficient weapons to could enable us to send off three or four

or boat a full of well armed soldiers should they venture on an assault. But I guess those spies won't."

At first Captain Andrews would not listen to Andrews plans, but when the ladies, and even Violet and her sisters represented to him that it would be necessary to have some one on board in case the River-Meow floated on a rise of the river so it would not float away beyond their reach, he changed his mind. The dinghy was brought around to the side of the launch way from the view of the Crab's crew, and the three dummies carefully lowered into it while even if you would kill them for it Violet and her sisters could not help giggling at the sight of them.

Then with Captain Andrews at the oars, oars, and Walter Penrod, and voice supporting the dummies, the row to shore was begun. Violet in the meantime had found an old suit of clothes which she gave to James who put them on in place of the garments he had sacrificed. He and the two little girls however did not show themselves outside but from the port holes they watched the dinghy's progress. He himself could hardly keep from laughing at he looked at "himself" and the two other dummies propped up in the stern.

"They are certainly good dummies if I do say it myself," he chuckled. "Maybe mine has more brains than I have at this time," he added with a grin. But his attention was speedily attracted and distracted from watching the River-Meows dinghy by the fact that from the Crab's side another small boat now shot out. In it were seven men---the total ship's company of the Crab.

"Well that disposes of the theory that the plans were landed in the night," he said to Jennie who was standing beside him with Violet on the other side as they watched them row off. "Unless an eighth confederate ashore took charge of it."

"I believe they lied when they said they sent it ashore," said Violet. "So do I," put in Jennie. "I don't see how they could land ashore with the plans and be out in the river when day dawned."

Their conversation now was changed suddenly to one of anxiety as they saw that the Crab's mission now was charged suddenly to one of anxiety as they saw that the Crab's dinghy was clearly in pursuit of the River-Meows small boat.

"If they catch up there will be a fight more than likely," Violet exclaimed. "but we in that boat are eight to their seven but with better weapons. Oh I'm so afraid for my sisters."

"James Andrews laughed. "Afraid for your dear sisters and Penrod," he grinned. "You are afraid for nothing. If they gain on our boat I'll blow the second reels out of the water" and showing he meant it he leveled one of the ship's guns toward the pursuing boat.

"Hello," Walter saw them. "said Jennie a little more relieved.

"Yes," said Violet. "Goodie, goodie."

"Captain Andrews is pulling faster now, go is the Crab's though," said James looking at the scene. "It's a race for the shore."

They fairly glared their faces to the port hole as they watched the two boats. A few moments later they gave a sigh of relief as the River-Meows dinghy grazed the river shore, and Captain Andrews and the rest leaped out, and the three noted with a sort of grim amusement that joke, Walter and Penrod supported the three dummies up the riverbank and managed them so skillfully that from a distance it really looked as if they were James, Jennie and Violet walking with them. A moment later these figures vanished in the brush which grew down to the foot of the cliffs, and the Crab's boat touched the bank. The three on the River-Meow heard her occupants give a derision yell as they leaped out and ran up the bank almost in the foot steps of the others. The next instant the brush swallowed them likewise, and James, Violet, and Jennie were left to conjecture what was taking place behind that lofty curtain. That it was a drama of pretty tremendous sort they were certain.

The cabin was insufferably hot, and though Violet and Jennie did not sense the heat, James was too restless to remain still. As he knew that no one was left on board the Crab he saw no objection to his emerging on deck for a breath of fresh air and the two girls arm in arm followed him. They saw in the cockpit looking dreamily at the big Crab swinging at anchor and wondering how things were faring with Captain Andrews and the rest. Suddenly his reverie was broken off. The boy to the surprise of the two girls appeared at his feet and slapped his hand down on his knee... A sudden idea had come to him---an idea that was an inspiration.

"So us it's worth trying," said James to the girls. "It's worth trying."

"What is worth trying?" asked the two girls together.

"Why we'll swim over to the other boat. We may find out nothing and then again---"

"Well what then?" they asked.

"Well it may mean a whole lot. We may get the plans. I'll bet they are in the boat....." "QQQQ"

"Let's go" then said Violet.
"Put how about our boat" put in Jennie.
"It's can't drift away. I'll watch out for that."
James secured the door of the cabin. Then the three divested themselves of their shoes, and this done one by one they let themselves over the side of the River Moos and struck out with long steady strokes for the Crab. James was not surprised by how good the little girls could swim because he had heard lots about them, and about how it was attempted once by Mandelins to drown "Seven little fishes in water." It was quite a swim and the divergent ran swiftly but not swiftly enough here to be dangerous. The water was cold too, but the three were strong and vigorous and did not mind this in the least. However they found for a moment a quicksand bog in their way and they had to swim out of that place to avoid it. Then too after their long spell in the stuffy cabin the water felt delightfully refreshing to them. It was not long before they reached the side of the Crab, and swimming around her they finally found a dangling rope by which they hauled themselves on board the little girls going first. Once in the cockpit James first started for the cabin door if anything searching was in the case he would bear the brunt of the first assault. As he expected it was locked, put a big wrench lay by the engine box, and James without hesitating an instant, picked it up and with one blow smashed the lock in. Then he bidding Jennie and Violet to be cautious opened the cabin door, and they found themselves in a compartment much bigger than the River Moos but in a wild state of untidiness.
"What a stuffy hole," thought the lad.

before a sudden advance of the others straggled up the trail. He and his
followers did not see a thing, but when he reached the top he was amazed to hear
a sarcastic voice proceeding apparently from behind an awfully big boulder
which was poised on the summit.

a fusillade.

"They are giving the cavalry a desperate fight," said Walter Starling. "I expected just as much," declared Joyce. "Hark. The firing is getting livelier." But Penrod interrupted her.

"The River-Meow is afloat," he cried; "Thank God." Sure enough, the river was cleaving an unusual amount of water from a big thunderstorm up north had been raging during the last hour, and now they could feel a quiver of life in the River-Meow. The engine was started and after a short time the craft was backed off into deep water, and anchored. "I guess we are in for it," said James pointing to the north-western sky. "We are going to have a storm soon." "Let her come," said Penrod. "We are not afraid of storms unless they are like American madones."

They decided to row ashore and make their way into the outskirts of the little village from which the cavalry had come and arrested the Glandelinian spies or attacked them. As the firing was still going on, they did, and got there just as the rainstorm broke accompanied with lively lightning and thunder. They found that the village was in a state of turmoil. The seven spies, and their followers had wasted the cavalry it was reported and five of them had been captured after a bloody skirmish. But on the Christian side Captain Spiffledink was captured but he pleaded hard that he did not know what kind of men he had taken on board his big boat, and who his pursuers really were.

But as the Vivian girls were on board the boat that pursued and their brother too he was not believed. The authorities said his words were palpably false. The sea captain had however a wife and two children and finding out that the princesses were in the city, and knowing her husband would be tried for aiding the Glandelinian spies who fought their way to freedom, and therefore was charged with military conspiracy which is worse than spying, and that he would face the hangman's noose, she came to Violet and her sisters and pleaded to them to intercede for the men. At the time she came Violet had telephoned them the news of the capture of the plans and papers to their father, but notified him since the spies had won in their flight their adventurous quest was not yet ended. Hoping for success in the apprehension of the spies they had decided the next day to start back for Pandora but on the River-Meow and tow the captured boat behind. The bulldog too now completely subdued was to have gone as passenger on the big River-Meow. The woman there for a found the little girls and Penrod in a hotel but could not yet bother them anxious as she was for Penrod had phoned to General Viviananna and was still phoning, declaring he had sent to him recently all the appliances he needed and that the big land and water submarine would soon be ready. General Viviananna was telling him across the phone that had it not been for him and his sisters the great invention would have remained and used in the shed and the invento would have been sure down and out. One other thing of interest was being told him too by General Viviananna. The Christian army was found to be in a very bad way but new troops coming would assist in putting it on its feet again. General Tallam had charge of the military work of reconstruction and that the enemy now was not making any headway head way at Depressionville any more. The little girl who had been rescued in mid air had declared her self to be their warm friend and would help them out, and little Nell stated that she would pray every day for the success of Penrod and his sisters and hope that she would come home soon. The phoning took some time and then Penrod was through and then he received word that a woman half weeping wished to see him and his sisters.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

THE ATTEMPT AT A BIG BRIBE.
AFTER A SPY. ..THE CRY FOR HELP.

Of course Penrod and his sisters as any one knows may or do have as much charity as any one of the heavenly ones would, and so the woman was sent for. The soldiers there for admitted her, and she immediately as pleadingly as possible put her petition before them, stating that how it would feel as if it was their own father who would be facing a firing squad. Now in fact Penrod and his sisters forgot in their excitement the fact that Captain Spiffledink had been also arrested with some of the few who did not escape and too the reason was he had not even shown the slightest resistance for the Heaven knows had really been bamboozled bamboozled by the spies, and had thought they were Christians being persecuted by another boat loaded with disguised Glandelinians. In fact they had kept him totally ignorant that Violet and her sisters had been in the pursuing boat, but because he was with the foe spies, and having unconsciously aided them the military authorities would not believe his statement, and had therefore been given two days in which to prove his innocence. His wife first had come before them but her pleas had been in vain. There for as a last resort she had come to the royal children, and brought her little little girl too to force the plea.

Of course if it had not been for the testimony of Captain Andrews some time before concerning the character of Captain Spiffledink Penrod and her sisters might have been compelled to refuse her plea, because it is more than a National Offense to knowingly aid Glandelinian spies but they really were convinced conscience that he did not do it knowingly, and therefore it was Violet herself who after a short consultation personally wrote his release and sent it to the military authorities where he was confined. There for because of the intercession Captain Spiffledink escaped the penalty, as Violet proved the plea that he did not know what kind of men he had taken on his boat as passengers or who the pursuers were. But he was nevertheless was released with a stern warning.

The woman wished to thank them for their intercession, but they refused to be thanked, as they did not do anything just to be thanked or praised. Since the other spies and the main ones they were after had escaped after all their efforts they were determined at least Penrod was to get them if he had to go into the foelines across the forest territory for them. At the suggestion of it however for a time Violet and her sisters were a little afraid, for the enemy was more dangerous now than before, and could not be trifled with, even by boy and girl scouts as it had been ~~tttttttttttttttttttt~~ proven in some places for a report came that a good patrol of scouts had almost a fatal encounter with a troop of Glandelinian cavalry which had been victorious too killing the leader of the scouts. So it showed the enemy was having things his own way, for even knows the battle of Depressionville and Podgie being the most greatest Christian disaster in the whole war, and a fatal one too, would never even by a miracle ever be a Christian victory. At the advice of Emperor Vivian, Viviananna was falling back, back from Depressionville abandoning it to enemy hands and making preparations to make a stand at Podgie until general Glandelin could cover his retreat from there.

Since most of those spies (not spies) had escaped despite their desperate efforts to capture them and of General Viviananna's large Violet, and her sisters were greatly worried. Then too with Penrod's decision to go after the spies they were still more greatly worried, and apprehensive for now it would be a most perilous undertaking, and to be separated from him again seemed out of the question, and so Violet said: "I thought you said you would not be separating yourself again from us."

"Penrod grinned. "You and your sisters are going with me," he said.

"Oh Penrod. Those Glandelinians in the camps, is it really safe?"

Jennie, his exceedingly pretty sister stood with one small gloved hand on the neck of Penrod's horse and looked up at her brother, attired in a uniform now not so gorgeous, and stood beside his horse.

"So far dear Jennie!" he panted the boy prince, as he stretched and the reins of his horse. "Why you ought to know by this time when you are really angel possessed you can be in danger and yet escape it, and besides too you ought to know by this time again that even you wouldn't go where it isn't safe. It wasn't safe to pursue those spies and we did."

"Oh yes I know Penrod dear it may be all right for us maybe, but we've never attempted anything like this when the enemy now is in no mood to be trifled with, and we want to know if it is safe for especially you if not for us. If you are ever injured or killed-----"

The young boy prince clasped in his hand the neatly gloved one of his little sister. And though the little glove was new, and fitted the hand perfectly, she clung with her hand as tightly as he did to hers and was very glad that her hand was in such safe keeping.

"Hi Jennie!" exclaimed the boy prince. "Of it wasn't safe, for the plan I'll do to make it safe---as safe as a church---I wouldn't dream of going myself outside of taking you along with me." And for some reason or other---at the mention of "church" Jennie V. blushed just the least bit but there was a happy gleam in her blue eyes. Or perhaps it was the prospective excitement of the moment that caused the blood to surge into her cheeks. Have it as you will, but it must be understood that Violet and her sisters were all loved their brother and best boy friends better than the most true two lovers ever did.

"Come Jennie dear you are not going to back out the last minute are you?" asked Penrod. "Every thing is all right. I've made many things already and often I've been acting as Adelfob and you see I've come through safely as a bird even when you were with me and interferred with by Starling. There is no need to fear them boys as they're still prisoners. You promised lately after a tussle again to go with me where ever I went. I won't go of course if you don't like it for I won't ask you to go where I'm afraid to go, but my experience as Adelfob has been that once you go through these adventures with me often enough it doesn't make any difference then how often you go. You'll find it very fascinating. So let's skip along to our home, and our housekeeper Mrs. Jerry will help you and your dear sisters get into your disguises."

"Shall I and my dear sisters have to wear all those things, such as you are going to put on?" asked Jennie blushing again.

"Well you and your dear sisters will be more comfortable in the way you are addressed now, but we cannot enter the foe lines that way." answered Penrod. "And even if it does make you look like Glandelinian boy scouts, why I'm sure it will be very becoming. Not that you and your sisters don't look heavenly now, but to go into the foe lines unusual disguises will be very handy; should say."

"If I could be sure it would fetch us back safe Penrod dear-----"

"That will do. That will do." laughed the young boy prince. "One joke like that is enough in a morning. It was pretty good though. But I know the enemy will greatly regret that we were within within his lines. We got to capture our put and send to those spies. Now as we are home let's go on in and tog up."

"You're sure it's safe Penrod dear?"

"Positive. Not along row. I want to have my hooves left shoe fixed and-----"

"Oh is his horse shoe broken?" and the angelic little girl, who had started away from the horse turned back again.

"No dear little angel the shoe is not broken but it has cast loose. To go to the enemy's lines I've got a plan to make it safe nothing to do with spying at all, except to tell what one can do to catch spies."

"That's just what I don't care to know Penrod dear!" said Violet herself with a smile. "If I or my dear sisters could imagine I was ailing along only about ten feet in the air I wouldn't mind so much. That's safer than chasing spies into the enemy's lines."

Any one flying at that height in an airship or aeroplane would be the worst sort of danger. You leave it to me dear little sisters. The enemy won't be able to send us up above the clouds, though I suppose they'll try that next. This is only a little prelude to those escaped spies. We got to trick them into a trap. You did that once before and got the spies, and it can be done again through my own plans. You've been practicing long enough to go on such an expedition with me, and now I believe you and your dear sisters are fit to go to back out."

"No, really we are not Penrod dear. Only at the last minute the enemy has gone absolutely so mad, and the war is progressing in their favor, that our cause looks so small and feeble, and the war is so big at Depressionsville and the losses so awful that we may get caught caught in the fearful war-torn and she clanked down that direction and seemed to shiver just a little and her sisters gave an anxious glance also in that direction,

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"Don't be thinking of those awful things," Violet said Penrod with a perplexed frown. "That 'war-torn' will soon be over as father has ordered vivamus to fall back on Dodge and try and stand his ground the while until Kilde and Kilde's nine advances to his aid. 'Don't mistake that for along and get ready unless you want those spies to escape and I know you don't. Our plans have always worked better, and in this adventure if you will break across in our new adventure and make the world marvel at us. We Glandelinian patriots to stop us either as there might be if we were not disguised. Where are you go Jennie?" exclaimed Penrod as if struck with a new thought. "You've gone on a dangerous spying mission many a time, and you were never a bit afraid, though you are in more danger than we'll be on this expedition after the spies." "Danger Penrod in a spying expedition? Oh! We always did that." "The danger of being detected by Glandelinian generals as you little girls go trying to learn many things from them, or as you meet Manley and be discovered in your disguises, danger of running into an ambush, danger of some one you and your dear sisters know double crossing you, or of us detecting some one else, and they telling on you to save themselves. There isn't one of these dangers in pursuing Glandelinian spies when we try to shadow them in disguise."

"No," said Hettie herself but there danger of a spy recognizing us and bet saying us too."

"One again twenty. That's the safest margin. And if we do fail it will be landing only like in a feather-bed. See how Starling tried to interfere with me when I acted last time as Adelfob and you were with me. He failed in the end though he caused me to get wounded and in a hospital where at first you could not find me. There don't wait any longer and get ready. We want to show the spies we are invincible..."

Hettie sighed, and then seeming to sum up her nerves to her said she smiled brightly, waved her hand to Penrod, and then followed by her sisters hastened toward and across home where Mrs. Jerry the mat-only house keeper was waiting to help the little girls attire themselves as Glandelinian boy scouts.... Violet and her sisters who now more than half a year had a warm place in the heart of Penrod, had as he stated some time since his great adventure with Starling promised again to make a trip with Penrod into the foe lines, but had never expected that it would be to go on chasing after enemy spies, and the suggestion had at first met with such opposition that Penrod began to despair of ever getting them to accompany them. And he didn't want to never again leave them behind, nor they leave him behind, and unless they go with him he wouldn't do it either if they still refused then he would have to leave the spies make an escape. To day however after the escape of the spies from the cavalry after a bloody skirmish Penrod had insisted on the promise being kept. Not knowing how on that home as good little girls they surely would not break it under any conditions... He had his friend Jim get to him and they one sort of the safest and most clever disguise set a well known before, and with him his sisters to watch he had again put on his splendid outfit worn before as Adelfob and little Jennie coming out of a tent had spied him and looked at him in wonder as we know now this was the second time he had donned the garb, though this was not the first time Jennie had seen him in this disguise, though before then she had never realized that the "Adelfob boy" she had known in the Glandelinian armies, and who had been so good to her and finally caused her escape was Prince Penrod in disguise. But now she, and even Violet and her sisters watched with different different empty emotions for they were vitally interested. Penrod looked indeed like a very high rank Glandelinian boy scout, and then he had insisted that his sisters should keep their promise and try the adventure with him. At first she had asked that is justice herself!

"No you think it would be a sin for us to not keep the promise. We sir dear brothers. We did not bind it you know." But he answered "If you don't go then I could pursue the spy force and not leave you and my other sisters behind any more. Very time I do some double crossing makes it double for you, like it happened just recently when, yes and now had all his own trouble to bring you through safely. To leave you behind would be like leaving a leaving a precious jewel behind even when, know the is a thief in the house."

Finally they decided to try it.

"Don't be too long now," called Penrod to his sisters as they hurried toward the house. "Have a mind about bubbling you what this time with your paste and hair pins. Or whether you hats on at night for Glandelinian boy scouts usually wear hats and hair like we do in this disguise. Only get the curls out of it so that it'll betray you. Better wear Glandelinian scout caps and let the hair hang down loose any old way under it. We'll get those spies and show the crazy Glandelinian generals something!"

"All right" and finally some of them waved their hand to him. The little girls had made their decision, and were ready to go with him on their expedition after the spies, they were not half so frightened as they had been in the contemplation of it. As Penrod climbed onto his horse James and his father who knew James and Tim also were going with them came toward him.

"You'll and James too will be mighty careful of your dear good little sister now won't you Prince?" asked the man.

"Of course, will Mr. Anderson," was the young prince's answer. "Because the whole world ain't got any like these dear girls and that's the truth Prince" went on the doctor who was mighty careful. "Penrod laughed. He could feel it some how that there was to be no worry. "I don't think I'll need to be careful" he said. "I'll bet those spies will have to be careful. I can feel that we are going to have a stirring good time in the fox lines. This ain't half as perilous for them as spying and I know it."

James father then went off, and Penrod remained on his horse waiting for Violet, and he sisters to appear. Presently he saw seven or nine Glandelinian boy scouts approaching him and Penrod waved his hand to them. "Very one of you are a splendid picture," he cried, "as he saw how fetching they looked in the Glandelinian boy scout uniform which was like his own."

"I wish I had my camera," cried Penrod. "The nine of you look very stunning."

"I hope that isn't any comment on how we are going to feel if we have to make a break to save ourselves from a dangerous Glandelinian scout patrol as I believe they are called" Violet said.

"Oh I'll take care of that," exclaimed Penrod. "We'll make those dastard Glandelinian spies wish they had not come across us, and we members have no Gerald Starving to deal with as he is still within the prison camps and will not be exchanged for another month. Now up on your horses you go, and we'll start," and he having dismounted helped her and his sisters on the saddle of their horses.

"Oh Penrod dear, don't be in such a hurry," expostulated Jennie who was on next. "Let us get our breath."

"No" laughed the young prince. "If I did you might back out. But I know you won't forget this and will make fame for yourself this time. You did it once and can get the same spies within the fox lines again. Get on your saddles fasten the straps around you as you and your sisters always do and sit still. That's all you have to do. Don't be afraid for I'll be very careful and if we were going into grave danger I wouldn't attempt this, but my instinct tells me none of us are going to regret this and for once we'll be making fools of the enemy. And when we are once out in open country sisters dear don't yell at me to go slower or faster once we are on the way."

"Why not?" Daisy wanted to know, as she settled herself on her saddle. "Because scouting parties of the enemy may hear you and come to investigate in case any of them may be who recognize your voice. We can do a little talking by sign language which we know too but if it is better we ought to remain still. Go if you have anything to say."

"In the language of the poets" interrupted Violet. "If I or my sisters have words to spill prepare to spill them now. Well we haven't. Now we are here let's go ahead. We shall probably be too frightened to talk any how."

"I'll bet you are Fredrick Lowden in disguise" piped in Daisy jokingly. "Don't mention his name to me" Penrod said severely with a frown. "I don't want to hear it. He's no Glandelinian boy scout. He's lower than the lowest snake to me. I detest him after what he did to Jennie, and none of you won't need to be frightened after the first little sensation you'll like it. You'll be crazy about the adventure and will laugh at it afterwards. I'll bet it was not safe I wouldn't go myself. Something tell me we'd be fools to back out. Come on Jackson" he called to a man. "Star the bull rolling." "He's a Time and James horse."

Penrod was back in his place on the saddle his goggles which he always wore as a detective and cap well down over his face. Suddenly a man came running from James house waving his arms not unlike the blades of an aircraft propeller. He also shouted but Penrod or his sisters even could not hear as they were almost deafened as to say by the roar of a passing street car.

However Jackson saw him coming and turned about to see what was wanted. "Why it's my stable man," exclaimed Penrod as he caught sight of the excited man. "Hello what's the matter?" the prince asked. "Prince Prince wait a minute. Bless you all," he exclaimed the man whose name was John. "I want to speak to you." He was panting from his run across the field. "I just got to your house," saw your father," he said you were going into the enemy lines after spies, but -- bless your souls -- " "Can't stop now" John answered Penrod, with a laugh. "I have only succeeded by hard work in getting my dear boys and sisters to a point where

they have consented to go with me on the expedition. If I stop now I'm afraid they'll back out and I'll never get them to go with me and then I'll have to give it up and let the brats of spies escape. See you when I come back." and Penrod placed the goggles over his eyes once more.

"At Prince, bless your good souls. This is important." "Go this, and more so," answered Penrod with a grin. He saw by the motion of Mr. John's lips what the latter had said.

"Forward" called Penrod sharply as he urged on his horse and Jackson had stepped back out of the way, in case there should be a starting of the horses unexpectedly in which event he would be accidentally trodden down.

"Wait Prince wait. This is very important. Bless your souls. Penrod but this is --"

However the horses had started forward and further that further talk was out of the question. Penrod and the rest urged their horses on at more speed. Jackson had sprung out of the way pulling Mr. John with him.

"Come back, come back. Wait a minute Prince Penrod. Bless your good souls I want to tell you something" cried the small man.

But the girls and the three boys were away and out of hearing. He had started his pursuit of the spies for the very fox lines. Jennie as she rode along slowly with the rest suddenly she couldn't tell why had a strange feeling of sensation, a strange distinct impression of feeling. She couldn't understand it but the feeling was like this -- any one who had taken a flight in an aeroplane or gone up in a balloon will undoubtedly will know exactly how Jennie felt. He had an impression not that she was going up but that some one had pulled the earth down from beneath her, and at the same time given her a sudden violent shove off into space, such is the first sensation of any one going aloft, and yet it seemed that to her as she rode along on her horse. Then the rush of air all about her, for it was a windy hot day, the slightly swaying motion of the horses back as he went at a trot took her attention. But the strange sensation seemingly of the earth dropping away from beneath her remained with her for some time.

This sensation is much greater however in a balloon than in an aeroplane for a ball on unless there is a strong wind blowing, goes straight up, while an aeroplane goes on a long slant and always into the teeth of the wind to take advantage of its lifting power on the under side of its planes. The reason for this sensation -- that of the earth dropping downward, instead of one feeling what really happens that one is ascending -- is because there are no objects by which comparison can be made. If one stands off on the earth's surface at slow or at great speed, one passes stationary objects, houses, posts, trees, fences, and the like and judges the speed by the rapidity with which these are left behind.

Going up is unlike this. There is nothing to pass. One simply cleaves the air and only as it rushes past can one be sure of movement. And as the air is void of color and form there is no sensation of passing anything. So Jennie Vivian had a sensation as if she had been shot into the air, and also had a sensation as though the earth were dropping beneath her -- a moment she felt as though she were in some vast void -- floating in space -- but she had no fear, in fact it was followed by a strange feeling of happiness which she could not account for, the same feeling that she had once when it stole over her when she was in bed and Penrod came at her happy cry. Then she calmed herself, she looked at Penrod sitting on the horse in front of her of course all she could see was his back, but it looked to be a very sturdy back indeed as he sat there in the cowboy fashion in the saddle as calmly as though in an easy chair at home. He sisters too had taken courage for they were beginning to find themselves and knew by instinct too that if they would be in any danger in this untaken Penrod wouldn't let them do it, nor would he go himself.

On and on they went. Down below the little man who had hurried over from his home to see Penrod gazed down the street at the fast disappearing riders with a smile.

"Bless their little souls," cried the eccentric man. "But Prince Penrod is in an awful hurry this morning. Good he could not have stopped and spoken to me. It might be greatly to his advantage and because he didn't stop for me I'm sorry for him going on that expedition. He's taking a great chance."

"You want to see the prince?" asked a voice behind Mr. John and turning he beheld Gertrude Argeline.

"Yes Miss Argeline I did," Mr. John answered and he did not appear at all surprised at the sight of the girl scout leader beside him. "I wanted to see the boy prince. But it is too bad he didn't. I'll go in and warn the princess to have them topped if he can."

Indeed he was aware that they were all in danger, not so much perhaps that they couldn't later prove their identity, but as to what the little girl is might do in their terror, for to encounter a landellian patrol in comparison to these was nothing. Then too they couldn't for the world show fight against any members of their own side, and even if they needed to do so in case of emergency would have been fatal, for though a equal in number the scouts could out match them at anything and besides though boys the youngest of them were sixteen years old. The They were powerful boys and well equipped while Penrod, his sisters and the two boys with him had only small pistols and hidden knife knives and that was that against that small party even. They were eleven to eleven but that made no difference.

party even. They were eleven to eleven but that made no difference.
"Oh, oh" cried Jennie. "The tagorians" and Penrod so good in his ears
heard her above the terrific noise of a street car roaring past. "O, if
we are seen we won't be able to explain ourselves and they may take
us to an army where we can never prove who we are. I'm going to shoot
if they see us for I won't be captured."

"Sit still. Sit still" and be quiet for your life." x signalled
 Penrod. "It won't do to fight them if we must. I'll save you from being detected
 and caught still, and don't let yourself be seen. Confound the luck any way."

Penrod, "it won't do to fight back."
ed. Only sit still and don't let yourself be seen. Confound the luck any way."
Violet, and even her sisters, their red cheeks now white, drew
their noses into other side alley so they were well hidden, while
Penrod redoubled his efforts to get through without being delayed. And that
And that Penrod was perfectly qualified to make a safe get away from even his
unknown friends, who would tend to be enemies if they saw him and his party
in the gray uniforms, were even in such difficulties, Violet, and he resisted
well knew. Those of you who have read the previous events know it also,
but for the benefit of my readers I shall state that this was by no means Penrod's
first sort of untimely encounter with even those of the Christians in a
stand within the foe lines as Adeldefob five

fit at so many of untimely encounters with even those of the same disguise as Adelfob. He had operated within the foe lines as Adelfob five months after the war started. As related in the initial volumes he had done it when little Annie was a slave within the foe lines. After that experience Annie had often wondered who Adelfob was, so she began to realize a real Marlottian boy scout would never had been good to her and other child slaves. That was the beginning of an everlasting friendship between him and her, and also started Penrod on his career as a famous spy, and a possessor of many great talents no one else could boast of. He even made improvements on his style of Adelfob, so that never in the whole world the Marlottians think Adelfob was anything one could think of else. When starting that is what Adelfob and his two companions never knew the difference between Penrod and Adelfob, and eventually feared but loved him. Penrod some times too had suspicions of Angelina Aroburg as being Radcliffe in disguise, so some times he almost recognized the voice, and that no long between times he never saw Radcliffe set him to wondering. Once he broached the subject but Angelina Aroburg had told him, though I know who Radcliffe is, I cannot now tell, but Heaven itself can prove Radcliffe is not me. Now since the last time he had never seen or heard of Radcliffe, but he had received often strange messages of information which looked like his handwriting.

Adcliffe had gone on one unusual adventure with him during the early war operations against Vivian Pickney, and since that time Adcliffe had not often been seen, and where ever he was he was as busy as a bee against the enemy and doing lots of damage to Argentinian armies and like Penrod was never being detected. Penrod hoped in this adventure was coming to meet him within the foe lines, and would you believe it he was the head of that party of Argentinians, coming down the street, and had to hide from his best friend. For Adcliffe could not recognize him in that disguise and heavens what a one he is to lose his way. He don't give any quarter and that is why Penrod had to hide off like this. Adcliffe was to the enemy more dangerous than Penrod because of the buy and give-out leaders could be. He had single handed once seized Penrod from the enemy by a trick, a big speedy motor speed boat, had secured twenty observation balloons and sixteen big air ships, had blown up two, and had captured from the enemy an electric runabout that was the speediest car in the world in this story and so with the enemy country 10,000,000 dollars. Ten thousand times he had sent secret wireless messages to the Christian lines from the foe foe although being detected, having thrilling experiences too from an encounter with Christian patrol men in disguise, once was chased through a cave of ice by Christians who thought him a foe boy scout and had made perilous trips through forest blazes at all risks and came through without a burn. But he was totally yes a total dumb dolt, of detecting any one in disguise, so that it was fatal for seven his best friends to come into his path and he takes them for Argentinian foes. He even all the time within the foe lines which Christian lines carried an electric machine gun rifle and there was no one in the world who could do more wonderful shooting than he could, and twenty times within the foe lines made some strange discoveries carried with him too a wizard camera and a great searchlight. He also worked on a photograph telephone captured and destroyed the enemy a big aerial warship, frustrated the enemy intentions and plans of digging a big long tunnel from Argentinia against, to Mombi with a purpose to put enough explosives under ground to blow up both cities at the same time which would have occurred if he had not prevented it, all this keeping Adcliffe very busy so that he was feared on both sides especially if he mistook you for an enemy. In all this he was helped by a disguised girl scout Mary Hasty who was his closest friend and one of those boys with him in this party. Early was he disguised as a Christian boy scout just for the fun of it. Penrod and Adcliffe had become the best of all friends and secretly he married many things to Penrod, and therefore was the best operator against the enemy that Abbieanna ever had. Some one think that Penrod and his sisters and many others could have been jealous and envious of this scout spy, but in Abbieanna every body are good good to be that way, and in fact the whole royal family really regretted within themselves they couldn't find room for him. They wanted to place him in as a second member of the Royal crew, and though that sounds small by that that number it is really the highest office in the palace which some day too Argentinia's crown will obtain, little did Penrod know Adcliffe was Arrabelle Arronburg of Argentinia's sister in disguise.

Arnabell Armstrong the Arnabellina's sister in disguise.
Mary knew who she was so did Arnabellina but to reveal anything would spoil
Jardcliffe's plans as it might leak in to the enemy. Jennie too of all her
plans had got a glimpse of addicks and could not help thinking of his
activities in some of which she had shared but to be seen by him in disguise and
not known would have been fatal and she had been scared. They really had been
seen however but too quick for they soon learned they were being hunted, for
some once some where she said within easy hearing
"yes Jardcliffe" and that was Mary Nestor's voice "I did see eleven Jardellina
boy scouts walking toward us but they disappeared down some alley like spirits.
what they were doing here I don't know, at they are gone, vanished."
"Oh if they discover us, and we are killed!" Jennie thought fearfully. "Oh
what will happen to us."

"what will happen to us."
 "It's all right Jennie, don't worry. It's all right." Penrod signalled.
 "What's that? I can't hear you very well," she called back.
 "I'm wondering with the racket that passing street car is making," he answered
 "I answered," "Why can't something be done so we can be heard despite a street
 car?" That's an idea. If I could tell you what was the matter now you little dears
 wouldn't be a bit frightened, for it isn't anything and the sea where we are not
 coming this way, but as it is, it is!"
 "What are you saying Penrod dear? I can't hear you" cried Jennie until
 much frightened as another year or two past. Penrod this time waited till
 it was still and then said quickly before another street car came, "I'll
 say it's all right--they won't come here--don't get scared, don't
 show yourselves until I see that every thing is clear--all of us not to
 leave our hiding place until we left the city. We'll get them off sight now
 here and a new town when we are outside in the country. One every body

take them off uniforms too and make them sit in the place. Otherwise we'll have to be able to proceed." He added some what literally.

A strange idea had come to the young prince but there was no time to think of it now. Mentally he determined to take up his idea and work on it as soon as possible, but just now his followers needed all his attention and soon they were their own selves again their uniforms having been rolled up and tied around their saddles. As Penrod now told them they could proceed with leisure as there was nothing approaching any danger now, and besides the scouts were gone, but it was rather had been an anxious moment. If Penrod had been alone he would have thought little of it, and could have compelled Radcliffe to recognize him in time, but with his sisters and the two other boys along he felt a double responsibility. Indeed what had happened was that they had suddenly almost met with a party of High Grade Hugoian boy scouts led by Radcliffe. Radcliffe was uniformed as a Christian boy scout of very high rank. In trying to get out of sight too quickly they had suddenly been seen, and therefore they had to make quick move to avoid pursuit and trouble and Penrod had to try and reassure Jennie at the same time for she was more excited than her sisters as she had recognized Radcliffe too. Penrod had worked quickly and to good purpose. In a few moments though to Violet and her sisters they seemed like hours, they were now again hiding down a street, but without disguises on, and Penrod breathed more easily.

"No one was in sight now on horse back. "and now for my great idea," he told himself. But it was some time before he could give his attention to that. I decided working with all the skill he possessed Penrod and his followers through his directions had gotten aside of their disguises within a short time. As he had been said the incident however was only a trivial one and had he been alone he would have thought little of it, for he could have convinced Radcliffe who he was, but a whole party in any way would have tempted attack. Then very likely too he could have much more easily have avoided the party. But he did not want to frighten his sisters, so he fixed up a plan while retreating into the alley and made light of it. Thus his sisters and the two other boys were reassured.

"Are we all right now?" asked Violet as they rode along. "Right as a fiddle," answered Penrod shouting as another noisy street car thundered past.

"What's that about a riddle?" asked Daisy in surprise at his seeming flippancy at such a time. "I didn't say anything about a riddle---I said we are as fit as a fiddle," cried Penrod. "Never mind. No use trying to talk with the racket those confounded street cars make and they ain't the noisiest of their kind either. I'll tell you when we get out of the city. Do you like it now?" he added as all quieted down again.

"Yes we like it better than we did at first," answered Nettie for she had managed to understand the least of Penrod's questions. Then they rode on a little faster and soon headed for the city square where there was not so much noise. "I'll lead the way through the Christian camps," he cried to them. "If we need rest we can go up to some general's head quarters this way---in style, and not in disguise either."

"That's good enough for us," said Argeline. "Though this trip is sure wonderful. We'll go now to the foe lines any time you ask us." "Well I have asked you," said Penrod. The quiet of this neighborhood some distance from the street car lines was almost startling and the party could converse easily now. Then followed the long trip out of the city until they soon emerged into the Christian camps outside of it while a party of soldiers came to the edge and lead them to where ever they wanted to go.

"I'll just go and change these tops I have on," said James as he alighted. "No don't," advised Penrod. "You look swell in them. Keep them on. They are sure yours you know and you'll need them when we assume the trip to night the safest hour. Here comes a wagon for us. I'll take you all right to General Hindermine's headquarters in it. Keep the suit on." "I wonder what Mr. Johns could have wanted," he remarked. Penrod as he drove along the company street.

"He seemed very much excited," Catherine replied. "Oh he almost always is that way---blessing us every time he sees us. You know know that. But this time it was very different. I'll admit I hope nothing is the matter might have stopped and spoken to him but was afraid if I did my dear sister might have backed out and wouldn't come on this expedition." "Well we might have," said Jennie. "But now that we are on the way, even with one danger thrown in we'll go any time you ask us Penrod," and she

smiled at the boy prince. In fact all his sisters did.....44444

"Shucks that wasn't nothing and if we had not been disguised that would have been a pleasant meeting," he now laughed. "But I do wonder what Mr. Johns wanted. "Pettie go back then and find out Penrod" advised Violet jokingly as they stopped in front of the house in the camp.

"Oh but I would rather come in and talk to you and my other dear sisters. Have not had a chance for a good talk to day for those street cars made such a racket."

"Yes the 's an officer riding toward you," said Jennie. "O along brother dear and see what he wants. Then when you come back we can have plans for our trip after those spies."

"I will all right little heavenly angels, and I suppose that officer will be passing until he sees me. Well glad you liked the first part of our journey dear Violet---that is the first part of it on my account."

Having fare well to his pretty sisters, the young prince went to meet the officers the two other boys going in with his sisters. The general himself had not been well off late and Penrod was a bit anxious about him.

"Some one may bother him though they won't I don't mean to," thought Penrod. "Every one lately seems to have their minds filled with some new idea. Probably the excitement caused by the growing violence of this murderous war I wonder if they had any ideas like mine? No it couldn't be. Well I'll soon find out," and putting his head up he ran up to the office.

"Id is general Hindermine all right." He asked of Mrs. Sanders the general's house keeper who was on the front porch as though waiting for him. "Oh yes Prince, he's all right," the house keeper answered.

"Is any of his staff officers with him.....?????"

"No," "They have not gone elsewhere have they?" "No they are around somewhere, but some one else is with the general general. Some visitors?"

"Any generals?" "No," "They came personally to see you, and they were at your father's head quarters and learning that you went this way they came here. Mr. Johns over there wanted to tell you but you went off without listening. They are rather impatient. I came out to see if you were in sight hearing you were coming here. General Hindermine sent me."

"Are they bothering him---talking military business that I ought to attend to when he's ill? That mustn't be. I won't permit it."

"Well I suppose it's military business that the strangers are talking over with you general, Prince," said Mrs. Sanders but it was strange for her head big sums of money spoken of put the general seems to be all right, only a little anxious that you should come."

"Well for the rest of the day I'm here now and my sisters want me to attend to things while, got ready for the trip. There are the strangers, and who are they?"

"I don't know," answered the house keeper. "I never saw them before, but they are in the library with the general. Do you think they'll stay to supper? If they do I'll have one of your aide de camps catch and kill a chicken."

"If you do don't tell my sisters about it or let them know of it," said Penrod seriously. "They can't be seeing a chicken getting killed. Better get the fowl yourself and say nothing to either of them. I added. And as I may be delayed talking military business to these strangers, you'd better get up a big meal than usual for my sisters will have no such good meal again for some time to come if we go after spies within the foe lines."

"I will, Prince," promised Mrs. Sanders and then the young prince having seen that one of the men took the horse and went on to its proper place, went into the house.

"Oh Prince dear here you are," was the general's greeting as he came out into the hall from the library. "I've been waiting anxiously for you my boy. You were so long getting here on your way I couldn't think what was keeping you."

"Oh I and my sisters had to hide from a bunch of boy scouts---nothing serious made a mistake and disguised ourselves for getting we were within the Christian lines that's all."

A moment later Penrod was standing before two well dressed (not uniformed) prosperous looking men as if they were business men more than anything else and not military who smiled pleasantly at him....

"Prince John Schofield Penrod!" interogated one, the elder as he held out his hand.

"That's my name" answered Penrod pleasantly.

"Have you any sisters?"

"Just a question, are I have?"

"I'm Henry Peton Gale (not whale) and this gentleman is George Roland Ware." went on the man who had taken Penrod's hand. "I'm the head of one of the Gemini Bureau Branches and he's treasurer."

"Oh yes," said Penrod as he shook hands with Mr. Ware (and tea?) "I have heard of you--conce--m you are doing a lot of government work, are you not?"

"Yes, we are doing a lot of work, and we are up to our neck in it. This war is going to be almost as severe as if a whole world was engaged in it. Prince."

"I can believe that," agreed Penrod. "Don't you have a chair?"

"Well, we didn't come to stay long," said Mr. Gale with a laugh, which some how rather grated on Penrod and seemed to him insincere. "Our business is such a rushing one that we don't spend much time any where. To get down to brass tacks we have come to see you to put a certain proposition before you, Prince. You are open to any proposition, are you not?"

"Oh yes," answered Penrod. "That's what I'm always in the military service for." "....."

"I thought so. Well now I'll tell you in brief what we want and then Mr. Ware our treasurer can elaborate on it and give you facts and figures about which I never bother myself. I attend to the executive end and leave the details to the others." and again came that laugh which Penrod did not like.

"You came here to make me an offer?" asked the young Prince.

"Yes, went on Mr. Gale. "He came here to make you a big offer. I'm short Prince we want you to work up a scheme some how that will enable your sisters to go back home where they ought to be, where it's safe and not be trifling with such a dangerous enemy and we are willing to pay you ten thousand dollars a year. Ten thousand dollars a year. That is only for the safety of your sisters. Mr. Ware sent me to do this, do you accept?"

Characteristic it was indeed of Penrod that he did not seem at all surprised or pleased at what many persons would call a liberal offer. Certainly not many young boys or youths of Penrod's age would be sought out by a big Military Detective Concern, and offered ten thousand dollars a year for the duration of the war. "Right off the reel" as Tim Groveton expressed it later, but Penrod only smiled and shook his head in negation.

"What do you mean Mr. Gale?" you mean you won't accept our offer?"

"I am who am a Prince can't," answered Penrod.

"You can't exclaim the treasurer Mr. Ware. "Oh I see, Mr. Gale a word with you. Excuse us for a moment," he added to Penrod and the general. Then the two men consulted in a corner of the library for a moment and then with smiles on their faces once more turned toward the young Prince.

"Well perhaps you are right Prince," said Mr. Gale. "Of course we recognize the talents and ability of our good sisters, but you cannot blame us and all the rest of the Gemini for trying to get them to listen to reason, as well as having them go back home and stay there. But we are not high bound nor sticklers for any sum. We'll make that offer twenty thousand dollars a year if you will sign a ward ration contract and agree that your sisters will go home and we main out of dangers way. Now how does that strike you? Twenty thousand dollars a year---paid weekly if you wish, and our Mr. Ware here has a form of contract which can be fixed up and signed within ten minutes if you agree, and believe the Gemini of the war if they feel over the safety of so good and beautiful little girls as your sisters."

"Well I don't like to be disagreeable," said Penrod with a smile, "but really as I said before I can't accept your kindly offer, and I appreciate your consideration for them. I may say even liberal offer appreciate both."

"You can't accept," cried Mr. Gale.

"Are you sure you don't mean won't?" asked Mr. Ware in a half growl.

"You may call it that if you like," replied Penrod a bit coolly so that that moment he did not like the other's tone. "Only as I say I cannot accept. I have other plans. I cannot make them do it, and I won't. If they believe it is their duty to be at their father's side, then it is mine to be at their side. They are the ones to have the say not, on that matter."

"Oh you---" began the treasurer but Mr. Gale the President of the Universal Gemini Bureau stopped his associate with a warning look.

"Just a moment Prince Penrod begged the president. "Don't be hasty. Remember your sisters are in your safe keeping and it may be what happens to them you are responsible for. We are prepared to make you a last and final offer, and I do not believe you can refuse it."

"Well I certainly will not refuse it without hearing it," said Penrod with a smile he meant to make good natured. Yet truth to tell he did not

understand the reason of the two visitors request that they come bring him a Prince to see to it his sisters keep out of the reach of the war and go home. There was something about this request that roused his fears now to concealing them and he said later that even if they had offered him a sum which he felt he ought not in justice to himself and them to refuse, he would have felt a strong desire to try and compel his dear sisters to do what they believed they ought not to.

"This is our offer," said Mr. Gale and he spoke in a manner which seemed to say "If you don't take it, why we'll be sorry for them and you." He looked at his treasurer for a confirmation to nod and he clearing it went on. "We are prepared to offer and pay you and will intercede for such a contract with the stipulation about their safety that I mentioned before---we are prepared to pay you fifty thousand dollars a year now what do you say to that Prince Penrod. Fifty thousand dollars a year?" repeated Mr. Gale unctuously rolling the words off his tongue. "Twenty thousand dollars a year. Think of it. Or fifty to add."

"I am thinking of it," said Penrod gently and I thank you for the offer. It is indeed very generous, but I must give you the same answer I cannot accept. It is up to my sisters and Heaven knows they won't yield. Go to them if you wish to get them do as you feel. I cannot."

"Prince Penrod" exclaimed General Hinde in surprise.

"Prince, Prince," exclaimed the two visitors. But Penrod smiled and shook his head.

"Oh I know very well what I am saying, and what I am turning down," he said calmly. "But I simply cannot accept. I would gladly see them else where though if they were safe, but father believes they're safe in the army doing this than remaining home unarmed. I have other plans too. If you wish them to do as you desire speak to father, but I am sorry you have had your trip for nothing. But then if they succeeded in many unusual incidents in the past and gone through safely what I believe no saints ever experience they could safely go through other adventures in the future. Besides if they are really angel possessed why do you feel so the safety. It's silly I must refuse because I can't accept. I would if I could but, tell you I have no say in the matter. Consult them or go to my father. He alone can do nothing."

"Is that your final answer?" asked Mr. Gale.

"Yes." "Don't you want to take a day or two to think it over?" asked the Treasurer. "Remember if anything terrible ever happened to them you are their responsibility. You are even going into the fox lines to get some spies and they're coming with you on your request. Don't be hasty or rash. I tell you those landelinian devils who ought now to be in hell are not to be trifled with."

and for heavens sake remember there no boy or young man in the world who can boast of having little sisters like you have no command that his sole duty to keep them from harm's path and may say you will find us liberal in other ways. We'd do anything to save them from harm. You too ought to be home instead of going about fiercely attacking the enemy. Something may also happen to you. This is not an ordinary war, it's a hellish struggle and dangerous every where. Landelinia is a seething hell loose on us and you're trifling with such soldiery. Think it over you would have some time to yourself."

"That is what, most need," returned Penrod. "Time to my self. No thank you gentleman I cannot accept."

"Be careful," warned Mr. Gale, and it sounded as though there might be a threat of warning in his voice. "This is our last offer and your last chance."

"We will not renew this. We'll try schemes and plots to get them out of this hell hole they fell into. If you do not accept our fifty thousand dollar offer now you will never get it again."

"I realize that," said Penrod. "But I told you my sisters have the say on that matter and if I cannot accept I must be prepared to take the consequences."

"Very well then," said Mr. Gale. "God help them, and you too. There seems nothing for us to do Mr. Ware but to go back to Argelina Agathia if possible. I bid you good day and good night," and he bowed sadly but politely to Penrod. "I hope you will have some reason to regret your refusal of our offer but the enemy is not to be trifled with."

"I hope so my self," said Penrod lightly. "I hope the visitors had gone, General Vi Hinde and two of his

Prince friend, and shaking his head (maybe dead) remarked: "!!!!!!"

"God know you know your own business Prince best than we do. Yet I cannot but feel you have made a serious mistake...."

"Oh yes," asked Penrod. "By not accepting the bribe and taking that money. If I a prince who am so rich as to own a nation take money from some body else

and especially for something which is no business of mine but my sister's? I can easily get more than that in a day, and I have an idea in mind for an improve

improvement in our military spy work against the foe. And your own plans will soon be ready so that you can crush Viviananna's army before he can oust him from the territory of Podgio. Besides, a prince doesn't really need any money. We all love gold more than any worldly goods, in fact in comparison with him money and treasures are a mere nothing."

"I know you are right on that Prince, but you must remember that you are what Mr. Gale said. There is no boy who can in the whole wide world boast of having little sisters like you have, nor a brother or father either," said General Glade-Rinia who was with Hinder-Rinia. "And remember this big war, (where so many battles are fiercer than the whole world war was by now the same may know) has made for us many dreadful changes, and things that so often brought the whole of Abbeennia and her sister-states the most handsome incomes in the world where we out-rival every nation, hardly sell at all now. Remember Abbeennia. That city has never been covered from the disaster yet and is still partly underwater and all her territory. That disaster shows the enemy is not to be trifled with wicked as she is."

"Oh don't worry you general. We still have all our big sound banks owned only by the Government. I'm expecting Hanson Vivian my uncle back to join father any day now and he'll give us the annual statement of our account, and then we'll know where we still stand. And you must know that though the effort on father's every thing is being done at what ever the expense and even blood shed if necessary to prevent such flood and explosion disasters in the future. I'm not afraid of the money end. Our country even though the enemy is holding but as may be said valiantly is doing well and it is going to do better. We even have not the same miles yet in the field which we easily could put out to easily over Whalm Glade-Rinia. Our part of the war now is only a trial part of the drama. The main act has not come yet, and also I have a new idea that will make the enemy wish they had left my sister alone, no matter what they did in defense of our country."

"That's all very well Prince," said the general Glade-Rinia himself who seemed oppressed by something. "As you say money is nothing at all in comparison to love of God, and I know you are right, and that in all probabilities our cause will triumph rising the world by the good breaking victory later on. But there is something about the petitions of those men I do not like. They were very disturbed, almost angry, and scared at your refusal of their offer. I could see that they may feel a sense of danger for you waste your where you don't see it your self. Prince, don't want to be a croaker but I think you will have to watch out, if you don't heed the warning of those two Gemini. They know more about the enemy than you do despite all your work as Adeldefob, there is no going to be trouble for you sisters and I'm afraid you too. The enemy these days are not to be trifled with." And general Glade-Rinia shook his head dolefully.

"Well what ever the enemy do when it's clean and above board is the spice of effort and victory for us." He turned Pen-Rod lightly. "I am not afraid of that."

"No but it is often unfair and underhand," said general Hinder-Rinia. "I think it would have been better Pen-Rod to have accepted that offer of fifty thousand dollars a year, clean money is a good sum."

"Yes, but you must understand general, cannot accept even if I wanted to. You or they don't understand what I mean. If father does not object to their doings, is it my business to but in to put in my say. I'd get the walking papers in a hurry. If those two men want to have something to do on that matter let them go to father as proposed and when he says they'll do for him only, but the danger is far less often times than the Gemini imagine. I've often heard that though it seems to approach and harm could never overtake an angel possessed child, for to harm the child you'll first have to harm the angel. If demons possessing people have much power that it only takes a miracle to drive one out, how can you harm a true good angel possessing a child. Their fears about my sisters are foolish ones. Their expeditions are nothing and they told me so that every time they did anything they only made fools of the enemy, and may make me much safer for them yet with some thing that occurred to me only a short while ago. I got about those Gemini men general, and I'll tell you my new idea, but wait, I want Tim and James to hear it. Where are they? Where did they go?"

"They went in my other side of the house a little while ago with you sisters. Then they all went out when those two men came to do something important and--" At that moment from the garden at the side of the library the sound of voices in dispute could be heard.

"Now you get right away from that lower window," exclaimed some one who could be none other than a boy scout. "What do you want to clatter up this place for peeping in at other people's windows. Be you a spy. Get away from here or I'll have a soldier place you under arrest."

"No so a more kid like you want me to get out, so please you put me in place," cried a big voice, that of a man.

"There's something wrong out side," cried Pen-Rod outside. "I'll have to go outside and give that abbe-nock something to do that will fix his length. If he's a spy he'll get his." Put as Pen-Rod was about to leave the room, another voice was heard in the garden.

"You are under arrest Mr.," said some one which sounded like another voice and it appeared to be that of a girl. "My brother is a pirate. Well you face looks like a lemon slice. The garden is no place for people like you. Spying I'll bet. Don't move toward me or I'll riddle you with pistol shot. And you call the off ice of the garden and have him marched to the camp for investigation."

"Wait'll show that giant spy whether I am a pirate or not," cried the boy. "I could riddle him too. Riddling spies is my middle name."

"Be careful," said his sister who was moving up as Hinder-Rinia came up to take charge of the prisoners. "Keep your eyes on him so he won't make a break and run."

"He can't get it in he likes," chuckled the boy. "I'll get it good if he tries. Then there was silence, and Pen-Rod and the general looking out saw the man followed by the boy about leading a tall man dressed in civilian clothes away, while coming up the walk was the two boys, and Violet, and he sister.

"I was just going to look for you (not a joke)," said Pen-Rod.

"So why we had to go off in such a hurry and leave you alone," said Violet, but do you know without our knowing it we met that man who once said I wouldn't want to be one of the Vivian girls. He increased to call the world. He made that me mark again and he has a great deal. I'm going to leave him to you to do what you will. He is not a prisoner though only we won't let him go any until you see him."

"That's all right Violet that's all right," said Pen-Rod genially. "As he says he wouldn't want to be one of you. Well I'm going to make him when I have the chance. I'll make him accompany me on an expedition, probably this, and if he is a coward and doesn't well I'll make him so. Not time he'll keep his mouth shut."

"I wished safely to get back and see you," said him and it's about something very important."

"No trouble, hop on," replied Pen-Rod, for the manner of the boy was rather easy.

"Trouble, oh no. There is no trouble Pen-Rod. In fact there may be the other way about. Pen-Rod, have an idea and there may be a permanent rift for you sisters in it. That's it permanent rift."

"Good," cried the Young Prince. "Right as well bits off a big lump while you are at it. So you have a good idea. Well also I have myself but I'll listen to you first. What is it Jamie dear?" he added as she went on to him to attract his attention.

"Do you wish to see that man who broke him wait?"

"Let him wait by all means. I'll see him after Tim is through with him. Then I have my plans with him."

"Then he'll need to Tim and asked!!!!

"What is your idea?"

"It's a new kind of plan Pen-Rod. I haven't got it all worked out yet but I can give you a good rough outline. On my way over I got to thinking about the spy work of intelligence and how he does it so long within the foe lines, and then of you being an Adeldefob, and the like, and it occurred to me that the present plan of you and us two and you sisters, we main cleverly disguised to be long time still in the foe lines like Adeldefob, I thought that would be no appearance but we won't decide on that now. After that plan is going to be an appearance and I want to talk to you before you decide about it. The idea is to whizz in and out of the foe lines of spying involved in my plan, and I--"

"And I'll be a friend of spying involved in my plan, and I--"

"At that moment the general and sister of steel and wood from the garden out of what was of which Pen-Rod and his sister and the two boys had been talking. Then followed a jumble of words.

"Something's wrong again," cried Pen-Rod as he ran toward them.

"Side of the house. I mean it's a fight with a big this time."

"Indeed, indeed, and the all that that man was the case of Pen-Rod and his sister and the two boys, as they rounded the corner of the house and looked into the newly opened garden. There stood a man in a soldier's uniform, holding a pistol in his hand as if he were only a small wood the face of some at a smiling man in plain clothes. The other man was plainly trying to get at him. His enemy but he was prevented by the long distance held the pistol and of him.

travelling through the Glandelinian camps as simple as taking out your shoe and to go sliding down an easy road. It was that Penrod, and you a good while ago that I know that for an idea!"

"You Timothy G. overcame disappointment, Penrod was not enthusiastic, though his sisters were interested enough. The young prince gazed at his eccentric boy friend and then said slowly:

"Well that's all right in theory but how is it going to work out in practice?"

"That's what I wished to talk to you about, Penrod was the reply. "That is what, he replied over to you again for that's my big idea. It's not that great!"

"I'm really sorry to shut you out of my castle," said Jennie herself. "But for the life of us we can't see how it will work. Of course in theory if you could by a miracle change the sound of our voices which we cannot do, there would be some good success to your plan. And if this could be done, I grant that we could do wonders for your idea—but that was what really gave us away to those gossips who seemed to readily recognize us despite the cleverest disguise."

disguises we would use to make up, our sound of speech, and the air of grace about us, and our manner of walk which is almost impossible to disguise. We can only do that successfully in a Glandelinian army where we are not known. But how are you going to get us not to miss Mass. Radcliffe told us he never heard of Mass at all within the Glandelinian armies. He had to go out by night to get back to the Christian lines to hear Mass every morning and be back in time to be within for Mass, and how he accomplished that Heaven only knows. How are we going to disguise our manner, voices, and air of grace?"

"Learn how to do it," said Tim promptly. "You can cultivate that some how I'm sure, you could go to a teacher who could learn you how to disguise your voices. You can imitate every gosh hang bird and animal in his country so good, so also I guess you could learn to disguise your voices. That's a small detail that could be easily worked out. I leave that to you, you sisters and your brother!"

"I'd rather you wouldn't said Angelina herself. "That's the whole difficulty of changing our voices, manner and air of grace. It could be accomplished of course but it would take time and we couldn't practice that with the foe lines. Wait I'll explain it to you. Then the princess went into details. She told of the ponderous work she and her sisters had attempted in disguise to hide their beauty and though they had succeeded in making themselves look like different girls, hiding their beauty was like trying to hide a fish in a glass globe full of water and nothing else, and spoke of their terrible ideal of not trying to speak at all within hearing of foe officers for fear their voices could be recognized."

"Anything that you would gain by trying to learn to disguise our voices would be lost any way because though we disguise at times as boys we can't look like boys," Angelina told Tim. "Besides if we could change the manner of our graceful steps and walk or our ways it would create such an effort on our part that we would have to go studying it for days before we could pronounce our selves perfect enough to take the chances of going for that length of time into the foe lines. We would only be making little fools out of ourselves and gain nothing by it any how. No one can stay too long within the foe lines without causing suspicion, you would have to live their ways, which is wicked, do what they do, and if we noted no long an scout we'd be compelled to give child slaves to henipus work and toil and ill treatment which is against our constitution. My I and my sisters have gone through experiences in our earlier life which we take good care to avoid in the future. Attempts a thousand times have been made by the Glandelinians to run us to earth, even within the Christian lines and what James can tell you happened to us, we can't tell you and what trouble James had to bring us through it all would make you shudder and shudder and spy no long within the foe lines without detection would be out of the question. It's perilous enough to chance chase after those spies with out doing that. That plan of yours Tim dear is out of the question, thank heavens and averts. The Glandelinians are too dangerous now to try that. Often I and my sisters have been tempted to flee to the United States if I didn't that might Penrod dear?"

"Yes indeed," answered the prince.

"You think so too Penrod?" asked Tim.

"I'm sure of it."

"Oh dear! That's too bad. I sure thought I had a new idea. Well you and your sisters had the most experience and ought to know the plan goes on the trash heap. Well I'll say no more about it. You and your sisters ought to know best Penrod. I wasn't thinking of it so much for myself, it was for you and they. I thought you'd like some new idea to work on, so you could make a fool of the enemy in the eyes of the world."

"Much obliged, I'm dear but I have a new idea," said Penrod.

"You have what is it? Tell me and you sisters, if it isn't a secret," went on the eccentric boy about as much delighted over Penrod's new plan as he had been over his own, so doomed to failure so soon.

"It isn't a secret from you, and my sisters know it all ready for it is the same idea any how," said Penrod. "They got the idea while we came here. We are not going into the foe lines after all."

"Oh! Not why have they again tried to back out? He asked with a sort of grin."

"No giggled Violet. "The spies we are after are here, in camp."

"My gosh. Then they didn't leave for the foe lines!"

"They couldn't."

"I wanted to tell the plan then to my sisters," said Penrod but, had trouble making myself understood because of the noise of the confounded street cars. The spies are in the city again."

"Those street cars do make a terrible great racket," conceded James himself. "But I suppose anything cannot be done about it. What is your plan, Penrod?"

"Well these spies, by disguising as Melfob, making off he came here to spy too, and my sisters can act as Confederates. And that's what I'm going to do. Not because I want to do so but I believe that way we can capture them and such a capture would be valuable, especially if we get the main ones."

We got to capture them by a trick, as to do so openly would bring us disaster as they are dangerous. So also go over the enemy's lines some times and not be seen or recognized would be valuable many times. And that's what I'm going to do, work throughout the city as Melfob. I've got a plan to do so without being mistaken by our friends as an enemy. I tell you one thing. Had I been alone when we came upon Radl Radcliffe all would have been well for, believe me the members who Melfob is, we were a little foolish after all to have run off and hidden as we did but I've got the germ of an idea and now—"

"Excuse me" said a voice behind Penrod, his sisters and the two boys, and turning the young Prince beheld the form of Henry Gale President of the Pando Gemini Universal Society of Military War-detectives. Penrod had drawn a pencil and paper from his pocket, and as he and his sisters and the two other boys were sitting on the steps of General Hindes headquarters the young prince was about to demonstrate by a drawing, a part of his new project, when the interruption came in the shape of one of the men who had, an hour before, made that sort of bribe offer to Penrod.

"Excuse me" went on Mr. Henry Peton Gale. "I Mr. Ware and I got to talking it over on our way to the station—the matter of having you ask your sisters to give up this dreadful dangerous military work of theirs, I say in now in their presence here too—and we concluded that it was worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for us to have to do it. I came back—"

"It isn't of the slightest use Mr. Gale, I assure you," said Penrod a bit heatedly, for he did not like the persistency of this man nor did he like his coming on these parts of the headquarters ground unannounced and in this secret manner. "I told you I could not and would not accept your offer. It is not altogether a matter of money any how what about their possession angels. They are well protected. My word is final."

"Oh very well if you put it that way," said Mr. Gale stiffly. "Of course the there is nothing more to say. But I thought perhaps you did not consider we had offered you enough and—"

"Your offer is far enough from a financial standpoint," said Penrod. "But I simply cannot accept it. And I have other plans. Frank," he called to one of the boy scouts who was passing kindly see Mr. Gale to the gate, and then let me know how it was any one came in here without a pass or permit."

"Yes sir," said the boy scout, as he stood significantly waiting.

"There were no guards at the gate when I came in," said Mr. Gale and "The man seemed antagonizing." I wanted this time to speak to you before your sisters—"

"To ask you to consider your offer—so I came back."

"It's against the rules to admit strangers to the headquarters private grounds," said Penrod. "Good day."

The President of the Universal City Gemini did not respond, but there was a look on his face as he turned away that had Penrod and his sisters even present, might have caused them some great uneasiness. But they did not see. Instead Penrod resumed his talk with Tim.

"Prince your idea is most interesting," declared the eccentric man. I hope you will be able to work it out."

"I'm going to try," said the young prince. "I hope that man—Mr. Gale did not mean anything of what I was saying. He sneaked up on us before we were aware"

any one was new but ourselves."

"I don't imagine he heard very much, Pen-rod said. "He may have heard you mention about you being 'Adeldefob'---"

"That is just what I wish he didn't hear" broke in Pen-rod. "That's the germ of my idea."

"But if he is a real member of the Gemini he sure wouldn't betray us," said Tim.

"That is not the point. These members of the Gemini see that the Glandelinians are getting more dangerous every day, and once it becomes known that I am working on that he'll put obstacles in our way to prevent us doing what he considers dangerous duties---wall the risk is no use carrying over spilled milk" and he smiled at the homely proverb. "I'll have to work in secret on ce I've started." "Do you think the Abbeannian government would approve of you not giving in to the advice of the Gemini Pen-rod?" asked James.

"I think it should be glad to if it wishes our Nation to win in this war. It cannot compel us any way. Only Father can do that. Consider any how what my sisters or what a wonderful part my sisters have and are playing in this gigantic war! It is really a struggle to see who will be the master of the world---the wickedness of Glandelinia, or the holiness of Abbeannia---and suddenly up to now the wickedness of Glandelinia, or the holiness of Abbeannia---and suddenly up to now I have to say the Glandelinians are having the advantage, even in spite of all the best the boy and girl scout regiments have helped our armies to do. Through the help of that confounded Glancy the Glandelinian armies have more and more began to forge ahead, and now it is said General Izner-Myltze with his armies is leading every thing or will shortly. We have been a bit slow with our military movements but soon we will be booming along with the help of our Dear Blessed Lord Abbeannia will soon soon have the mastery over the wicked for good and all."

"I hope so," sighed little Daisy. "We must beat the wicked."

Briefly Pen-rod spoke of what General Izner-Myltze's armies were doing in their campaigns and advances, that through all his career, though the Christians as to say in a slang way had thrown him all hell upon him were not able to check his headlong advance and mention too was made of what many other Glandelinian generals especially the four Manleys, Glancy, and Manlet had done alongside to the successes of dangerous and unbeaten Myltze. Pen-rod mentioned however that in no way though was Myltze a cruel man, and no towns, villages and cities had been wantonly destroyed in the path of his advance or child-re harmed.

"But despite the wickedness of Glandelinia's cause Glandelinian generals like the Manleys, Fedewal, and the like have made gallant names for themselves bravely fighting successfully against our grand army and unless we plan something against them and prevent the work of their spies they will be doing better against us. My sisters have told me that often," declared Pen-rod. "And is silence as to what they intend to do the chief recommendation?" asked Tim.

"Yes," replied Pen-rod. "Or rather it will be if I or others don't have something perfected pretty soon. Our own spies and agents have done work as speedy as any of the enemy have. It is only the terrific power of the Glandelinian armies and their abilities of the generals that is a handicap. It is a handicap to our generals, and as the enemy so frequently destroy so much communications it makes things less satisfactory for us. Then too the action of the enemy scout patrols more clever than our own warns the enemy generals of the approach of a Christian army some times long before it can be seen with our own plans working to perfection if it can be accomplished. All this disaster would be done away with with my new plans in case I can perfect it, the enemy's lines by approaching armies could be approached as silently as American Indians over in America used to approach the long cabins of the white settlers. I'd like to train the armies and the ski-mob lines to approach the enemy that way. That will be our great advantage. --not that easy methods of the battle can be won more promptly go for that after all is an detail not so important but to approach the enemy's lines in the silence of the night would be a distinct gain."

"I believe it would," Pen-rod exclaimed James himself. "and I think too that at your father would be glad to get armies trained to do the attacking that way" he added.

"put ain't that sort of attacking treacherous?" asked Violet.

"Pen-rod laughed out loud scornfully.

"What do the enemy do?" asked. "Indians were never treacherous that way. War against Nature, war against all Good, ruthlessly without warning causing Nature to war itself against cities and towns, burning all our forests, blowing up whole mountain ranges, destroying Abbeann, making big floods, massacring countless numbers of children in a manner you my sisters only can tell of and if that ain't treacherous what is it. I'm going to train my armies that way no matter what any body says. And Emperor Vivians army my father's

will be the first one trained that way if he wants it if I can make my plans a success for Heaven knows I know enough Indian Tricks to do the work. That is unless those more clever Glandelinian generals get ahead of me."

"What other Glandelinian generals?" asked Hottie.

"Well for instance, that Glancy, and his crowd. He's an American." was the answer.

"So he isn't said Catherine. "He came from that country called Ireland didn't he?"

"Well that may give us a show then" said Pen-rod feeling much relieved.

"But he knows enough about American War History to follow the plans and actions of those so called Civil War Generals. If I was sure that they didn't feel offended for refusing their offer on that bribe of theirs I'd have engaged Gale and War to help on the plan, though of course I could draft them, and now that Gale overheard---as he must have---what I intended working on he and War may be worried more than ever. There must be something in it after all or other wise they wouldn't come offering money to have you little girls go home, but it ain't safe home either I'm afraid. It seems safe in the army."

"Well if it ain't safe any where then the United States for me" said Violet. "but why run away from the enemy. put do you mean to try and really out wit those spies we are after?"

"Yes. It would be a big feather in the caps of their generals if they succeeded in their mission, for they know that our Government Armies has not been so very successful in their attempts against the foe. That's why they are so desperate I guess. We are pursuing them, but I wouldn't want to change places with them."

"I shouldn't be surprised too Pen-rod" conceded Jennie herself. "Since you turned out after all by the good grace of God to be our lost youngest brother, brother, and since you are so famous in all you did, and how you once before our very eyes captured single handed from the enemy that giant cannon and the great searchlight during a raid you have come into greater prominence before father and the Abbeannian nation than ever before and are a terror to the enemy. They never molest you and when you are with us they leave us alone. And what you have done is a wonderful success. God has been awfully good to us and we don't deserve---"

"Can that talk" said Jim sarcastically. "what good don't you deserve I'd like to know. You came for other's only and not you-selves. Where did you secure the big searchlight Pen-rod?"

"I secured it" admitted Pen-rod modestly enough in the Glandelinian camps during that raid I made that night to avenge Lodw Lowdens treatment of my sister Jennie. Since then the big searchlight seems to have been of some great benefit to the Christian battle front, and though they have not yet been able to manufacture and transport as many of those big cannons, captured it is progressing I understand. The government is using the two things I have captured and there is no necessity of commanding them either since I had freely offered them to the Government."

"Well since I can't help you with my plan which I proposed" said Tim with a smile. "let me do what I can toward your role as Adeldefob Prince. What are you going to do?"

"Oh I don't know---but I've got to have ourselves pretend we are in league with the spies in order to trap and kill them, kill them we must they cannot be captured alive they're too dangerous. I guess that plan would be as good as any. And now to get down to brass tacks, as the poet says I believe I will speak to that man my sister said they arrested. Violet you know who he is. Have him brought before us."

Violet went and soon came back between two soldiers and the man. Pen-rod sized him up and then grinned.

"What are you on probation for?" the young prince asked.

"I didn't mean any harm. I was asked by a boy scout how I would like to be one of the princes and I say nothing doing because they'll live a lot harder, I wouldn't want to be them for all the world."

"This is your second time isn't it?"

"Yes Prince."

"Who arrested you?"

"That boy scout arrested him" said Jennie with a pout. "He got so we when he said that."

Pen-rod was silent for a moment though that grin to their surprise never left his face. Finally he spoke, then of course he looked more serious.

"I don't care what it is, alright or serious I don't like any disturbing words about or against my sister. I don't know how serious you offense may be in the eyes of God, but your manner shows you probably are an enemy of the Cross. Am I right?"

"What do you mean Prince?"

"You stumble at little trials and difficulties I suppose."

"Well I'll have to admit, do I must confess I slightly blasphemed over a toothache last night."

"You did?" And Penrod now frowned while his sisters gave a sudden start and turned pale.

"Yes Prince."

"Tell you fool, and He died on the Cross for you. What did you do. Or use Him or swear or use vile language."

"I said He was cruel to let me suffer like that?"

"Tim couldn't help it he giggled. That sounded so absurd."

"Why didn't you go to a dentist and have it attended to?" Tim then answered.

"I was afraid."

"Oh you were?" put in Penrod. "And you put in a complaint. Well Ours Blessed Lord did not give you that toothache. And you could have ended it by going to a dentist. There is not a dentist in our country that can't stop a pain in a tooth. A toothache is no joke I'll admit but it is not to be blasphemed about. You blasphemy was a mortal sin and you say it was a slight one."

"You lied about Him too. He is not cruel but very merciful. Your offense is serious, but not enough to merit a lashing. But I'm going to punish you just the same. You are going to do what you said you distate. Going to be one of my sisters."

"But I can't, I'm a man Prince."

"I don't mean I have power to turn you into a girl!" said Penrod sarcastically. "But you are going to go through an adventure with us for punishment and if you don't make good it's going to be bad for you. We are after spies and we are going to make you help us get them. If you turn out brave all right, we'll forgive you, but if you are cowardly and desert you'll face a firing squad."

"I'm no soldier Prince and jigg!"

"Well you are drafted right now. You need no uniform as you are." Then turning to the soldiers who stood on each side of the man; "Let him be free. He is not a prisoner but if he tries to leave camp remember don't hesitate to shoot. I'm going to make him make good in restitution and redress for that blasphemy and the words he said concerning my sisters." They obeyed and the man not much shaken by his sentence said;

"Where am I going to go?"

"You are going to stay in this house. He said 'John' to the general's aide camp."

"How this man a room room."

"And the boy did."

"Now dear sisters-----"

"Gentlemen to see you Prince," interrupted the same boy returning after showing the other fellow a room.

"Well for me," cried Tim. "We've visited. I hope it isn't Gale or War come back to paste you about what they worry about."

Indeed Penrod looked up with a distinct appearance of being annoyed that was to Violet and his sisters unusual with him, for he was nearly always, except concerning the ways of the enemy good natured beyond natural ways it seemed.

But the scowl that has replaced the pleasant look on his face while he was talking to Tim and his sisters about his plan was at once wiped away as he looked at the card the boy scout held out to him.

"Bring him in right away," he ordered. "He need not have stood on that ceremony at all."

"Well he said it was a military business call," returned the boy scout with a cheerful grin, and he said he wanted it done according to form, so he gave me his card to bring you."

"What does he think I am because I'm a pttttt Prince?" said Penrod. "No more to me now; suppose I'll receive the title of 'I own the world'. How him in. And he grinned himself."

"Who is it?" asked his sisters and the two boys together.

"It's Fred Perkins," Penrod answered and old time boy friend of you dear good little girls, though why he is putting on all this formality I can't fathom. Every body wants to make of me more than I suppose."

The boy scout went back to the main gate and told the soldiers on guard the there to admit Fred, who had so formally sent in his card (not hard) "Oh His Majesty Prince Penrod, I believe!" began the boy with that suave formal air which usually precedes a military meeting between a prince and his aide de camp.

"I suppose that is my name," said Penrod with a suppressed grin, while his sisters giggled, and he spoke as stiffly as though to a perfectly strange. "Prince Penrod, the greatest little prince the world ever knew of," went on Fred.

"Yes?" and indicating them, "These are my darling sisters, and two princely

boy friends of mine."

"Oh then, I am in the right place. Just sign here please, on the dotted line on this--" and he held out a form of paper with wadding on it, and plenty of dotted lines and a fountain pen to Penrod, who took them half mechanically.

"Huh, what's the big idea Fred?" asked the young Prince, unable longer to carry on the joke. "Is this a war-form for my arrest for being such a good boy, or merely a testimonial to you. If it's the latter and conceals your new news which you surely show by handing this to me, I'll gladly sign it."

"Well it's something like that," laughed Fred. "That's your application for another block of 'Child Slave Liberty Bonds', Penrod, and I want you as a personal favor to me, as a military business favor to your good and Holy

Country for the welfare of the poor unhappy child slaves, and as you plainly duty to your Country's sake and your darling sisters and Father and Mother, to double your last subscription like your sisters have done."

Penrod looked at the sum Fred had filed in on the blank form of another paper, and uttered a slight whistle of surprise, while again his sisters couldn't suppress a slight giggle, and Jennie jokingly pushed Penrod.

"That's all right now," said Fred with the air of a professional salesman, "You can stand that and more too. You see I'm letting you off easy. Why I got your dear Father and Mother and Uncle---each for three times that much, for what they took the last time, and your dear sisters themselves---hard as they are working for the Country's cause---gave me a nice application, so it's up to you to do--"

"Nug Nuff said!" exclaimed Penrod sententiously, as he promptly signed his name. "I must have to reconsider my recent refusal of the offer of the Universal Gemini Headquarters in Pandora, though if I haven't money enough to meet this subscription, Fred."

"Oh you'll meet it all right," much obliged" and Fred folded the Abbeismian Liberty Bond subscription paper and put it in his pocket, "but did you turn down the offer of these Military Detectives?"

"I did," answered Penrod. "But how did you know about it Fred?"

"I just let me say I'm heartily sorry you decided not to accept the offer of their advice. Of course it is not of my business but I can see something for both of us boding that, don't want to talk about. All the Gemini have become very rich through their work for Prince and have lots of money, and they have made up all sorts of schemes to have you doings and the doings of your sisters investigated

as if they were spying on you yourselves, and investigated the enemy too, and Heaven tells you they know the dangers more than you do. I hate to say it Penrod, and to your sisters too, but if they could they'd use tricks of force to prevent you and they from continuing on your work just for your sakes so dangerous is the enemy becoming. You can remember what a job

James had recently to save your sisters from so many spies and so dangerous was the situation that all suspects as you know were massacred in their behalf. The Gemini have some government contracts which they seized from the enemy recently and they found out about Glandelinia's concern of your sisters, and that made Da-ga-sent Gale and War. The way I happened to know they were

likely to make you an offer is this-- continued Fred Perkins. The Gemini in Pandora do military business with the one biggest branch in Angelina Agatha, with which another branch of which my father is connected. The other day I

happened to see some correspondence about you. These Gemini members of the their heads of the Pandora Branch asked the boy and girl scout leaders about you to find out certain things about, and as a matter of military business and duty they had to give the information out of a small report, you know nothing

unusual you know and it isn't the first time it's been done since your success in your efforts to be come so tremendous. But that's how it happened to know these fellows contemplated dickering with you."

"Do you know Gale or War?" Penrod asked.

"Not personally, but in military business way, Penrod I'd warn you for your sisters to take their advice and watch out for the enemy, as the enemy is dangerous these days. They even put one over on your own government all right as you well know and the more may be some unpleasant publicity to it later. But they are

putting up a big bluff, and pretending they can turn out a lot of flying machines for use on the battle field when they can't. I know your sisters may not fear the Manly Manleys and the others Penrod, as they really are only big

floods of flashers and bluffs at that but for God's sake keep them away from Lacy's Clancy's army and the other one under General Michael Gray Jiggs. They're dangerous fellows, and in military ways they're sharp dealers. Why don't you get busy on that end of the game Penrod. I know already in behalf of your

Country, and for your sisters, you've more than done your bit, with Liberty Bonds, subscriptions to the Military Y.M.C.A. other war work, leading in raids, fast rating the enemy in everything, besides your famous captures, and also capturing many famous inventions of the enemy, but you such a shark

on other things that you have learned over in the United States, I'd think you'd train

you armies that way and cause the enemy a big scare. You can do it Pen-od."

"I would in a minute, Fred and you know it, but the fact of the matter is I have not the equipment for such a way to do things. I've sent for plenty of things from the United States from the address where I left them but they haven't arrived yet, and I know the enemy is coming in ever-increasing numbers. A terrible battle is raging between Podgie and De Pressionville and raging still and the war is growing more violent every day. Most of my raiding work against the enemy, and my efforts to frustrate any of the spies is only most of all an experimenting business here, while James and I know more about outwitting spies than I do, he being an American and I not. I have told the government officials they can have and work on any plan I've got, and you know I've done all I can, and yet the enemy is not weakened."

"Yes I remember that," said Fred. "De Pressionville shows that. You are no slacker and the enemy dreads you. I am good at shouldering a rifle too but during this spell when our armies are compelled to be inactive watching and guarding Pando-ra I keep myself at this Abbieannian Liberty Loan work. Well your Government ought to know."

"That's what I say," agreed Pen-od.

"And by the way," continued Fred. "I've this late evening met Radcliffe and some Fargo-ian boyscouts. They were in Pando-ra. They're trailing they say ten or eleven Glandelinian boy scouts who cleverly eluded them in Pando-ra though an Alley. Radcliffe believes they passed General Hinde's proper property here and are escaping. He's a relentless pursuer but did you see any strange boys pass through here Prince?"

"Pen-od for this moment had forgotten his meeting with that party in the alley while in disguise, and the truth that Radcliffe had trailed the supposed boy scouts here, alarmed Pen-od.

"Jhyb goosh," he said looking suspiciously at General Hinde-nine. "He said anything about that. When did he meet them in Pando-ra?"

"I don't know the hour but it was late in the afternoon. Radcliffe told me and said he is bound to run them to earth. You know he never fails in anything." Pen-od's face turned black.

"Eleven Glandelinian spies and boys. It cannot be. Radcliffe must have made a mistake. Seen anything of them Violet when we came here?"

They all had forgotten their experience, and thinking really about the spies Violet and her sisters looked alarmed, though Violet shook her head in answer. Pen-od left the steps and walked over to the guards at the gate.

"Say," he said. "Seen anything of eleven Glandelinian boy scouts snooping around here. I got word they passed here and Radcliffe if hot foot after them."

"Jhy no Prince. Only you, your sister and two boys came here with you, and Valte Starving too. No one was in sight that was suspicious. Were they disguised as Christian scouts?"

"That's what I do not know. Hey Fred come here. I want to ask you something."

"Yes, they were in Glandelinian uniform," said Fred to Pen-od's question. "They were on horse back too."

"Well that beats all the cake," said Pen-od. "Are you sure 'no the guard' they didn't come here?"

"Yes."

Pen-od and Violet and her sisters and the others looked badly worried. "I've got something else in my mind that may help me catch certain spies," said Pen-od. "But I'm deathly afraid to make the plans now."

"What is it?" asked Fred looking cautiously around. "You can tell me in a whisper."

"Did you ever hear of a boy scout called 'Adeldefot' asked Pen-od.

"Jhy yes. You are him," said Fred. Then Pen-od told him friend in whispers a few details, such as those he had been telling him.

"Then I don't wonder you turned down the offer of the Unive-sal Gemini." He remarked Fred at the conclusion of the details. "If you can succeed this will be a heap more help to the Abbieannian Government Pen-od, than anything else. And if you get shot and can't meet your newest Liberty Bond payment, why I guess the bank will stretch your credit a little."

"Thanks," laughed Pen-od. "But I'll not need to ask them."

The friends talked together a little longer then Fred had to take his departure to solicit his subscriptions, while Pen-od then sent a notice to officials to be on the lookout for the Glandelinian spies just mentioned. "And watch out for those eleven spies," warned Fred. "I'm not telling you this as a boy scout official, for I'm not supposed to, but as a personal."

"I'll be on the watch," said Pen-od. "I hope Radcliffe and his officials come soon. I'll help them in their quest."

And as he sent his sisters in to warn General Hinde-nine, and went into his own room he wondered why it was the General, and Fred had warned him that he had been foolish not to accept the offer of Gale and Valte. The rest of the evening before supper was busy for Pen-od and his sisters.

to.

Radcliffe and his gang had not arrived. Pen-od while waiting for his rival had made up his mind to go to work on his plans to capture the main spies he was after, all else according to the idea of his sisters were put aside, but he was worried about those Glandelinian boy scouts. In fact though it was supposed to be himself and his sisters and two boy followers being trailed by mistake, had not known it, the danger now was real, eleven were snooping around some where but had not come here as supposed. Pen-od sent a secret note to little Nell softly in his father's Headquarters, telling her what he was going to do, and asking her to say nothing about it, and when he had captured the spy she'll be given a chance to tell all she knew about Abbieann, which of course that dear brave little girl agreed to.

"Come and see me when you can Pen-od dear," she sent back word. "But I know you won't have much chance when you are experimenting with your disguise plans. Be careful though, those spies are dangerous, and will fight to the death if cornered. You can only capture them by a trick. And I shall be working so hard writing a long story for you on behalf of what really happened at Abbieann and who are responsible that I can't get much chance to entertain you or your beautiful seven little guardian angels who are your sisters. I'll tell them guard-ian angels because they are part human and part angel, being possessed by them. But the war big as it is can't last for ever."

"Nag nag Pen-od with a sigh, as he put away his secret place he letter."

"And thank our dear blessed Lord it can't."

The young Prince then with the help of his sisters threw himself into the perplexing work of inventing proper disguises for his sisters to defy all detection with all the favors he had given to the capture of the Glandelinian war tank. The giant cannon, the wonderful search light and other machines though he locked himself and his sisters in the room as if he had made themselves and too the tightest prisoners on record. He was afraid about the news of those eleven spies.

"And" named Pen-od as he and his sisters sat at his work table there with pencil and paper before him since this is a problem in dry goods and acoustics combined. I had best begin I suppose dear sisters, by first going back over the various disguises you told me you used to use and after noting what to form this time on how to make you so nothing can detect you. Now as to the first the principal disguises are --"

At that instant there broke on Pen-od's ears and his sisters too a succession of discordant sounds which seemed to be a combination of an old fashioned Indian Yaw-whoop college student yells at a foot ball game, and words such as this "stop stop where do you think you are going" come back here. "Shoot the skunks, added by the sounds of shots, and something falling down. All outside."

"Words" what that is. "Used the young Prince, the first to hastily rise. "Better we solve that problem before we tackle the disguise situation."

Pen-od followed by his sisters rushed from the front door of General Hinde-nine's headquarters, and saw a number of soldiers running and shooting at several other fleeing figures just disappearing in the dark, two of them firing back but hitting no one. The soldiers despite the darkness continued after the fugitives who proved to be not what Pen-od had thought, only boys of the enemy, but warily men. Then still came in another distinct other distinct sounds that alarmed him. They seemed to come from a large burn given over recently to electrical apparatus of some kind, and which at the time was not in use as the owner wasn't home.

"Somebody in the sisters" he called, and in fact he was right for he had heard yells coming from the open door of the place. And if it isn't one of those spies I'm sure by guess. Wonder what he can be doing there and what happened to him he is yelling so loudly."

He followed by his sisters crossed the yard between the headquarters and the electrical shop as swiftly as they could, and as he was the first to enter the latter place, he was greeted with a series of wild yells.

"Good volume of sounds here at all events," quipped Pen-od. "Hello there. What's going on? Is any one hurt? That's the matter!" he cried, for at first he could see no one in the dim light of the place, nor could his sisters.

"No one hurt," demand of Pen-od as he advanced.

"Oh boy who ever you are, come quick. I'm most dead and can't let go," was the cry.

"I see what it is and I know he can't let go," chimed in the voice of Jennie. "What is it sister, what has happened to the man?" cried Pen-od running forward though no very powerful curement could be turned on in the small electrical shop at this period of unuse. Unuse, there was enough to be very painful and also to knock you senseless. "What is it Jennie."

"It looks to me as if that man got himself into some sort of trouble," she

while she and her sister were alarmed. "We must have got hold of one of those strange contraptions and he can't let go. Look at him squirm! I'm afraid he'll get killed. We've got the switch Pen-rod. Get it and help him."

Then came yells of rage and pain from the man, and they were so loud and vigorous mingled with the pleas of the little girls in their effort to find the proper switch to liberate him that it was no wonder they were startled. The sound of the machine was heard in that part of the camp and a number of soldiers came running toward the shed. But before then Pen-rod had put an end to the trouble here. One look showed him what had happened. Just how the man who was an acquaintance and a friend of his and his sisters had entered the electrical shop Pen-rod did not then stop to inquire. But he saw that in appearance the man must have grasped the handles of one of the strange electrical machines, designed for charging Leyden jars used in the owner's experiments and the powerful though not dangerous current had so paralyzed, temporarily the muscles of the man's hands and arms that he could not let go, and therefore he was squirming and unable to ease himself, while Violet and her sisters were frantic. It was just as she suddenly cried: "Pen-rod, Pen-rod, the switch is the switch. I see it. You can reach it. Please please shut it off" and she said it in a tone as if she was the man instead in that situation and Pen-rod seeing the one she indicated reached up and pulled out the switch thus shutting off the current.

Once free from the powerful current, the man looked at his numb hands and Pen-rod having found the switch that makes a light turned it on. From the men he found out the cause. He had went into the place with the purpose to handle some sort of small machinery by Hinderlines request, and he had from behind been assaulted by two strange men who caused either by accident or design the man to be in the position Pen-rod found him in. In trying to contest his two enemies his two hands some how got in connection with the handle of the machine, in which current was either still on, or had been turned on by his assailants. Then he received a shock he long remembered and he really believed his attacker should be responsible for it.

"Though," said Pen-rod telling the general about it at the supper-table "even if they did not do it, those attackers would have turned on the current if they had known by doing so they could have made good their purpose. Now if I like and I wonder what they were doing here or how they got in. I'm afraid they are after me now instead of just after them."

"Yes but Gale and Wale warned you Prince," said the general. "but what is it this you hinted at--new unbreakable disguises for you--sisters you called it I believe? Are you really serious in trying to form that out?"

"Yes your Excellency I am! I think there is a big field for us to work in and we could also use them when we travel along through the enemy's lines--perhaps only at night--and not be seen or heard. Think of the about work could that could be done."

"Well yes that could be done if you could get means for such disguises as you propose. But I don't believe it could be done. The enemy is too wise."

"Well maybe not your excellency. But I'm going to try."

"How are you going to start Pen-rod?" asked the general.

"I'm going to experiment a bit at first on the old disguises my sisters have still kept. They've got a lot of old disguises and I'm going to try to make them over. As they said if I spoil them the loss won't amount to anything and if I succeed--well we can help out our Father's and Country's cause all the more. With God's help we can go most anything you know."

"Well with out his help I don't believe it can be done."

After supper Pen-rod began work in earnest that night on the big problem. Intending to start and try till bed time and work on it the next day after telephoning his father where he and his sisters and James were. That it was a big problem Pen-rod and his sisters were not disposed to deny and that it would be a valuable plan even the somewhat sceptical general admitted. So as Pen-rod said he would do he began at the very foundation, and studied the fundamental principles of disguises.

The disguise for Violet dear the young prince told her in speaking about the problem "is a sensation difficult to form because of your beauty and the beauty of your sisters. Your faces are the greatest of the problem."

"You are not going to find a sort of false faces for us are you Pen-rod?" asked Jennie.

"If that is so" piped up Daisy "that would be an easy way to solve the problem about our beautiful little faces but I doubt if you could fool the Glandelinian soldiers and Generals that way."

"Now No I'm not figuring on doing the trick that way" said Pen-rod with a laugh. "I've only got to find some way to help you cut down in the temporary disguises the beauty of your faces by some trick face disguise so none of the Glandelinians who may know you little girls, won't be able to recognize you

unless they know the art of magic."

"Yes but you must remember the fundamental principles of sound," said Joice.

"Yes I know sound is a vibration which is peculiar to the ear, though the vibration caused by the sound waves may be felt in many parts of the body. But the ear is a great receiver of sound. I suppose you refer to the sound of your voices."

"You are not going to invent a sort of muffle for the ears are you?" asked Argeline with a giggle. "That too would be an easy way to solve that problem but I'll bet you you could not get the Glandelinians to wear your ears so they wouldn't hear the sound of my voice and those of my sisters." and they all giggled.

"No I don't think so" laughed Pen-rod. "It's impossible to cut down the tone of your voices and your voices are naturally sweet and peculiar impossible to disguise or imitate."

"Well I can tell you right off the reel how they could disguise their voices quickly," said Tim.

"How?" asked Pen-rod eagerly.

"I've succeeded in it once maybe it'll work on them if they would care to try it. Drink Brandy with hot pepper not too much but enough to slightly feel it for a few minutes."

"Hum" said Pen-rod musingly while his sisters again giggled. "Yes that would be a simple way out and we'll do it if you'll tell me how we can breathe in a vacuum."

"Oh I didn't agree to do that," laughed Tim. "But I know another way. They could pose and seven deaf and dumb boys who can't hear or talk, and you know totally deaf persons may be made aware of sound through the vibrations received through their hands and feet. They receive of course only the more intense, or largest sound waves and can not hear notes of music or spoken words, though they may feel the vibrations when a piano is played."

"That may work and may not," said Pen-rod "since they cannot disguise their voices which is the most important part of their detection, or even change the nature of their faces it's up to me to solve the problem some other way. The little girls don't really talk loud enough to be heard very close, while my voice I don't know is terribly sharp and loud, but I can imitate other voices too, and assume that as Adelsfob. There when my sisters do talk they don't make noise enough to worry about within four lines when Glandelinian officials are not too close. It's when they are questioned is the trouble and to get rid of that will be my first attempt."

"Can it be done?" asked James.

"I do not know" was Pen-rod's frank answer.

"They do in shows learning great actors how to cultivate and change their voices greatly," went on James. "Some of them being men can imitate a woman's voice to a perfection beyond belief."

"Yes, but no doubt that took years of practice" said Pen-rod and there is more difficulty to my sisters voices and they are unusual. I doubt if any training could enable them to be able to disguise their voices to any appreciable extent and vent a vertogulie as they call it wouldn't do any good or any in argument you would hold in the mouth. The Glandelinians could discover that well enough. But I'll try most along the line of face disguises and take the chances on their response tension of being deaf and dumb children."

"In this country they sell all things where in children use to disguise voices," went on Hettie herself. "couldn't you buy seven of those contraptions and see if we couldn't experiment on them?"

"I doubt it," said Pen-rod shaking his head.

"They have in certain stores too wig for children," said Argeline.

"Could you buy them and have them put on and change our looks?"

"I doubt that too," said Pen-rod. "Of course you must understand it is the same principle as that of the strange way you can bob or fix your hair and put all such devices you use did not cut down your facial beauty and the wig won't help you in that. However I'm going to solve the problem or bust."

And Pen-rod and his sisters came near "busting" James remarked later when something happened which we will soon see, where in all narrowly escaped with their lives.

Two days had passed since the start of his evolution of his new idea and following the visiting of the representatives of the Universal Gemini Branch of Pseudo-Galince then, neither Gale nor Wale were had communicated with Pen-rod.

"But I must be on the watch against Glandelinian spies" thought the young prince. "I'm pretty sure too Gale heard me mention what I was going to try to invent, and he knows the ears are for spies who may try to get ahead of me and put a stoppage to my plans. Not that I'm afraid of being den- out of any

any success but I simply don't want to be taken by any glandellians." 612
The details of Penrod's invention for the disguise cannot be gone into but only by it was based on the principle of not only how to get them to disguise their voices within the formulas, sluck up on the carrying of their successful walk, and change the appearance of their faces, but also of producing less blood like sound in their voices. It is of course the strange bird like musical sound of their voices that causes them to be detected by the enemy more than their faces. They have often been able to make themselves look like other gls, and check some of their beauty to a considerable extent but not enough to enable them to defy recognition. Penrod was not planning what disguises they should cover themselves, but of their facial and their voices.

Finally Penrod during the day had got up a sort of head wear which he thought could fit Jennie's head well if she fixed her hair tight and which would make her look altogether like a different girl and not quite so pretty. He had called them into the old shed where in the center was set up an old powerful but not very speedy old time boat engine. He had had some success in making the head disguise from some old hair he had taken from an old hair cushion and then invited his sisters and James and Jim into it to see what he hoped would be a final experiment on at least Jennie. His sisters and the two boys had assembled in the shed and one of the boy scouts was setting up about some refreshments which Penrod had provided.

"What's the strange wig for?" asked Tim.
"I'm hoping it'll work on Jennie. One of my sisters is going to try it on Jennie first. Or in other words--"

"Give it to us chiefly in other words, if you please." Pleading Violet with her customary giggle. Let that go and see if the wig will do some tricks. Start on with the wig and see if any of us will look less pretty."

"Oh with that on you'll look like a monkey all right," said Penrod as he approached the place where the wig was hanging near the big engine which was mounted on a big block. "The wig isn't perfected yet but I hope to have it soon. And here is that boy scout of mine. On there you are. Come here and."

"Yes sir. Am I to help you in this job?"
"Yes just stand guard at the door with rifle in hand and prevent any one from entering."

"That is what I will do Prince."
"Now I guess we are all ready. Can you see Tim and James, and the rest of you little angels while I first put it on who ever readily comes for a visit to me--you Jennie, Jennie--all right?"

"Yes." They answered. They stood near the side wall of the shop, while Penrod stood near the block on which the big engine had been mounted.
"All ready" called the boy inventor of disguises as he placed the wig on Jennie's head. "And when it is placed right I believe you will see the difference."

He had placed the wig on Jennie's head when suddenly there came a roar as though a volcanic blast had been let off in the shop, a deafening roar as if half a dozen Automobiles cut out wheels to explode their cannon underneath. The sides of the shed shook as if there was an earthquake, the roof was lifted up, and Penrod and his sisters were tossed backwards overhead and heeled heels as though by the giant hands of a monster, and James and Tim saw even the big engine fly from the block and shoot straight through what was left of the building ceiling or roof with a crashing crash and splintering sound that could be heard for over a mile. The place was instantly filled with flying bits of wood and a thick dense suffocating cloud of strong smelling smelly sulphurous smoke.

Curious as it certainly may seem (on the moonbeam) James and James were the first to recover themselves and settle to his feet he gave one look at the engine block from whence the big engine had been blown off. Then he looked at the post rate figures of the others around him half buried under fallen timbers and other wreckage, none of them hurt but all stunned and very much startled. Then the gaze of James traveled to the east side of the big shed saw that the whole wall had been blasted out and the wall at one end too and then his gaze also traveled to the big hole in the shattered roof. Indeed it was a gaping hole for the big engine was very heavy even though the roof was not of any flimsy material and had been made strong. And then James exclaimed:

"Good Lord and heavens! did I make the big engine do that?"
His tone was one of such startled consternation and no tragic that Penrod, useful as he felt over the occurrence and the destruction of his disguise he had invented and the dire danger they all had been in, could not help but laugh.
"I take it hearing that from you, Prince that we're all right, but how are we going to get out from under all this junk." said Tim Crovaton and Penrod helped him and the others out with James aid, Tim brushing some dirt off his uniform coat. He was a pretty dresser.

"Yes indeed, we seem to be all right" replied Penrod slowly. "I can't say what damage the 'flying machine' has done outside but--"
"Heavens and earth, but what happened?" asked Walter Starling. "I saw you put that wig on you sister Jennie and then things went topsy turvy. Surely the wig didn't do that. The angels must have made an awful big protest then and--"
"No that wasn't the fault at all" said Penrod with a dark look on his face. "The trouble was as I guess I'll find out when I'll investigate with the help of others that we were bombed. The bomb must have been in here somewhere. Some where set on proper time to go off and we did not know of its presence. The Machine was not the cause for there was no need of it to do so as there was no compressed steam to cause that though, believe the bomb was directly underneath it. And didn't you smell the smoke. It smelled like dynamite powder I guess that is the whole explanation. I'll bet the possessors on angels saw us all."
"I'm inclined to agree with you brother dear" said Jennie dryly. "Don't let's press the spies too much yet. Eliminate the perils by degrees until the devils are off their guard and it will be safe. They mean business, and I'll bet the bomb was meant for you and not us."

"I guess so" agreed Penrod. "One of those spies who were chased last night might have planted that bomb and timed it to explode just when it did. Heard a sound in here like a clock ticking but thought it was one. It sounded right underneath the engine and I fancied it was one hidden there."

By this time a crowd of frantic and very anxious soldiers and boys and girls, scouts, and even general Hinderline, gladderline and other officers had congregated around the big shattered shed through the roof of which the big engine had been blown. Penrod opened the door to assure general Hinderline and the others that no one was hurt, and then the young prince saw the big engine half buried in the dirt about a hundred yards away from the building.

"Thank God some of us were standing directly over it when the explosion drove it up," said Penrod as he made an inspection of the broken engine. "The engine would have gone through the roof with it."

"The central vent went sailing," commented James Andrews. "Must have been a lot of power in that bomb underneath Penrod."
"Lucky the wall of the shed went outward and the ceiling didn't come down on us" said Alice.

"Was it a bomb?" asked general Hinderline. "I thought you were experimenting on that engine the way I saw it go up."

"It was" said Penrod grimly. "I'd like to lay my hands on the fellow who planted it. I'd blow him from the mount mouth of a cannon and mean it too."

And this was evidenced by the bent and twisted rods that had held the big engine to the standing block and by the big cylinders some of which were torn apart as though made of paper instead of heavy steel. But for the fact that all the force of the bomb explosion was directed upward instead of sideways as bombs usually do, none might have been left alive in the shop, though evidently too it might have been the engine notices too that saved their lives. All had escaped most fortunately and miraculously, and they realized this.

"Well queried James as Penrod gave orders to have the damaged engine moved and the building repaired. "Does this end your intention of disguise?" and going after the spies?"

"End it what do you mean?"
"I mean are you going to experiment on any disguises any more?"
"Why of course, just because some glandellian snake bombed us doesn't mean that I'm going to give up. And there's the wig I put on Jennie's head way up in the leaves of that big tree though how it got there is a mystery. By this experience isn't anything. I remember the day before I found out who my daughter was a was nearly blown up more than once by a bomb, and you little girls remember how we got stuck in the submarine under a lake and for a long time none of us knew how to work the machine or to raise it to the surface until we experimented."

"I should say I did and we too," exclaimed Violet with a shudder. "We don't want any more of that. But as being between being blown up through a roof and held at the bottom of the lake, I don't know that there's much choice."
"Well perhaps not especially when it's a bomb," agreed Penrod solemnly. "But as for ending my experiments, I wouldn't dream of such a thing, though the spies may explode a volcano underneath. Why I've only just begun, and I'll soon climb that tree and take care to cover that wig though it is about a hundred feet up on that tall pine tree. I'll have plenty of good disguises yet."

"And none explosive ones, hope," added James kind of jokingly. "Heavens Penrod but if my father and mother and sisters and little brothers knew what danger I'd been in they'd with draw me from the secret force."

"Well the next time I'll invite you to a disguise test I'll be more careful."

"...we ain't going to be any more next time as far as I'm concerned," laughed Daisy. "I think it is safer for me and my girls to go and sell and peddle newspapers and magazines."

And though they joked about it, they all realised the narrow escape they had had. As for James his wounds showed how the spy could have come in without being seen and plant the bomb. True to his determination Penrod did not give up his experimental work on the disguise disguise making. The big beautiful engine that had been blown through the roof by the bomb explosion was useless now, and it was sent to the scrap heap after as much of it as possible was salvaged.

Perrod had climbed the trees and secured the wig which had not been injured after the fall, and he afterwards worked along the same lines as at first, and it was no easy problem to do either of these, Perrod had to admit as he progressed even with his sisters helping him. All previous types of head disguises had to be discarded and a new one evolved.

"James dear, I need some one to help me" said Perrod that afternoon. "Could you not find a good man who is used to experimental work that you could find?"

"Why yes" was the answer, "I at least know a man who is a friend of mine who is busy on a new bomb of your own you got up for explosive signal purposes in the sky, but you could take him off that---"

"I don't interposed Penrod" I want that work to go on. Isn't there some one else you know about?"

"Well there is a new soldier or officer who came to General Hinde nine yesterday we recommended. The general took him on yesterday and he is said to be wonderful at making wigs. Knows a lot about facial disfigurements. I guess the general could let you have him---Bowie is his name. The only thing about it though is that the general would not like to give you a man of whom no one is dead certain, then you are working on this new device."

"Oh I guess that will be all right" said Penrod. "There won't be any secrets he can get, if you mean you think he might be up to spy work."

"That is what I did mean Perrod. you never can tell you know, and among the enemy you and you assist us have countless bitter enemies."

"Yes but I'll take care that this man doesn't see the plans, or any of my drawings. I only want some one to do the work of cleaning out the stuff I use for the disguise with soap and water. We can let him think it is only to be used again for newly made cushions."

"Oh then I guess it will be all right. I'll have the general sent Bowser and you."

That day Penrod rather liked the new assistant and so did his sisters, for he seemed quiet and efficient, and acted too as if he was a good Catholic like the rest of the Abbeysmans. He did not ask questions either about the work on which he was engaged, and yet what struck them was however he didn't pay any attention or make any comment about the beautiful children, Violet and her sisters who were so obviously about them, but did as he was told. He was the first man who never took note of their beauty or winning ways. As Penrod had said however

who never took note of their beauty or winning ways. As Pen-rod had said however, he kept his plans and driving under lock and key----in a safe to be exact----and he did not think they were in any danger of losing his new help. A who even went devotedly to Mass the next morning as all did. But nevertheless Pen-rod held him into the night to talk over the powers of those who were opposed to him, though though being experienced he did know and was well acquainted of the dangers to which they would stoop to gain their ends. He and his sisters had been working hard on his new device and by the afternoon of the next day had reached a point further along than when the bomb explosion occurred. He began to see success ahead of him, and he and his sisters were jubilant, but this did not make him careless and the fact was he never left Bower alone to himself in the experimental shop at any time. But once he was compelled to do so when his sisters called him to dinner, and as he came back to the test room unexpectedly, he saw Bower apparently sound asleep some distance away from the safe. Nor was over Pen-rod was almost certain he heard the steel door clank shut as he approached the building, and then before he could try to cause his help, which he thought fell asleep on work duty, Pen-rod looked from a window and saw a stranger running away from the building when the explosion had recently happened.

"Who in the world is that?" he said. "That man? Did he come in here? Was he coming with my safe?" cried Penrod as he saw Bowser retreating, asleep, and then Penrod knew it was time to act. The window was open and with one bound Penrod was out and with drawn sabre running after the stranger who had seen departing in such a hurry. The man was but a short distance ahead of him and Penrod saw he was stuffing some papers into his pocket.

"Here you, come back. Stop or I'll shoot," cried red Penrod but the man ran on the faster.

"That's a Glaxo-Glandelinian spy sure as living," he laughed. "And he put Rowse to sleep with something some thing some drug most likely." He added:

he added, "I've got to cut ch that fellow." and he speeded his pace as he ran after the fellow shouting off his pistol in order to shoot the camp. There was no question in the mind of Penrod but that the man he was running after was guilty of being a Glandoll spy even though he was dressed in the uniform of a Christian soldier in the first place he was a stranger and had no right whatever inside the big fence that surrounded general Hindermine's headquarters. Then too, the very fact that he ran away was suspicious. And this coupled with the apparent going to sleep of POWs close to the safe, providing he wasn't forcibly put to sleep by one on the part of the spy made Penrod fear that some of his plans were they had been stolen. These he was very anxious to recover if this strange soldier had them and so he raced after him with a ill speed. Penrod would have fired but there was too much danger of hitting somebody else.

"Stop, stop" called Penrod, but the on-rushing stranger did not heed. Penrod then seeing an opportunity leveled his pistol and fired but the spy must have suspected this for he dodged behind a tree and Penrod's shot only hit the tree. Penrod fired several times more in hope of frightening the man from behind the tree but then he fled off in another direction, returning a shot but missing Penrod wide. The cries of the young Prince, and the sounds of the shots soon attracted the attention of the soldiers and quite a number came running from their various tents to give what service was needed and four soldiers mounted horses and sped after Penrod to help him. But they were all too far away to give effective chase and though they too opened fire the shots did not hit the fugitive. The runaway looking back to see how near the young Prince and the other pursuers were to him, suddenly changed his course and retreating this Penrod thought

and noting this Penrod thought 'I've got the skunk now. He'll be badly bogged if he runs that way and gets into quick sand and if he goes deep enough it'll be impossible for any one to save him ---' For the way led to a piece of swampy land (not hard) that after the recent heavy rains was a veritable dangerous apparently bottomless quicksand bog which was dangerous for any thing caught in it and more than one man had been caught there and where it had taken sixty men three days to get him out though he was in it only to his hips when rescue work began. "He can't run across that dangerous swamp, that's sure" reflected Penrod.

"He can't run across that dangerous swamp, that's sure" reflected Penrod with some satisfaction. "I'll get him all right."

With some satisfaction, "I'll get him all right," But he wanted to catch the man beside a mud hole before he reached the dangerous bog, and to this end Penrod increased his speed to such good end that though a boy he could run better and longer than any man he ever met yet. That presently on the firm ground that bordered the quicksands and bog on swamp Penrod was almost within reaching distance of the stranger, which the prince could see was no experienced spy. But the latter kept up running and dodging, and turned so Penrod could not lay hands on him, suddenly turning around a clump of trees the fleeing man headed straight for a big vegetable quicksand bog that a little further off from a mud hole lay directly in his path. It was a part of the swamp—the most liquid part of the bog, and a home of frogs and lizards. So late it seemed the man who was evidently unaware of the proximity of the swamp, saw his danger. Though he stepped into the mud hole it seemed to take time to turn back on top of himself. In time from avoiding the other bog not far beyond from which there is no escape, and though he was a few penrod did not want to have to go to a five or six hours work of trying to get the man rescued, so he did the next best thing to prevent him from rushing headlong into the brown quicksand. He went partly into the mud hole himself and sticking out his foot tripped the man so that he fell in with a big splash, the muddy wet water flying all around some even over the young Prince. At that moment on horse back violet and her sisters came out having seen that. For a moment the man disappeared completely beneath the surface, for the mud hole was rather deep, just where Penrod had thrown him. Then there was another violent agitation of the surface and a very woebegone and muddy face was raised from the slough, followed by the rest of the figure of the man. Slowly he got to his feet, mud and water dripping from him. He cleared his face by rubbing his hands over it, not that it made it clean but it removed masses of mud from his eyes, nose and mouth so that he could see and speak, though his face began to grow pale as he gasped for breath.

first operation was to gasp for breath. "What, -- what are you doing like in uniform to me?" he demanded of Penrod, looking askew at Violet and her sisters on horse back who had surrounded the mud hole but looking out for the boy... and as the man opened his mouth they were aware of a glitter which disclosed the fact that the man had two rows of front teeth of gold.

"WHAT AM I DOING?" repeated Penrod. "I think it is up to you to answer that question not me. What are you doing? Are you a spy?"

"Yes, -----you-----you tripped me into this mud hole," declared the man.

"Y ou,----you----you t ripp ed me into this man--"

"I did yes, because you were trespassing on my property, and ran away with instead of halting when I told you, and had I not done you too you would have run into the bog," went on Penrod. "Who are you, and what are you doing? What did you do to Bowse in my shop?"

"Nothing I wasn't doing nothing."

"Well we'll inquire into that. I want to see what you have in your pocket a Mr. spybeef - spy before I believe you. Come on out."

"You have a no right boy to go to my pocket a." blustered the stranger a. "Oh have I not? Well I'm going to take the right, and if I find papers of mine in your pocket it is just too bad for you. Sister a dear, you are all on horse back. One of you rope him with your lasso---that's right and see that he does get away. We'll take him back and search him."

Being roped now and his arms pinioned by his side, for Violet and her sisters were just as good with a lasso and rope as any experienced cow boy was the there was no question of the man getting away after that.

"Bring him along sister a dear" said Penrod and they moved on, Violet having a good grip on the end of the rope and the man was forced to walk to the speed of the horses walking him along toward general Hindershaugh's to the mud and water splashing, and oozing from his shoes at every step.

"Ngy you kids look here." The gold toothed man cried as he was forced along. "You ain't got any right to arrest me even if you be kid soldiers. I ain't done nothing." And each time he spoke the bright rows of teeth in his mouth glittered in the sun.

"I don't know whether he has really done anything to you or not Penrod," giggled Daisy. "But he sure got a good mud bath. What a splash. Tee hee. I nearly died laughing."

"Well never-theless I'm going to take him back and see what he has done to Bowse. He may know something about this."

"If Bowse does I don't believe he'll tell," said Jennie.

"Why not?" asked Penrod quickly.

"Because he's gone."

"Gone? Where? He was asleep on something by the safe. Bowse gone?"

"Yes" answered Hettie in a turn at a look from Jennie. "I saw him running out of our experiment shop as we mounted our horses to race for you to help. I didn't think at the time that he was doing more than going for said perhaps. But I see the game now. He pretended he was asleep."

"Oh you mean him?" and Penrod pointed to the dripping figure.

"Yes" said Daisy in a low voice as Violet went on ahead with the prisoners with a pistol ready in case he would try to break. "If as you say this man may have been in league with Bowse, the latter has smelled a rat and skipped. He has run away, and I only hope he has not done any damage or got hold of any of your plans."

"We'll soon know about that" said Penrod. "I wonder who is at the bottom of this."

"Maybe any one of those Glandelinian generals, especially Myletze" suggested An Angelina.

"You mean either Myletze, Clancy or Jiggs or some other?"

"Yes."

"Oh I don't believe any one of those generals would stoop to any such measure as this" replied Penrod. "But we can't be too careful. We'll investigate."

The first result of the investigation was to disclose the fact that Bowse or Bowse was gone. He had taken his few possessions, and left that neighborhood of the Christian lines, while Penrod was racing after the stranger. A hasty examination of the safe by Violet herself did not reveal anything missing, as Penrod's papers and plans were all intact. But Violet knew they showed evidence of having been looked over, for she had put them away for him herself, recently and they were out of the safe. The folder in which she had placed them, and not neatly either as she always does.

"I begin to see it myself" she said misgivingly. "Bowse must have managed to open the safe while you came to us to dinner and no doubt he must have made a hasty copy of some of the drawings of the disguises you were making, and passed them out of the window to this gold toothed man, who tried to make off with them. Did you find anything on him sister a dear?" as Jennie who had searched came into the office just then.

"Not a thing Violet dear not a thing," was the answer. "The soldier commanded to have him searched even took off every bit of his clothes and wrapped him in a blanket after giving him a shower bath to clean the mud off from him. He is in the tart getting dry now but under guard. But there isn't a thing in any of his pockets."

"But I saw him stuffing some papers in as he ran so swiftly away from me," said Penrod.

"We must be sure about this then," said Jennie. "And as to the soldier's 'Don't

let the fellow get away. I want to question him. I'll read his mind as he answers me and that way I may detect something."

"Oh he's safe enough," answered the man. "Our big strong fellow George is guarding him. He won't get away."

"Then I in person shall have a look at his clothes," decided Jennie. "He may have a secret pocket."

The man's clothes were brought to her and she and her sisters went through them closely and carefully but nothing like this was disclosed and the most careful search did not reveal anything incriminating in the man's garments.

"He might have thrown away the papers Bowse gave him," said Penrod. "Maybe they are at the bottom of the mud hole. If they are there even if not covered they're safe enough. But have a search made of the ground where this man ran. They were yellow papers."

This was very carefully done, but without result. A number of the soldiers even took the planks to scoop all the mud out of the mud hole without finding anything. Then Penrod and the generals himself had a talk with the stranger who refused to give his name. The man was sullen and angry. He talked loudly about his innocence and of "having the law on" Penrod for having tripped him into the mud.

"All right if you want to make a complaint go to my father," said the boy. "He's the only law can that can make me a penalty. So if you do I'll make one against you for trespassing and for trying to spy. Why did you come on my grounds sir?"

"I was looking for something I lost."

"How did you get in? That guard admitted you at the gate?"

"I--- I just walked in" said the man but Penrod and his sisters knew this could not be true as no stranger was admitted without a pass, and none had been issued. The man denied knowing anything about Bowse's pass but the latter's flight and disappearance answered evidence enough that something was wrong.

"Take him to the residence camp," ordered Penrod to one of the corporals of the guard, and when the latter reported that had been done he added in an earnest tone:

"He said if he ever escapes he'd get even with you Prince."

"All right," said Penrod easily. "I'll be on the watch."

The young prince and also his sisters made a thorough examination of his little experiment shop, but nothing was gone nor no damage had been done, and they began to think Penrod had been too quick for the conspirators, if such they were. His plans and drawings were intact, and though Bowse might have given a copy to the stranger with the rows of gold teeth, the latter did not take any away with him. That he had some important papers he wished to conceal and escape with him seemed certain, but the splash in the mud hole had ended this. No trace was found of Bowse and an effort Penrod made to ascertain if the man was a spy in the employ of Stanley or the others came to naught. The man had come well recommended, and the other army where he was last employed had nothing but good to say of him.

"Well it's a mystery," decided Penrod.

"Well thank God His Dear Blessed Mother you got out of it pretty all Penrod" said Angelina.

"Yes and if that gold toothed man had had the papers on him he would not have got off so easily," added Jennie.

Taking a lesson from what had happened, Penrod indeed was very much more careful in the following experiments on his new set of disguises for his sisters. He that day made some changes in his shop, and took Tim in to help on the new disguises thus insure perfect secrecy as the disguises developed. Penrod also changed the safe in which he kept his plans and papers for the one he had used previous to the incident in which Bowse and the stranger who took the mud bath figured was one, the combination of which could be easily discovered and worked by an expert. The new safe was much more complicated, and the force Penrod felt that his plans, specifications and so forth which he had worked out were in less danger.

"I can just about figure out what happened," said Tim Groveton to Penrod, when told of the circumstances. "The Glandelinian generals are provoked because by guarding your sisters so well recently you would not give the Glandelinians the benefit of capturing them one again and so they sent a spy to pretend to get work with you. They perhaps hoped to secure some of your ideas for their own or perhaps probably discover what disguises you are making so they can know and be able to detect the spy, or they may have had a deeper motive."

"What deeper motive could they have Tim?"

"They might have hoped to disable you or some of your plans, so you couldn't succeed with them. All Glandelinian generals are very unscrupulous or what you call it so I hear, and will do anything to succeed and win this

"I shall find out and most surely you shall be on your guard against them."

"I will indeed, not for my sake but for my sister's sake," Penrod promised. "But I don't believe there is any danger now. Anyhow we all have to take some chances in a war you know."

"Yes, but for you sister's sake be careful as you can. Jack Evans can't be with them all the time. How I am the plans now coming on?"
 "Pretty good. I've had a lot of failures and the thing isn't so easy as I at first imagined it would be and now with my sister's back at me for Vivian's headquarters except Daisy who stayed here for a time and is also going as father sent for her, and I remaining here things is not so good and I'm lonesome and going too as soon as I can get these things the way. Voices of people is a funny thing and I'm just beginning to understand some of the laws on voices I learned at school in America. But I think I am on the right track with the facial disguises, and the cutting down of their unusual beauty by these means, means." "But surely you don't want to destroy the beauty of your sister's?" said Tim.
 "Penrod laughed.

"You are not paying any attention to what I'm saying Tim," he said. "Their beauty is only hidden by these disguises only as long as they keep them on. I'm working working both ends you see--making disguises that will make them look look homely enough and also providing means to take care that the disguises don't come off so quickly as to cause detection. It isn't possible to make a change in their voices so they'll have to pose as mutes. The only thing that can be done is to change the aspect of their faces."

"What about the clothing disguises?"
 "Oh they are not giving me any trouble. The situation on that cannot make any difference but I am also working on improvements to those. Take it altogether I'll have them so transformed that even the devil won't know them is my plans come out all right."

"Have you said anything to your father yet?"
 "No I want to have the disguises perfectly perfected before I do. Besides I don't want any publicity about them until I am ready. If these spies are after me now instead of after them, I will fool them."

"That's right Penrod. Well, I must go as I hear little Daisy calling me."

"I suppose you will be glad when all this trouble with spies is all over?"
 "Well I should. But I'm not like you. I can't invent things against me."

"But Tim you have an awful smooth line of talk," he had Penrod. "I believe you could sell chili con carne to some of the fishes in the Great Salt Lake in America where I came from--that is if it has fishes."

"I don't know that it has Penrod, I never saw the lake, and anyhow I'm not posing as a salt salesman, and Tim grinned. "at I must really go or she'll wonder what's keeping me. He's terribly lonesome for her sister too and it's up to me to see that she doesn't break down before she goes back to them to meet her with you."

"Go to it Tim. And I'll get busy on my plans. I'll partly perfect them by to night and finish them in the morning."

Getting busy was Penrod's favorite occupation and when he was working on a new idea, as was the case now he was seldom idle night or day.

"I have hardly seen you for nearly four days," little Nell wrote him that day. "We got the letter that day. You sister's except Daisy who came back said you were doing wonderfully. Are you not ever coming to see me any more, and learn me to be a girl scout who was so good to you in Abilene?"

"Yes Penrod wrote back. "I'll be over to meet you now with little Daisy flower of mine, and she sure looks like a daisy angel to night."

From this it may be gathered that Penrod was on the verge of success. While not altogether satisfied with his progress was the young prince felt that he was on the right track. The more he was certain that must be added, and when to be made in the disguises certain refinements that must be added, and when this should be done, Penrod felt pretty certain that he would have what would prove to be a real good disguise. It was not absolutely perfect ones. On the late afternoon of this day Penrod was not engaged with some of the last details of the experiment. The disguises for faces and head were about ready and he was making some intricate calculations in connection to a head disguise for voice. Penrod had set down on paper some computations regarding the voice of one of the wires for her and was working out the amount of it was to which he could subject a man to fit when a shadow was cast across the drawing board he had propped up in his lap. In an instant Penrod pulled a blank sheet over his head of face and disappeared and looked up a slender fellow coming over him. "That another spy was at hand. But a heavy voice surrounded him.

"Please go to bed," said James. "You shall yourself up here like a commit in the mountains. Why don't you come out and enjoy life....."

"Hello glad to see you," cried Penrod joyfully. "You are just in time."

"Time for what supper?" asked the boy, with a chuckle. "If so I will gladly accept."

"By yes I imagine there must be a supper in prospect somewhere James," said Penrod with a smile. "We'll have to see General Hinde--nines house keeps about that. But what I meant was that you are just in time to have a home back side with me if you want to go."

"To where?"
 "Oh any where through camp. I have nearly finished the disguises, and when we get back to father's house, now I'm going to have them tried out. Would you like to come along on a home back side?"

"I would," exclaimed James. "But why do you go at night? Isn't it safe by day light?"
 "Oh that does not make much difference as long as we are remaining within the division lines. The reason I'm going to take the home back side to night is that I don't want any spies about."

"Oh I see. Are they camping on your trail?"
 "Not exactly. But I cannot tell where they may be. If I should start out in daylight, and some thing would happen to our horses, I don't know what a crowd always collects to see a wounded horse."

"That's right Penrod."
 "That decided me to start off after dark. Then if we have to come down by a side road we shan't have any prying eyes."

"I see. Well Penrod I'll go with you. Fortunately I didn't tell you--little sister Daisy, who was going when I started out this afternoon, so she won't worry until I'm over, and then it won't be so bad. I'll have pool with the deer I'm handy any time you are."

"Good. Stay to supper and I'll show you what I have made. Then we'll take a ride after dark."

This suited the boy and a little later after the had eaten one of the house keeps he went to his room including a collection of which he was very fond. James accompanied Penrod to show the way they kept the horses.

"What's a horse boy? This horse is it Penrod?" asked the boy as he viewed the horse.

"Yes that's the horse."
 "It doesn't look different from one of your regular horses," Penrod. "No it isn't. The main difference is here in the stalls." And Penrod showed him the stalls where the stalls were fixed. Then he took his friend to show the disguises were and showed him these. James they seemed to consist of a man's collection of at leastly four or five.

"If you could see how they look in them," said Penrod to his friend. "But the main trick of cutting down the beauty by these disguises is done by these things and he put one on himself."

"It's sure great," said the boy. "Well I'll go and, when you are Penrod."
 "Well go as soon as its dark and the reply. "But first I'll have to have my horse changed for and show you the facial disguises for my sister's."

Penrod did and James could hardly believe his eyes. "They are not at all completed yet," said Penrod. "I'll finish them in the morning."

"You are a right Penrod," cried James. "You sure did make good disguises." This was perfectly true.

With in the few lines they'll never be discovered unless they speak" said Penrod. "I'll soon give you a chance to verify my statement."

Soon after supper when the shades of evening were falling he and James were mounted on their horses to go forth. Would Penrod's hopes be justified would he be disappointed?

"All ready James?" asked Penrod as he looked to see that all was in good condition about the saddles and the horses.

"All ready and we shall be," Penrod. "Was the answer. "Why don't you take your little sister--Daisy a long time she isn't going out with you?"

"She's not here," said Penrod. "She's with my sister's. She went this afternoon being called. I'll go to see her."

"Well I don't know why I am," said James but some how I feel that something is going to happen on this trip."

"No sense," laughed Penrod. "Don't be nervous that in all."

"I suppose so. Penrod I'll be going to back out, something like that, but I'll show the trip was successful over with Penrod, just certainly do."

"I'll still be in a little while," he said and Penrod he settled himself comfortably in his saddle and pulled the sully at his front. "You've gone home back riding like this before, and when we rode other horses besides our own too."

"Yes I know I have. Oh I don't say it will be all right. Pen-rod, and yet some how I can't help feeling."

But Prince Pen-rod felt that the best way to get James's companions to rest was to start the horses for a hard ride and so the horses were urged forward, many soldiers and boy scouts and girls too, converging at first about the two on horse back to see the beginning of the night. Though frankly it was Pen-rod's intention to do a little secret night scouting. General Hinderline who missed the little girls was the one also and General Glade-Little had been invited to come and join the ride but she wished to go to bed early that night she said. Walter Starving was away on some military business and he could not be present to join. However as Pen-rod expected to do better when he and his sisters were disguised he the horse was not exactly sorry for the absence of his friends, though he felt terribly lonesome for his sisters and only one night away to be mild you, but could you blame him? I'll bet they were lonesome for him too.

"Give me path" called the young Prince to the crowd in front and off they started. The two horses moved swiftly along the level road though of course making a considerable amount of dust, and away from the

lighted camp fires. Faster and faster they went, and as the horses' hooves were covered with something soft they galloped almost as silently as a great owl (not howl) which swoops down out of the darkness—a bit of the velvety blackness itself. Onward and onward they sped and as Pen-rod listened to catch the noise of the horses' hooves his heart gave a bound of hope, for he could not detect even slight sounds, and besides the horses also were black.

"And my disguises are a success." Exulted Pen-rod to himself. "Thank God for it was His Help. The disguises are a success, but they are not perfect yet to use," he added. "I know however how to turn the trick."

He urged the horse then from the encampment out over the open country and then when they were going a little more faster he called back to James who was riding a little behind him. "How do you like it?"

"Great!" exclaimed the boy scout. "God bless us all but it's great. Why there's hardly a sound from the horses' feet, Pen-rod, and, can hear you quite plainly."

"And I can hear you and other sounds," added Pen-rod. "I don't believe if there are any Gland Indian soldiers out scouting any where and he rodded in the direction of the foot lines, though James could see nothing back of the corners of the darkness. They know we are here any where out here."

"I agree with you" was the answer. "But Pen-rod my friend with the disguises I believe you have solved the trick. You have produced excellent disguises, and now it's up to you and your sisters to make use of them."

"I'm not quite ready for that yet," replied the young prince. "I have several improvements to make. But when they are finished I'll let you and my father know what they are. Then it's up to him and us."

"And you must be careful Pen-rod that none of these skulking spies of the enemy don't hear of your success and get onto how they'll look with them on, or get the disguises away from you," warned James, as Pen-rod guided his horse through an unlighted and limitless path in the silent darkness.

"On they'll have to get up pretty early in the morning to do that," boasted Pen-rod but fully and yet afterwards truthfully. "I don't want to call those roads with a bit of ghug-in, and a good bit of it too. On and on they rode, and as Pen-rod increased the speed of his horse, and continually thought of his disguises he began to have high hopes that he had made them better than he knew. Of course the horses in galloping didn't make any sound.

"I can go this one better though," said Pen-rod as he was now sliding down his horse. "There is a few mistakes I've made. I'll correct that and—"

As he spoke he thought he heard a sort of suspicious sound.

"Good night Pen-rod, what's the matter?" called James as he leaned in his horse alongside that of Pen-rod.

"Some things went, some there," Pen-rod answered. "I had to slow down my horse. We can make a halt in this big field," for just then the moon came out from behind a big cloud, and Pen-rod saw before him a grassy meadow.

"But what happened? anything wrong with your horse?"

"I might have imagined it," said Pen-rod but he thought he heard a cry for help. "I'll soon find out."

So Pen-rod rode over to the meadow and as he brought his horse to a stop the horse was so close to the riders a wild cry came from a little girl but he partly muffled so the voice could not at that time be detected.

"Help please on help."

SCOUTING STANCES, A LIGHT AND A DARK
A VAIN SAD SEARCH FOR THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

SUPPLIES.

"Did you hear that?" asked Pen-rod of his companion.

"Yes, it. If my ears didn't deceive me I should say, did hear it. Some little girl is in trouble. Pen-rod. Maybe some reckless child running round at night and now caught in a bog of quicksand, most likely, the same as that boy chap escaped, who was at your head quarters. That's it caught in quicksand/ If so we could not reach the poor kid in time."

"There's sure isn't any bog or swamp around here," James. If there was I shouldn't have taken the chances to come round here so you who would not into one in the dark. No it's something else beside that. Ha-k."

Again the cry sounded, seeming to come from a point not far from where they halted. The noise was clear and distinct but a confusion of other noises prevented them from recognizing any well known tone of the voice.

"Help, help they are—"

The voice seemed to die away in a single, as though the person's mouth had been covered quickly.

"The child's sinking, Pen-rod. She's sinking," cried James. "I once heard a little girl who almost drowned cry out, and it sounded exactly like that."

"But there isn't any water around here for any child to drown upon to drown in," declared Pen-rod quickly. "In his horse for a word. 'It's a big dry meadow. I know where we are.'"

"Then what is it?"

"I do not know, but we are going to find out. Some child attacked by some one else—something I should say. Ventured the young prince as he urged his horse faster with his spurred heels."

"Something do you mean a child out, Pen-rod."

"No for the sake of such things here any more than there is water or quicksand. Though of course it may be that some famous bull, or his savage dog has got loose and has attacked some traveler or the child. But in that case I think we could hear bellows or barks, and all we heard was a little cry for help. Though what she could be doing out here at this time of night with the enemy so near is strange."

"There's sure with me Pen-rod, it's hard to say but we are for a word faster and investigate."

"That's what I intend doing. Come on faster."

"Better use our flash light—hurry up, it's a good and dark even though the moon does show now and then..." urged James.

"Guess you are right, and as they need faster toward the spot where the call for help, and as they brought forth their flashlights. As their horses galloped swiftly along making no noise on the soft turf they listened intently for the repeat of the call for aid.

"I don't hear anything," said Pen-rod after a bit.

"Nor, added James. 'We don't know exactly which way to go Pen-rod.'"

"That's right. Guess we had better give her a hail, whoever she is poor little girl."

Pen-rod halted his horse, and raising his loud voice to a shout called as loudly as he could.

"Hello there little girl—here's the matter. We'll help you if you can tell us which way to come."

They both listened intently, but no voice answered them. At the same time however they heard a sort of sound as of heavy iron feet, and the horse seemed to be muffled in cautious not far away. Pen-rod and James looked in the direction of the sound, and the young prince flashed his light. But there was a thick clump of bushes and trees at that point and the lighted rays did not penetrate very far.

"Some one over the top of the bushes," exclaimed Pen-rod in a whisper. "But better wait a bit for a word and see what it is."

"All right," agreed James, and he too spoke in a low voice. By they did this when their previous talk had been in a loud tone, and then Pen-rod had shouted so loudly, they did not stop to explain about it. But just then, late they both admitted that they might be because they thought something was on foot—because they feared a sacrifice by Glade-Little and being committed and they wanted to support the sickly proposition if they could, and it

The sound died out so quickly that they did not know which direction it came from either.

They urged that he be towed to the dark clump of trees and lost to view. This was no need to be especially cautious in regard to being silent, as the horse made no noise whatever, and as Penrod had in advance seen and then flushed him, light, June 14 in riding up on up alongside suddenly caught him by the coat tail.

"I do," he answered, wiping his brow for the weather was very hot. "There's a road from here, just the other side of those trees, to that hill. That wagon must have gone that way. Well, there's no use in trying to follow it now, though, as it has gotten away."

"[A]t home I'll be glad to see you," he said. "I'll be glad to see you."

And he was right. They walked in and about the little grove, flashing the light at intervals but beyond marks of wagon wheels in the dust of the road, no tracks were visible. The moonlight indicated that

"Well some one must have been hurt or they wouldn't cry for help," said Penrod.

"How do you know?" asked Penrod.

"Well as long as we can't do anything here, Penrod, we'll go and travel around and then do you any."

[illegible]

"Yes but if we had asked over what we might have had, I think we
 never

the night she sadly thought oh how he had hated that little girl's voice
 somehow - before she had said anything - but he could not get on with it
 - with her - he had to get on with it.

Pen and James had a hard time trying to get on because that was a long time that he had thought his friends could find him. He had a lot of trouble about the country and even in an emergency James could find the way. This he said, did and as they went on, still, Pen and James understood that it was that that had to be helped. He said that he was not as good as all the other boys.

and as he related his experience on the way toward the Central Intelligence Headquarters, he after paying to the authorities who he was he was thinking how he could help save the prisoners.

"Oh so that has nothing to do with the operations of the Algerians, but I'm going to do better yet. One day I'll take you for a ride with them in the discipline and they'll pretend they're so stupid you'll hear a pin drop."

"Not completely on the discipline but I'll soon be able to fix that up. Some of the elements are a bit thin on a needed discipline."

He said that he had been home, but he had not seen his wife. He said that he had been asked to have a little lunch, which he had gone to have. He said that he had been asked to have a little lunch, which he had gone to have. He said that he had been asked to have a little lunch, which he had gone to have.

"I forgot to produce a letter which she told had come from a police person that afternoon but which had been mislaid by a woman toy about who had been engaged to help with the house work that day.

"She took it to your shop after you had left and only now told me about it."

you" he said on a hush, and the mislive "That's it." They've gained the summit to a full three hundred thousand row gale, and they say they feel as if they should not let it go, do not accept because the enemy is on the move and danger to us is a real thing is a bit queer, though, and on the way you'll find

The million
"The million" came into being on account of the transportation movement caused by the war, and why this letter was delayed!"

having no navy millions not a drop of blood in the sea

"Well I'm sure I hope by God's help it will be all right." sighed Mrs. Jerry.

"But surely no harm could come to her," said James himself. "she is angel possessed, you know."

"That don't always make it any more comfortable," said Mrs. Jerry. "some times you can be angel possessed, and something can happen enough to cause worry you know. Angels unless it is necessary won't save my miraculous means you know, and I wish you could convince you poor sisters to that effect. Since she doesn't come yet they are as nervous as frightened kittens. Come in and tell us what to do."

"Oh poor little Daisy will be all right," declared James adding his assurance to Pen-od's.

They found Violet and her sisters nervous and a having shown signs that they had wept, and poor Jennie herself was weeping, on an attack of hysteria. Poor Vivian had sent an order to have the whole camp searched for it, and the city too.

"Daisy had telephoned me," he said, "that she would come right to us to night instead of waiting till tomorrow. I'm sure I don't know what can be keeping her."

"But Father dear it's too soon to get her yet," replied the young Prince disconsolately. "I'll wait a little while, and then if she doesn't come, I and my three boys a scout and a hundred others will go back over the road outside the city and look carefully. You know she may have had a slight fall—sprained her ankle or something like that—and not be able to ride. As she came by the turnpike a road I know for sure she wouldn't take under any conditions as it is out side of the camp and in danger of being pulled by enemy horse scouts. I'm sure she's all right, and you may be sure of that."

Pen-od tried to speak reassurance sagely but some how he did not believe himself and felt as worried as his sisters and father did but his sisters reading his face knew of it and that he didn't want to let on. He was beginning to think more and more how strange it was that his little sister had a little sister Daisy didn't return home.

"We'll all wait just a bit longer before setting on our search," he told his father and sisters. "but I'm sure she will be along at any moment now. Let's all kneel and say the Rosary for her. The Rosary helps a good deal for any one you know."

They left the house and went into the nearest Church (need not say Catholic as they're all Catholic in Abilene) and he states the Rosary came back and found her not home yet. They then went into the library of their home and there they sat waiting still saying the Rosary. They kept and out watching the clock and looking from that to the telephone which they tried to hope would ring momentarily and transmit to them good news. Then they would listen for the sound of foot steps or bicycle wheels on the gravel walk. But they heard nothing and as the seconds were ticked off on the clock the nervousness of his sisters increased until Jennie herself exclaimed bursting into tears which cut the boys to the quick.

"I can't stand it any longer," she sobbed. "We must notify the military—do something."

Father and even I did that already," said Pen-od. "I'll have to be content about my seemingly holding out, and bluffing at it for, must confess I'm getting rather down good and anxious myself, and as you little girls are looking at me so queerly that shows I can't hide anything from you. Confound the luck any way. My three companions with a good horse of scouts will start out of the city by machines. I'll use Father's, he must come with me and if it should happen as will probably turn out the case of Daisy be the case that little Daisy has met with only a simple accident she would not be in danger. Maybe she can't get back on her bicycle and cannot walk and is stranded out on some lonely road where no body passes to give her aid."

"I'm sure you are right," agreed Mrs. Jerry. "Pen-od knows best best dear. I'm sure, and as he says he remembers she's an angel possessed as any of you are and it seems foolish to worry as no harm could come to her."

"All right," just as you say only find poor little Daisy. "and Violet sighed, and turned her head away to hide her tears which were coming fast. When if poor Daisy had had a fall, or reasoned Pen-od she could call again, and again for help, and get some one to telephone unless and as he reasoned thus, Pen-od gave a mental start which his sisters didn't fail to notice as his own used word of "help." That we had little girl cry for help on the lonely meadow came back to him with startling distinctness and heart rending shock that he couldn't stand and made him so fearfully nervous and uneasy, that even not only his sisters but his father even noticed it.

"Come on Father please, and you three boys," cried Pen-od in a voice he tried to make cheerful. "We'll find that Daisy is probably walking along carrying her disabled bicycle instead of having it carry her for she can carry the one she rides. We'll soon have her back safe to us," he called to his sisters. "Come too if you want."

"I would like," began Violet. "but oh, we're too scared to upset that some thing happened to her. You look at yourself Pen-od. You can't fool me. You are so nervous only you set your big constitution holds you up."

"I wish I could go with you and help search," observed Mrs. Jerry. "and you could take Hal along."

"He can go but you must stay," said Joice to Mrs. Jerry. "We can't be too far left alone."

"All right Mother," said Pen-od. "Come along. No. Don't stop to put your hat on. It's too warm outside any way. We'll telephone as soon as we find her," called Pen-od as he and the ones to go got into the little runabout with his father and started away from the place, Nellie sitting besides Pen-od.

"What do you think of it Pen-od?" asked Tim, when they were once more on the road.

"Why I can't tell nothing yet—no yet," Pen-od said. "That is, I think nothing more than a simple accident has happened, if indeed it is anything more than she has delayed to talk to some friends, but I can't help confessing that my sister's are right. I'm dreadfully upset myself. He's as mad to me as to them and neither can't bear to have anything happen to her."

"Would she ever delay this long?"

"No indeed. That is what upset some and makes me good and scared."

"Yes," and then Pen-od my friend," said James himself. "oh how strange that of that only we heard didn't it sound so of familiarity to you. Could that have been your little sister Daisy?"

"There it was out of my suspicion that Pen-od had tried to keep his mind away from came to the fore. Well he might as well face the issue as later."

"I've been thinking of that," he said in a short of shaky voice. "It might have been little Daisy calling for help. The voice sounded exactly like hers. I tried to place it when I heard it first but couldn't."

"But we looked pen-od, near the house and couldn't discover anything. If she had suddenly been calling for help,"

James did not finish.

"He may have fallen from her wheel and been hurt," said Tim as Pen-od was leaving the city after an hour and half of riding turned the electric runabout into the high way that Daisy would most likely have taken on her way home. "Then she may have called for help and some soldier's, passing on patrol, soldier's of our side may have heard and taken her away."

"Yes but where Tim?" asked Peetie. "Pen-od. If she did call for help maybe she was taken away that's sure for, and James saw some one taken away on a horse drawn buggy. But where?"

"To some hospital I suppose," said James.

"Then had we not better inquire there? There are only two hospitals of any account around here. The ones in camp would have notified father immediately if she had been brought to any of those there. The one in Podgie still in the hands of the chivalrous could be called upon the one in White field. We could call up the one in Wheat field too and White field and—"

"We'll look around and along the road first," said Pen-od. "If we begin to make inquiries at the private hospital first there will be a lot of questions asked, and a general alarm be sent out. My sister wouldn't like that if she isn't in any danger and it may turn out after all that she has met an old time friend, and has been talking with him ever all this while forgetting all about the pleasure of time."

They were now driving along the high way that led from the camp to the outskirts of Podgie just beyond which was a part of General Vivian's camp on camps and positions. This section was country like and still in the possession of the chivalrous with very few houses and those placed at rather infrequent intervals. The road was a good one, though not the main traveled one, and no one hardly ever used this or the main road too far out because of the fear of meeting with enemy cavalry scout patrols. As Pen-od and his father and the boys, friends drove along, they scanned as best as they could in the light from the moon and the powerful lamps on the run away or runabout every part of the high way on both sides. They were looking for some different colored blot which might indicate there a little girl had fallen from her wheel and was lying in some huddled heap on the road, and hoping of seeing the bicycle too. But they saw nothing like this much to their relief.

"Do you know Pen-od," said James, when they were nearing the town of Podgie and their search thus far had been in vain. "I think we are going at this

"Why not?" asked Tim himself himself.

"Because Poo-little Daisy may have fallen, and been hurt and have been carried into any one of a dozen houses along the road. In that case we wouldn't see her. We have passed over the most lonely part of the journey and haven't seen a trace of the poor little girl. If the accident occurred near the houses her child's cries for help would have brought some one out to do something for her. If this is a part of Christian territory then being a princess she is well known around here, and even if she were unconscious and couldn't tell who she was, she could be identified by papers in her pocket or by the clothes she has on as no other girl wears what she does. Then you father and sisters would be notified by telephone."

"Perhaps you are right James. We may be wasting time this way. What do you suggest, Tim?" asked Pen-rod.

"That we don't delay any longer but call up the hospitals at once. If she is not in either of those she must be in some house and such condition that her identity cannot be established. In that case it is an event for the military police, the gendarmes, and the boy and girl scouts. We haven't found her and, think we had better give the alarm."

Pen-rod thought it over for a moment while his father also said it was the best advice. Then he came to a sudden decision.

"You are right," he told them both. "We must not waste any more time. He isn't lying anywhere along the road she ought to have traveled in coming from General Hildern's house to mine—that's sure, but before I call up the hospitals I want to try out one more idea."

"What is that Pen-rod?"

"I want to go to the place where we heard that cry for help."

"Do you think that really could have been Daisy?" asked Empress-Vivian, herself.

"It may have been. We will go and take another look around the place. I'm afraid she was evidently hurt there or something, and was taken away, for now I remember it was her voice. We may get a clue. The lights on the sunabout will give us a better chance to look around than we had by the little pocket lamp. We will try the place and if we don't find anything then I'll call up the very hospitals."

With the speedy sunabout it did not take them long to reach the place where the two had gone over the meadow on horse back a few hours before and where they had heard the little girl's cry for help. All was as dark and as silent as when they had been there before. But as Pen-rod had said the lights from his electric sunabout would give a brilliant illumination and there he now directed toward the clump of trees whence the little girl's cry for help had seemed to come.

It certainly does not appear to have been visited by any one since we came here, for remarked Pen-rod as he observed the marks of the new wagon iron hoops in the dust. "Now we'll look about more carefully."

"This they did but they were about to give up in despair and start for the nearest hospital's telephone to call up the hospitals, when Tim gave an exclamation."

"What is it as Pen-rod as he and his father looked up."

"Something bright and shining," said his boy companion. "I saw it gleam in the light of the lamp. You nearly put your foot on it Pen-rod, just step back a moment."

Pen-rod did so and the boy scout leader, with another exclamation this time of satisfaction reached down and picked up something from the dusty road.

"It's a wrist watch and a pair of rosary beads," he exclaimed. "A gold wrist watch and gold chain rosary, and both have been stepped on evidently or run over by the wagon. The watch is not much damaged but the rosary is and the crucifix is crushed. The case of the watch is a bit bent and scratched. It's stopped too," he added as he held it to his ear.

"What does it show?" asked Pen-rod anxiously.

"Eight forty seven," answered James who also looked at it as Tim consulted the little dial. "Why Pen-rod that was just about when we heard the cry for help."

"Yes, it must have been. Let me see that watch."

"No sooner had the young prince taken the time piece into his hands than he too uttered a cry of amazement and alarm."

"Do you recognize it?" asked James in great excitement.

"It's Daisy's watch," cried Pen-rod.

"And what's this lying under the sunabout," asked Empress-Vivian and he drew forth some object. "Why it's Daisy's hat."

It was.

"He must have fallen here and been hurt," said Tim.

"It was little Daisy who cried for help," answered Pen-rod and who was probably

"And who was probably taken away to his house to be taken care of by some passing farmer. It looked like a farmer's rig. They've probably taken her to some hospital. There's been an accident all right and—"

"What's this?" interrupted Tim holding it up.

Pen-rod looked at it.

"Why it's a piece of bicycle chain," said Pen-rod. "That's proves it now. He hit something in the dark and was thrown from the wheel. He's met with some mishap."

Pen-rod, his father and the three other boys were of one mind now in thinking that Daisy had met with some mishap on the road—maybe in the dark too they thought it was possible the farmer may have fallen head-down as she halted some where, and that Daisy first called for help, and was carried away by the farmer.

"If they had only answered when I hallooed at them," said Pen-rod. "We wouldn't be in all this stew now. We could have told the strangers who came to her aid who she was, and we could have taken her home to be cared for there."

"Well it's too late to think of that now," returned Empress-Vivian despondently. "We had better get into communication with her as soon as we can and then send word to my daughters and their houses keeping hope she isn't badly hurt though I don't see how it could be possible if she is really possessed. They sure would have preserved her."

Pen-rod and all the rest hoped so too, with all their heart. There was nothing to do but to get back in the sunabout and make all speed for the nearest telephone and Pen-rod lost no time in doing this. They found in podgie town a drug store which was open a little later than usual because nearby a skirmish with the enemy had called, and wounded had been treated and were still being treated, and at once Pen-rod went into the booth and called up the Podgie Podgie hospital. He was well known there as he and his father were liberal supporters of the institution which was a public affair and run by the Sisters of Charity, St. John's Hospital. Many wounded soldiers at this hour even were being treated at the dispensary, and as wounding of soldiers in frequent skirmishes were of more or less common occurrence

Pen-rod had for a recent occasion to call up the place.

"Poo-little Daisy would ask to be taken here I suppose, as it's nearest the Christian army under my father—that is if she was able to speak."

Pen-rod said to his father who agreed with him. There was little delay in getting the hospital on the line, but then Pen-rod had it, and was talking to the good mother Superior Sister Constance. He was rather surprised, to tell the truth that not only had no little girl been brought in, but that only wounded soldiers were admitted in this hospital unless by Empress-Vivian or Prince Pen-rod's special orders.

"And" said the sister. "I haven't had any accident cases for the last two weeks now. To night either Prince Lem or my about your sister Daisy but are you sure she is in some hospital?"

"That I cannot tell Sister," he said. "That is what I am trying to find out."

After saying good bye he hung up the receiver and opening the door of the booth which was only big enough to admit one person said to his father and the rest:

"Little Daisy! Daisy hell isn't there."

"Then try White field," was the suggestion, and Pen-rod did so did so, though he could not imagine why an injured little girl, such as his sister Daisy might prove to be should be taken as far as White field, when the hospital at Podgie was much nearer.

"Unless," he told them. "The people who ran my sister down didn't know about our hospital."

The reply from his first institution was at first encouraging and then turned out discouraging.

"Yes Prince," said the Head Nurse who answered. "The sister in charge of the Children's accident ward says that there was an accident case at this moment being brought in. He's a little girl too. I'll go and inquire."

"He's at that hospital" all right," said Pen-rod opening the door and speaking. "The nurse is going to inquire."

"Poo-little Daisy," said James to Tim. "Oh I hope by God's help she isn't hurt much."

"I too," said James.

Pen-rod was all excited and then the nurse he turned to the phone. "No Prince," she said. "It is not your sister. It's a little girl though who had fallen down stairs at her home and fractured her skull. She won't live. She's only two years old. There is no record of any one answering the description of your sister Daisy having been brought in this evening."

"I'm sorry."

"Hm! This is getting to be mighty loud" mused Pen-od, as he came out of the booth, "but shall we do, get back and tell my sisters, to communicate with the Gemini, and the military police."

"Why not try the Mexican Brothers' Hospital of Podgie?" asked Pen-od Vivian. "That's away over in Pando's to be sure, but it's so unlikely to be known to passing persons than either of our institutions around here, especially if the travelers were strangers and not soldiers."

"That's so" agreed Pen-od. The Mexican Brothers' Hospital was operated under the direction of the Brothers of that faith, and was well known in that part of the state. Often cases of persons who had been injured either by accident or battle had been taken there for treatment, even girls and boys, even if not kept there as patients. Vivian had said, and Pando had agreed.

"I can just about see how it happened," said Empat. Empat and Vivian himself, "somebody in the dark accidentally ran my little girl down, and stopped to pick her up after they heard her plaintive cries for help, and though the Mexican Brothers' Hospital was the first one they thought of, I don't think they took her there as the hospital only received men."

But the Military Hospital is the one we should have thought of first.

Call that up."

But once more disappointment awaited them. All day came back over the wire from the other superiors in charge that no accident case of any kind whatever not even those of little girls and boys had been brought in. Only a number of wounded soldiers.

"Tell I'm stumped and desperate" exclaimed Pen-od. "He to vanish within general Hindernes very camps and the Christian lines are supposed to be safe and now to agree private matters as I see over there a thunderstorm is coming up. I shouldn't wonder if it is not because of privacy."

"I'm afraid so" said the pig. "A storm always breaks when something especially caused by the enemy goes wrong with my daughter. But I don't see why one would come up on this occasion, but what shall we do now?"

"Such as I dislike it myself" said Tim who was as much worried as Pen-od and his father, "think we ought to communicate with you sisters. They'll be very anxious and they may have position, but heavens it can't be helped."

"I guess we'll have to" said Pen-od as it began to thunder in the distance. "But wait. I'll call up general Hindernes place first, and see if she has gone back there."

"But little Daisy had not done this, and general Hindernes who answered the telephone said Jennie Vivian had been calling frantically for Pen-od as some of her sisters were now on the verge of wild grief and even collapse.

"No help for it" said Pen-od ruefully over the phone. "We've got to tell them we have no news and can't find her. Ain't there no trace of her in your camp?"

"No" said the general. "She's no where in the camp."

Pen-od and the others then retraced their steps home, the storm coming near, and near and assuming proportions in the distance as if it was going to be a wild and terrible one for the lightning even though distances yet was getting terribly bright and the booming thunder loud. A stiff north-west wind was rising and it was cooler. There upon they hurried back to James and

And news home and soon as they came Violet herself ran to the door.

"Here you got Daisy Pen-od dear?" she pleaded piteously.

The sound of her voice touched him deeply and he felt worse than ever as he had to tell her the truth. Joyce the eldest one did collapse at the news and a doctor was called in. Pen-od called for both Angelina Aronburg and Angelina Pichee to come and stay with his sisters and take charge of the house until they, the others gone to some other part of the city could be notified and come.

"You'll need you mothers too now to stay with you little girls," he told them. "I'll notify Priests and have them say Masses for the safe return."

"Yes" we shall Violet admitted, trying bravely not to give in to her emotion. "Oh Pen-od for at least to night, wish you could stay too, and not go back to Hindernes. I leave the disguises go for some time. I'm sure something dreadful and awful must have happened to poor Daisy. Please stay and help us find her."

He laughed sarcastically. "Do you think I'm going to give up?" he challenged. "As soon as you or our mother comes, I'll take charge of everything."

And I'll conduct a desperate tenacious hunt for her. I'll send word to general Hindernes that I'm remaining here and will conduct the hunt to no end, and ask him to have all his cavalry squadrons and other soldiers as many as he can spare and can spare all the toy and gladiators search for her."

Pen-od did not get any sleep at all that night. He communicated with all the

military police and the Gemini and saw to it that a general alarm was sent out. He called up all hospitals within a radius of fifty miles, and all within the Christian encampments too, but could get no trace of any injured girl whose description resembled that of Daisy.

"What can have happened?" asked Jennie tearfully, as the thunderstorm came up with a big bang of thunder that shook the house.

"Well the way I figure it out is this," said Pen-od. "You must remember our little Daisy left general Hindernes headquarters very soon after 1 and James went out for a back riding. If it is so as you say that she was riding her bicycle bicycled she must have been run into by a wagon or something in the dark. That is how her wrist watch was damaged and that was her hat we found, and also that must have happened when I and James heard the

cries for help and tried desperately to trace it and found no one."

"Oh do you think poor Daisy was badly hurt?" asked Catharine.

"No I don't," and Pen-od answered truthfully. "The voice sounded as though she was in pain, certainly but it was strong and vigorous and not at all as though she was dangerously hurt."

"And what do you think happened to her after she was hurt?" asked Hettie.

"Those who picked her up took her away," decided Pen-od. "In fact we heard the wagon go but of course we were never able to connect the call for help and what followed with our little sister. Somebody in a wagon took her away for as was the wagon and it was too late to pursue."

"Where?" asked Angelina.

"I should say to some hospital. Perhaps a private one of which we know nothing and which may be somewhere. I'll get a full list from the board of Health to morrow and have father call them up while I conduct a vigorous search. It may be that the rescuers seeing the damage they had done to so pretty a little girl took our little Daisy to the home of one of themselves, and named a doctor there."

"Why would they do that?" asked Violet.

"Well they may have been so frightened by injuring such a little girl like her they did not realize what they were doing, or they may have thought she would get better treatment in a private house, if she were not badly injured, than if she should be taken to a hospital. It may have been that one of the persons in the wagon was a physician and wished to try his own skill on the little girl he had accidentally hurt."

"You make us feel more comfortable in spite of this loud storm Pen-od" said Jennie as a louder crash of thunder than usual shook the house and it was raining in torrents outside. "But even supposing all this why couldn't they telephone to us that little Daisy was all right? Any one of us always carries a telephone identification card with us and if she were unconscious it could be ascertained who she was."

"That's what I can't understand" said Pen-od frankly as a shocking crash of thunder long and deafening suddenly startled them. "It puzzles me and now this storm seems to make me suspicious. It always storms when you and my other sisters have unjust trouble. This storm puzzles me. Listen to that rain and the wind. Good gosh wasn't that a crash this instant. That's such some where. But we'll find her. We've feared I'm determined at any cost to have her home by this time to morrow night."

He tried to keep on with his telephone inquiries but could do nothing because of the storm and soon some one reported that the basement of James headquarters was flooded with two feet of water and all the company

streets was becoming a veritable lake. A physician ministered to poor Joyce and even her other sisters to keep their spirits up. The night was very very long, and after two hours of horrible unusual record breaking fury in which the thunder followed one big crash after another now without stopping it gradually let up but nevertheless raged on for the rest of the night.

All night long no word of any kind came in.

Slowly the dawn broke though the mist of rainy darkness, but there didn't come much light. Search for the missing had let up. It still rained in a sort of heavy drizzle and the pale electric lights of the city streets came at intervals still through clouds in the shutters in the home of

Mr. James and in the glare of which, Pen-od, little Hettie, Violet and her half-sister sisters, and even their mother James and Jim sat waiting for some word of the missing girl.

"I shall be so good" asked Hettie herself as she looked at Pen-od for his sister's sake. "I'll go up to say anything and had been saying on this position all night."

"Oh there's lots to do," he said trying to make his voice sound cheerful. "I should myself feel more upset than I am, but in my young days then I got free from those who kidnapped me or rather I was rescued by kind American Indians and all thanks they do. I know I'll put my Indian

tricks in to locate her. I'm sure I'll not fail. We'll be busy all

"When we found out that period the person who accidentally ran her dot'd down a few through her keeping her children until Oh, we have said I can't find her line that has become of her and I feel it is on the same side said, for come to think of it, didn't like the sound of the last cry for help. It seemed muffled & checked off."

"Well it certainly is a puzzle," said Angelina A. - - - and Pen - - - agreed with her. It was nearly an hour and a half before they finally were out of the city and heading through the camp.

"Do you really know how to work on that trail too?" he finally asked of Angelina Ichea.

"Yes I can work on my trail," he said, "but we are just in time. He's a common soldier whom we call Silent Sam. He can help us." I telephoned him to meet us when we got into camp. There's a foreigner too but he was an Indian Tracker in his day over in the United States."

"Silent gam" exclaimed Penrod. "Have you been taking a new trip to the land of Yonder? Since you brought back some new kind of servant?"

"Most exactly a servant," said Angeline Biesse. "Though I hope he'll serve us well." And then after the introduction to the man they proceeded onward for some distance for another half hour, and soon were at the very meadow where Penrod and James had heard the cry for help. Penrod led the party to the clump of trees, near where he and James had heard the cry and found the watchman hut. Penrod dismounted from his horse and went into the road pushing his way past the bushes to see whether the rain had washed away the wheel marks or not.

To his utter astonishment they were still there only a few minutes in the long narrow hole and the road on the side of a bank the way the bicycle half concealed in a clump of scrub. Perrod pushed aside the overhanging bushes thinking to find Daley lying beyond. There was nothing else, though the bike was some what injured. He called James, Walter and Jim and showed them the white wheel. In steps it was not unlike those we use in America, the wheel rims themselves gleaming white, the spokes of the colored red yellow and green except that the foot propellers were a of the metallic always used. The chain was missing that pulls the rear wheel. The saddle seat was broken off and even with his knowledge of bicycles James could tell that it had been an exceedingly beautiful and expensive one. But it was certain device detached to the bike that attracted his attention, so they were totally different from any on any American bike. (though they bore some resemblance to apparatus always seen on American bikes.

"Yes," said Pen rod, "a beautiful one and damaged beyond repair. That proves she was in an accident all right so it was hit by something on the road. The bike's name is " Silent Sam."

"That proves she was in an accident all right" said James ruefully. "and must have been in a bad one."

"Well I find out presently for the rain did not raise the wagon wheel marks but made them only more distinct conspicuous. We'll have to leave the bike here if it's no good to any one now dumped even beyond the palis only good for the junk heap. We could salvage some part of it though and I'll find you all come with me. Now I'll just mount my horse again and then I will-----"

Penrod suddenly ceased speaking and held up a hand to enjoin silence. Then while the others watched the young prince began moving noiselessly toward a thick clump of ~~bushes~~ bushes with his pistol drawn.

"Halt who's the real hero that you Duboy den?" suddenly called Penrod and in such a sharp urgent voice that even James started, -silly as he and the rest were for something unusual. There was no answer, and Penrod suddenly threw aside the bushes.

"He's there!" asked Perrod this time happily.
 "Perrod dan..." cried Angelina Amoniaev "but are you seeing things?"
 "No! Go to sleep but I'm hearing them," answered Perrod "didn't you think you heard some one moving near these bushes?"

"Well, it doesn't do me," went on Pen - edgely. "At first I thought how it was Dady there - injured and gettin' up on his feet, but now I think we were s'py galed on by some ferocious monkey, though how any one could do so and get away without me seeing him is more than I can figure out. But I'm going to have a look."

"Well, help you" offered Tim and the whole swarm began on horseback a new search of the neighborhood, but they saw no one nor did any one try to escape past them.

"and yet I had never heard some one say so," declared Penned when a search had revealed nothing. "It sounded as if some one were scuffling softly about in velvet slippers, trying to hide."

"How do you think it would have been proved?" asked Hall.

"she alone but happy trying to see that we are out here for a" was the answer, "but I guess I was too quick for them. They couldn't learn much as to our intentions by our just wanting the bike, and our nothing else had been lost had a fun run, can see."

"Who would want to gain knowledge of our purpose in an unlawful way except it was a blackmailing?" asked Mary Stanek.

"Perhaps some of the crowd that belongs to General Manley. They have been disappointed in perfecting things against our own armies at Pardo's, and think we have some idea they can listen in on and believe to their generals it would be the easiest way out of the coming disaster to their armies."

"Do a my of the spies know you are working on such things as those secret
displays Penrod?" asked Jimmie and me.
"I do not imagine they do though no doubt they are trying to find out. One
tried but, fooled the spy so the enemy have not any real data to go by I believe
at that."

"I hope not?"

"Why did you ask?"

"Oh because I -- ~~am~~ -- I don't like to say just now but something seems suspicious."

They all made a complete search of the neighborhood, but found no one. Now was there any trace of Daisy anywhere around no. of the intrusion? "Well everything seems to be all right so we'll start on the wagon wheel tracks," remarked Penrod, after further research of the reports. "And by the way what's this in the mud, eh? It's Daisy's pink hair ribbon. Well I'll keep that as a clue. Now James and Tim if all goes as I hope you will see what my Indian trailing will do. All of you forward now and don't go too fast."

Then as Pen had mounted, they started forward not on the road for the horses feet would be spoiled the trail but on each side of it.

"He rode where the trail turned," said Penrod after they had gone some considerable distance, "and as I thought goes to the top of that small hill where we saw it against the moon last night, and Heaven, what's that lying here so in the mud." He halted the horse and without getting out of the saddle, reached down and had it in his hand.

"It's Duiny's shoe" said Tim.
"Go it is," said Pen-od. "Guess it looks like we'll be picking up something
else late- on, anyhow what do you think? Was it an accident? It looks funny to me!"
"I think it was," said Argelida A Eebbitz. Aronburg, "She was hit by an
old auto auto what are not allowed!!!!;---"

"But there are no traces of an auto till then," said James. "So she wasn't hit by no Auto. There's a put post not far from where we saw the bike and she might have ran into that in the dark full speed."

"but she never rides a bike to the limit" said Penrod, as they urged the horse a little faster. There's the bike badly wrecked and part are missing. Then after we go a distance we find her shoes and ribbon. You can tell easier that what they say is perfectly well, and I guess that what is strange we could find to what makes in the mud below; to her do you?"

"I'm not sure but those wagon wheel marks," replied Argentine police. "And we don't come to an end of them either though now we are near the hill. This is the deepest mystery of all the hardest test for us even think unless she really was injured and taken to a farm house she met with foul play." "But isn't there something at range though that the pouring rain didn't remove the wheel marks?" said Tim.

"It certainly is," said James. "I've seen chains far less new and not half so long in the nation's horse wheel marks in dust in many a year. I think this is wonderful. There are the marks as far as we go and we can't hardly see a break in them. I think every thing will be a success and we'll find him."

"Are you going to see and the farmer who owns it for taking care of his property. The boy went on."

"Yes now that I am sure we can find Daisy and that every thing will come out all right. But it doesn't look like the wheels of a wagon as it looked last night. It looks like a farmer's wheeling rig. Will you and I go all that distance with me?"

"We certainly will. We only wish we could find her though. We could see to it
with a little ~~bit~~ better than that."

"Yes," said Arlene. "I can't imagine what has become of him. It is almost as if the earth had been opened and swallowed him. He disappeared once in a great emergency."

"It sure is a long hard day's work. Penrod." All those looking for her can't seem to get any trace of her out as we can if we hear another lady's story to help. We can make up your mind I'll give a rate more quickly than I did at first."

"But if she is angel possessed child, how can she be injured, and go down into a bog, as James once suggested, just by the angel would possess her?"

"That seems a bit odd, too," said Penrod, "an angel possessed as she is, she is missing, and you know she wouldn't do this to play a joke on us certainly, I want to test my loyalty to her, I'm sure, when she knows it would grieve her sister."

Something is wrong too, for what happened to the bike she wouldn't damage that beautiful expensive thing to put up the joke of her supposed to be disappearance, and why would she cry for help if something was not wrong. Possession angel will let some things happen you know too for a trial."

"I agree with you," said Jim.

"It was now nine o'clock in the morning of having searched at six. Penrod had decided to go on as long as day light lasted at least, and then if the hunt was not successful would camp out on some open spot for the night. Penrod had rather wished his sister was with him for their presence she would have given him more confidence, but the poor little girls were too much pre-occupied in their own grief and worry over Daisy's disappearance and in trying to do their own bit in trying to have a reason found of her disappearance. James father and all the generals and many soldiers were helping elsewhere all they could, but there were no results. Even the Gemini of the other sections were engaged but they found no more of a clue than the regular military police. At last they were on the top of the hill Penrod had spoken of, and there they deployed in line formation alongside the road slowly moving over the grass. On and on they went following the wagon wheel marks.

They soon left behind them the top of the hill and they were aware that no houses were in sight, and yet the trail continued on without hardly a break. Now the sun was trying to come out but it appeared in the north west as if the sun would soon come on the other side. The whole party for a time had continued on as silently as a bird upon a branch.

"These wagon tracks seem to go as far as the moon to me," said Penrod at last as he urged the horses on faster. "I'm sure who ever took the trail must have lived a long distance away. It's a long journey. A long way, say."

"Yes so it is," agreed the rest. "You do well to speak of it, Penrod."

For modest as the young prince was he felt in justice to himself that he must acknowledge the fact that the trail was a long one. For as they continued on it seemed as if they would never get to the house where it may end at. Of course they had not really gone so terribly far, it seemed but going slowly and being keeping an eye on the trail made it seem longer. But made Penrod find fault with that the hunt was not as good in turning out as he had expected it to be.

"At well have to keep on going," he told James, and-----

It was just at this moment that Mettley Harry Stark who had added some distance ahead when they came to a turn in the road hiding the best view of what was before came back to tell Penrod the news. Some two men in strange garb in the road who wished to see Penrod and Penrod alone.

"Who are they?" asked Penrod.

"William y Gale and his companion," was the answer.

"I'll go ahead and see them then," declared Penrod quickly. "Are they wanted over anything too?"

"They seem to be very much in a hurry," said Harry.

Penrod rode ahead and he could see by the arrival of the two men that they were of the Gemini headmen of all right.

"Oh Prince," began the president of the Pandoa Univer de Univer de Gemini de Univer de Gemini Company when he met the young prince. "I wish to assure you that we had heard that had happened was entirely without our knowledge, and though you state Daisy may have met with an accident last night on her bike, we do not at all believe that it might be-----"

"What are you talking about?" asked Penrod in a surprised tone. "Have I been so impolite as to play a trick on you?" asked I don't understand what you are driving at."

"Oh, I thought I did," Gale said and he shook his head. "I understand that you spoke to Daisy last night." said I don't understand what you are driving at."

"Do you mean that you have heard something about the accident last night?" asked the young prince and only all his horrified suspicion aroused as to a fear of a dire result after all.

"Fatal accident you suspect last night?" repeated M-Gale. "I don't expect to see an accident at all, but perhaps I am making a mistake. Oh two come across the bike last night but I felt it the next afternoon, it for a clue was to be picked up. I-----"

"Some one is making a mistake," said Penrod almost faintly. "We found the bike to this morning."

For a quarter of a minute Penrod and the president of the Universal Gemini Society of the City of Pandoa sat on the back of the wagon at an

another M-Gale face as he said a word of explanation, and so did Penrod. And after that last remark of the young Prince, the man who had advanced to speak to him said:

"Well perhaps we are talking at cross purposes. I don't blame you for feeling the way you do, and yet I'm not ashamed to say to you that I have given your sister a head to the advice of that of Daisy's and Schloeder's this confounded incident would not have occurred. You will rise I expect would be all right to day."

"It isn't my fault, I can't do anything contrary to their own design. I'm their brother, it is the truth, they love me more than anything next to God and our father but when it comes to military business they're the boss" said Penrod dryly.

"I realize that," said M-Gale. "But now we have some peculiar men working for us, and they are on the job hunting; too, and sometimes they're so much to do so many possibilities of which to take advantage that we may get a little off our balance. But what I called to you to speak of you to you of something. We are troubled greatly. We of the Gemini had two at large men acting as the Gemini, and now Harry Stark was a sufferer from two desperate. Two men desperate. Well then what I came up to say was that if you are a thinking of trying to find your little sister Daisy and, hope by God's help that you'll find her, I want to ask you if you are going to tell all a man by the name of Blainfanger, wish to say that he is one of my despots and he had absolutely no authority to-----"

"Excuse me," broke in Penrod. "But by Blainfanger do you mean the man who also posed as Bowser the spy?"

"No I do not. Though I regret to say that Bowser once appeared to be one of my members and has deserted. I have men and other men who titles looking for both. I believe posing as members of the Gemini they're Glendellman spies. He too had no authority to come into general Blainfanger's army looking as he said for a position. He mysterious as it was still in our service when he did that. He robbed me of a map, and important papers and set my house on fire."

"Is that so," said Penrod. "I realize now that he was a spy, who tried to come into my head quarters to find out some of the secrets of my disguises. Did you ever whole house burn?"

"Yes," exclaimed M-Gale and my family and I narrowly escaped with our lives and my little girl is in a hospital with burns. But I hope by God's help too that Bowser really did you no harm."

"No he didn't get the chance," said Penrod grimly. "He did that other spy--the one with the gold teeth. I wonder how he liked our midhole?"

"He was large," said M-Gale bitterly. "It's about him I came to warn of something."

"With all the work you and you members have on hand you might have saved yourself the trouble," said Penrod. "I don't want to discuss him."

"But I wish to make sure," said M-Gale. "That what he has done will not come upon your sister Daisy. We fear him most terribly. His methods we cannot count on. He is too dangerous--too dangerous-----"

"Oh don't worry," interrupted Penrod. "He hasn't done anything to me or Daisy--he didn't get the chance. You need not fear him on his account. He did me no harm, and-----"

"But I understand from what I heard of him that-----"

"Now I don't want to seem impolite," broke in Penrod. "No do I want to seem presumptuous to take part in after some of the acts of your despots."

But now with Daisy missing, we have very busy hunting for her and our time is fully occupied. I'm afraid that Daisy was carried off by her after all and that's for me. I'll have to say-----"

"But won't you give me a chance to-----" began the president.

"Now the less we discuss this matter the better," interrupted Penrod.

"I agree," as you call the man with the rows of gold teeth didn't really do anything to me so many great harm to my possessions as far as I can learn, and since he has nothing to do with Daisy, his case is a closed book--closed book with my eyes, and if he has heard, find him with the will to do him harm and at the stake which is the penalty for kidnapping children from within the Christian line."

"Oh well if you look at it that way, the way is nothing further to say," said M-Gale. "So fully," I understood she was gone and I don't believe she was hurt. I suspect those two despots. But since this happened hasn't M-Gale seen you?" he asked Penrod quickly.

"No I haven't seen him."

"Oh then that accounts for it," was the quick answer. "Well if you would the matter I should suppose we should also. We are not to blame that those

...and the date... did she go in a long, in a long, and we
...padding anything to say to any how... look
out for them. They're... found that out. They're a danger and I'll
I'll not put it past that they have Daisy in a prison."

This at once Penrod, after a while, as being rather a queer mark,
but he did not think so at the time...

However, Penrod seemed very much to like the new device of scheme to
trace and locate Daisy and he readily wanted the President of the Gemini to
help him in some other way, and he promised to do all in his power to
help him, not until Mr. Gale had taken his leave and Penrod and his friends
proceeded forward on the search that Penrod did some very hard
thinking. He knew everything was possible and every thing desperately possible
was being done to find the missing princess but she had disappeared and as com-
pletely as though she had fallen on her bicycle into a stretch of unknown
unknown quick sand bogs in the meadow in which you sink down in half a minute
or so and never come up. If she had which he almost had a vague fear of
then she must have met an awful death. To find out how it felt to be forced
to not be able to have two minutes Penrod had once tried to do so and
couldn't even comfort himself to half a minute that he had had to give in.
But to make sure of it he had even before going forth on the trail
during the hunt for the minute he suspects made an examination of every
spot where he believed he had heard the cry, and not a trace of waste puddles
of a bog did he come across. The ground was absolutely solid some places even like
rock and stone. Even as he had been informed an effort had been made to
trace the path through the Girl Scouts Association which had a large
membership. That in the members and superiors were asked to make inquiries
to ascertain if possible whether any one had heard of any unreported acci-
dents. One in which little Daisy might have been carried away by persons
who had accidentally been down.

But this too had come to naught, and the military police and other authorities
on the authorities were at a loss how to farther to proceed. There
two theories about it in different places. One was maybe the possession angels
had spirited her away from him and his sister to a certain length of
time and for some good reason of their own maybe to give her a taste of heavenly
happiness for a short while. It was the other theory in other quarters
that what ever happened that she was safe, but that the possession angels put
her out on some mission which was so secret that she must accomplish it
with out even telling any one even her sister, or was rescued by some body
from an enemy patrol and who was detaining her not knowing how to bring her
back without encounter with other patrol. This belief was a slight
relief to Violet and her sister and their mother and father in many ways
for it prevented them from giving way to the fear that Daisy was dead
despite the fact that it was known in the family, is not in true part a of
this would world that angel possess as child we do not die, though unless the
angel will it not, they can be killed. That she was alive was
Penrod's firm opinion and he was doing all he could to prove it.

They soon reached a small village and found that on the road through it
the wagon marks still continued on without stopping. As every body
in the town had been in bed at the time no one even knew of a cart passing
through until they saw the wagon wheel marks in the morning.

"I wonder if Gale could have meant that?" Penrod uttered. "I wonder if
he could have meant that I must find out from Dargard what's wrong. Guess I didn't
think of that before."

He halted his column of a scheme and sent into a telephone booth the
was a telephone booth. Then he put in a long distanced call to Angelina
Athalia, asking to speak to Dargard. When eventually he was connected
with the office of the Gemini's main National Branch he was told that Dargard
and Dr. Scholander was coming to Pandora having started as soon as the news
 flashed across the country that Daisy was missing, and that he was coming to
investigate the possibilities.

"This is tough luck," mused Penrod, his suspicions doubtly increased now. "I can't
let this rest here. I've got to get after it. As soon as I make this final
effort I'll get after Gale and know to hunt down something else. I wonder
if it was that he was clearing all the while. I begin to believe it was. He
then called to the operator again, and asked for the Headquarters of the Uni-
versal Union and Gemini Branch of Pandora. Though when connected he was
told that Gale and Dr. Scholander were not having conducted a search themselves
outside of Pandora. Penrod gave orders to who were the best to have all
attempts made to find out side of Pandora what could not give satisfactory
explanations. He suggested and if any one was found holding Daisy to hold
them and find out why. If they were spies Heaven help them."
Then Penrod's attendant he allowed his followers to get that little they felt
like before proceeding. The townsfolk which had heard of the sad affair
were all in a great deal of sympathy and had all played for the safe return

and every Mass held in the village church had been held for her.

The Military Constable offered him services, and Penrod was glad to have him
and his men along as he had decided to press the hunt.

"No," he said before they went ahead again. "Every one must go to his post for
the recovery of Daisy, before we continue to give up before a night. And when
we succeed in finding her and she is in kind hands I'll reward them for it
even despite the anxiety they caused, for it was not intentional. But what ever it
is we must devote all our time to finding her, and believe you will do it
seems as if all of you felt felt to feel the same as I do to the deadly sense of
raced to eat and had to be coaxed hard to do so. We'll cast off all other
duties however deeply they affect us for she or any of her sisters are just as
important. If even not far more than the cause of the country is, and Heaven
knows my sister's how much sacrificed such more than even themselves or it seems to
help win the war. But this will end my inventive work on the disguise until
Daisy is found. If she is alive, and if she is dead, and all and all I mean it,
Hanley, a whole army will pay for it dearly."

Preparations again were made and again they went forward being forced
however to see the road but the column sent right off to the town and
retrograde of the wheel marks. They made a good start from the town and
the houses were so quiet in that sampling that no one could have heard
them.

"I think we got every thing just as we want it," said Penrod much
pleased, "I also called up my home and told my parents and sister not to worry
how long it would take us to get back as we were still following the trail."

"I believe you," answered Tim. "It couldn't be better but allow it!"
At that moment there came a loud explosion, which for a few moments threw them
all in confusion.

"What happened?" cried Tim as he leaned forward in his saddle as a great
white cloud of smoke enveloped them all so that they couldn't see a thing for
a few minutes.

"Don't know, exactly," was the answer. Penrod quickly consoled the panic
that was about to start. "Sound sounded as though there was a tremendous
explosion some where out none of us were injured."

"Do you think we can dare proceed safely?"
"Oh yes I guess so but every body have you rifles in readiness if we need to
get into trouble. Good thing it didn't hit us."

"You are right," said Angelina Athalia. "A bomb burst. A bomb burst.
Now they want forward more cautiously and yet quickly but thanks to our blessed
Lord nothing further that they desired happened. They went forward just now
leaving the town and Penrod knowing how to command leadership had every body
under control and as a perfect control as was possible under the
circumstances."

"We'll get the road right if something else doesn't happen," he said to
Tim who rode alongside him with a grimace. "We were bombed I'll bet by some
unseen foe who no doubt threw a hand grenade."

"Well let's hope that it won't happen again," said Tim. "It may have been
from an unseen clandestine gunner all so as we are in good shape yet and taking
on a chance."

If it would have been so then they were as a matter of fact, for the explosion
readily had come from some unseen clandestine spy who had a cannon posted
a little beyond the town, but as good fortune would have it, that was the only
shell he had. As yet however Penrod was unaware of the exact nature of the
explosion or its cause but every body kept a look out for a supposed gunner
and had he been seen he would have been out of luck. They would have given him
a hail of bullets that he couldn't live through. The explosion had caused panic
in the town and brought a confused mass of people out of their houses to see
what had happened. All Penrod however believed he knew was that the shell had been
a hand made explosion, and that now leaving the town they had to be on
their guard. No one could see the gun or a gunner who he now lay hidden
as he was behind a good thick bush, but from that direction burst a slight
column of smoke, and seeing that the scouts deployed into a column each
had a rifle as separate from each other as possible, little shells shooting
she was away by taking the lead, and they at once assumed the position but
when they put the shells, they at first saw no one. On this fact Penrod
believed that the only source of shooting happened as he had occurred on the
corner than the machine was bombed and had killed the man the roof of
the machine junk shop.

"But luckily this man," he said, "did not die. Any how it may have been
some one other in the town who threw a hand grenade."

And this seemed to be the only evidence.

The half defined path through the wood lot in the direction of the cry led then in a series of turns and twists and it seemed as if it extended through a dense patch of wood growth thickly where with the storm coming closer now and the thundering sound of the wind through the trees it was so dark that it seemed as if night had fallen. There came a great roar of thunder and it began to rain.

"No matter what the storm does we got to go on," said Penrod desperately. "It seems any way when my sisters are in trouble to come. I'm wondering why I'm going to follow that cry goosh goosh how it cut me to the heart, and get to the end of this road—even if it is only a wood pile. For ten minutes more the two kept on following by the best not paying any attention to the marks now but following the direction of the cry, which seemed to have come again but further off. Then suddenly as it started to rain in blinding torrents they came within ten feet suddenly within sight of him something which made them feel as if they had reached their goal and even too far when as the first cries might have come. In a clearing among the trees there was a large cabin an immense shack of logs—and from the appearance it was deserted. There was not a sign of life around it.

The came a most terrific sky splitting crash of thunder but they paid no attention. The peevish cry they had heard was still ringing in their ears. They wondered what was in that dark shack. "I'm going to approach it from the door front," said Penrod loud enough to be heard above the roar of the wild storm. "The rest of you surround it and keep yourselves at the ready. If I give any loud signal burst in."

For a moment after the others obeyed, at the sight of the deserted cabin staring at Penrod, James and Tim as it were through the rain mark from its hiding place amid the trees, the young prince and his two companions did not move. They just stood looking at the place despite the down pour of rain and fierce wind that made the trees roar so loud.

"Well," said Penrod at length. "We found it didn't wet."

For a moment at the sight of the long red cabin half seen in the darkness to a point of rain falling at Penrod and his companions as it was face the killer place and the trees, the young Prince and his friends did not move. They just stood looking at the place. "Well," said Penrod at length at length. "We found the cabin at last didn't we, that's the way it was. The rain is not."

"We found something any how," said James. "I bet it was a man or a woman, but we have got to see."

"We'll see," said Penrod, impulsively. "I'm going to see that's the way the way at any cost."

"There doesn't appear to be much of anything," said Tim as he looked toward the cabin with lonely eyes.

"I should say that place has not been used even on a chicken coop in a long time," said Penrod. "I bet it was a man or a woman, but we have got to see."

"Wait just a minute," cried his companion Tim catching him by the coat. "Don't be in such a hurry."

"Why not?" asked Penrod. "There isn't any danger, is there?"

"It is hard to tell. There is no telling who may be in that cabin in spite of its deserted appearance. And though there is no sign of any kind up it may be that we wouldn't be welcome. If there are any in that shack, which is possible and they see us, they might take a notion to shoot at us first and ask questions as to our intentions after we are down when it would be too late to explain."

"I wouldn't," exclaimed Penrod. "There are no any signs there, and if there were with the place, they wouldn't dare shoot. I'm going to see what the story is, and if there is one."

But the young prince of life, and taking this as an indication that their advance would not be disputed, he and the two others followed Penrod. The latter advanced until they could take in all the details of the shack. It was made of logs and once had been chinked with mud or clay. Some of this had fallen out, leaving spaces between the wooden planks.

"It wasn't a bad cabin at one time," decided Penrod. "Maybe it was a place where some one camped out during the summer in times of peace, but it has not been used of late. I never knew there was such a place around here, and I thought I knew this locality pretty well."

"I never heard of it either," said Tim. "Let's give a shout and see if Daley or any other around here get here to cry out again. 'Hello there!' he called in sufficiently vigorous tones to have been heard as a ordinary sleeper and heard above the roar of the thunder. But the answer was no answer and as it grew darker and the rain heavier, the place took on a most lonely aspect.

"Let's go up and break in," suggested Penrod. "We can't lose any more time if we are to go on our way till dark."

"Go ahead," said Tim and together they went to the cabin door.

"Locked," exclaimed Penrod as he saw a padlock attached to the cabin. It appeared to be fastened through two big staples driven one into the door and the other into the jamb at right angles to one another and overlapping.

To their surprise however they were able to easily pull out the staples and the door swung open. This proved the place had evidently been forced before and the lock had not been opened by a key. The staple had been pulled out and placed loosely in the hole. At that moment nothing could be made out in the dark interior of the shack, but as their eyes became used to the gloom, Penrod and his two companions were able to see that the shack consisted of two big rooms. In the first one was a big coal and cooking stove, a big table, and a chair. It seemed that needed for such a place big as it was and it was evident from the and skeleton hanging on the wall as well as from the fact that the cabin was built on one side that this was the kitchen and living room combined.

"Have you seen Daley?" cried Penrod as he stepped inside. Only a dull glow answered. The floor could now see where a doorway entrance to an inner room and this quick glance showed was the sleeping apartment, a big bunk being built on the side walls.

"Well, somebody had it pretty comfortable here," decided Penrod as he looked around. "They've been cooking and sleeping here, and not so very long ago either it wouldn't be such a bad place if it was cleaned out."

"That's right," agreed Angelina. "You wouldn't mind cooking here yourself, if there was any fishing around."

"The place can't be very far away," suggested Penrod. "And now let's see what we can find, and see if we can get a line on who has been here, not just tell us it is a bad place."

He opened a window in the sleeping room which faced the rear portion of the boat so that there was no chance of any one coming in and pushed back the heavy plank shutter that had been closed. When the light came in it was seen that both bunk beds had evidence of having been lately slept in. The blanket was tossed back as if the occupants had risen, and in the outer room on the stove were signs that indicated a meal had been served but many hours gone by.

"Now," observed Penrod hastily, with the echo of Daisy's cry still ringing in his ears, "if we could only find out who owns this and who has been here lately!"

Tim stooped over and, thrusting below the end of the plank that trailed on the floor from one of the bunks, picked up something.

"What is it?" asked Penrod.

"Looks like a white leather pocket book," said the answer. "That's what it is. The boy about lead went on as he held the object to the light only to have it reveal much better than a blinding flash of lightning. It's a little girl's pocket book."

"That he has it," exclaimed Penrod quickly. He took the pocket book from Tim's hand. Then the four boys in a sudden cry, "A clew at last!" he exclaimed. "A clew at last! Daisy has been in this cabin. Her cry came from here all night."

"How do you know?" asked James.

"This is her pocket book," said Penrod excitedly. "I'd know it if it was among a million in a store. I've seen her always have it. That's Daisy's pocket book all right. Besides if you want evidence—look."

He opened the leather flap and showed the three on the stump in cold letters and a medal pinned on the name of little Daisy.

"Well, what do you make of it Penrod?" asked the three together as he finished his examination of the little pocket book. "What does it mean? The pocket book is empty and that—"

"Might mean almost anything," completed Penrod. "But it is a clew all right. She's been here and I'm pretty certain she was brought here in the night with the wagon wheel—the one we turned so far out handy."

"But that doesn't help us now," said Tim. "The point is to find out how lately little Daisy was here, and what has happened to her since. The book isn't anything in the pocket book is the point."

"Nothing," answered Penrod, making a careful examination so as to be sure.

"It's an empty book. That you've heard that. The book was brought here that had happened to Daisy found it. Robbed by spies. He was laid out right instead of being run down as I and James thought, was laid out and brought and then the little body was brought here."

"There you go again Penrod jumping to conclusions," said Jim with a friendly smile and with the familiarity of an old and valued helper.

"If she was murdered and how came we to hear her cry out you name. She may be in perfect good health just because you found the empty pocket book doesn't argue that they have killed her. Of course it is possible now she is in the hands of enemies all right and I'll admit they have taken her away in it all right but that doesn't prove they have done her any great personal harm. The thing for us to do is to find out who knows about this shack, who owns it, on whose land it is, especially he kept it besieged, find out whether any one has been here lately and try and hide ourselves so as to trap them. They may be in a you know."

"Good idea," said Penrod. "They've been here lately. Whether they have been seen or not. There's a chance the wagon wheel tracks all the way up to here. All this rain is not enough, then either by making their shoes so wet. Daisy must have been here just before we came. That's it. Let that be a clue out of our way. I wonder what's in it. I've a mind to look."

"I wouldn't bother about it now," said James. "We got Daisy to look for."

"Yes and we must find some other clues."

They looked about in the fast fading light but at first could discover nothing more than evidence that the eleven persons had been lately in the shack since the last twenty hours. They had had their meals there, and had slept. The object this seemed to be all that could be established other than that Daisy's pocket book was the only thing of its kind on the boat. Penrod was looking through the closet door which he intended to pick up and to his surprise the door was the only one of some food which accounted for the presence of the little girl's pocket book. And as Penrod looked at his hand came in contact with something large wrapped in paper on an upper shelf. It was something soft but something inside clinked metallicly.

"What's that?" asked the three others in one breath. "Kilvan or some other other weapon wrapped in it?"

"It is only a couple of knives wrapped in some piece of cloth," answered Penrod, "and they've been used lately. I can see something of this cloth and you—"

"Suddenly Penrod ceased speaking and held the cloth up to the light. It turned out to be a uniform and yellowed with purple dots around the lower portion of the skirt.

"My sister's dress," he exclaimed wrathfully. "Was she trying to slip her skirts the devil?"

Then he drew forth a knife and looked at it with a small but powerful magnifying glass which he drew from his pocket taking it out in front of the shack where the light was better, the rain however having slackened for a time and the sky not so dark any more.

"I thought so," he cried in alarm. "Look here at the three of you quick."

"What is it?" they asked at once.

"No the clew," answered James looking.

It appeared however that they had discovered a clew to the evidence of the of some wicked crime for there was something like blood on the knife, and on the dress at some point or places and that it might prove to be the blood of poor little Daisy.

"What is it?" asked Jim unable to guess at what Penrod was looking through the powerful glass. "What do you see? Is it the blood of poor little Daisy?"

But the satisfaction that showed on Penrod's face did not seem to indicate such a possibility as these.

"It is blood all right," said the young police, "and unless I'm mistaken it is the blood of a young pig or some other farm animal."

"What?" cried James. "Do you mean that the spies must have stolen some farm animal or something, probably a hog for the reason?"

"That's what I think," answered Penrod. "For this is no human blood. I know it sounds pretty far-fetched," he went on, "but take a look for yourself. If those blood particles on the knife and on the dress too are not exactly the blood of a hog I'll never claim I'm an expert at detecting things again. An Indian will tell you the same. They've learned me to detect all different kinds of blood and the way to know some farm animal's blood I'll miss my guess."

James himself peered through the powerful glass moving out a little further from the shack so as to get the best light possible on the subject of his examination. It was fast getting dark again, and the storm showed signs of resuming another of its wild spasms.

"Am I right?" asked Penrod.

"You are right," declared James. "This is exactly the blood of a hog all right, and you are right as to it being a young one too. It would seem Penrod that the culprit stole a farm animal young hog to feast upon."

"My idea exactly," cried Penrod. "The spy who must have got into the farm animal's hog pen in some undiscovered manner did his work and then brought the animal here to kill and feast upon. They must have known of our approach and fled with Daisy leaving her blood spotted dress and knife. Believe the blood got on the dress from the knife. Daisy must have been here before we came. No I'll not say that either finding her pocket book doesn't prove that she was here. It might have been brought here by one of the spies and dropped. Her cry of my name as heard didn't sound from this cabin either. It came from out side and was very loud and piercing and at the end sounded as if one of the skunks clapped his dirty stick sticking hard over her mouth. But I'm sure we are on the track of the men who kidnapped her as well as those who tried to learn something of the mystery of my invention. Well," he laughed sarcastically, "I'll show them that I'm an Indian besides a white boy. I've tried to kill persons all my spare time in the which for some and they were not so hard on this. Who ever had the right we are so over-confident to leave wagon wheel marks so easily to follow. If it is possible I'll make sure she'll be safe home by to night or my name is not Penrod, and as to those who stole her."

"I agree with you," said Jim. "Of course there is a possibility that the spies stole the hog, and that the knife itself belonged to the farmer. That proves a farm animal must not be far from here. But the chances are—"

"There is only one way to make sure," said Penrod. "Let's take the dress and knife with us, and see about the farm animal about the knife. We'll find the farm animal and find out about this shack. We'll take these back, and we can just about make it before it gets any worse this storm. That don't give us any more time to look around here," and they went out.

"I fancy we have seen all there is to see here," said Penrod. "Daisy isn't here and whether she is or not is a question. But the other accounts can still keep the place as it is in case the spies come back. I know they were here and had something to do with her fate. The disappearance, I'm positive of that, and I'm sure there had a hand in it who tried to steal the plans of my

inventions, I'm positive of that. We will have our own clean fire and the own this place, who has been using it and all we can do along that line. Let six of the scouts ride within the shack in the back, and so they can take the signal by the pipes if they do come back with my rifle. I don't seem to tell me they will go if you are ready let it travel for the fact though even I do not know why I have a feeling that Daisy is ready to do more than we all don't know why but I do."

I in myself volunteered to stay behind and be with the six within the cabin and Penrod agreed. Then Penrod and the two others stating they'd be back as soon as they interviewed the farmer set out to make their way toward the house. They felt sure the farmer was. It was fast becoming dark, it seemed as if night time was coming on at one thirty in the afternoon but they could hurry along with more speed now as they did not have to stop to look for the marks of the peculiar wagon wheel tire and for loops. They also had noticed the path along which they had traveled and in less than half the time they had spent coming they were back on the large main road once more. Though it was starting to pour rain again and lightning and thunder were more than it had been before. Making sure as far as they could tell, no fresh marks were on the road, and as the lightning flashes were more frequent now they again compared the blood marks on the knife and the dress using what they had forgotten before a small but powerful oleo lamp, to aid them. In this examination as it was too dark to see otherwise, and they had to do so quick before they were washed off as it was raining perfect floods, a veritable cloud burst now and what they saw even in that short time caused the young prince to exclaim:

"That settles it. I know now since the flash and my strong place a veil I it truthfully. These marks really after all are from human blood. Oh Go to sleep I am afraid Daisy is dead."

"Oh don't say that," said Angelina. "Aren't you talking to her eyes. Think she cried for you only half an hour ago."

"Yes but this was found after hours," blubbered Penrod with tears in his own eyes."

"Oh it can't be a matter she's angel possessed" said James. "Though after all it's right to say. That is human blood. The strong light now proves that. You have called the turn now. But remember too one of those fellows in killing the hog or shaver—it was a covering the meat might have accidentally cut himself and the blood is from that. The next thing to do is to look up and find who connects with the knife who stole it from the farmer."

"Yes to do that and find Daisy poor angel," said Angelina. "Aren't you?" "We have plenty of work ahead of us, and let's get to some place before we get drowned out. It's raining terrible now and it's good we have our blessed rain coat and the outfit on. Let's get back to civilization and send some word to the anxious folks at Pardo. They'll be getting worried."

Just as she finished the word came an appalling crash of thunder, and when it died away and the rain fell still under Penrod said:

"It doesn't seem as if there is a man, out of here without using a guide. It's a thing so hard you can't see fifty feet" and as he said this a crash of thunder came ten times louder than before. It was a terrific thunder explosion and fairly shook the heavens in a deafening salvo. But Penrod and his two friends finally reached the seldom used road which ran along the field that contained the lonely shack and following this through all the rain and deafening din, where four great thunder claps roared simultaneously as one from flashes in four different directions simultaneously they soon reached a farmhouse a mile further on a high sloping ground. Out to their relief there was a telephone in the place but the farmer who kindly received them said they couldn't use it as they couldn't get so close to make any on account of the violence of the long after midnight storm. He said also it was only a party line set up by some neighboring farmer's for their own private use, but he said that he would get in a call for them as soon as the storm lets up (a crash of thunder came then that made Penrod think the house was going to be shaken down) and he could connect with one of the parties to whom the private line ran and had a long distance instrument and after a talk with him Penrod could get into connection with those at home.

"I'd like," said Penrod, after thanking their temporary host, a kindly old woman named Hank. "Heldon" Can you tell us anything about an old cabin that stands back the shed and has a window against which the mortal rain was glancing indicated the location of the mysterious shack. "Well, yes I can tell you a little about it but not very much," said Hank. "It is mine. I own that shack."

"You do?"

"I certainly do. I built it some time ago and I can most of all this land up here and the woods too. I use it in the winter time as it's too cold here in my home here."

"Well I thought," began Penrod while Angelina and James looked at each other. "You say it's mine can I see it?" said the farmer. "I know you seem to doubt my word but it is true. I can prove it by my deeds. However—since the beginning of spring up to now my shack has not been used since."

"Oh yes it has," exclaimed Penrod. "He just came from the place, it hasn't been open yet and the farmer said that when some one has been sleeping there and eating there the hall for a few things I would not concern it to my self unless any of my business but I suspect they are some fellow I and my followers are after we got it made rounded."

"There has," exclaimed the farmer. "Well I didn't know that. Well I haven't didn't give any body permission to use it."

"Well to think of it," said his son a young boy about Penrod's size if not same age. "I do not then off. They had with them some kid a little girl who seemed to be a boy called 'Penrod' I tried to locate them but they were gone. I just came up now to speak of it as I returned as the storm is too heavy for going out. I saw our pig fence which you told me was stolen turn into the old road that usually use to drive into our shack. I tried to cover the pig but they were too many for me. Yes some strange rough men in civilian clothes has been at our cabin just a half hour or more ago."

"Do you know who they are?" asked Penrod eagerly. "We are looking for a dear little princess one of the sisters of the Daughters of the Nation who disappeared mysteriously last night after eight o'clock within the very Christian lines and I just found her pocket book and dress there in your shack."

"You did," exclaimed Hank. "A little princess, you mean one of those dear-blessed Virgin girls. Why that's queer. That's awful. I'll tell you what you should do by about office. Do you know their good and famous brother prince Penrod, why didn't you tell him?" asked.

"I don't need to tell him," Penrod answered. "The little girl is Daisy, Vivian herself."

"Well it's too bad about her missing in that way went on the farmer," read about it in the paper but I never suspected she was around here in my shack—High Mandy," he added calling to his wife. "Where's my big shooting iron."

"I'll get it for you," she called. "I'll bring your sons too. What you want them for?"

"I'm going to help these two boys and girl scout find the missing princess child. Angelina though men have been prisoners" and then he asked Penrod the details, and Penrod told the story of his own and the appearance of the others on the scene to the small wonder of the farmer and his family for besides his wife and son he had a smaller boy and two beautiful bright looking cheerful but sympathetic little girls. Penrod then said:

"Did you miss anything besides your pig?"

"Yes I've lost a big knife and a couple of dozen chickens and one good big hog. I suppose they stole that to feed themselves by."

"How many were in the big place?" asked Penrod of the farmer's son. "Was a little girl in the pig?"

"I couldn't be sure of that but they had a good sized any old way wrapped bundle of some sort like it was a bunch of old clothes. There were only three men in the place eight of them on horse and they had at large to be long the big they were Glendellian feat was to me. Those on the pig were silent, but those on horse back were talking together—better I draw the shade shades and the confounded lightning would be blinding us" now as I said they were talking together, pretty earnestly it seemed to me."

"And there was no little girl on any of the horses?" asked Penrod.

"To the best of my knowledge was the answer. What a copy of 'Penrod' Penrod later came from the big pig. These men looked to me and acted like business men looking over land something like that and did not appear to carry weapons or rifles. They just turned in on the road that leads to our winter cabin home and urged the pig on faster when they saw me as I carried by buckshot gun. I fired at them but they got away. They have our pig. We got the new wheels put on yesterday morning. We missed it at seven last night."

"But how could it be the copy of 'Penrod' came from the pig when you say she can't go on it."

"I don't know but it did. It may be have been hidden where I could not see her."

"Neither of them on horse back as you said did not have her," decided Penrod.

"I guess that clear found isn't going to amount to very much."

"It may," insisted James. "They may have had poor little Daisy in the old all the while—concealed in the back of some—the seat you know. We have got to find out more about these men and get the pig back for the farmer too Penrod."

"Well yes, I suppose so Hank said now."

"Well the way may be some good luck," said Angelina A. Ock, "G. I. remember you have stationed within the truck seven persons, six to a including him the place is surrounded by the coast and some have ridden at the beginning of the highway road. As this storm out side is getting worse the men will not being able to find shelter come back a believe this storm is just at its worse now and yet will not let up for some time to come."

"That's so easy my Good thing, we have done that," cried the young Indians. "and I and my son will help you," said the Father. "We are both good shots." "Thank you," remarked Pen-od. "We will accept your offer if you played good by having your cabin with watched. These rounds we may come back and if they do they'll run right into the trap."

to they'll run right into the trap."
The farmer and his son donned their raincoats and started out.
"But you are so full of foolish joy," said the farmer. "Since the case of such a good little princess affects you, and since you are said a high-ranked boy scout, you should have notified her mother, Prince Penrod's twin that she was missing. If he heard of her missing, I'll be bound he would soon be on her trail. I will all on that." "I will help you search further,"

be or heart-kill, put I will all out that I will not. I will not let them
"That will be fine" - cried Penrod. "I got the aid of the Gaminis and as for
I didn't see how I could as I knew they were too busy with military matters
and tracing spies and seditions. All enemies to both - with means that they
did it for me because she is a princess. I'm sure the Secret Military Service
men can get traces of the persons responsible for the detention of little
Daisy where ever she is."

"I know those people," said Mr. Heldon, "and they'll do that. I'm also a member of that body though I'm also a farmer and I'll give my personal attention to the matter. You know Mr. Henry Gale. He's my son also."

"you mean?" yes. "

"Yes.

"Yes."

Now as to follow a busy time despite the storm which showed no signs of letting up in noise and rain. Pen-rod knew he had given a clue as to those entering the cabin within and in-out to capture all those who reached, while besides this already soldiers and boy scouts were coming forward scouting the country around the locality of the cabin seeking a trace of Daisy if they could only find her. The women continued to talk or about how "Pen-rod" should have told the girls he had and finally Pen-rod said:

"That would not have done any good for it once has been found of her through every effort it was made. I must confess I - Heldon that I'm his brother - Prince Pen-od, and I'm beginning to feel after all that my boast of my annies having to get up early in the morning to get ahead of me is being a premature to say the least, and now this confounded storm seems to talk of my effort - self only it would let up -aining so hard."

They continued on and soon were closed to the scene of the stretch of country where they had started on the trail that led to the cabin. Suddenly in the distance Pen-od was aware of a horse and a pig, and three men on it, and eight men following. There were two men on the drive seat, and one sitting on the rear of the rig, and as Pen-od looked with his field glasses to the surprise of the gaping astonished farmer and his son and the two others a most brilliant flash of lightning showed him there was no little girl on it if not in the rig. The whole wagon and the men and horse were illuminated aough by the flash of lightning, (which gave no forth a horse thunder clap than ever yet) to be seen as easily but the men not being near enough to see the party did not look in any other direction as they passed so they were unconscious of any danger when they were passing the house. "Isn't this a

[illegible]

at the back, and the men on horse back to the duck it's just too bad,"
"He-he-he-he! Well, now, if they go into the duck it's just too bad," asked The
"Can we dare go forward? Prince without letting them see you?" asked The
"We can use a lot of voice as if ten of the men in the wagon and on horse
would hear this despite the loud racket caused by the long thunder storm."
"I guess so," answered the young prince. "We can creep up near them to the
cabin and then we can see what those fellows are up to. It looks suspicious to
me and if they go into the cabin they'll get the surprise of their lives."
"But they go forward then and see what will happen," said James. "If they get
suspicious and believe someone is in the cabin looking for them they'll have
to run into us and won't get away so far. We can surprise them."

"My plan" voiced Penrod. "voiced Penrod."
quickly they put themselves out of sight for a moment and waited until

the carriage and its occupants and the two men were out of sight behind a clump of trees. It was, however, dark and his companions felt sure of the destination of the men--the famous cabin in the woods. Then they started again, but the darkness hid the cabin. They were all sufficiently alarmed, however, to carry a small flashlight. As soon as they came near a place where the flashlight beams of the women would show despite the pouring rain, P. O.

"I thought so," he exclaimed, as he saw the square the long marks left by iron hoops. "It's the same junk, some of them in the wagon, let's come up to the cabin and hand them off in case they get wise that any one is in the cabin and makes an attempt to escape."

"You - boy and girl, wouldn't ought to be able to do that," he turned the famous "I believe that will," said Ben and -

"I believe they will," said Penrod. Or on the other hand, if they came within sight of the cabin. They saw the light stop not far from it and the man just entering the cabin. There was no light gleaming in it either yet. Then one was light. A moment later there came out cries, and then the sound of shots being fired.

out cries, and then the sound of shots being fired. "Now we have them," said Penrod. As he spoke one of the men came running out from the door and Penrod brought him down with a well aimed pistol shot adding to the noise of a good loud thunder boom. "Aah just them."

"Is there a barndoor to the place," asked Mr. Eldon amid the confusion of sound produced by the shot, mail being silent within the cabin all ready."

Penrod said "no and then they crept up to the porch. It was open and Penrod and his companions to the joy of those within stepped in. Two men were lying dead on the floor, the other outside. Seven men were standing there in the char acteristic attitude of holding up hands.

"He captured them as they entered," said mima. Two "Two we shot down and five of them escaped through the corridor and got killed by some one outside maybe you shot him, but there is no sign of Daisy."

This new s filled Penrod with wild and righteous rage for the capture of the spies did not bring to an end the mystery of the disappearance of Daisy. The furmies and his son went outside to have a look in the rig and found no one at all. The forbidden men were standing in a row covered by

the boy and girl - acquaintances who looked as if they were tempted to shoot them anyway as they went - and the girl - acquaintances to not have to give quarters.

"I see it, now," said Pen-od. "My fears are so far worse now, correct. He had cut himself and had too. Then he turned to the prisoners who were now being bound with their hands behind their backs.

"What does this mean? Who are you fellows anyway, where's my sister Daisy and what's your game?" he demanded.

"Does it since you are so smart," snapped one. And he spoke but he opened his mouth than Penn had a glance of something gleam, a brightly yellow.

"Oh you are the golden toothed fellow eh, so it's you again is it? You dirty boy."

"... since the march to the mountain-top had been good too long, would cause you sisters and father extra work. You know they have suffered enough." To Penrod it was good advice, though the father suggested that they wait until the full rage of the storm had passed, as it was a long way. The prisoners could be kept in the other side of the cabin under the eaves.

Put Penrod said, "No. They must go ahead and not be delayed, and that is soon as the sun comes early in the morning he would have the sun." Penrod put on how he intended to face his sister when he returned and without Daisy.

The expedition was prepared for murder and all were mounted on their horses and the sudden prisoners were led out. Those who had been shot down had been disposed of by the father and son. Just when all was ready Penrod said, "Shouldn't we take that large bundle along with us Penrod?" "No," said Penrod. "We have no use for it. It's only a bundle of old clothing." He however looked it over carefully and then said:

"I'll sling it over my horse after all and tie it fast. It may serve for something."

He lifted it, thought the shape of it felt queer but said nothing. He carefully slung it over the horse, saw to it it was securely fastened, and then mounted his horse. They all bid good bye to the father, thanking him for his help and then they started off some what swiftly through the storm. As it had been some what slackening they felt a little more relieved and also the sky was not quite so dark and heavy any more and most of the louder thunder was coming in the east. They soon entered a better section of country and rode past a wide white pillared house that stood on a hill top among tall oaks and pines together dominating the normal sloping forest gardens that fell away to a meadow and a willow fringed brook. Penrod usually avoided looking at such houses as it was too much of a reminder to him of happy days gone by at their own home in Massachusetts. But to day for some reason or other Penrod faced this beautiful structure as he was approaching through the still gray rain. He stared at it as the horse continued on as if behind its vacant windows lay some answer to the quest he was after. He knew too that they would brighten later as the setting sun dropped opposite them to a narrow evening.

He remembered too that Daisy often called beautiful places and buildings heaven for some obscure child a woman and he wondered anxiously if she was not really dead, and in heaven now. He never inquired to himself why but understood that she and her sisters often had played some game in which it was heaven just because now their own home was high and far away. In some way too he blamed himself for the disappearance of poor Daisy. It would not have happened if he had refused to let her go away by herself. As he rode on he stopped looking at the house and contemplated the narrow view which was really lovely. All late spring lay on the hillsides and the valley between and it looked as if no war was ever known. It would have been so still and beautiful if the war had been no storm raging, to hear in that spot the happy voices of his sisters playing by a beautiful little brook at the foot of the long meadow. Soon he would be back within the Christian encampments to turn over his prisoners for safe keeping, and then into Pandora to tell his sisters that either Daisy was dead—could he dare tell them that—or that she could not be found.

He disliked more than anything to even see a tent in that way. He sighed dismally sat up in the saddle, a little graceful composed figure on the horse, young even than his sister, joy by half a year who had kept his strength and was a very handsome looking lad but now most horribly disturbed over this incident that now he did not say anything to any one, and they noticed he wished to be silent did not disturb him with how he intended to face his poor little sisters when he came home with only the prisoners and an old bundle and no sign of Daisy. Yet he couldn't understand why he still had that feeling that she was near to him but could not account why. Tim Groveton himself roused by the sound of Penrod's loud sigh began to ride close to him and they rode sedately across the meadow now. Watching Tim said he knew that Penrod was usually abrupt and sharply by memory. Though this was probably dead little Daisy's birthday, though all day long during the following of the trail he had been troubled by the collections of his lovely youngest sister who used to stand under the arching vista waiting for the sound of his foot steps coming up the drive way, on the clip clip of Penrod's horse hoofs, he had not forgotten any thing about it. He was intended to bring to her a birthday gift—a beautiful bonnet and a beautiful little new dress also. That intention was precisely about two days ago to day, for Penrod was madly in love with his sister, and Heaven knows the lives of these brave and beautiful children are not so stretch beautifully ahead as we see in a June sun on a long meadow.

But it seemed now she was dead, before he could even see her which he again blamed himself for not going fast at the first of the march and he was weeping silently to himself so he was not to be shown of

one little sister, though she had hoped to keep for all time. So his little sister whom he had loved more than any one in the world equal to his other good darling sister and penrod had seen an untimely death while he and his fallow were had been hopelessly hunting for her that night and all day in a hurry to find her. Yet if he had closed his eyes and let the chimneys of the lightning on the blue of the sea disturb his clarity of vision he could believe that the formal garden of a long unchanging since the days he and his little sister with good little Daisy walked there, that the whole slope of land down the valley to the willow fringed brook was so much the same now as before the war.

He suggested he should have looked viciously at the blandishman prisoners, tried to dim the sad vision which was blanking his heart, and urged his horse on faster. He was now passing a row of willow trees and more madonna lilies in the interval and that made an ache in his heart for Daisy's return came back two fold. They were now riding through and over the meadow path and reaching a spot where the brook widened, where before was the unhappy child's play. Penrod was not wearing his cap, he never did when anything was happening to his sister and neither were the boy scouts, and at times the flash of lightning overhead blazed a glare on his golden hair and his looks from his work of trailing the lost child princess were quite extraordinary.

Penrod's mind again wandered to little Daisy and his sister. He remembered when he sat one day fishing without any success apparently, and she sat in the shade while he sat on the bank busy elsewhere and doing something from the New Testament, which she loved and he too. And the dog lay between them.

And he remembered too when little Daisy smiled when she looked up at him but seemed to find speech unnecessary. Penrod reflected to himself that he had said "Do you and your sister wish to come up to the house and have some camp-biscuits?" and Violet had said "I should like it, but later for supper." Maybe I might get a fish for which too had been fishing, while while Jennie had said "It's been so warm that we had been up to the spring and drank lots of water." As they rode on the air was fresh and by the heavy rain into the pleasant have a particular smell of wet earth and moss and of the wet of the grass and the trees, of moss and clear running water and aromatic ferns that was characteristic of these regions for as long as Penrod could remember it. Since the thunder was about slackened, even though it still was raining he could hear the familiar sounds of the brook and now, the breeze through light willow leaves, which was heard occasionally by the reach of one of the houses. Penrod fortunately Penrod thought the contour of the land hid the world from any big claretian accident, but alas. As they were going on ahead Angelina Averbuch said:

"I never did like and do not like the experience of your sisters."

I think these claretian are too down dead to even exist. I can't forget Daisy's shriek of "Penrod, Penrod" amid all the queer loud noises of the storm in the woods, which seemed to lead to the confused clamor of the whole stormward she a cold with heavy socks. These words only made Penrod picture to himself how the little same sisters of his had done things that a cold and did bring the best indication of the very angels. He only sighed as she spoke. Daisy continued: "These things is so sad, it seems as if they were a child—only lost from heaven for being good, and then down amongst these claretians, when everything should be different."

"Penrod said a little bowed as he answered:

"All good little girls and like that sort of sad and for now put it on 't keep up long with my sisters. I'll bet I'll put an end to that or if, have to test my own claretian army that comes my way." In favor of it, I think more than my father, suppose."

"Angelina said that do not know, do have never been with him always?"

"I might as well," he said. "I've listened to you all lots of things about him before I ever knew he was my father."

Angelina Averbuch smiled a little. It was a fact that when you told her about Angelina as she was called knew her very well and was usually better than Penrod, though it was only a few months longer than she put in as much as he did almost every thing else in the world, from riding a horse, and Indian Tricks to any lesser known better than any one next to his sister, better than even his cousin, Violet and her sisters had known Angelina Averbuch to follow his ways, and some how or other Penrod liked his cousin almost equal to his love of his sister. In fact the two hardly was no difference.

Penrod never made his point of it since she was a damsel little girl not to be a party to any party as he put in his cousin but extremely pretty just the same, though his eyes were of the same blue and she was just as charming when she smiled. She said "I remember and still remember as when Daisy and I were in the middle between some book once which she kept and to cheer Daisy could recite that for you."

Penrod hastily untied it and taking it from the horse's back set it down on the ground where it wasn't too wet.

The bundle he noticed by the gleam of the light that Tim still held to it was tied by ropes though it seemed loose and fluffy.

"It's too much work trying to untie those knots out here," said Penrod. "I will carry it into the house--humpf it's heavier than I thought--but up I go. Tim help me will you. We'll get this into the reception room and see what is in it." Argelia, Ambrogio, Riches, Tim and James followed while Walter, Stella and Penrod's horse went away.

They soon had it lying on the floor in the reception room, while Penrod lighted two of the gas jets. Then he looked at the bundle carefully but not long, while he drew his big sheath knife from his pocket.

"I'm going to cut those ropes," he said. "They're tied too tightly. Tim shut the door. If it's a animal inside belonging to the farmer we don't want to let it get away."

He finally had the knife out and he slipped slashed the ropes around the bundle. Then he told Penrod:

"Get ready to grab what ever is rushing out. It may be a young hog or something those spies stole. If so we'll have it sent to the farmer to look after." Then the young prince stooped down and untied the bundle. What he saw before him made him stop back in blank amazement and consternation. Tim cried out: "My God it's poor Daisy."

It was she was inside the bundle, gagged, and bound hand and foot, but alive and not even unconscious which proved she had been able to even breathe plenty of air even inside the bundle. Penrod was struck dumb for a moment and stood gaping as if he was paralyzed. Then he covering himself, he called to Tim: "Lift it up Tim while I cut her bonds and the gag. Of all the----" and his face blackened with rage but he didn't say anything more. What was the use. Tim obeyed right willingly and it was in no time that she was free and ungagged. She however was not just herself to be able to say a thing but it sure was evident that she was glad for then with a shriek of unaccountable delight she had thrown her little arms around his neck and he held her in such an embrace and of such fervent enthusiasm that she was for the moment made red quite breathless though the poor little girl broke into a passion of tears especially from the relief she felt.

"Don't cry, Daisy dear please don't," Penrod pleaded the tears of sympathy at reaching down to kiss her cheeks. "You are found now. And your sisters won't need to be grieved for you."

"Oh but I wasn't lost, they were cruel to me, cruel to me and tried to undress me to cut me because I wouldn't tell anything," wailed poor Daisy.

"I know it all, I know it all," said Penrod hugging her tight. "Oh if I had known you were in that bundle when I first saw it in that shack."

"Oh I knew you were there," she sobbed, but I couldn't talk because I was gagged. They put me in the cage after I called for you for my instinct told me you were near. They rolled me up in that bundle. I heard every word you said. James and Tim said all that time until you left and hoped to be rescued."

And was. They were dreadful. They killed three little children before my eyes a boy and two girls and threw them into a bog near the river. They didn't dare do much more to me as they got scared of me for something after they partly undressed me. Oh it was terrible. Oh Penrod, Penrod dear, how did you find me? I thought it was impossible!"

Penrod had sat her down on a bed in the room and both he and Tim now had arms around her while the two others also sat on the bed feeling so awful too.

"Were you not taken on a rig?"

"Yes--yes--I-----was."

"Well the fools blundered thinking that no one would follow the rig. Well we did."

"But how--how--could you. The storm came up last night and the rain washed away the tracks."

"Oh indeed it did not," said Penrod with a little laugh to cheer her. "The rain made the wheel marks show where we followed the trail all the way to the shack and trapped the rascals there. They're prisoners now and without knowing you was in it, carried you in that bundle all the way."

"I knew--you--you--did" she still sobbed. "I could tell by the motion of the horse it was you and you spoke too with the rascals. I heard every thing you said to the prisoners."

There was a pause, the color had gone out of Penrod's face but his arms had tightened about the quivering child and when he spoke his voice was low and not quite steady but very kind.

"You funny dear little angel of mine," he said kissing the flushed tear-stained face. "You are with me now again. Don't be unhappy now. Lie up and wait for a time."

then you can tell me the whole story. We'll just sit here for a while Daisy darling and be happy again. And both boys who had an arm around her hugged her both tight, Penrod kissing her, and in a while but from his heart saying a good prayer of Thanksgiving to God. As he finished it was true that he heard a voice in his right ear say and Tim thought he heard it too though it sounded sweet but unearthly:

"Don't let those rascals get away with it. Give them Capital Op Capital punishment. Remember your little sister was waylaid by them and only God and we know what our righteous treatment they did to her. Even she cannot tell you it's too shameful. If we didn't prevent them you'd have found your little sister dead with her poor little body all torn up and the nails scattered over the shed because she wouldn't reveal the secrets of your plans. Punish them you'll do a sin and injustice to your sister if you don't."

Penrod said nothing but seemed to nod as if to say "They'll wish they had not been born."

For some time Penrod held her in his arms and then noticed she was unusually quiet.

He looked at her:

"Quick get her to bed Tim," smiled Penrod. "The poor little dear is asleep and that is good for her. I must go to the phone. I'll see you afterwards and then I'll inform the rest."

"Hello," he said when he was at the phone in the next room. "Ops--stop give me 10-1-1, 1,000, General Jack Evans headquarters in Camp 10, 144th Infantry. Hurry as this is important and no busy signals."

He soon had the number and heard Evans' phone ring.

"Hello," came a voice which sounded like a general's. "Who's calling?"

"This is Prince Penrod speaking. Is Evans there?"

"No he's out hunting the little princess angel Daisy your sister. What to see him?"

"Have him and his secretary recalled," said Penrod. "I brought Daisy home with me."

"God be praised," came back over the wire. "God be praised. I knew she was lost, and Prince it takes boys like you to find her."

"She was not lost," said Penrod spitefully. "How about those prisoners I brought in?"

"They are under close confinement. The office said they are badly wanted. But you say she is not lost? Come she was missing then?"

"Those rascals kidnapped her within the Christian lines. I had her in a big bundle all the way home from the shack she was in before I knew it. It was awful she was gagged and bound and terribly distressed."

"That's terrible," said the general. "It'll be terrible for them too. It's a death penalty for any one stealing any child from the Christian lines in time of war and you know what it is I suppose."

"Yes, but bring at the stake," said Penrod grimly. "I can't be helped though, but I don't worry. I'll hold a court martial as soon as Daisy is brought right and condemn them. I ought to have known something was wrong when the prisoners acted so suspicious by looking so often at the bundle. They looked frightfully worried about the fact I had it with them. You are Argeline Jennings are you not?"

"No I'm her sister's police. If you want Prince I'll see to you. Orders can be issued and then come up with my sister when I like."

"Do," said Penrod. Bring Catherine Lee too if you can find her and see to it by your orders to the general that that bunch of prisoners do not escape and the sentries that allow them will forfeit their lives."

"I will. I'll do so right away. Thank God you got the snakes" and bidding good bye for the time being she hung up the receiver.

Penrod then returned into the room and suddenly Tim put his finger to his lips.

"Sh-h-h-h-h Penrod," he was asleep still. Don't awaken her."

Penrod came in quietly and looked at her for a minute. Then he whispered softly to Tim:

"I must believe my poor sister. I'll go up softly and you put the light out and close the door of the hall. Leave the room lit so my sister can see. I'll warn them not to make any noise after I tell them."

Then he crept softly up the stairs until he knew he was far enough so that his call would not awaken Daisy. Then he stopped near where the door was and cried:

"Come down sister. I'm home. I have a glad surprise for you."

In fact Violet and her sisters couldn't hardly believe their ears. Joice was the first to go out, followed by her sisters and the house keeper too.

In their distress however - they had not recognized Pen-rod's voice and when they came to the head of the stairs they were surprised to find him standing there.

"Oh Pen-rod dear you back!" cried Violet coming down to him and clasping him eagerly by the hand. She noticed he looked a little excited but not agitated.

"Where's Daisy?" she asked on so eagerly and pleading. "Did you find her?"

"I did not."

"Oh you didn't?"

"I did not until I got back here with a set of prisoners which I left in camp. I brought her back in a bundle of clothes." "In a bundle of clothes?" exclaimed Jennie excitedly. "Oh Pen-rod, Pen-rod dear I know you are always saying something to make us laugh. A bundle of -" "I brought her back in a bundle of clothes" said Pen-rod insistently. "I did not know she was in it until I reached her. She is asleep in the small bed in the reception room. Come down quietly and see her, and then afterwards I'll tell you the details." and as he finished the little girl noticed a sort of wicked gleam in his eyes and felt something was wrong, but they followed him into the room and sure enough there was Daisy though some of the tears were still on her cheeks.

"Be careful don't awaken her" she said as Violet was going too far out at the petious sight. "I'll tell you up in your room."

They sure felt relieved and silently they hugged Pen-rod and the others and kissed them in the attitude of their attitude. In the room by a corner lay a bundle of clothes which Pen-rod indicated as the one she was in, and she showed them the bonds, and the gag.

They remained for a long time in the room and some how or other the presence awakened poor little Daisy, and at the sight of her sister she flung herself out of bed and each in turn lovingly embraced her. After the excitement was a little subdued Violet said;

"She is awake now Pen-rod dear. Tell what what happened, why are those things you showed me?"

His eyes again gleamed wickedly and he had a sneer on his face as he said; "he wasn't lost, kidnapped from within the Christian lines. They busted her beautiful bike all to pieces. I trailed her up to a farmhouse shack, near which I heard her cry for help. I captured the rascals and then took the bundle home. They told me to hide her from us in case they were captured. I left the bundle in the shack, no wonder, had that queer feeling she was near me all the time. I found her in it gagged and bound and half naked confound it. If Daisy is well enough from her experience by to morrow I'll fix those scoundrels." and then he told the whole story of his search through all the atom and how it ended and the long trip home with the bundle on the horse.

"Oh I must call poor father and mother down," said Jennie feeling more happy and relieved now. "Our poor father and mother must have felt worse than we did." She ran up the steps as fast as she could and looking into the library saw him as he was before. At the sound of her entrance he raised his head.

"Oh dear -est Jennie and you sisters" he said sadly. "Why didn't you stay with me for a while. I am very lonely."

"But father dear, oh Pen-rod is so good. Thank God we found him as our brother. He brought little Daisy back."

He father was on his feet in a flash, and then he sank back in his chair for a moment with a murmured "Thank God" and then covered his face with his hands. That as she came up and in his sweetest voice said;

"Come father dear Pen-rod and the rest are waiting for you. Daisy is down stairs in the reception room."

He followed her swiftly down the stairs and when he went into the room and saw little Daisy surrounded by her now happy sisters and the others his own joy knew no bounds. He clasped her held her long in his arms while Jennie had gone again to find her mother and soon came down with her and the reunion sure was one worth for a happy scene in a good moving picture.

"Oh dear papa and mamma" cried Violet he self hugged her mother and then she too. "We are so glad so glad little Daisy is back, I don't know what to do, I feel as if I could fly. Pen-rod is sure good to us and we can't reward him enough."

"You dear little girls are so kind enough" said Pen-rod as he was holding Daisy lovingly in his arms again. But Pen-rod had to let her down as Emperor Vivian approached him.

"And what has my little son to say to me" he said, drawing the brave prince to him after he had hugged and kissed little Daisy again heartily.

"So you dear sister and your parents are so kind enough?"

"Yes indeed" said Pen-rod as his father shook his hand very warmly. "I can hear in my sister's voice that now again they are very happy, and of course that makes

"As and as it was" piped in Daisy, she then was feeling better. "How funny after all to think of my dear brother taking me for a big bundle all the way."

"Yes" but he soon discovered he didn't you Pen-rod dear" cried Catherine dancing to him and kissing him on the forehead, then clapping her hands and skipping about the room in the excess of her excitement and delight. "and she went off in peals of laughter, in which she was joined by all the others except Pen-rod who whose face was dark, and they did hear him say; to himself"

"The rest will be seven men who won't smile to me now."

"The rest was one great difficulty in this matter" said Emperor Vivian, and as he spoke his daughters who could picture near as to him were now lovingly around him and that is my dear son. How did she get lost. Why did you wrap her up in the bundle of clothes to keep her dry?"

"I didn't wrap her up in a bundle of clothes" said Pen-rod slyly. "and she didn't get lost. She was deliberately kidnapped, and he broke all smashed. I was God's Grace and Will that captured the rascals who kidnapped her. She was gagged and bound in the bundle" and Pen-rod told the whole story.

A black look crept over Emperor Vivian's face as he listened. Then he asked;

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll court-martial them to morrow. But I'll select a good jury and the jury with God's Grace and Will and the others will consist of my sisters to make the twelve. I'll first with Daisy be the accusers, and then I'll be the judge as I am to it now. Father you must be the first judge to hear our complaints. And I'll make them wish they had never been born."

"I think my dear sisters must decide the question for themselves first." said Emperor Vivian. "What do you say Jennie dear?"

Jennie's only answer was to slip one hand into Pen-rod's and the other into her sister Daisy's, and her sisters came to them too looking serious and troubled.

"What do you say Jennie dear?" repeated Pen-rod looking anxiously at her.

Every one loves you little girl as you know, and no matter how terrible the punishment they'll agree and say it's justified you know. Pen-rod told me secretly what he heard what would have happened to Daisy she herself even cannot dare tell it. It is so shocking. He very angels want satisfaction you know."

"We couldn't stand the separation from poor Daisy" said Jennie the tears flowing from her eyes at the thought of the last twenty four hours. "We have always been together and we love her so. I suspect what she must have suffered. We'll be the judge jury and Pen-rod dear let's not you be any judge. Get Jack Evans to be one. I know what he will do."

"The terrible Jack Evans" said Emperor Vivian laughing. "Well so be it. Evans will be the judge. I'll do the rest and you little girls except Daisy of course will be the jury and Daisy will have to be as we call in here in Abbeannia the "Defendant." (The defendant the accuser the criminal for what he did to him so he can go be it.)"

Emperor Vivian said nothing more but he still had his arms around two of his little girls and drew them very close. There was a moment's happy silence and then they lifted their heads from their father's shoulders with a little start.

"Here there's the door bell" said Jennie. "I guess it is some body to see if poor little Daisy is back."

Pen-rod went to open the front door, and to their surprise a moment later came back with Argeline and Dolores Mc-Holliste - Jennings.

"I'm so glad you have come" said Dolores who was first to receive them and kissing their friends affectionately. "Dear little Daisy is back, she has been found. She was wrapped up in a bundle of clothes. You'll come up stairs too Mildred dear, so Mildred Maxwell had accompanied them."

"Yes as I would be delighted to. I'm glad Prince Pen-rod that you have captured those seven culprits who kidnapped poor Daisy. They won't be into any more mischief now."

Mildred's tone was severe and Prince Pen-rod appeared flattered.

"You are right they won't get into any more mischief" said Pen-rod slipping an arm around his blonde waist. "poor doesn't worry one bit more about us Mildred. Mrs Jennings is upstairs, and our aunt will be at home in a little while. She doesn't know poor Daisy is back, and I have phoned her."

The small troop of good little girls went upstairs together to their room followed by the boys. Two at a strong but not too bright gas lights was illuminating every object from the canopy in his cage which belonged once to James and was to the rows of big books on the big shelves which ran all around one side of the big sleeping (peeping) room. No brighter and pretty room prettier room would have been found easily anywhere else and Violet and her sisters had seen to its decoration so that after they left when the army would march James would always have a pretty room for his own all his life. Violet and her sisters declared often that now they felt like the little princesses they were living in such magnificent quarters.

Heaven only knows their thankfulness to God and also His Blessed Mother

for the safe return of poor little Daisy."

"Wasn't those Glandolmians horrible," said Mildred as she tossed her hair on the bed in a manner that a policeman would scarcely approve of. "They are always doing disagreeable things to you good little princesses and won't leave you alone even when you ain't bothering them, even my own papa who is an officer notices it plenty and he told me quite crossly the other day that what he would do to Glandolmians was plenty if he had his hands on those kinds."

"They are dreadful and will score a one and score a one of millions of them and their leaders far better ~~than~~ beyond the pentance" but you know Our Dear Pleas ed, and had enemies too and He didn't deserve any" Jennie admitted. "I suppose it is the way."

"Well I wish it wasn't that way," said Dolores herself crossly "it's a wicked and very disagreeable one, and when it happens that they do these horrible things I always make me hate them, and I don't want to hate any one."

The re was a pathetic little quiver in polo's voice and Penrod hastened to say sympathetically I appreciate your grief in behalf of my sisters but perhaps you don't understand it's no wrong to hate all such such enemies who won't change their ways when they're lost and almost hell already while still living. I know that few if any of these glandelinians will ever be different. Don't worry about hating them. I do myself. I detest them."

"I suppose so," said Policar mournfully. "I guess they were born hateful to God. They none of them likes good people because good people love God, they only like wicked people, like the devils for instance, and hates you - states - when all the world should love them."

At this Jennie feeling better now since Daisy was back giggled and flushed a little too.

"I know plenty of what the Glandelinians like and don't like from my experience within their lines as 'Adaldefob' said Penrod and they can go to hell for all I care. My sisters are a 'too good' for them, I suppose and it's too bad about the Glandelinians. I'm not going to stand this business any more. When those prisoners are to be punished I'm not going to do it have it done publicly before my own followers but before the Glandelinian internment camp where by that example prisoners will learn what it is to molest one of my sisters."

"you are very good to you -sisters" said Argeline Jennings. and I think you sisters love you better than you true sweet heart loves her beau, Miss Saunders says that once when you were gone for a week they were never them selves and even when you were looking for Daisy they became dreadfully frightened about you when it was so long before you returned."

"I would have notified them by phone," said Perrod "but could n't do so because of the storm this afternoon as there was too much static on the wires."

"Yes," said Jean Gaunde as she was the one too. "they did cry for you too Pen-rod before you came home with Daisy to night." But I don't think it was even any where fair for them to revenge and kidnap a little girl out in the open when she was not doing any harm to nobody. Oh Prince if you little sister could only have a happy life than this I know it would be good. They don't deserve this no matter what any body says, and surely God doesn't will it either." Pen-rod's face brightened. It was always a great pleasure to him to hear his adored little sister so praised. "But they haven't got the nice times they should have only sad times, and it's best if they had been born thirty years late before this, after this awful war when probably the very thing would be all right" Colonel's said in a good aggravated tone, and when the army get into action they'll have to face other horrible possibilities and begin unpleasant things all over again. Oh dear how we do hate it all wish we could suffer with you. Why is it as boys and girls out makes the enemy afraid of us and you little girls despite it is said you are angel possessed they are not one tiny bit scared of you. I don't see why all the wicked people have all the nice things, and you dear sister have all the horrible ones."

"But surely we have lots of nice things" said Joyce soothingly "just think of all our toys, and we have so many that we often even give them to the needy and good ones too. Besides suffering they always say sanctifies one. I and my dear sisters have a very good government too you know. We even have even so much nice things than most people have, for every body loves us, and there's our dear mother and papa--every body says our mother and aunt are the loveliest and goodliest ladies in the world---and there's our grand pa and grand mother too, they are very good too."

"No they let you do every thing you want to" asked, "I'd - ed.
"We can't say on that because we never try to do every thing we want to said
Violet giggling, "no one needs to make us go to bed early every evening because
we need to and only we relate when military business hampers us - we have to
do night spy ing and scouting. But mother worries a great deal about us and
we can't blame her for - we love her so very much. We love Mrs Jerry too for

you know she was mamma's nurse when she was a little girl."

"But just the same I wish you could be the same to the enemy as we are," said Mildred with a sigh. "The enemy would be afraid to molest you little princesses then. I should think the possession angels would make you worse than we are. I often went out ~~scouting~~ scouting alone and six Glandellians have men fled from me. I wouldn't mind seeing you little girls do adventure against the enemy so much. If you could make the Glandellians scared of you, but they always go at you and it's horrid."

you also love to dance. I'm sure you're going to be that way when you dance. The music is all like this. I like you know put in Argentine cheerfully. Where I'm glad Daisy is back and Penrod too. It sounds as if another thing is coming. But we don't mind. There's something and like to listen to them. Mam - Mamma he self wants us to have nice times, and to go to lots of good parties again, the way we used to before our peace and happiness died. Oh it was great those days. put duty to country first. If you count my goes before the enemy we go with it and that would be bad. And dear mamma and Auntie are so pretty and so sweet that every body loves them."

"They are the prettiest women I have ever seen," Argeline Jennings agreed. "But you little Princesses are their equal. I've heard it said that lots of all of the boys and girls counts too would like to sit and look at you, and so does Tim and Walter, Stu and James too."

"I'm glad that every one here any one has such good opinions of my sister -"
 "he said because I love them so much not for prettiness but because they're
 all more glad good than they're good looking, yet I must confess I like a
 young man and Grace - as she came to see me the other day say that there is no
 boy in the world as lucky as I am (in having seven little angels for
 sisters - he called them "Seven little cherries").

"Well I know quite a number of boys and even girls who do admire you little sisters very much" said Angelina A. Orsborg herself. "You know your dear sisters have given me quite a good large photograph of themselves and I have put it into a big frame and where ever I have my headquarters I put it there, can see it all the time. I've even seen my own Uncle General Conventinian A. Orsborg and also Uncle Hanson looking at it every time they came into my car what you may call nursery", and one morning, saw Hanson himself standing in front of my picture ever so long, and when, spoke to him he didn't seem to hear naturally I put my hand on his arm to make him look around, and then he jumped like anything, and when, asked him why he kept staring at the picture of his little nieces all the time he got very red in the face but nevertheless laughed and said;

"Why not. They're sure worth looking at all right I'll tell you."

"It's too early for supper yet," said Jimmy hurriedly. "What shall we play for a while." He had noticed how Daisy still looked and was anxious to make her herself once more as quickly as possible.

"I don't care," said Argelina. A-mo-nu-b-g. Indifferently. Violet proposed the letter game, but though Argelina and the others consented, and even little Alred who didn't know and let Jennie teach her how to play, the interest soon flagged, and before they had finished the first game, Mildred pushed the letter away, saying that she couldn't play any spelling games even if she could learn to play them right as she was too upset from what happened the night before. (In fact if the glamekinsians didn't do to Violet and her sisters what they did, they wouldn't find boy and gl-lacouts so fierce as they were, and now they were w-ec. Very time something happened this way, the husbands of p-lacouts had vague f-ur-r-a-s-a-n of boy and gl-lacouts might crush on them and plenty of h-u-c.

Violet and her sisters looked a little distressed.
 "Let's play something else then Violet suggested, as she gathered up the
 precious letters, and put them back in the box."
 "I guess we would rather talk before supper," said Angelina Antonberg. "I don't
 feel a bit like playing this afternoon so late and besides I want to talk to you
 and your brother about something. Do you think we might shut the door in case
 of a fire? It's something very private."

Penrod, and also his sisters were every much surprised, and not a little curious as well, and therefore asked Penrod to close the door which he hastened to do, and then came and sat down by Gertrude Angeline, who was looking both so rid and excited...

"It was something Radcliffe said," began Angelina Aronburg in a rather unsteady voice. "It was this morning before we were set out on this search and have I have been thinking about it all the time ever since."

"Tell me about it" said Penrod in a tone of deep interest.
"Well it was just after breakfast, and I went into the pantry for a drink
of water up adcliffe and Mildred Manning were both there, and Mildred

said that something was wrong that you sister Daisy should be lost 666 when she should be angel possessed. I told her she was mistaken, and that you said that you had evidences of her being only lost. He said she didn't care what anybody said, and that she felt sure that little Daisy had been kidnapped. She spoke very disingenuously about it, and declared that she was going to press the search with all her might and prove it was true because she said none of the little girls could lose themselves knowing the country so well.

I told her then that I'd tell you, and she said it would be too early for probably you would not have believed it. He then walked out of the pantry and I took a drink of water because I was very thirsty indeed. Then I said with a shrug of his shoulders, "Your dear friend Penrod better be doing something for his sisters to prevent this in the future and not put up with the wicked tantrum of the enemy or some direful thing will happen to the princesses, for, know, spying on the enemy as much as I do, just wait till the enemy get a good and started, and see what will happen. I guess you won't have long to wait from the looks of things. Those Glandelinians are dangerous, and have spies more clever than I am keeping a lookout for the poor little angels. Daisy and Mary were warned in time. I was so angry and scared, I wouldn't stay there any longer but when I asked Mildred Manning what advice meant she said she was too horrified to tell." An Angelina Aronburg Angelina Aronburg paused to note the effect of her story. Violet and Harriette were looking very grave, partly scared, while Penrod took Angelina's hand and squeezed it sympathetically.

"Do you know anything about the plans of the Glandelinian general?" Angelina Aronburg inquired after a pause.

"Penrod shook his head.

"Not any of their plans just now," he said, "but I never been in the forelines for some time."

"They are very cruel," said Angelina Aronburg with a catch in her voice. "Oh Penrod I don't want the Glandelinian spies to get at our sisters. I don't want to see as she burst into a passion of tears, it showed evidence that another storm was beginning to come up as Violet and her sisters had said. They were distressed now, and Penrod himself had both arms around his little cousin in a moment and was kissing and soothing her as best as he could.

"Don't cry don't cry please don't cry," Penrod pleaded the tears of sympathy and fear streaming down his cheeks. "Why you don't even know yet that it really is true. My papa and I am so fond of them, and we are so good, we wouldn't let any one be cruel again to them. Why a whole big number indeed thousand of Glandelinian prisoners in the internment camps will soon see a spectacle they'll never want again, and will be a warning to them. I wouldn't let any one do the dear little girls any harm."

"Little Daisy was carried away from you--you couldn't help it, oh you couldn't help it then," wailed Angelina Aronburg, "you never could that time. Mary and I had spied on the enemy of ten before this happened and she told me all about what was going to happen but I couldn't believe it at the time and yet wanted to warn you and it happened before I could. Oh it was terrible."

"But I'm sure I would have had her home last night if I had known she really was captured," said Penrod truthfully. "I didn't know anything about it and though I thought she was run down by some thing on her bike and was taken to a hospital. What if that so sisters?"

"Yes indeed," said Violet, "and all the hospitals were so desperately called up. We did not have the slightest idea of her being captured. Captured not even all the way until Penrod gave us the details after she was brought back inside the bundle and he not knowing it either."

"I don't understand how it could be done when she is so angel possessed," said Gertrude Angelina mournfully.

"Probably," said James just now speaking in, "I have an idea why. The angels may have known what these spies were up to and allowed it to happen with a design to cause their capture."

"May be so but I cannot understand it," said Angelina Aronburg. "Oh Princesses dear how lovely it would be if this cruel war was far a thing of the past and we all could again be together in our lovely home in Angelina city. Oh Mary, you are so good, more good than you are so nice and pretty that you don't deserve this. I'm sure it isn't a curse. Blessed Lord too to see all this. If this wasn't going on we could all be so nice and happy."

Before Penrod could answer some one knocked, and then turned the handle of the door.

"What in the world are you 'Heavenly child' doing in here with the door shut?" inquired a well known voice, and to their surprise Catharine Lee, an unusually bright color in her cheeks, and still wearing her uniform hat and jockey like uniform jacket, came in followed by her sisters James and a number of other also wild red Manning, the two saunders girls and Susan Renshaw.

They sure showed more joy in seeing Daisy than words can describe, and then Catharine Lee gave one glance at all the sad faces, and then he himself charged and she added in a different tone;

"Why what's the matter with you little girls here. You all look like little angels who have been lost from Heaven by straying out and losing your way back. Has anything happened?"

"Your Angelina Aronburg is very unhappy about us," said Joyce solemnly. "Unhappy about you dear princesses, poor good boys. Get rude Angelina but she will surely tell me all about it!"

Catharine Lee had hastily thrown aside her uniform jacket with the remark, "We are sure having lots of rain" and then sat down on the sofa between Penrod and Angelina Aronburg and she drew Angelina to her side. At the sound of the sweet sympathetic voice and the touch of the kind arm around her, Angelina broke down once more and burying her face on Catharine Lee's shoulder began to cry again as if her heart would break.

"It's about something Mildred Manning said," she sobbed. "He says the Glandelinians are going to per poster the Princesses with spies like they did within the camps at de procession ville to get them."

There was a pause, one of the bright color had gone out of Catharine's face but her arm had tightened about the quivering child and when she spoke her voice though low and not quite steady was kind.

"You sure are loving to your dear cousins to feel that way about it and to be so unhappy. Is it really true?"

"It is true of course it is," said Mildred Manning he said, lifting her hand and speaking rather indignantly. "Those spies are dreadful things. I've known of them all ready and my followers captured two of them this morning in camp. We have notified all city authorities to arrest every stranger that enters here."

"Oh Catharine, Catharine, don't you think you mind persuade Penrod and James not to let it happen?" said Angelina Aronburg. "They can do so very much. He likes his sisters so very much."

"I might try," said Catharine Lee smiling "but perhaps it would not be necessary to do so."

"Oh yes it would---I'm sure it would," said Angelina eagerly. "Oh dear Catharine do love them very much."

Penrod grinned. "You funny little girl," he said kissing the flushed tear-stained face of his tenderhearted cousin, "how could spies get into this place. No stranger can get in without passes, and such passes to this place is hard to get there's a lot of red tape. I've made up my mind spies could get into the city even now so I believe. But if they can they can't get in here."

"But suppose one or two of them could get in on one condition, what would happen then?"

"What kind of a condition?" inquired Catharine Lee.

"The condition that they would steal a pass from Jennie's purse who issues them."

Oh what a good chorus of laughter went up at that question.

"Steal the pass from Jennie's purse?" said Penrod. "Well I wish they would just try it for the fun of it. If any one of you wish for a good experience I'll let one of you dress as a Glandelinian girl scout or boy scout and sent you over to get a pass without permission. To rob her of one. How about you Jennie dear you've experienced at such things?"

"No," said his sister Jennie. "I'm angel possessed Penrod dear but let the Glandelinians do it. I'm not tired of life."

"There you see Angelina dear," said Penrod. "There is no Glandelinian can do what my sisters can do, and she won't take a chance in disguise. If a Glandelinian wants to steal a pass into this place well he can go ahead."

"Come one may assault the police one who has a pass," said James. "No danger," said Penrod. "The one to whom the pass is issued is a proper police guard all the way over here."

"Oh Angelina," cried Catharine Lee half laughing and half crying "Don't you understand what Prince Penrod means. No one can get here without a pass and get one without a commendation. He means how Susan Renshaw's father had such a hard time to get one to her and yet he is well known too. Violet and he he dear sisters are safer than you think. Oh Angelina are you not happy now?"

"Happy now," repeated Angelina Aronburg, still more what bewilderment. "You mean that it's true--that no spy can get into here." Catharine Lee who now had an arm around her and Penrod too and was hugging them both tight only nodded.

"But how can it be," said James in a way. "Jennie's purse is so young and delicate"

It was believed that these men, already damned spies had made some one the object of any suspicion, malice and revenge and it was a suspicion too many carry and it was also feared of that they might have something to do with little Daisy's disappearance. One soldier said: "These little P-rincesses are too good to be treated as they are from any of these Glandellians. They are patient and good, not making a call for killing, no matter what they suffered, always blessing and giving good words to God, they even have themselves at any risk of danger, decreased the wounds of injured enemy soldiers. We can blame the leaders of the Glandellians for the harm and continual abuses of the P-rincesses, and every one of them as bad as those P-rincesses that the P-rince has captured, they are all confederates and should be made partakers of their misdeeds." It was not until about two hours later that the officials on the Tribune who had examined the P-rincesses put a detail from a phone call of what the P-rincesses had really done. That caused the P-risoners to be more closely guarded until the time of the court trial shall on the morrow.

The afternoon came. It being two o'clock. Before the little girl trial was to come and Penrod told the P-rincesses before the first local session of the court shall which was held within the camp and not the city was to indict them on the same substance, that they were not only enemies to God and die to be of the Christian camp, but that they were charged with kidnapping one of the little P-rincesses, the youngest one, and outwitting her in contempt of the law of the Abbeinnian P-rince. They were accused of making commotions within Christian encampments by their spying work and had won a party of real foreigners to their own most wicked and dangerous opinions. Then proclamation of a manumission was made for one who had been a witness and who had said he knew the spy well with the golden teeth. He was asked if he knew the P-risoner with the gold teeth and what he had to say for the whole cause. Then stood forth the witness and after having been sworn in said: "From experience I believe I have known this man for some time and is one of the vilest spies ever captured by any one. He neither is a good P-rince or people. Holy custom and law of any nation, was an international spy as many governments want him badly, and to try to carry away with his purposes had done all he can to possess everything to drive Christianity off the earth by helping the enemy in this wicked way which he in general calls a good cause and yet knows it is a wicked one. In particular, once overheard him affirm that Christianity and the customs of our country of Abbeinnia could not be reconciled to anything Glandellian. By which saying he told he did not only condemn all our holy things for the sake of God, but us in the doing of them and wishes taken as the King. As to the other man next to him I have no great acquaintance with him, but I desire to have full knowledge of him, however, this I know from seeing him an hour ago, that he is not a Glandellian, as a foreigner, making himself pestilent for his deed of serving wicked Glandellia as a spy against us, and he is one of those who had a hand in the kidnapping of P-rincess Daisy. He has some writings on his persons which I could not make out as it was too high for me to reach. At first, what has happened you would ship, is to show that even spies operate within the Christian lines and even kidnap child men for their vile purposes. The third, the old man, I know not, but I heard him say that our Holy Ones and our people should be brought and such by which the whole world could not be pleased with, which saying of him my Lord you would ship very well knows what necessarily then should follow according to the plans of his generals, that we foolishly worship the Vivian P-rincesses as little goddesses, goddesses, that they are the wickedest little girls on the face of the earth, that they only pretend to be good and are not that they and Glandellia shall be damned. The fourth fellow I have known of a long time, I and my fellows have spent a year in trying to capture him, and because we knew he was a spy by hearing him speak of things that ought not to be spoken for he had often visited our noble P-rince Penrod, and had said Pezzebub ought to be in his place and had spoken contemptibly and with blasphemies of God and his most honorable families, with all our good nobility and had said to me once, 'That if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer being in the nation, and that the Vivian P-rince should have been hanged upon crosses and burned. Besides he had not been afraid to curse you my Lord, who are now appointed by P-rince Penrod to be his judges, calling you a dirty Christian dog with many other such like vilifying to me which I'd block with shame to any with which he had befriended most of the good gentility of the whole nation. His name is not good.' I the others, I do not know, but they also had a hand in the spying work, and are accomplices of the ones who kidnapped P-rincess Daisy." When this man had told his tale the judge directed his speech to the P-rincesses at the bar.

"Though Thou vile renegade, and traitor to your own country being foreigner, has through heard what this honest soldier and gentleman has told against them, you deserve to live no longer but to be slain immediately upon the place, yet that all men may see our gentleness toward you let us hear what vile renegades like you have to say."

The P-rincesses only remained sullen, morose and silent. Another man then stood up and when sworn in said:

"These P-rincesses have done things which are diametrically opposite to Christian Christian virtues. If I say unless I am ready here to make my recantation. That the P-rince who had those gold teeth had said that the P-rince of this nation, his sisters and parents, with all the noble 'Abbeinnian of the nation its royal attendants, and the whole nation are more fit for being in hell, than on this world, and so the blessed Lord have mercy upon me if I can't even prove that he blasphemed that way."

Then the judge called the jury into session, who all this while stood by to hear and observe.

"Little ladies and gentlemen of the jury you see these men about whom so much great and up roar has been made in the encampments since the P-rince brought them in last night. You have also heard what these worthy gentle gentlemen have witnessed against them. Also you have seen and observed that they won't even answer to the accusations against them. It goes now for the court Marshall proceedings to proceed."

Vivian P-rincesses (except little Daisy, the three boys James, Tim and Walter, and Angelin in a rooming and Angelina who was filed into the jury box as solemn as if they were going on parade and took their seats. Penrod was called upon to first give his testimony as what happened on the first night and of his hunt, which Penrod did clearly and graphically. Then Penrod assuming his own authority asked little Daisy to stand which she did.

"Daisy dear, did these men hold you a P-risoner ever since you called for help on the morrow that night?"

"Yes yes Penrod dear they did. I called for help after they attacked me as I was riding by pretty wheel but I didn't know any one heard me. I began to be afraid no one heard and would the referee ever be able to help me."

Penrod turned to the judge who was Jack Evans. "Your Lordship and James heard the call that night. We tried for a long time that night but couldn't find her. We believed she had been injured or run down and we wanted plenty of P-rincess time calling up many hospitals but to no avail. He turned to little Daisy.

"And where did they keep you my little dear rest?" "In that good farm house shack half the time" was her answer and in other lonely houses. They bound and gagged me when they took me from place to place."

"How did they come to wrap you up in these?" and Penrod before the court produced the clothing she had been wrapped up in.

"They knew of your approach Penrod dear because one of them scouted and saw you and your column. I overheard the P-rince mark. That P-rince and his troop is hunting for the little P-rincesses. We got to get well hide her in the shack and full them. And they bundled me up in that after binding and gagging me and left me in the darkness."

Penrod glared at the P-rincesses. "How come Daisy dear that you were preserved from suffocation?"

"The bundle was not wrapped tight around my head and plenty of air got in."

"But what was the subject in kidnapping you Daisy dear?" asked Penrod. "Why did they make you a P-rincess?"

"Because at first in the dark they took me for you?" "You?"

"Yes Penrod dear the night I returned to your headquarters at General Hindenburg to return to you the plans which I had been seeking over to see how they would put them back in general Hindenburg safe and then put back in my jacket pocket a bundle of void writing papers. Those accounts must have followed me in the dark or have seen the bundle of papers, and mistaking me for you dressed as a P-rincess, they followed attacked me in a very lonely place and there came into a farmhouse and rode off after destroying my beautiful bicycle. They first demanded that I give up the plans, and when I couldn't because I didn't have them they choked off my cries for help and bound and gagged me and tried to knock me into unconsciousness but something seemed to stay them because they couldn't harm me. Then they first brought me to that log cabin where because I wouldn't tell anything after they discovered to that log cabin where because they almost stripped me naked, and tried to use knives on me who, really was they almost stripped me naked, and tried to use knives on me but through some reason couldn't dare touch me that way. They soon learned

that the papers I carried were no plans at all but papers with nothing on at all. They were mad because they had captured me instead of you and bitterly disappointed in not getting plans of those things you were working on for us that is me and my sisters. They had kept me a prisoner for a while. They offered once when they saw they couldn't harm me to let me go if I would keep silent saying:

"If you promise to keep still about what happened to you and not give to your brothers and sisters and the Christian dogs and the military police any information about us we'll let you go gladly. We don't want you. It was all a mistake capturing you. You were the wrong person. But we are not going to let you go and set the military on us as soon as you get a chance. Give us your promise you little brat to say nothing, and we'll let you join your sisters and brothers all right hand you over to the Glandelinian army as soon as we get the chance." They were afraid of me Penrod because they saw by some unseen power they could not do me personal harm even though they were able to steal me away. I and you know why but it is not for them to know. I refused to give my promise no matter what the sacrifice for I did not believe it righteous of me just to secure my own comfort to let these rascals go unpunished if I could bring about their arrest. You heard me call your name pleadingly and came to my rescue. Put dear brother you sure gave me a very funny ride."

"I should say, did," cried Penrod, "but I did not have the slightest idea you were inside that bundle, I was too excited and distressed then over your disappearance to even think of looking into it. Did they treat you brutally dear?"

"Not after they found out who I was, what strange to them was the matter with me, and discovering I was a princess by looking through my pocket book. Of course they didn't behave very decently, but the reason they didn't do much more than they would have is because they couldn't though they were able to bind and gag me. They tore off my outer dress and my inner dress too but then something forcibly checked them and they couldn't even reach me with a knife they threatened to cut me with. They threatened to do to me the same that Glandelinians have done to little children before because wouldn't tell them where you kept your plans, and when I stubbornly refused, they tried desperately to kill me but even though I was bound so couldn't help myself, they couldn't approach me and they got scared. That is why when you were seen coming by the guards they then wrapped me in the bundle after gagging me and fled from the barn. Oh but how glad I was that you came Penrod dear even though you didn't know what was in the bundle when you suddenly changed your mind about leaving it behind and put me on your horse and tied me there."

"What made the rascals come back?" asked the Accusing Lawyer or what ever he would be called in a Court Marshall.

Daisy shook her pretty little head as she answered;

"I do not know. Maybe it was the storm. But I knew from Penrod's plot they ran into a trap and were captured."

"How did it happen that the Gemini and military detectives didn't find her?" asked Evans.

"I found out," said Penrod, "that later they had followed a false clue made by the criminals and they had been drawn miles away from the cabin. It was only by following the wagon or rig wheels that we captured them and if it was not for that she might not have never been rescued unless she could have escaped by her own efforts. I believe too," he continued with a dark look, "that my little sisters story is correct. He must have mistaken her for me, and the spy with the golden teeth and his accomplices had waylaid my little sister under the belief that she was I with the plans of something which you yourselves only know. My little sister had been attacked in a most cowardly fashion by seven very brave men while riding her wheel in a lonely place but within the Christian encampment as where it sure ought to have been totally safe for her, and then had been carried off by a set of men who were not Glandelinians but foreigners and who had no business to be serving in the Glandelinian ranks. Then they kept her in hiding a prisoner even after her identity became known and threatened her in a way of which I only know because it has been mysteriously revealed to me. This is the first time Judge Evans that my little sister has ever been attacked by foreigners, though that nationalities they represent I do not know, but I have heard here a paper that proves by their photographs in it that they are wanted in ten nations for spying purposes and for poisoning their victims in the bargain. And no matter how desperate was the pursuit and the sea-ch the representatives of these nations could never capture them. Strange men from other nations have come pestering my Father for the capturing of these spies, and even our own Government officials couldn't seem to run them down. I believe the reason I see it now I believe the reason the possession angels allowed her to be taken by them was the purpose to enable to allow me myself to run them

to earth. To think of it a bunch of boy scouts under me capturing spies that ten nations couldn't capture. Well Judge what do you think should be the outcome. They have kidnapped my little sister and out raged her in a fashion which she and, even cannot tell you our best of friends as it is too terrible too shocking!"

"Daisy however had raised her little hand. He wished to tell me more. Let the little angel proceed," said Evans.

She then said;

"These men and three others for those many hours Judge were at their wits ends to keep me concealed when they found out what a stir and sensation and a general hunt my disappearance had created. The spies too were well supplied with money and in that small tight rig they took me from one place to another. They even took me through the storm last night too. They had usurped the use of the farmer's cabin and stayed there during the night because of the storm and they were sure afraid of the lightning especially after it struck three or four times close by. The ruffled pocket book, purposely dropped from where they put it as evidence to any one who may come in the cabin as my name was inside of it. They didn't harm me because they couldn't."

Penrod had now handed Evans the papers as further evidence against the spies. The three shot down were real Glandelinians. The paper itself disclosed the fact that Large "Golden Teeth" as he was called and his cronies had spied on other nations in times past. They had many names so it was doubted as the news said if they ever used their real ones or if they had any. They were also Confederate spies of the two more experienced International spies, who had a resemblance of

"Mutt and Jeff" The paper stated too that there was an unusual sensation and joy too when little Daisy was found, and a greater one when it became known the part the Glandelinian generals themselves had in her disappearance for in the mistake for Penrod. There were other spies who had been implicated in this but they escaped by remaining abroad. It came out during this court Marshall the Glandelinian generals knew the acts of Large and his companions in the spying crime and that the Glandelinian general also realized the mistake that had been made by their clumsy operatives. It was believed that this knowledge led to the case of why the Glandelinian army so far had been inactive, what had happened in brief was this. Manley and his Confederates unable to secure the plans of Penrod, had stooped to the sneaking of spies to the boy Princess place in Hindurinas part of the Christian lines to get possession of the information they were so desperately striving for. But thanks to Penrod's Indian like vigilance, power was discovered. He made an escape from Penrod's place but really got killed trying to escape from the Christian lines. The man tripped into the mud hole lost in the mud the plans Evans passed to him. They were never recovered and it was a wonder the man ever got out of it alive. Then after making a clever escape by dressing as a man Large tried again. He managed through being as a man asking to see a wounded soldier "he knew" to gain access to Penrod's headquarters, but couldn't for his life's sake find the plan and had to give it up. The attempt to way lay Penrod (which was a dangerous

attempt to lay a little snake) and so got the plans from him he never carried them with him) had been tried before this only a mistake had been made and little Daisy was caught in the dark instead. Finding out their error these foreigners did tell the Glandelinian generals of their mistake by secret wire less telegraph, but believing answer that she was a more important capture still held her with the purpose to bring her to the Glandelinian camp as soon as a very strong secret escort was sent to get her. The escort came but too late, was attacked, and massacred. Then later hearing that little Daisy was rescued for such news travels fast from one camp to another Manley and his Confederates were surprised and alarmed and were secretly scared of their brother Penrod. As it was Large had little Daisy, was afraid to do anything to her, was afraid to keep her and was afraid to let her go though really as to say their prisoners became a white elephant on the hands of the conspirators and kidnappers. They had after seeing that the searchers of under generous Penrod were trailing them so

rapidly checked off as spies, when she called Penrod's name, fled to the cabin wrapped her in the bundle, threw it on a lounge in the corner and then skipped from the cabin. The extremely wild fury of the storm drove them back for shelter, and believing after all no one had come to the cabin as they saw no one the rascals had done just what was really planned by Penrod, ran into the trap. Because they were International Spies it was hard to determine what the penalty for them was but it was up to violet and her other sisters to decide, even Daisy could join the jury too if she had wished even if it would have made the thirteen.

As bad as that happened to their little sister violet and her other sisters really hated to bring any one to a dreadful death and they had quite a

time to really decide what should be done to the seven sound-rele Argelina. Argelina was chosen to speak first. "I can see clearly," she said that these men are not only spies serving the Glandelinians but they are also profiteers and wanted by eleven governments. One of them even for the sake of pay spied on his own country. "It is really just that we should say, away with such spies from the earth." "It wouldn't it do better to turn them over to their respective enemies whom they spied against in the other countries," asked Violet. "It is not necessary. I don't believe those governments could endure him," said Walter Starn. "If we do they may escape on board ship and make more trouble for us and those nations."

"Hang them. Hang them," said Jim. "They are so very scrubs," said Argelina. "Hanging is too good for them sound-reles."

The others had some other different arguments but Violet and her sisters could win. They had the opinion that as they were international spies, they should be given up to the governments who they had spied on, but the others insisted on what the sound-reles had done to little Daisy. Then Argelina Arrowburg said, "Remember dear cousins what the Glandelinians did to you in the past and which only after all your possession angels prevented by Natural and Supernatural means. Remember there was no one in any history or in any country that done to even Christian people what these merciless Glandelinians have tried to do to you and done before your eyes. Don't do injustice to yourselves, your sisters and your country by merely turning the sound-reles over to the governments who even don't want them except for punishment. They spied on us, stole your sister Daisy, and made Penrod for you and her sake go through storm and all to bring her back. Don't be too soft-hearted in this case as they don't deserve it. They know much more better for they're profiteers and have no business whatever in interfering with you or your little sister and Penrod for the sake of our Daisy and most loving God come to an agreement so we can be back in our June seats. Might have all the world and heaven given man I could not be reconciled to them after what they did, might as well be reconciled to the Devil and his wicked angels let us go with bringing him in guilty of death. You know a court mart shall must not last too long. It's against the law."

"Well," sighed Violet, who was always selected as the chosen leader of her sisters as she was always the most able and wisest. "I guess it has to be done." The force they were pronounced guilty, and the seven came to an end by being turned to death at the stake before the crowds of Glandelinian prisoners in the internment camps. All the way during the march to the condemnation place, they were slashed, buffeted, boy and girl scouts hit them with stones, nailed them and even picked them with swords and slashed them with knives at every opportunity. They were forcibly stripped naked at the condemnation place, hot tar and oils was poured over their bodies they were fastened on the iron posts, great piles of rubbish placed all around them, and then every thing set afire while big brass bands played any old tune or music to drown their terrible cries as the flames leaped all about them.

During the time of Daisy's disappearance the incidents occurred during the hunt for her in other sections of the country while Penrod and his posse were following the mysterious trail. Indeed thick weather was raging over all sections of Western California at the time. The spy in the forest lands of the hills nearest the Glandelinian encampments not far from Pandora, at that time California's worst and most notorious sanctuary of spies and Glandelinian military detectives lay under a down pour of rain accompanied by record breaking thunder and lightning in the darkness of a dismal night. A single poised mile high above the fifty nine mile expanse of trail threated scrub oak forest and pine too tumbled rocks and tiny green clearings would have seen no signs of human life except an occasional curl of smoke from the away backed mountain cabins. It had been since General Manley's army approached to near Pandora and indeed, morning after morning in this wild area, which was the worst of the Glandelinian spies, refugees spy child and child killers and murderous spy desperadoes, who ever since the enemy army was in sight had made this territory their fortress and hiding place, menacing the generals at Depressionville and Pandora and elsewhere. Elsewhere put on this particular recent morning after it was suspected that Daisy might have been kidnapped the eagle piercing the rain fog to the surrounding edges of plains would have seen something new and strange, something that had not happened in any time before. Files of men in uniform and broad brimmed red hats were approaching from four directions. There was the glint of rifle barrels and submers and all were on horse back, simultaneously from various towns not named here

towns roughly surrounding this Pandora hill district came the various subdivisions of an army of two thousand boy and girl scouts. Before the morning had even passed they had reached the edge of the rugged hills and camped blockading all roads. The two thousand four hundred square miles of spy territory hid him in the to impregnable was locked up in a state of siege. The sickly sun trying to climb up through a cloud haze in the sky and the marching ceased. But a very quiet question tension lay over the Pandora district hills as hundreds and hundreds of shots began to sound. A few wagon loads of hawk faced men, tried to fight their way past the barriers. All were worsted and sent down to the towns as prisoners and for investigation. One dust covered wagon load fought through the blockade--its inmates escaped causing a heavy losses among the besiegers. Other wagon loads tried it, but were halted. All that morning and the next hour till noon the blockade lasted--then it was withdrawn, for good reasons, the spies were in great numbers and made a fierce and successful attack. Some however considered the elaborate attempt a failure after all in one way it wasn't. If it had not fulfilled its slogan, "five thousand dangerous spies dead or alive" at least the most spectacular spy raid of that time had smoked out and shot out and blown out badly wanted spies and days later more results began to show. A man called Floyd Tucker remained safe in the mountain fastness with his men of which he had one hundred and six time killer, and robber of two hundred and fifty Christian generals was king. And a new Clyde Johns, a Canadian spy and thousand times murderer of children with his cigar-smoking wife, Mildred Bonnie had the gotten through the blockade and had a clever tip and escaped just before hand, but Henry George and also a deeper attack and killing was driven from hiding a few days later and shot dead in a desperate fight with the Glandelinians. At the same time at another spot a gang of six men and three girls suspected at first to have had a hand in the conspiracy to kidnap Penrod and whose men had kidnapped little Daisy instead instead, and the attempted assassination of Violet and her sisters in the bombing of the Experiment shed just sometime mentioned was rounded up in a farmhouse near Mildred Manning town. Their leader was a man named Luther. A relatively minor figure Luther he took part in the gun battle that raged and they all shot their way out, all but Hines Johns who was fatally wounded and his young fourteen year old daughter who was captured after a struggle and sent to prison for life as a girl spy. Clyde Bonnie Shoemann, and Jack Evans she had a stream of the persecutors with rifle and pistol fire all the way creating terrific loss among their pursuers without a single loss to themselves, fought their way through a cornfield, shooting their way through the corn and getting away and leaving behind a great number of negatives, photos of Violet and her sisters in beautiful picture poses and many other things which no doubt they had stolen. These who escaped in such a desperate fight were sixty odd men with much worse records. Since the coming of Manley's army in this neighborhood the hills near Pandora had become famous for the hiding place of spies. Since the horror of the pursuit of the spies of Violet and her sisters from Depressionville all the way up to Pandora, the Daltons, the Kimes Brothers, Al Jennings, and Henry Starn, the James boys, and others took forth their great regiments of boy scouts routing from the ideal hiding country the spies, despite the fact that undergrowth, and little red boulders would hide a man within a few feet of a trail, and few roads which were every bad, capturing and killing many in conducting a terrific fight in which the loss was on the side of the fiercely battling spies.

None of these incidents a party of boy scouts under George Hamilton got surrounded by a posse of Glandelinian soldiers forty five miles from Appleton when they were hunting for traces of little Daisy the time she got lost. The Glandelinians were under Major Parker and Frank Weizer and mounted. They surprised and surrounded the boy scouts near a half covered ditch. The boy scouts at once opened a withering fire simultaneously from the ditch where he was hidden Henry Barrows machine gun spat bullets. The Major went down shot through the stomach and died the next day. The other officers fell from his horse his hip bone shattered. Before the surviving Glandelinians there were only ten of them out of forty could do anything the boy scouts then leaped for the ditch, join narrow and mount their horses, and the guard of soldiers saw the leader it was a girl. The mounted scouts turned and charged the remaining Glandelinians forcing them to scatter for safety. One of the boy scouts however was nearly captured through an act of treachery about twelve miles away from this scene. He had left the others after the Glandelinians were scattered. A pretty dark eyed little apparently country girl about his size stood by the high way near and seeing a boy on horse in uniform asked him for a lift in his horse to the next town.

The boy had asked her if she was going far.

"To Pandora if I can get there," said the girl.

"I'm going there myself," he said. The boy had said. He rode with him all that day and night making friends. He had noticed the uniform and military weapons he carried and as she gained his confidence, they halted and held to get practice on a side road the boy teaching her how to shoot. When she begged him to tell whether he was a Christian boy or not he admitted his identity and proposed that she join his troop as a girl scout. The chance of treacherous came while he was dismounted from his horse. A girl wearing a gray uniform as a Glandelinian scout leaped on the horse and fled—followed by a bullet which missed, notifying the Glandelinian that the thief was a town close to the Glandelinian encampments she acted as the decoy by riding slowly along the high way, knowing the boy would slowly follow with his new found girl friend to the claim his horse. He did and yet would have been captured if it had not been for the girl he befriended. The boy had a sack on his back and noticing they were hand grenades she suddenly seized one, and flung it at the party of horse men. The bomb missed them, but the explosion disconcerted the men, and the boy managed to have time to jump back on his own horse pick up his girl friend, hold his arms tight around the one who had betrayed him despite her screams and brought her prisoner within the Christian lines.

It was when the disappearance of little Daisy became known, that the whole Christian army boiled. From General Hindemine to the soldier the word passed "Find her at all costs." That had followed was a quiet get together of military agencies which had seldom acted as a unit in the past. One weakness of the system was its subdivision into separate jurisdictions and isolated local units. No such unit alone could cope with such a problem as that of the disappearance of little Daisy. Therefore the Gemini, the boy and girl scout troop, the military police and many soldiers agreed to act together and impelled special special military deputies and general officers calling out 1,000 members of the Vivianites in four companies assigned a company to each. The force across the Pandora territory a blockade unit was organized. When the Abbeinnian Department of justice agents interested in the spy nests because of generals being robbed and kidnapping of Christian children and other war crimes were assigned to each field expedition. And the nearby other sections of the Christian armies sent military detectives and the best marksmen. Day and crowded places were many towns and villages the time before the zero hour. Then at the last minute, a surprising word was sent out by wireless—the drive was off. That was a tragedy. The officials knew so large a movement could not be effected and organized without a leak. They wanted the Glandelinian spies who they suspected for the disappearance of Daisy to relax their vigilance. Long before dawn the blockade units moved from many points at once, sheltered by the blinding rain of the morning part of the all night thunder storm that seemed to have broken out that night almost immediately after little Daisy was known to be lost. The spots for the blockade had been previously chosen. On reaching them, barricades for many kind of traffic were arranged and signs posted.

"Halt. By the order of the military law."

A band of Glandelinian spies believed to have known something about the disappearance of little Daisy were caught by the blockades between a wide and deep willow creek. The Glandelinians riding their fast horses came within sight of the blockade. They seemed caught by surprise, but disregarding the shouts of "halt" they fought their way fiercely through the line of men and almost escaped but were followed by a barrage of shots. A number of them about six were killed, and every one who was left down. The spies however were of the desperate dare devil kind who knows no surrender. They allowed themselves to be captured alive and they fought on until they had no ammunition left, and then by using their fighting knives continued the conflict deeper until they were all killed. A solitary horse at the Normas live bridge near Normas rapids was found and it was believed it was one spy who had escaped. But later it was found he had met his death in the creek. Trying to wade across he was caught in quicksand and his help for help was not heard and he went under a few miles west of Pentaga. Near Pandora a hard fighting squadron of horse men got through—they seemed to have been led by two women, and the officers were inclined to believe they were some of the chief leaders of the spies. At all events they fought their way to safety celebrating their escape later by killing six State Military Highway Patrolmen on horse back near a prairie town.

To Violet and her sisters the capture of these seven spies and the unusual almost comical rescue of little Daisy was an event that made them sit up and take notice. The day after the trial and condemnation of the spies a newspaperman was able to prove before them and Penrod that these spies had been wanted by all sorts of agencies and the lives of ten nations for the last two years and never could be captured or even

turned. Of course Penrod confessed that he had captured them more by chance accident than by intention at the start for he had only intentions at the time to find and recover little Daisy. Then not finding any signs of Daisy among them he even after capturing them had not suspected they had anything to do with the disappearance and not even knowing she was in the bundle had no inclinations at first of even taking it along. The only thing that decided him was that whatever the bundle of clothing was might come in handy for giving to some poor refugees and there for he had abruptly changed his mind and brought it along. It seemed strange too that little Daisy should be so waylaid within the Christian lines where surely of all places beyond even

any man she should be safe from attack, and then carried off. When she was asked why she didn't even take some weapons with her knowing that as an experience before spies even within the Christian lines had beset her and her sisters, but she answered that she did, but that they had surprised her so suddenly in the dark and without warning that they had her before she could draw anything as quick as she was. They took everything away from her. Too she had been able to hear every word Tim and Penrod said when they were within the shack, and how she felt when Penrod discovered her dress and the bloody knife and thought that she had been murdered. He had not been able to call out a word because she had been gagged. She stated too the bundle had not been wrapped around her as tightly as supposed and had she not been bound she could have easily worked her self out of it.

"But it does seem strange," said Violet. "That you didn't suspect anything like little Daisy being in side the bundle."

"I'll admit it does," said Penrod in answer. "But how, I think of such a thing? The excitement of capturing those Glandelinians, and also by the violent afternoon thunder storm, and my anxiety because she was missing made me think nothing at all about the bundle. At first though Tim suggested it to me I objected to even taking the bundle along with me. Daisy can tell you that if she heard my conversation."

"Yes that is true," said Daisy. "I sure got scared for, wondered what would happen to me if I would have been left in that shack tied up and inside that bundle. I might have been there for a long time without anybody knowing it and unless something came about I might have perished. I sure was awfully worried in it too."

"I should say you was," said Penrod. "What clothes you had on were as wet as if the rain had soaked you. You see it was the angels that charged my mind and caused me to bring you along. After this any of you who go out alone better not take chances, and bring along a strong escort. Especially at night. At least I suggest that you not go out nights any more."

"We won't," said Violet. "Daisy's experience shows there is peril even within our own camp. But nevertheless Daisy's capture caused also the capture of the Glandelinians we were so long after and couldn't get hold of. But it is strange still that they took little Daisy for you Penrod."

"They were after my disguise plans," said Penrod. "That was the statement at the Court Marshal. But tell me the whole thing in a nut shell Daisy dear why did those wags tie you up in the bundle?"

"Because they were afraid to keep me, and afraid to let me free," she answered. "They got scared of me because thought they wanted to undress me totally (and she blushed at this) with the purpose to cut me up because I would not reveal you plans about the disguises. I wouldn't matter what they threatened. Then one of them was told to tear the rent of my clothes off, and he made at me as if to do it, but some how or other some unseen force held him back. Then others tried to use their knives on me as I was but couldn't reach me. They called me a little little witch and forcees, said I was using magic spells to save myself, and then one of them suddenly thought I was one of the Vivian girls, and told his comrades that angels of power possessed me as he heard we are in that condition. They were scared of me then, feeling that the storm was letting up one of them then placed all those heavy clothing on the ground in the grass with ropes at length under them and afraid to touch me used a long branch to roll me onto the ropes and coats. Then they were placed around me and the ropes drawn fast. Then they would not even touch the bundle, they rolled me into the car in all the way, and used a scoop shovel to lift me onto the couch. Then they dared me and left and I thought they'd never come back, but the storm was now making them come back for shelter. That is how you captured them."

"But I didn't capture them," said Penrod. "It was Tim."

"But I didn't capture them," said Daisy. "I heard every word. You are trying to make Tim the hero instead of yourself. You even shot the one escaping from the cabin for, know the way you fire pistols."

"But why didn't you try to do something?" when I lifted up the bundle like you did when you secured that soldier?" said Penrod. "I would have suspected then you were something was alive in the bundle."

"Then little Daisy giggled. "You go my dear brother," she said, "So you thought I was a young hog that would rush out as soon as you opened the bundle. You had time close the door so, wouldn't get away."

Penrod's face reddened at that but he grinned. "Well I'll admit that is true," he said. "Because the farmer reported the loss of two horses, a full grown one and a youngster. That is why I thought one was in the bundle. But you know what a shock I received when it turned out to be you."

"Yes said Daisy soberly." You looked as if you had seen me dead instead of alive. I believe you love me and my sisters more than we deserve."

"Don't say that Daisy dear," said Penrod. "There are lots of good things you deserve that you don't even get. The good are made to suffer the wicked to prosper. Never mind I smell something funny. The Glandelinians will run from you faster than they'll do from child scouts some day. You'll be the instrument of Glandelinia's downfall. They have the upper hand on you little girls now but I know they'll be a day of reckoning. We believe he went on that we are more spies who may have been implicated in your kidnapping and in addition to sending a strong guard to the Farmer's place to make sure he won't be molested since he helped to cause your rescue. Other men many of them hastily summoned from the nearest Federal Agency are sent to keep watch in the vicinity of the lonely cabin. They have orders to arrest who ever approaches, and a strong relay of the men are provided so that watch can be kept up night and day. Besides this other men from the Military Secret Service and the Gemini are scouring the country around the locality of the cabin, seeking a trace of two other persons whom the farmer testified were with you kidnappers but who had been seen accompanying the pig. If those rascals are to be found, they'll find him. I've claimed the bike where it had been left for evidence, and the captain said that it is not damaged beyond repair and he'll make it as good as new for no charge at all. He can easily replace the parts which is missing and repair it as it was. Meanwhile there is much to be done for us. I'm going to strike hard for what has happened, though Daisy dear you look pretty and more sanctified since it did happen, and now too you look as if you had an adventure after a while with mentioning that shows it by you. Little Daisy Dear never theless during this time the Secret Service men are still busy looking up clues which might lead to the finding of the main leader of your kidnappers who has escaped so far and will keep watch in the vicinity of the cabin. Every section will be guarded night and day so no spy can come around here to do further damage. Also an investigation is being made by Dargan and Gale of the Universal Gemini Society of Pandora, though nothing yet can be proved to link secret Glandelinian spies within their members with the outrage. Gale and I are though states that the case is true, and too bad Rodney Graves whom Dargan can depend on is in Pandora Abbeinnia just now on Government military business and cannot be informed. But all this takes time even though the waiting is wearisome, particularly in the case of this main spy leader whom we know as M. Nesto. No further trace of him can be found, though every effort is being made. He is dangerous sister, a Gemini of the foe to say and for Heavens sake watch out for him. Our troubles are not over as long as he is at large, and I'm beginning to feel sister's dear that my boasts before you of my enemies having to get up very early in the morning to get ahead of me is premature to say the least. No apprehend that someone and the rest of his followers we will have to work hard. I am determined that there will be nothing lacking when it comes to the main test, the Government is ordered to help me at its best and not only to make sure that no enemy further tempter with you my dear sisters but to take pains to see that none can even come within Pandora of that nature to mar anything. General Jackson and the other men of the Gemini are helping to the best of their ability, and Tom Swift suggested to me some improvements which which not are only incorporated in the case of your safety and happiness in the future but in the apprehension of all rascally spies in the future. As to say sister a dear one of the puzzles of the Gemini Secret Service men had to solve was that of the connection if any between the men who had anything to do with the kidnapping of you Daisy, and those who had tried to kill us by placing the bomb that shed which exploded and blew up the engine while we were in the place. That there is some connection I am certain myself but so far we cannot work it out for it does not seem possible for us to do what the government men cannot do. We have gone through lots of tests since the war had started especially you little girls. I had and you have done well though the severest tests of them all. That I was informed recently was that this thing that happens to you little girls really is a big test also on our very government. We will have to complete something for ourselves to make safety more

secure for you and have the situation refined to a point where even Dargan's critical judgement will be satisfied. All that remains now positively is to give Dargan and others a chance to see how brilliantly you follow us can do the proper thing, and to this end every thing will be done to capture M. Nesto and his followers. I'd like to put a silence on all these Glandelinian spies and make the same example of M. Nesto as has been called as had been done with the others who kidnapped Daisy. My plan is to perfect the disguises I have made and in them we can trail the spy trick him and capture him. If we can do that we can demonstrate to the enemy how dangerous too we can become if, unless continually sick his spies on us. Then by some contrivance we can also do some thing else better for we could surprise Manley and his headquarters and get away with a lot of goods. I only wish however that Susan Farrol could be here to see us go off. She was the one who really started me off on this idea so to speak, as it was she gave me the plan since she learned Daisy had been stolen. But Susan Farrol was busy somewhere at a far distant part of the camp to come to see that, which we could start doing to morrow afternoon, starting from the south end of Pandora. I'll start," added Penrod.

"I'll show you on this map what route we could travel on."

"That suit's me," said Violet. "If we can do all you say we can do und as much as I believe we can do we are sure will be your debtors as we are sure are for the rescue of little Daisy."

"Well we will see," said Penrod with a smile. Preparations were made with the greatest care and Penrod went over every detail of the proposed pursuit twice to make certain that they would understand what he meant, and made sure too that no one was over-hearing what he was saying and be able to do something to thwart him at an unusual moment. But everything was all right, and finally the expedition was started all being in their new respective disguises. They also wore soft silent shoes so that no matter where they walked no sound could be heard. They didn't this time go on their own horses for that would give them away as they were well known to the enemy. Penrod speeded the expedition up to almost the last notch going down one of the city's main big wide streets, and having a party of Angelinian boy and girl scouts coming with them as a covering escort to prevent mishap or delay in case they again like before came unexpectedly upon a party of child scouts or even cavalry who would mistake them for foes.

"We are doing fine," said Penrod.

"Wonderful beautiful," said Violet.

"It's just too beautiful for words," added Jennie.

"Would have believed it possible," declared Joice.

"Yes but we will have to have the final test when we enter the foe lines if we can," added Argline.

"Not so soon," declared Penrod. "Don't do anything, until I give the proper directions. We cannot tell what M. Nesto is in the foe lines or not. We have to first make a minute examination of the hang out of these spies, but taking the chances to go among them in their hill recesses and pose as spies."

"You idea is fundamental and simple," said Catharine. "Put won't it be very dangerous?"

"If we know our onions it will be so simple in fact that it will be a wonder we have thought of it before," said Tim. "It's the last word in planning something against the enemy, but we must not apprise the enemy of our approach until we can fool them into thinking we are of their side. But we will have to serve those spies really for a time though in order to fool them. Then we will have done some of the Prince."

"I'd rather than you say that after the test is made," replied Penrod with a laugh. "Are we ready to start on our journey?"

"We have no more," said Violet.

"How about you James? Do you want to chance a day or two within foe encampment or with those spies in the hills?"

"Oh I'm ready to go with you Penrod. You can't start too soon to suit me. But isn't the danger greater on our own side of the view. Remember the Gemini, and all military are striving to capture and destroy all those spies and if they succeed we'll also meet disaster."

"I've got my plans against that," said Penrod. "The whole party started off. They have sent silently as before and the first good impression of our intentions was a confirmed. Even as they were moved along the secret court racks as if on parade there was hardly no noise from their covered horse. Penrod had taken the van; for good purposes while Tim and the boys were behind his sister, and the escort in two columns on each side. All eagerly watching James was there to find fault if he could, but he was glad he did not have to.

"The plan ought to work perfectly Penrod," he said. "My report cannot be otherwise than favorable."

"You haven't been in too much of a hurry," said Penrod who had learned caution to a full extent from his Indian friends over in America. "I want to continue on past the houses for several hours. Sometimes things like this will work well at first, but defects will develop when we least expect it. I'm going to do my best to have the horses make a noise with their hooves by running them all full speed. All ready? Go."

But it seemed impossible. The horses went onward as fast as they could go, and no sound came from their hooves. They could ride any where at day or night and never be heard and discovered. The day too was hot, and the sun shone. Only they hoped the horses wouldn't be another thunder-storm to make their plans.

"Of course this is not the prime requisite," said Tim. "But it is a good one. What we want is to be even able to approach neutral enemies at night without being heard, and, I think we ourselves can do it--in fact I'm sure it will."

As they continued on it became evident that the test was going to be a success. The afternoon passed, and it began to grow dark but a glorious full moon was up.

"Shall we turn home now," enrod asked.

"Not quite yet. I thoroughly enjoy this and it isn't often I get a chance for a moonlight horse back ride. Let's go a little closer if you please and we will see if we can attract a little of the attention from the people in the houses. We'll see if we can possibly find out if they hear our horses, though I don't see how they can."

And they did not. They even went past a park where a big crowd of women and children and old men still remained because it was a warm night. Though those on horse back passed only fifty feet from them, not a person not a person was aware of it for no body looked that way.

"That settles it," said Tim. "You have succeeded Penrod." But Penrod was not yet satisfied. He wanted a longer test. Hardly knowing why he did it he continued in the direction of Angelina's home. He heard a horse gallop across his lawn with the rest, and saw in the moonlight that she and Angelina were walking in the garden. They did not look in their direction as they passed and were totally unaware of their presence unless they caught a glimpse of them after they passed in the distance.

"It is perfectly wonderful," declared Walter Starling, and he spoke in ordinary tones that carried perfectly to the ears of Penrod and the rest. "Wonderful indeed!" cried Tim. "It's the best invention in the world. Yes, it is. Don't tell me it isn't."

And no one did.

Then Penrod and the rest returned home and discovered their disguises. Penrod intended to stop but a minute to assure his father that every thing concerning his plans was all right, and then return to his sisters to help them set the table for supper. But when Penrod sought his father in the library he was told there was a visitor in the house.

"Penrod," said his father. "This gentleman is from a Government Agency from Angelina's mother. He wants to arrange as he says for a government test of your disguises. I told him, thought you were about ready for it."

"A government test," cried Penrod. "Show the man in," he said turning to an orderly.

A tall elderly looking gentleman was ushered in. He was dressed in a Governmental uniform, very very high toned to say and wore a magnificent hat.

"Well, Prince," was the genial greeting. "I have come to tell you that the favorable report made by my friends and myself as to the performance of acted in the capturing of those seven spies, the death of three of them, and the rescue of you sister Daisy has been accepted by the War Department and the Government as of the other nations who had been afflicted by those spies is an achievement beyond measure. These nations wish you reward you, and so has our War Department. And I have come to ask what you wish for a reward."

"Penrod rose.

"I have my reward. The whole world hasn't money enough to buy my love of little sister Daisy. He is my reward," he said. "What--what?" faltered the Government agent whose name was George Andrews. "Why I understood--you don't mean--they told me you sister went through a storm and bad weather to rescue your sister and capture those landlubber spies. What gives you this reward?"

"I hope I am not mistaken," interrupted Penrod with a smile. "And when I say that I have all ready been rewarded by having my little sister back with me I mean just that. What gives you reward could expect."

"You must," faltered the Government Agent. "You say." "-----"

"I mean," went on Penrod, "that the greatest achievement of capturing those men and

is the best reward I could have wished for. A whole Nation hasn't what I and my father have so what reward could we expect."

"Oh," said the Government Agent. "Oh."

And that was all he could say for a whole while.

After the man left surprised that Penrod refused the reward Penrod went to help his sisters explaining to them that he had been detained by a visitor. It was not until supper that Penrod and his sisters went out into the beautiful moonlight.

"Every thing looks enticing now," said Violet why a shy curious look at Penrod. "Let's sit on this bench in the garden."

"Sure plenty of moon light here and we can talk, and--and--"

"I'd just as soon," said Penrod quickly, and soon they were seated, he in the center between the beloved prisoners. "That's the case of the little girls we once saw of him but Violet herself had shown herself on the ground. Now dear Penrod," she cried pointing a finger at him. "What did Father say when you asked?"

"Before Penrod could say the word on the end of her tongue, Jennie suddenly almost roughly by accident clapped a hand over her brother's mouth and cried:

"That bush. It moved. And there's no wind. Joice and Angelina jumped from the bench and ran toward the bush. Catherine ran in another way. But it was too late. Some one was seen leaping a fence and he got away and was out of sight."

"Another spy," gasped Daisy. "My goodness Penrod I'm glad Jennie stopped you from speaking."

"Let's go inside in our reception room," said Violet. "No body will bother us there. We will place guards under our windows and guards whom we know."

This was done, and the guards were Tim, Nell, and Angelina, Joice, as well as James and Walter standing under the window. They knew the command. They didn't need to ask. It was short first and explain after wards.

"Father said," began Penrod. "That none of us must go to that spy camp for any thing. It is dangerous almost to suicide."

"None of us?" Are you sure?" In her excitement Jennie looked serious. "Did you say he said none of us must go there?"

"Penrod nodded.

"I cannot help it sister," he said. "I did the best I could. But Father was so scared as to be almost cross. He says it is not the danger from the spies themselves in case they cannot detect us, the real danger is even to suicide is from our guards and if they clean up the spy camp as they are trying to do now and see us among them, and us in disguise they'll think we are the decoys and we may never get a chance to prove our identity and something may happen that will be terrible. The father is right. Let the spies try it on us. I don't care a mite about that part of it. He says we ought to stay home for the time being in Pandora and take a vacation from the military work and not bother any more about the spies as long as they do not bother us. As long as we are main within the city we'll be safe as no more spies can enter. I'll stay home and help Mrs. Jerry in the house, and Father, and go forth with the instructions with the boy and girls. And then we too can go to school again while we have a little chance. We have had no chance going to school for a long time and here we have."

"Penrod said," said Jennie solemnly. "That would be a good idea but even if we went to school and continued to learn things where we left off, would it not happen that spies would steal the reward? But Father knows best and for all the we'd we wouldn't care to risk anything that he fears and objects to. We would not cause him any more worry and sorrow. He had enough when poor Daisy was missing. Oh dear, did you tell him about Nestor or Nestor?"

"Penrod nodded.

"He said that he'll be watched."

"Did you say that Nestor and many of his followers are still at large?"

"Yes," said Penrod. "But he thinks Nestor cannot get into the city."

"Cannot get into the city? If not then who was that trying to listen in on what Violet was going to say?" asked Hattie.

"Could it be Nestor?" asked Violet.

"Oh dear," cried Angelina, while a tea-half way down her cheek got lost in a dimple which came out unexpectedly. "That makes me think the spies will rather us even if we hide over in James' room. My called the United States. But did you tell Father about the letter we found from a prisoner who had been captured to day which they stole from our Aunt?"

"Yes, I gave him the letter and that made Father angry. Angrier than anything yet," said Penrod. "He said that Aunt Ann was out best Aunt and he could not see this happen even to her. He said she had educated us for many good things, and she had done so too, and the father showed that we should decide on that was best to be done but keep away from spy camp for Heaven's sake. Then I

told him that while we were to remain in Pandora until the army advances again we could be sent to school. If we wanted to go to that great child-rene Catholic school that is opposite the beautiful Church we always attend Mass. until vacation season starts."

"Till vacation starts. Penrod did Father say which vacation?"

"Why the vacation that starts this year this coming month of June. It did not make any difference to him; what is it?"

For Violet was rolling over and over on the floor screaming with laughter. "Oh Penrod dear, Penrod dear," she cried, "come on, come on quick." She got to her feet grasped Penrod by the hand and asking her sisters to wait for her she hurried with him up the stairs to their room under the eaves. Before the big mirror which hung in the angle she paused.

"He pulled from a drawer a wig of hair some of that which she generally wore but which formed the same as the hair she had on her head now and plumped it carelessly on Penrod's head.

Look," she cried.

Penrod and his sister looked into the mirror, then turned and stared breathlessly at each other. Penrod had not in his surprise removed the wig and still being gazing into the mirror they could not have told each other apart. Penrod though a boy almost looked so much like Violet that with the wig on he was a twin.

Penrod donned the wig again and looked, and Violet stood there and looked. With that wig on Penrod was as like Violet as one nodding Pansy is like another and just as good looking. One day Violet had long light hair but parted primly and braided in two braids because it was so warm. Usually she wore her hair loose and in beautiful little curls. The wig was the same fashion and color, Violet had big blue eyes with twinkles in them. So had Penrod but no twinkles. Violet had a small lovely tuft up at the corners of the mouth. So had Penrod. Violet had dimples on both cheeks and so had Penrod. On his dimple was much slower in coming than Violet's. The noses were perfect on both. This was the first time that Violet and Penrod found it impossible to tell each other apart and for a moment he did not realize what it meant. Violet drew a long breath.

"We can do it," she said to him looking at him now pleadingly. "If you are not ashamed to dress as a girl like most boys in the countess are?"

"Oh is that so? Well what is your game?" he asked with a grin, giving her a good hug and kiss and holding her long. "What is your game little creature of Heaven?"

"Do you object to dressing like a little girl?" she asked for he held her tightly though in his embrace she sure felt happy.

"No just tell me the game."

"We can do it," she said. "For with that hair on you have we'd be exactly the same. The plan came to me a minute ago when I remember I caught you once putting that on before supper to see how you looked in a wig. Well find out what the spies will go to school or not against us. If you dress as one of my sisters we'll leave him at our place acting as 'Penrod' staying home and we'll go to St. Gertrude's School. Then you'll be with us in disguise as one of our sisters. Then if we are a pestered you'll be the surprise of the school. It's not that the splendid idea."

"Yes indeed you hit that to the mark. Of course we can and of course we will. Just say when and if and why and so forth with the dresses and things and I'll try it out on Father and see if he can tell who I am while you stay up here. We just got to get a good education and this is the only way until the army moves. We'll start in to-morrow. I'll wear what ever clothes I put to me and Tim or James which ever the two wants can pose as me and stay behind. We'll tell mother and sisters all about it of course. But we won't need to tell Father. We'll spring on him a surprise. And maybe your plan will cause the capture of Mesto for I believe he'll pester us even in school. But how about my voice. It doesn't sound much like a girl's."

"Put some girls to talk with the sound of boys."

"Well I'll try to learn it."

"Father said he knows about the plan," said Violet happily for Penrod was still holding her lovingly.

"Well Mesto won't know anything of it. We'll have it for our secret between you and my sisters and the two princely boys. Oh Penrod but it will be fun."

"What will they think?"

"Who?"

"The child-rene who goes to St. Gertrude's school."

"Why Penrod dear they won't know. We were so often disguised no one knows us in the city very well. Penrod dear and we can go together as we are then for we need not disguise when going to school. From the minute we begin to school we'll be having good times, and you can assume the name of..."

"Who?" cried Penrod now almost excited as his sister.

"Jose Mary Vivian," chimed Violet.

"What is my middle name?" asked Penrod.

"You can keep what you have," she said. "It's a good Saint's name."

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Every thing that possibly could had turned golden as it seemed that warm early May morning. The city was bathed in bright sunshine which to day was unaffected by any forest fire smoke because a strong westerly wind was blowing. The army encampments were also busy.

To make it appear as if they didn't know too much already Violet and her sisters and Penrod chose to be in the Third Class Girls' Grade. Children in school rooms in this country are always good, quiet and well behaving but this time they couldn't help wriggling, and twisting and buzzing and humming. One of the girls even giggled and a freckled boy near her ducked his head and at first jumped away from a window in fright. Then it couldn't be helped, a sudden wave of laughter rippled across the room.

"What is it?" asked Sister Mary Ann. "It's somebody's old black horse," cried one of the girls almost giggling at the boy. "I guess she wants to come into school. Sister, she's sticking her head in the window."

"There was another ripple of laughter this time. 'It is my horse,' said a sweet blond like voice clearly. 'And I expect he is lonesome for me though how he followed me to school I do not know.'"

The sweet voice belonged to one of the little beautiful new girls with the this time beautiful yellow braids which nobody knew, but which all that time none of the children could hardly keep their eyes away from especially all the boys.

"Are you Angelina Vivian?" asked Sister Mary Ann.

"Yes I am."

"What is your horse doing in the school yard?"

"It is not my horse it is my father's. (Violet and her sisters did not reveal they were princesses yet and so were not known). 'Because of the war we had not had a chance to get to school for a long time as we I and my sisters here are girl scout leaders and instructors but we need our own kind of education. My Aunt and Father and big brothers think so. But I do not know how the horse came here some body must have carelessly let him out of the barn.'"

"A glad whinny from the horse finished Angelina's speech. And there she was stretching her long black head in the window toward her. The Sister herself couldn't help smiling. It looked so funny and the children all giggled.

"I'll let you off Angelina so you can bring back the horse," said the Sister almost laughing. "She'll distract the children, and too you father may miss her and think she is stolen."

Angelina obeyed. Slowly she led the horse called Mildred up the street toward home. It led across a bridge past the big white Catholic Church on between beautiful beautiful neat houses till it joined a new street in a

slant direction which led away into their town Street where their home was. Finally when they came within sight of home she drew a long breath, and looked at the saddle. Her quick eyes detected that the horse had been ridden by some one. Old Mildred tugged at the bridle.

"I'll be home," cried Angelina. "Who rode you two days the school house...? Of course you shouldn't ask you that, a horse cannot talk. But why come to the school yard and interfere with my schooling Mildred. You take a drink here while I look at the saddle."

While she looked at the saddle a man riding a fat brown horse came up to the water-tough. He was an old soldier-an off ice with white hair and shaggy white eyebrows.

"Oh ho what are you doing with you horse?" he asked. "I thought you were going to school for a while. Don't mind my voice Princess for it doesn't seem to belong to me."

Angelina looked up. Then she smiled for the old soldier's eyes were dark and merry like a boy's.

"I like it," she said, "but for years ago I can't call me princess here. For a while I and my sisters don't want it to be known. We don't want spies peeping us in school."

Then the old man did chuckle---the guff at kind of chuckle.

"Why are you not in school with you sisters?" he asked. "Father made a horse than school eh?" and he again chuckled.

Once more Angelina told her story. "But I never thought after some one rode her and got off that she would look me up," she cried.

"So it's your father's horse and somebody rode it?" I like the name of Mildred for a horse, and I like you and your sisters for you are as good and as brave as you are beautiful. How long do you think you'll stick to going to school?"

"Oh I'll stick to it as long as I can," laughed the man. "I'll tell you what I'll do so you won't need to go home so quick. I'll give the horse a good place

"to stay in my barn up there all evening," he said, his hand on a door handle and then a small city hill just outside the house. He said at last, "I'm William Father-William Brown of the Parish here, I'm the Pastor but I'm also in the army. Despite that being a priest, I've a nephew who goes to your school and is as anxious for schooling as you and your sisters are. Look out for him, Angeline. He is or may be a little girl and if he sees you you can't get him away. His name is William called Billy. Know him?"

"Has he got eyes like you and you?" cried Angeline. "And find a freckles?"

Father Brown threw back his head and laughed—a big guffaw laugh. "Biggest freckles the good sun ever made."

Angeline went back to school but she went up to the sisters' desk, and this time she whispered into the teachers' ear, and then the teachers assumed a surprised and yet respectful attitude and nodded her head yes, and Angeline took the phone and called for a number.

"Is this Father?" she asked.

"Good little angel yes," she answered.

"Did you see your horse and leave him in the school yard. You did not, you not even give orders for his use. Oh I see. Well, and the school room of child and that he sisters looked surprised and a little alarmed. "Somebody says that horse and I found evidences as was being him along, that who ever rode him was thrown off the saddle. Yes, I know, she went on, "You know as are trained so no one else can ride him. Yes I've got the hat of the fellow who had him for me, found it in the street. The horse was in the school yard. Find out from the man in charge of the barn. I'll hold the wire."

The news a few minutes wait and then came some more information over the phone. It lasted several minutes in which it was noticed she looked grave. Then then she said, "Yes Father. Sent a detail of boy and girls out over here as soon as possible."

"To to the surprise of the school room she said; sister something is wrong. I'm going to have the whole school house searched by boy and girls out."

"All right Princess," said the Sisters. "As you will."

Then Angeline turned to the class room and looking knowingly to her sisters said—

"We are known any way even though we tried to keep our identification to ourselves. I'm Princess Angeline Vivian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian. As she spoke an awed hush fell over the school room and the other daughters and my sisters. A spy stole Father's horse and that is how he came to be in the school room. The spy by this hat," she held it up, "is a man. Don't get scared though, as we are secretly armed and can protect you from him. If possible we'll have him captured if he is hiding anywhere in the school. This hat belongs to Mr. George Nestor, the very man we want."

Hi "Hi Princess Jennie. Princess Jennie."

A long shrill call, half whistle, half shriek brought Jennie to a stand still. It was her second morning at the school with her sisters. He was running just as fast as she could down the hill from Father Brown's having said he respects. He knew the whistle behind her belonged to the priest's nephew, Billy Violet had said that morning;

"What ever any one of us do, Jennie, don't turn Billy Brown down. He's been such a good boy to us even when he didn't know what we were. If you do, you'll break his heart. He's got funny loud ways of calling some one but he's sure a good boy."

That she and her sisters had seen of toys in school here made Violet and her sisters more than ever adore the boys. That they had done for Violet and her sisters cannot be told in detail here. When he overtook her she looked at him. Yet some how to day she didn't feel a bit like herself. She was so worried about the spy. Besides too, Billy could help her out. Though he was dressed as only a school boy he was a very secret captain of the Vivianites. And if there was anything she and her sisters liked best of all was the toys who served as scouts.

"In a hurry, are you not Princess?" Billy was saying. "Gosh it ain't late yet, you got twenty minutes. I've got some news for you. The time for the May Queen celebration is coming."

"For this school it isn't until the last Sunday," said Jennie. "To him she spoke exactly like a celestial angel and he felt awed at range in her presence. That's a week and a half away."

"Huh, that isn't long," said Billy. "Not when you have got to get ready for it. Such things as the M.S. will think of or think up you never heard of. What want to know is do you want to join or don't you?"

"The M.S.?" said Jennie.

"Yep," said Billy some what bashfully of course for her presence still awed him and made him feel queer. "The Mysterious Seven. They are seven of you when we do not count the other sisters of yours for she is a twin. There are a mother and a sister in it, but you and your sister can be in it if you want to. There are

a chance of being more girl than boy, but I'll do for two, and the others will be main out for you. Thank you." Billy grinned. "Oh don't let my dear mother call Jennie. I'd much rather not please, but some one else out of it if they were going to be in before me and my sisters. We would never think of that."

"Just as you like, of course," said Billy respectfully. "We are still the M.S. because S means Six as well as seven. Asked you caused you said you wanted to be in all the fun while you have a chance to go to school before you father's army advances."

"I don't mind," don't want to be any mysterious seven if it makes us put somebody else out," said Jennie.

"But they would sacrifice for you."

"I know. But just the same they are just as good as we are. We may be princesses but we don't snub any one or put ourselves above any one. They are as equal as we are any time, and they deserve the fun too."

"Just as you say," said Billy. "It is little girls like you who shouldn't have enemies any where. No wonder you and your sisters are so beautiful in looks and every thing. You are so good. Well then some girls will be looking for you soon. They're a little funny perhaps but you'll like them."

Just here Jennie and Billy turned the corner, and were run into by Billy's Uncle Father Brown. He was puffing along like a tug boat on dry land as the weather was very hot.

"Well bless my stars here you are Billy," he said. "I was just looking you up. But if Princess Jennie got you in tow I guess you're on the road to an education into heaven all right."

Father Brown smiled at Jennie, but her beautiful eyes seemed to be looking right through him and she smiled back. And her eyes were so strange and angelic like, and there was something so peculiar and almost supernatural about her that he was almost as awed of her as was Billy. She was some what sorry however when he had gone on his way and Billy after politely bidding her good bye till after school had gone on his way with some boys who paid their respects to her. Her sisters had gone on ahead. But she had scarcely had gone on ten steps alone when she was pounced upon by three little girls, who lovingly dragged her along all talking and laughing together. Jennie knew them at once. The head headed one who spoke so plainly that you could understand every word but who always giggled as if she was happy and cheerful no matter what happened was Norah Joahan. The Brown-eyed, curly poly one was Polly Anna Sebastian. The one who called her Poly Question box. A taller, fairer one whose hair was fluffed about her face and tied with pretty blue ribbons, was Mary Anna Mildredson.

There was such a babble of talk, which sounded like the Queen of the May, the movable Sacred Heart, and other things that Jennie was not sure of any thing until she found herself in the school room—the center of a group of excited boys and girls about Sister Mary Anne's desk. "We've brought the sweetest angel of the school," cried Poly Question box. "And we have told her all about it—And she'll be the Queen of May." "Will you Princess Jennie?" said Sister Mary Anne eagerly. "Say yes, Jennie, quick," cried Norah pleadingly. "Why I love to act things," said Jennie, "but my sisters could do no as well. They are as good as me and—"

Violet and her other sisters surrounded her at once. "You are going to be the queen of the May," said Violet, "decidedly. We have decided that ourselves. You have had never so good time, you've got it worse than we have and deserve something good for once. And oh how we would love to see how you look. You're so pretty already why you'll hold the whole audience in the procession. Spell bound."

"Do you really mean, should do it?" Jennie caught her breath. "You must you must," said the whole school room of children. "We won't have the procession without you. You are chosen."

"But what do you mean, the queen of the May?"

"Why you are so pretty," said Billy himself now coming up. "That you could act as the live Statue of our blessed Mother. It'll do her great honor and honor which never had equalled, and you are so good, so good surely it would be the greatest event in the school."

"And the procession will be given from the Church and back," said Sister Mary Anne. "And I'm sure you'll bring more love to the blessed Mother than ever before."

"I'll try to do it," she finally said. "I hope they would make a mistake and think I'm here," and she giggled.

"I've always wished I could help our dear blessed Mother in something," said Jennie that night, when she told Father and the others all about everything.

"It will be just splendid to join such a beautiful procession," said Billy.

not to act as King of Abilene. His Uncle Father Penrod is so planned--polly would have taken part in anything before Father Penrod believes it is because I and my sisters have held him spell bound. He is in love with us something. He thinks we are little angels like the rest and is a little scared of us too. He told Teen (going to be Columbus and Tom and Paul are going to be Kings of two other Christian nations. Polly and Laura and Norma are heavenly court ladies. I've got to wear a train--

"There's a beautiful blue dress upstairs in your mother's trunk" said Mother Jerry, which would fit just like that. "The very thing" cried Jennie happily. "You'll help fit it to me won't you Mother Jerry. Don't make me try to fit it though. The beautiful big heavy beads of Mother's and the shining jeweled pins will be good on our fingers to show as our Blessed Mother does the Graces that she bestows upon the whole world."

"I'm glad you accepted to do that Jennie dear" said John. "You are the prettiest and most worthy with the best one of us all."

"You and my other sisters are just as worthy as I am" said Jennie decidedly. "Please don't say that, and I hope I myself won't get more honor than the blessed Mother does when, poor as he when a little girl in the procession. If they do I'll tell them something. When I'm the little queen of the day I want to forget all about Jennie Vivian, and think only of her and our Blessed Mother."

"But why didn't you also join the Mass" said Angeline. "It's going to be a beautiful church service they'll begin to know we love others only and not ourselves."

"And don't we. Of course we do. These six girls and I'll be the ones in it first and they were going to sacrifice themselves for me and you and my other sisters. I suppose if I had spoken of Penrod he Billy would have dropped out to let him in his place. Penrod this evening said I was right."

"But that'll make those kids love us more than ever!"

"Not that we'd now" said Penrod with his grin though he still had the girls make up on having forgotten to move it. "Please I don't want to hear it. You act as if you even have no pride for you yourselves at all. You are worthy of the love of your worst enemies (his brow grew dark as he said this) but they're too deep in the slough of sin to have any love for anybody."

"I can't help it though" said Jennie. "I can't see where other people are less than I am and my sisters do say the same--you know that's true Penrod." "You are right" said Penrod taking her in his arms. "But you deserve more happiness than you are. I love you. Remember me to my other dear sisters. They are possessed of angels, and don't think angels don't suffer and weep with you when things don't go right for you. Something will happen you'll see Jennie dear. You and my dear sisters including myself have won the children of our class but those of the whole school and the Sisters besides. The other Superior acts as if you are angels instead of little girls and is a little scared of you. You must look supernatural to her."

"If that procession comes on the last Sunday I hope it doesn't come no more" said Violet. "I'd hate to see such a good church procession break up."

"We could have it any way" said Jennie laughing as Penrod held her in his embrace. "Who is afraid of rain. And we all, all us kids could carry an umbrella and one could hold a good colored one over me. If it's a hot clear day we'll need them any way. I'll bet it'll be the prettiest sight ever seen."

"If spies don't interfere with it." said James.

At this Penrod laughed and said, "Let them interfere. They'll have some one to reckon with they won't expect. Evans is going to be there and when he is look out."

"That makes every thing so strange to me these days since we started going to school" said Catherine. "Every time we go the street in the morning is gold red or red gold, and gold red in the afternoon when we come back."

"We have noticed that too" said Violet. "I'm afraid it's some phenomenon."

At that moment from the kitchen came the sound of muffled snapping and popping. Suddenly Angeline, Angeline, Angeline with little Jennie burst in. With them came the tempting odor of hot popcorn.

"I'm going to take your father's lantern" Angeline cried and go to a store to buy some apples to roast. You take a candle, Violet my dear cousin and get me some butter. Guess we'll have a good supper to night."

But Violet offered to go for Geary and Gertrude let her while Penrod climbed the steep attic stairs. He looking as much like Violet as ever filled a basin with nuts. Then he crossed to the window to see if Violet, happy violet now was in sight. A big waving circle of light showed where the old bit lantern hung in a tree, and a swirling of rough and thudding of apples told that Violet had failed to find a store open to milk and get James permission and help to get some of his own apples from a tree. Then fun started that

James believed he'll never forget in his life. It concerned Violet, and Penrod, and superstitious Abilene.

Penrod was about to call out to Violet and James, when down in the yard he saw something white and white. Into the square of light made by the kitchen window below came three tall slender figures. Two were dressed as Civilians and the third was a sort of Christian uniform. Each for some reason carried a sheet, but what the three were going to do, Penrod never knew. In his anxiety to find out, and to get ready with his pistol he leaped forward. In his foot hit the basin, it tipped, he grabbed for it, accidentally sent it flying and with a clatter of nuts it fell straight down and landed bottom side up on the step--the head of the uniformed man himself. He clapped his hands to his head, looked up, saw Violet in the window looking down, and then he glanced at the tree, and his "o-om" fell with a ring crash on the stones of the drive way. But instead of doing any of the things the man was expected to have done, he with a yell took to his heels, and with one startled look up and, at window, and then the two others flinging the sheets aside followed in panic.

Falling and getting up again, scrambling and scrambling, their sheets which they had covered flapping about them like some great white wings, all three disappeared afterward into the darkness just as some soldiers seen the fleeing figures and after crying "Halt" opened fire, but did not hit them. When Penrod came down hearing shrieking down stairs a moment after he burst in and found all of his sisters screaming--with laughter.

"Oh Dear Penrod, dear Penrod" Violet shrieked when she could speak. "They came only some joking men really men we know well to play a joke on me and when they came by the orchard they saw me up in a tree in a circle of light. That didn't frighten them any, and they came on, just as still, and then when you accidentally tipped the nuts out of the window, they saw me all over again up in the window. That was you Penrod dear, don't you see. They saw two men to Violet's at the same time--and I believe they think they saw double, or spooks--or something, for surely there is no little civilian girls who are twins. The jokes all on them. Oh Penrod why don't you laugh."

And Penrod then did laugh.

"To think of three men being afraid of me and you," she said. "That's the funniest sight I ever saw."

When James came into the school room the next morning with his sisters and Penrod too (in his disguise) Father Hardy, the superintendent of the school stood at Sister Mary Ann's desk.

"Here's a little coming to the Queen of May now," said Sister Ann. "Then she called Princess Jennie."

Jennie went to the desk.

Father Hardy is going to be the conductor of the May procession," said Sister Ann smiling at her. "And he wants to know if you will do it for another church too on the last of May."

"I--I--don't know," hesitated Jennie. "You see Father Hardy I can't act things all the time. Any one of my sisters deserves the honor too and it wouldn't seem fair for me to take part in everything and ;;;;"

"You are a first rate little queen anyhow," said Father Hardy, smiling down into Jennie's troubled face. "We all appreciate the fact that you are not at all selfish and think of others as much as you yourself. But you are so pretty that you would fit the part well well."

"But it wouldn't seem fair!"

"Jennie, Jennie don't" warned Violet. "You know what we told you. You really don't don't get the good things when you should. We ourselves could be something else some time. Do it for good Father Hardy. We'll act as your escort in that procession and do the singing."

"And I shall do it all night with me," he whispered to her.

"With me please, with me please," pleaded Polly Queen Fox.

"You promise me" said Father Hardy slipping her a wink through Jennie's. "And any how my mother is going to ask you and your sisters for the Feast of the Sacred Heart in June."

"I can't come to the feast of you at once," said Jennie. "But come to us. You'll have our company and besides under no conditions without necessary reason causes would I leave my darling sisters without their consent. Yes Sister then I'll bet the queen of May for Father Hardy too."

"All right," said Father Hardy. "Princess Jennie will be the Queen of May for me too, and you think Billy will be the attendant?"

"If Jennie asks him" smiled Sister Ann.

"And now what are you going to do about it?" asked Jennie that night after she had told her sisters of Father Hardy and others about everything every thing. "It doesn't seem fair that I should act the part and none of you my sisters act the second time. I felt like giving it over to you Violet."

You are so lovely as pretty as me. I shouldn't take the part twice and

[illegible]

gaily, she had a complete collection of dresses and a hat
 "Oh! the people told him I ought to get married," she
 said.

hurry and everything, suppose. But the only thing to do child is to keep on going---I'm sorry I can't carry any more of you. Why doesn't the baby cry? Is there anything the matter with her?"

"Sleep," wailed Minnie as she sobbed and sobbed after the word, as she stumbled along.

"The sleep," said Harold. "Ist I with."

"If I only knew where you came from, and where you could be sent," said Catherine. "I wonder if they are really child slaves who escaped from some Gladiolusian encampment," she wondered to herself.

But there was another chorus of sobs mixed up with "Minnie" Harold, and the baby over and over again.

"You really mustn't," said Catherine. "Why if my good father should hear you, or the good boys at home, and my sisters too, I don't know what they would say. Let's play something. I know---I'll play I'm a little angel, and you are the little ones I'm guarding, and whom I'm taking to that big handsome home up there which will be like a heaven."

"House too big, too big for child slaves," said Minnie.

"Too big," echoed Harold.

"We'll play you are exactly the right size for it," said Catherine firmly. "One of you shall go into the front door first---Minnie, I think, and Harold then next, and I'll carry the baby."

But this distribution was no far from pleasing that howls again rose. It was a loudly weeping wailing crowd that finally crawled up the last hill of the street and turned into the yard of James and Germaine's home. Catherine was almost crying herself. He didn't even wait for the small flying figure to come down the stairs and from the mail box, even though it waved a letter at her, for she didn't see it. She pushed open the door, plumped the baby into Mrs. Jerry's arms, thrust Minnie and Harold into the big rocker, and fell on the floor in a breathless heap herself.

"Land of mercy," cried Mrs. Jerry. "What's all this?"

"Minnie, Harold and the baby," gasped Catherine. "A whole wailing kindergarten for you."

At this minute little Daisy burst in.

"Why didn't you wait Catherine dear?" she began. "I've been over to the letter box, and here's a letter for you from James and Germaine Vivian in one envelope,-----my gracious Harvonn Catherine whose are those babies?"

"I believe they are May presents," cried Catherine getting her breath with a laugh. "Minnie, Harold, and the baby-----please stop crying-----those funny hatted soldiers won't see you here. Minnie is for you Daisy and my sister Violet can have Harold. And the baby-----"

Here the door opened and into the hubbub came Eugene Vivian.

"What's all this?" he began looking bewildered.

Harold stopped crying. He crawled down from his chair, walked across the floor, and held out his hand to the tall stately gentleman and Monarch who just now was not in uniform but in handsome citizen's clothes.

"How-de-do," he said sweetly. "Fleath may I go in to your Tristram Thocking?" The poor kid thought it was going to be Christmas no doubt. When Eugene Vivian actually picked up Harold, and walked with him to the lounge Catherine gasped.

"So you have a letter from your two good brothers?" said Eugene Vivian, quite as if nothing had happened. Open it. Maybe they sent something good to you little girls."

"But first," said Catherine "what are we going to do with the little child?"

CHAPTER TWENTY THREE.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS BEGINS TO HAVE THE SADDEST TIME YET ON THE CORN.

"We will decide that after you have read the letter," said her father. "After you have read it to me then you can show it to Penrod and your sisters and the three other good boys."

Catherine had a hard time to study out the scrawling any old way without that looked like that done by a four-year-old child. It was not that their two big brothers did not write well, it was done so that in case the letter did fall into enemy hands, they could not read it, and besides it was written in poor English as a disguise, the two having had an English man do it for them. Catherine read aloud;

"Dear best sisters--"

"Dear best sisters and brother Penrod;

"I hope now you have had a few chances to let the enemy know it is time to be afraid of you since you have had plenty of schooling between times. I am sending you three small gifts. They are so beautiful and pretty, I am sure they will please you. I captured them from the enemy's lines. I know you will use and guard them well. What you do with them will again prove to us as you have always proved, what kind of little girls from Heaven you are, and whether or not I and Germaine may trust you with other important gifts. I am moving my army now toward El Vaso, and Germaine is advancing toward La Poloma. When we come back to see you and father as soon as possible we hope to see the boys who helped you to escape from the spies through Depressionville.

Affectionately yours.

Your brothers,
James and Germaine Vivian.
Your two good and loving Princes.

With many kisses we bid you good bye
for the time being and we'll be seeing each other in about
ten days."

"I just hate this war and readfully that it keeps our two big brothers so far away from us so long and so often," said Daisy. "And where are your three gifts I'd like to know."

"The three did you find these children?" asked her father suddenly, just as her sister came down with Penrod, and the three boys and gave a start of surprise as they saw the children, having been brought down by so much crying they heard. As best as she could Catherine, with wails from Minnie, and Harold, and the baby, Catherine told. After leaving the train the children had evidently come into the city in some military express wagon, and some how or other must have crawled off the wagon when it stopped some where and then strayed down the street until they were where she picked them up.

"Just like my great sons," said Eugene Vivian. He took up the letter from Catherine, but couldn't read it, and asked her to do so again before he started which she willingly did.

"Moving on El Vaso and La Poloma," said their father. "My sons have always been doing the most unheard of things. Enemy cannot check them anywhere. Yet they rescued and shipped these babies to us---it's a wonder they ever got here but they did."

"Father," cried Violet "do you mean---does the letter mean---that our two good brothers sent those three little babies to us?"

"Looks like it doesn't it?" said Eugene Vivian. "Well we'll have to take care of them."

"Angelina dear," said Violet suddenly to Germaine Angelina.

Angelina Vivian was mending one of her own uniform stockings at one side of the table. Violet was doing something with a piece of paper and a fountain pen. (not then)

...while, he would see - sliding down the haystack in the barn. The baby was
crying...

"Well, Princess dear?" said Angelina Aromag.
"Do you think we could spare all the gauz-ampies we've been collecting?"
"Well," said Angelina Aromag again, as she thrust her needle with all the good number of us have besides yours, I should think we might. But shut on earth to do with with all your gauz-ampies, Violet dear!"

"I've been calculating," said Violet. "If I could take eight geograpies every single day for thirty days, I'd have given away to many of our school mates two hundred and forty geograpies, that's twenty dozen. The children on account of the war cannot obtain those well needed books any where and all of them want to study so they can also become boys and girls scouts as soon as vacation starts."

"But I'm not going to sell them! I intend to give them away. What do I need old money for? We get more luxuries than we need and Heaven knows we can do a lot for the war-weary and the refugees."

"Giving them to the school children for nothing?" said Angelina.
"Why yes. There's a good stock of them in our library, that many of the school children need. I saw one of the little girls come one Rose when we let her visit us stop in the library and look at one of the Georgaphies. It was a pretty one, and we can spare the Georgaphies, we got so many."

"But they are not alike," said Angelina. "Why on't you ask your father the King to buy a whole lot of them for the children of your school."

"I did, and father said that would pay ten dollars a geog raphy is not to be had. Many good books have been wiped out by big book stores in many various cities set by the enemy to destroy geog raphies and publishing companies too, so that such books are not to be obtained any where. Besides there are geog raphies of different grades, and I'd love to give all the children a present. All by myself."

the children in a peasant way by myself." Violet said that she was in the kitchen, Violet didn't like Angelina A-ombu-g. She knew Papa-o-v Ivan was in the kitchen, Violet didn't like the black was tied to the open door, and just then, Maria and Hla came in, in smiling as usual. Angelina A-ombu-g, and Violet and her sisters had to go to their bowls that they did eat, but not as very much and you'll see baby. But of course Hinda and he-o-old didn't back, and of course they did wake baby, and the air was so full of "hills and toes that had time and space" for an school and the gang-ophiles were formation. Violet then thought up something to play a little fun with Angelina A-ombu-g. Pen-rod had taken off his disguise as it was to use dressing like a girl, when Violet told him the plan and asked him to-----"

About a few minutes after dinner Violet and Angelina Aronburg were washing and wiping the supper dishes. Aronburg was out on the hill for purposes known only to himself. Jennie Aronburg was putting the babies to bed hoping to keep them quiet. Her softly angelic voice singing lullabies

"Garry Mary Queen of May"
mingled with the speech of Angelina's husband.
"Angelina said Violet, softly, "Do you suppose we could have all the good and
good photographs for the school children. We have company!"
"Garry do Angelina," pursued, both hands in the fish state, "to make hard at
"Violet."

"why I thought you asked me that question before?" she said still looking hard at Violet."

"I've reckoned it all up," said Violet. "If I could live my twenty-four hours, I'd soon supply every child in the school with a bag of candy."

"I said before why not ask your father to try and buy a whole lot of them?" she said.

"I did not think of it as a violent way he can do things like that because as far as Goggs - a child can be taught in Pando - and too the way we have always been treated by school teachers - and the child has no nation where we went next he never needed to buy us anything since we were at school; besides we got so many gifts - unless I'd like to give them away, and also what would they do if we used the money we had to make a big attack, via a battle underneath in Pando."

"Well do as you like, you can spank the books all night, but leave the best ones for your sisters and you 'self."

"He, ha" it worked "said P. "I need to kiss sister Violet." Poor Robert made
how she stared, but she never "I married her. The divorce is swell."

A few minutes later, Intar-Violet decided to try it on Jack Evans for he was sitting in the 1. lib. org.

Violet told Penrod to wait and then to see what would happen after two days.
If Penrod didn't recognize her and all would be well. So she finished kissing
Penrod and fully went into the library. There was sitting by the table waiting
for her a lot of letters - letters from her mother and father and other people.

"Oh Evans den " she cried "You have lots of eggs, raphies you can spare have you not?"

"Not now, I'll gladly give you some when I get hold of any Violet deans. Why do you want them?"

"I'll give you all I got in my own headquarters and never make use of them anyway," said Evans, "going into the Geography business."

"For a while," dimpled Violet, "you see so many children want to learn to be child scouts and they need good examples to study for that."

"They sure will need 'em," said Evans. "I'll bring along the geographical maps as well as a confid in my library."

A few minutes intervaling to speak to him in the library Evans again found Violet Vivian.

"Oh Evans dear," she said lovingly and respectfully "do you have on hand any great collection of Grop & Aphies?"

will tell you that Evans was red, and that was

"Oh, you - me I do," he said looking at her - so deeply, and wondering to himself "what she has gone better of all of a sudden."

"While + p. attended to lock up.
 "A whole lot of them in my library and so have my wife + s but not enough." She

"I'll give you them---I'll give you them," said Evans, "and give you thirty new ones in the bargain, didn't I say before that, would, then you can give them to the school children whom you love."

of course again P. n. o. d. had a good laugh and Violet said to herself "I guess before a poor person gets to be over forty books to me and then to P. n. o. d., disguised like me he'll think he is seeing double; just as those three would be joking if I did that."

would be jokes and that night. However, she thought he was fearless kept quiet. About one o'clock in the afternoon all the books were put into bundles and tied up with the purpose to have them brought to the school the next morning, but Violet didn't wait for the next morning but conveyed the books to the school house that early afternoon and they used to use the cartilage, going up and down and down, and eventually the little girls had begun to be asked to become members of the Mysterious Seven. They had accepted at once and was now a very active member indeed. This day itself was a brilliant blue and a glowing sunny day, the weather was liked. Violet hurried through her work sweat though she did and soon finished. Then on her turn she entered one of the stores and asked for a piece of wax that which she had wished to buy for sister Jennie.

The storekeeper was still thinking of Violet's magnificent eyes, when he could no longer believe his eye sight, for he saw her coming back. Her eyes were not and were no more dancing in time to the duple which came and went.

"The wa " she cried (pled) laying seven dolla rs and thirty five cents
for Abbe's money on the counter. "The wa 's the money--and I want the beautiful
hat for my sister -- right away please."

"But for the love of Heaven, little P., I must tell you it was sold," said the good woman, "and me it was sold," said Violet, for a really was here. "Why you have said, I just now came into the store."

"Put it in" said the sto-wan-ke-lan.

"Oh dear me," cried Violet, "why I just can't do."
"I'm sorry," but you can see for you self," said the store keeper. "I have"

But she shook her head, and slowly went out.

"Now at a range of that pool table in the hotel of 11-10-10, I saw a woman who was the wife a few minutes later when he told her all about the hat. Perhaps she wanted me to know she had the money for it, when any how I just gladly I would let her have the hat for nothing."

That same night after much sweet cooing and trotting and cooing, Hattie, Harold and the baby had finally dropped off to sleep. Violet slowly went down the stairs. In the living room at the foot of the stairs, waiting for her was Percy, but not so disconsolate now.

"Violent death," said Pen - and "I" - so so - but I didn't know you were going to the store. But anyhow you look as if you were - coming in. I got the hat for

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 "I wish I could tell you what happened to Daddy and the other
 people out at the hospital when the children were, but Prince James
 the King wanted in a Camp Hospital now, wants to us who they were. The women
 this morning he used me and Violet of kidnapping the children and called some in
 terrible saying the children belonged to her. But Catherine picked them
 up, and it wasn't her fault either and there wasn't any one there so she
 wrote that in a big raid made by James and my son a big portion of the
 for lines confounding in the children were taken from a slave
 camp, and he sent them right on to us. But don't pay any attention if the
 woman comes round any where saying to any we kidnapped the children,
 for she won't listen to women, and think we did. She had come with the women
 to prove it after all but Father won't give them to her until we have the
 to demand an apology. But we are as upset now since our brother is wounded
 that we don't know what to do. Catherine wants us to come, but we can't go the way
 to Florida where the battle raged is impossible because it is impossible. And
 that's all."

"Not quite," said Empress Vivian. She came forward and stood between her little queenly daughters.

"Next year" she said cheerily. "I hope to see my little daughter as happy as than they they are now and no more of this we're going on and that's all."

"Not quite" said Emma - o Vivian. He too took his place among his beautiful little daughters. He was smiling, but his eyes looked almost as if if there had been no would be tears in them.

"It isn't every man who has daughters like mine," he said. "I hope that every father will be confirmed and that the every noon shall be the day that made the lives of my daughters so unhappy and full of trouble. Life has been a purgatory to them."

Two - and when they had returned home, and little wa-wold came out with a tumble head over heels, in front of Violet.

"How do you feel," he asked, getting to his feet. "Harris, I and the baby named some by train---" Harold became an engine. "Some by train on wagon," and he turned himself into a wagon when he came to a stop. Violet held out her hand to him and he took it.

"Well," said Billy himself. He stood up sturdy and straight and faced Jackie with honest eyes while his face turned red under the freckles.

"Now while I always knew you were a little Princess Jernie, I've got something to say. I'm just awfully sorry what the enemy have tried to do to you and your sisters, and I hope after all the Glandinians are all a big bluff as you say."

Oh. "Oh Billy" cried Jennie. "I'm not so - y-y---I never was so - glad over - y-y--- anything. It was all just adventure any way and it all came out so - be-you-ti-ful!"

and maybe next year -- just think of next year - Billy."

daughters as proper Omani decided to turn the children over to the women since she was able to prove that they were her own children.

"Well, you've got your wish," he said patting Jennie's head. "If a Jennie wadon shall have her child, she'll be turned to her to day."

"Oh," said Jennie, and there surely was no need of another word, for the radiant faces of her sisters were quite enough to convince Josephine of their gratitude.

"And can you send some body and tell Mrs. Madon she can have her children?" said Violet a few minutes later, wondering why the woman had

"Perhaps she may be hanging around somewhere" said Super-ovivian.

He left the room, but very soon returned with the information that the woman had gone home; the aide de camp having seen her walking down the street two hours ago crying as she went. The little girl began to look distressed again.

"O: couldn't you send some one to tell her?" Daisy said eagerly "she is so unhappy; and suppose she should do something desperate thinking she would never see them again. I believe she is punished enough for her part in this."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said "you and your sisters shall go and
 tell her yourself. It's all your doing any way and she might as well know
 it. When per sons don't act decently to you after you have done good to
 them good to them I'm not much in the habit of changing my mind about them
 myself. But we don't keep people that blow us to others. I'll order the trip
 and I will you myself down to the village and back before a ripple. I know
 where she lives for she gave me the address.....
 Fifteen minutes later, I left, and her sisters followed me. Once more
 we entered the smile was seated in the carriage and the emperor and his black
 horses were on carrying them rapidly in the direction of the home
 of the London. 2.2.222

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It was in a white and quite attractive little back street of the city, before a small but prepossessing looking cottage, that Amador-Vivian at last brought the black horse to a stand, and throwing the reins to one of the well uniformed stable-boys----who sat behind----sprung to the ground and after helping his daughter out, lifted the three small children from their high seat. It was a rather noisy proceeding on the part of the great coachman, but he was calling one on one of the fronts of a place for the purpose of being heard, and the town children, when she herself should have come herself, and perhaps the very novelty of it caused the girl to quite enjoy the sensation. He set the children on ahead with the little girls, he himself being in up the rear point up a path bordered with clothes lines, and took knocked at the door of the cottage, which was opened after a short delay, by Mrs. Madon herself. She was quite a tidy looking person, but perhaps there was some reason for her unfavorable opinion of her character for she was a cold hard body, but her eyes were far from crying, and there was no doubt as to the fact of her being in real trouble. The true reason she showed no gratitude was because she had been told by some one, probably a gossip or an enemy of the little girls, that two of them had kidnapped her children and wouldn't give them back, and had hid them in the school. But she had by now received information of the falsehood of the story and was naturally resentful of her neighbors. She had not even known they were the Vivian girls she had heard so much about. She would not have acted that way. Parity it wasn't her fault, but Amador-Vivian had been so offended that he didn't see it that way. In fact he not known that she had only been fooled by a foe.

"Well Mrs Maden" began superciliously to the Irish woman, "and who now wasted time in unnecessary words in these times, these as you

and who have wasted time in useless quarrels in the
knowing my poor queenly daughters, and despite your act in of ingratitude
for what you do to them have done for your children they have come to tell
me that you may have your children, and here they are."

The woman clasped her hands and burst into a rather incoherent torrent of gratitude and blessing, in the midst of which Emperor-Myrian caught her up.

c ut her sho - t.
 "There's nothing to thank me for," he said in a harsh abrupt voice. "If
 you had not brought the proof that the child was not belonged to you, you would
 have had a very hard time in seeing them again, but cannot see my own daughter
 daughters unhappy ever over the trouble of an unworthy person as you showed to
 be and us they took it in their heads to forgive you despite your act of
 ingratitude you are closing back your child ren, and here's your record
 back, don't let them get set ar ay again, as we are not responsible if the
 children are not them again."

The four sent of Mrs. Madons Gratitude was immediately turned upon violet, and her sister.

Violent, and he - sister -
 "May the saints in Heaven bless you for ever, sweet little queen, and may
 you all never again know the touch of sorrow you - self, and it's
 P - saying for you we'll all be this night. In another month Pando - a won't
 have the wicked enemy you, and my husband Pat will be come home, save
 you've asked me all I can do - I could you, I didn't know such sweet
 little ladies were the Princesses the news papers talk so much about. I was
 lied too and some one told me you stole my child. I know now for I hold the
 truth and I am so sorry I spoiled your happiness after all you've done
 for them. But I was deceived, and poor little Frankie's so sick I could
 never get him out of bed however I tried hard."

"There are, the re - that will do" interrupted the re - Vivian who was hard pressed to day in his duties and had made even a heard for an official in waiting time to come here and bring the child - a himself an unusual thing for a monarch to do, and which none had ever did in any country before..

"We haven't time to hear any more -- I'm too busy -- come along my little

"And wouldn't you be after stepping inside just to have a look at poor little Frankie He's awfully sick," said Mrs Madon. The other is all out

play in the park." said Miss Sullivan "I'm awfully busy and can't stop. Get

"I do," said papa, "and you are responsible for him."

He was starting to go away, but his daughter said "I might please Mrs. [redacted] we might as well go in for a minute "violent" whips and "I might please Mrs. [redacted] and show her how no hand feelings, for having a attitude, and we'd

like to see the poor little sick boy."

Very well do if you like, only don't stay long to lunch time. Here M. Madonn he added turning to the lady "My daughter would like to have, they have suffered enough, be careful that

like to say a word to you - boy, they have suffered enough, so don't let
any one of them don't get injured in the dark hall way of your house."

This information elicited a flood of words from the women this time they were expressions of pity. But Violet and her sisters were accustomed to hear themselves spoken of as poor unfortunate child and were not much affected by these exclamations and they accompanied the Irish woman into the house, and up the steps, into a tiny bed room room bed room, which struck the princesses as being very hot and close.

"Oh my dear Frankie dear!" began Mrs. Madon as she entered the room. "How are the seven beautiful little ladies coming to see you and it's princesses they are, good little creatures, and give a little gold and selfish is they be, but they is coming with good news to us this day, for it's a prince who brought them, and we aim to lose our three little children, for that's the news, Frankie!"

The only answer was a faint moan from the bed and the demand in a weak childish whisper:

"Give me a drink."

"Oh Frankie!" almost stated the mother, "You do be asking for drinks every minute all day, so much cold water and not good for little eyes."

"I'm awfully dry,--oh Mummy!-- do give me a drink."

"Poor little boy warm milk won't hurt him," said Violet pityingly.

"A little cool milk won't hurt him," said Joyce. "It is dreadfully to be so thirsty for a know what it means have been that way often."

Mrs. Madon left Violet and her sisters standing in the middle of the room while she went down to get some cool milk, but Violet and Jennie, guided by the sound of Frankie's sobs, for the sick child had begun to cry--speedily made their way to the bed side, and Jennie laid a soft cool little hand on the boy's burning forehead.

"Why Frankie how hot you head is!" she exclaimed, drawing back a step, and feeling greatly frightened, though she could not have told why. "Does it ache very badly?"

"It hurt a awful," said Frankie and me th-ot too; it hurt a all over."

"I'm sorry," said Jennie, looking with an alarmed face to her sisters as she asked one of the little hot hands which lay outside the sheet, "I guess I'll tell your mother to get a doctor before it's too late. Here comes your mother with a nice drink of cool milk for you."

"Frankie sat up in bed and held out his hands eagerly for the glass his mother carried, but when he had drained its contents with a gulp, he sank back again on the pillow with a moan.

"He's awfully sick," said Jennie anxiously. "Have you had a doctor to see him?"

"Not yet but I'll have one this afternoon if he ain't better, Doctor Andrews will come if he sees one of the children for him. He's a good man and kind to every body."

"Better get him at once" gasped Jennie. "Frankie has Scarlet Fever!"

"Scarlet Fever?"

"Yes yes Scarlet fever. My god woman where was he taken sick?"

"I never did see nothing so sudden in all my life," said Mrs. Madon. "He was as well as could be yesterday mornin' and it was only last night as he was took like this all in a minute."

"You should have got doctor Andrews right then," said Violet. "My Heaven! I'm afraid Doctor Andrews won't be able to see him now."

"And oh what will you father," said her sister the woman. "I exposed you good little girls to him and it's catching if you will every one. Oh oh I'm afraid!"

"Don't be alarmed," said Joyce. "We won't catch it (she said it a bit fully) we are immune from it. We have been exposed to it often and never took it. I guess said better go home and sent Doctor Andrews over. But I'm afraid it's too late. You should have got the doctor last night when he took sick."

"How old is he?" Violet inquired as she led Violet and her sisters down the stairs.

"Nine going on ten, and a fine big boy for his age. He never had a day's sickness since he was born--I didn't understand that a matter until he was at all until you told me, so you know Doctor Andrews!"

"We do. His home is on headquarters. We'll send him over right away."

Empress and Vivian was waiting rather impatiently as impatient as he ought to have felt, and Violet and her sisters hurried into the carriage. He was startled however when Violet told all about the sick boy, whose head felt so hot, and who kept asking for drinks every minute.

"It's a fault if he does," said Empress Vivian. "She should have got Doctor Andrews last night, and giving him so many drinks of that cold water only hastens the progress of the fever. You all exposed to him, but I need not worry for good reasons. Your little girls could never take a fever if you tried. The angels keep you immune."

He was very kind though and had drove them all the way home, and the

the doctor was sent over right away to see the sick child. Before leaving, for the afternoon, the school Violet and her sisters each in turn placed their arms around their father's neck and kissing him heartily said to each other:

"Oh you don't kind good papa," can't we tell how happy you often made me despite our trials, and how much we thank you? I really think this is the loveliest day we ever had. I wish we could give you something, more than our love and kisses and good deeds, you've made us so awfully, awfully happy."

The next day great was the excitement in the Third floor grade class when the school room was found to be prettily decorated in honor of the only of the way Procession the coming Sunday, and then also it came out that since the members of the whole school class had been busy putting up many flower decorations and many colored flags, draping also the Abbeysman national flag like bunting, and hanging pictures of the Sacred Heart of Our Lord and also that of Mary in the midst of a beautiful circle of flowers.

"But how did you happen to?" cried Sister Ann, her cheeks as pink as the Carmation flowers. "I saw a had brought her."

"Violet, and her sisters," cried the three proud little voices--Lucas, and No-nahs and Pollys.

"Oh now," said Violet, "indeed we didn't. Sister Ann didn't even come to school until just before the ball. I myself only just said I thought it would be a good plan for the MS to do something special. The other girls bought the things and I, a mother helped, and her sisters, and Pollys mother, and even Father John, and Father Brown."

"It needs somebody always, to think up the lovely things to do Violet," said Sister Mary Ann.

"Pshaw," cried Sister Mary. "This isn't half of what Violet, or her sisters can think up. Now we can think up the other sisters have when they get it started, just you wait until this afternoon. Princess Violet has made up a whole play--words and all, and the M.S.s going to give it."

"My little girl helped me to get it up," said Violet, "and so did my sisters."

"For that good purpose Sister Mary," excused them from school, and told them to hurry home to get ready for the play, and to get into the very best clothes they could find. The M.S. itself stayed, with locked doors, to make a few last important arrangements. Then the boys and girls dropped back into the room the stage was all ready, and on one end was a tiny round table, it was white clothed, lined with bunches of beautiful roses, being set with dainty little cups, silver-spoons, and the dearest little tea pot, the vivian girls loving tea even though they hated coffee. But they liked tea as it is without milk, cream or sugar. They hated sugar in anything.

Now the table under the big Abbeysman flag, was a real little Abbeysman old time wax wheel which belonged to the Great Grandmother of the Vivian and Princesses, when she was a girl. At the other side of the stage, were three large daintily decorated big wooden boxes, one large one small and one middle sized just like the three bears. "Little James" said delightedly. On each box in red, yellow and blue letters were printed the two words "T.E.A." not meaning tea of course but other words in Abbeysman which no one knew of. Before the play began before the audience of parents and others and lots of children Violet herself made some explanation, because a minute not understanding had thought they had to pay to see the show.

"It isn't to make money," said Violet. "School plays are free of charge unless of course it is given in the school hall for the benefit of charity. And then too as we had advertised only relations and parents of the school children and benefactors are permitted to see this show and no one else, whether they did or not. But have a request to make. If you any one of you in the audience see any girl any where that looks like me, a number three, have her held for fine stigmata, give me some into this show. My brother is not at school to day so you won't need to fear that you'll apprehend him by mistake for if he did come to this show which he said he would he would come as his original self. We fear that my double is a spy of the enemy, and so we just doing it for fun. If she is doing it for fun, all right we won't wish it to spoil her fun if she likes to make herself look like me but I'm afraid she is a spy for my brother says she cannot make herself look my attractiveness when though she is my double in other ways. If she once how she happens apprehended until we see and question her then I'll explain the play. We are going to give a play about ourselves, of one incident which we did when we were young. I'll be the one who before this conflict liked to spin yarn for my clothes. Then we are going to have a tea party, and will sing a good number of songs after warms, and also show you how we can do some beautiful graceful dances. Then the show will close with the Band playing 'Abbeysman Princesses' to give a march."

So then the play began and Violet, in a beautifully flowered gown of
lawn, and, but few inches longer than to fit her, now took her place back of the
epicurean wheel, and humming softly, began to spin just as she had done in her
her younger days. He, sister and also Laura, and March and Polly too, and
all the other school class girls in a quaint pretty dress appeared,
and - and I want to the party, you? One of the children sang so beautifully
that the whole audience was enraptured. When the singing was over, Ben -
who was in the audience couldn't resist himself and he sang at the top
of his voice (he sang a good singer - believe me)

Three choros for the brave little Princesses;
Three choros for the brave little Princesses;
The Daughters--the Daughters of Holy Abbiennia,
Three choros for the brave little Princesses.

Other scenes of the show was so pretty that nobody between selections clapped hands, and before they could get through, the Daughters of Abbiennia had to spin a great deal of flax. After a little they began to talk about spinning and tea. Morah herself said decidedly that she would drink only luscious juice. The real drinks were there so it was no substitute. While they were clinking and drinking and singing, somehow a row of boxes of the big boxes was accidentally turned over and the cure a bumpin' sound inside that chest. Before any one could do more than crane forward and say "Oh-so-my-see out from the chest tumbled the es small red and gray bundles which rolled over and over, coming at last to a side up pop with three times the es nice pop as they will, and turning out to be the small child on. They were Mrs. Monds. The next minute violent and hysterical, flowered gown, cap, tea cup and all had flung themselves among the crying babies.

"Minnie, Harold and the baby were in the world did you come from?" Violet cried. "I thought you were home with your mother." "I took the best effort I, together with Sister Anne, and others to quiet things down enough for explanations, while everybody in the audience laughed. At last one of Violet's friends "where did you come from?" was answered by Harold;

"We cam-ed-" he said, "to find violet."

This place of mine was followed by more soda mixed with jelly, which brought the State back with a box of chocolates. "They these," she said. With the aid of the sweet, much pain, and some little addings, the pain finally died away. It was then found that the three small children had walked the whole distance from home by themselves, had found the school home by its flag and had come in just at noon when every body was out of the classroom. See in the three empty boxes they had gotten into the biggest one, and tired out, they had all fallen asleep. One of them in turning when partly awakened had caused the box to turn over on its side.

"put why did they ~~we~~ do it do you suppose Princess?" asked Polly for a probably the twentieth time on one and other. A hoisted and tied the child child on behind Je le oliviera ho ass back that night after school.

"Violet was in your home in yard and very close woman and Violet her mouth full of chocolate."

"Violet be bad as a very cwen." said "Harold. Violet Penrod and his other relatives exchanged suspicious glances.

On the 1st day of the exchange of religious minutes, on that Sunday afternoon who can describe the beauty of the May P. occasion as it flew past the Schoolhouse and into the Church, and then the night, and prayers, and the sermon by the plaintiff's priest, and on out of the school and back into the school, and thence into the school Hall for the comments for the day had barely begun when Mr. Volzschke, Jennie herself was so sweet and gracious as she acted the "Old Harry" that to one who witnessed it never forgot the scene all their lives. All the little girls were beautifully dressed in white, and the boys in white shirts blue pants and stockings and yellow shoes. The little girls wore beautiful blue veils instead of white. The crowd was the same. In the school hall Jennie's plate was crowded around her and congratulated her for doing the part so well.

* Things would have been all right in some unforeseen incident would not

have happened. Unknown by them, a concealed assassin clandestinely spying the procession had gotten into the school hall, and had plot planted a powerful bomb under the first floor of the hall, and the big floor of the school hall collapsed before the force of the blast resulting in injuries and deaths to one hundred and fifty children, and a number of grown-ups. Forty eight were taken to hospitals all of whom may die, more than one hundred were hurt badly enough to require medical treatment before returning to their homes. They had been hurried down in a mass of tumbling furniture and sudden darkness from the second floor to the basement of the St Ann's School Hall, the weight of the debris to a lounge by the explosion crushing the first floor down with it. Fortunately the disaster failed to reach the terrible and fearful proportions feared at one time owing to the presence of mind of one of the caretakers of the school, who rushed to the basement and cut off the gas supply preventing darkness of fire and further explosion. The explosion of the bomb itself was no loud, that it was heard over half of the city, and shook windows out of houses for many blocks and partially wrecked the whole building, and shook windows out of the school building itself and the beautiful church too about half a block away. It was a miracle indeed that the whole School hall didn't fall in and bury and crush all under the debris within, but the fact that the bomb made more noise than shouting voices saved the lives of the remaining thousands.

The once-again hall was on the second floor of the large school hall it was packed solidly with a large crowd of people many of the parents having come to attend a rehearsal and concert celebrating the end of the beautiful May Procession. Suddenly and without warning came a most terrific thunderous crash which shook the windows out of the whole building, the floor instantly sagged with a tearing noise and then with a crash and a roar collapsed at all parts though the center portion seemed to rise. A heavy piano fell through the floor with the rest of the furniture, but it dropped in such a way as to afford easy access to a large window, enabling many to escape by climbing climbing upon it. Most of the people were shot so coming and struggling through the large gap to the floor below. All the chairs and other furniture fell on the people and a part of the wall plates also crashed down and some of the ceiling. Hundreds of injured children and cries of "help" from adults filled the place in a deafening uproar.

To make it worse the place where we were left in complete darkness which in itself contributed to the panic while a great cloud of dust filled the dark room half choking the straggling people. To complicate matters five men and soldiers and even boys and girls were summoned to the scene found their work most difficult until temporary lights were furnished. Ambulances were arriving rapidly and the injured were piled into them and rushed to the nearest hospitals all bleeding badly from their injuries. Nearby accidents also were closed some in their homes. Trams cars and also private carriages were commandeered to hurry others of the injured to hospitals. A great was the anxious crowd that gathered and that a special contingent of soldiers had to be detailed to hold them back, not that they were curious but that they feared they had lost some loved one or one who was injured. Myself and mother and father fought to get past Military cordons thrown around the scene to determine determine whether their children were in the ruins.

Violat and her sister were also caught in the crash and Violat got Jennie was under the very fallen pin piano but got out from under not one of them were hurt, no even scratch, and even like them occupied Polly. Jennie and, so, happily was one of them hurt but not seriously. Violat and sister when they testified recovered themselves from the shock also gave what aid they could in the help of rescue, and here showed themselves the perfect angel they were. Emma, a civilian, the three boys and Dora were rushed to the scene, but found Violat and her sister not only safe but aiding in the work of helping the injured, and helping others out of the wreck.

The cause of the explosion however was not known for quite a while. It was at first believed that something must have gone wrong with a gas pipe which let out a lot of gas until some how it caught a explosion, but as the saying is "Man proposes and God disposes" and when captured through trying to sneak into a hotel a room a day later a man through being grilled confessed that he set the explosive that blasted the school hall and that it had been Manley a common to kill the civilian girls. At the trial that followed he was found guilty of the deaths of the children who had been killed or died after wounds of injury received, and charged with the intention of murdering the whole school full with the purpose of assassination.

the princesses by means of a bomb. The jury consisted of twelve boy scouts who condemned the man to die at the stake by firing a bomb. And so the wicked man went to death, amidst the flames, for an example to those who tried to do ill to Violet and her sisters. Perrod was the judge this time. Perrod at the time of the crash had not been in the school hall, but outside talking to Sister Alice the mother superior of the School. Perrod's army Ann to the sorrow of Violet and her sisters was so badly injured that she died the next day. Poor Polly Question Boxer mother was killed, and her father expected to die, the name with which she was known as a parent was not the fortune teller and did not add to the sorrow though they came first to the school when they heard of the disaster. The presence of the trial was this:

"Accusing Attorney:

"Why did you fool, place the explosive?"

"I received the command from General Manley. He said the Vivian girls are a menace to Glandelinia."

"They ought to be hanged and the Attorney. "Wish to heaven we had him here besides you. 150 died because of your assassin purposes, and the princesses escaped in any way. Well it's up to the jury to decide. This trial does not last long."

Then the jury filed out, was gone only ten minutes, pronounced the man guilty of murder, and the judge that in Perrod passed the justified but dreadful sentence, and he was put to death at sun down.

Because of the disaster there was no school any more for the conclusion had wrecked every window in the main school building; itself and brought the plaster down from ceiling and walls in most of the rooms. So often was Violet and her sisters really exposed to even more danger than the sudden peril than this that they were no used to when this time that they had not known were not even now any more excited than if they had only gone through a thunder storm. Then there was another danger confronting them and that was that all Glandelinians knew where little Nell was kept.

Because of this Argeline and Jennie had made up their minds. Nell should go to the front. Of course she told her sisters of her intention of taking Nell and Argeline to accompany her as her duty was not so very far. So long as the two were two go to Aunt Mary with Nell their sister then had no need to worry about their absence for with Aunt Mary they would be safe. Indeed if they knew what was going to be they would not have let their two sisters go any where. When their sister lived even near West Christians camps, I'll dare say even angels couldn't count the number of enemy scout parties that were wicked as the cause was the Glandelinians were going to win the war they said, in the face of all obstacles. The two wished to tell Argeline about this besides their sisters and no one else. But Argeline's Aunt Mary had been out so long, and though she was not captured by the enemy she was having the hardest time in her whole career so far in making desperate attempt to escape from her as equally tenacious pursuers. They learned of this from a soldier who lived miles further up in the hills whom they questioned who had said that Argeline's Aunt Mary was hard pressed by her enemies that though they knew she was a leader of girl scouts these pursuers were no more afraid of her and her followers with her than a thirty child is of water. So of course there was nothing for Jennie and Argeline to do but to see to it an immense squad of scouts were to hastily go out to her relief, and that the two were to carry out their plans alone as best as they could, go as early as they could get away in a bidding good bye to her sisters and brothers, they went by street car with Nell in the midst. They took the street car that takes the shortest route to the railroad station. However there were so many small accidents on the tracks, with a wagon losing a wheel, and then a horse of some ones falling down that if the morning train to their destination had not been late they would have missed it altogether.

But some how or other the street car conductor got the men on time, and decided to pay the fare on the train and not at the ticket office for fear it would pull out and leave them, the three as to any in large words just there with themselves on the train.

"Oh dear," gasped Argeline. "I do hope that my poor sisters won't get lonely and sad until we get back. And I hope poor Violet won't get too nervous. I wish we knew what to do next."

Jennie only shook her head and said nothing. The three didn't really much either of the little girls could do except to fall into the nearest hands with Nell in the midst. To protect her in case of attack, the two had carried with them their most reliable weapons, but did not wear any uniforms. Then along came the conductor. He looked queerly at the two Vivian girls and then at Nell and he looked at Argeline and was a little shaky.

"He was a bit at about to smilely pose them but violet's fight with Argeline caught him asleep."

"Please," she said "we have no tickets. We had no time to buy any as the train would leave us, it's going general already. Her sister's charge. How much is it?"

"But! Are you two really little girls?" "hy," thought--

"Why? What's the matter with you?" said Argeline. "You look at me as if you saw a ghost."

"Why? I thought two small angels got on the train going the 11:15," gasped the conductor. "You are too pretty to be children. Sure. Are you really little girls?" he asked.

"Argeline smiled at Jennie, an anxious little smile--with almost no dimple. "Well what is said of us I and she might as well be," she said. "at we sure did not come from heaven though we sure we wish we were there. Good times as we have had no matter where we go with this war on. Father can't bear this happening to us little girls--we are getting treated harshly by the enemy too much," he said yesterday. We are two princesses Jennie and Argeline."

"Are you names? Then this little friend of us, little Nell, the enemy want her worst than the thief who wants jewelry and so we are going to take her to Argeline's Aunt Mary where it is safe for her at our Aunt Mary. When my sisters are as no voice he can't hear her for she really could hear that. So she was nothing except to take her to Aunt Mary. Will it cost much to Argeline's Aunt Mary."

The conductor whistled.

"Argeline's Aunt Mary!" he said. "I'll take about two days and a half to get the area as you have not the right through route train you must change cars at Evanston at Evanston Station when we get there to night," he added "as he counted out the fare."

"Oh I thought we could get back before dark," cried Jennie. "Our sisters will be worried."

"It is too bad you didn't think of that before you took the train," said the conductor. "but we can't stop the train now. You can tell your parents when you arrive to change trains to come back from the re if you like. I don't like to charge you anything since you are two princesses but I know you wouldn't allow that as you and your parents won't exempt any one from paying fare not them or yourselves. But nevertheless you handed me too much money. It doesn't do not cost twenty dollars. Here's sixteen and a half back, and some small change."

Then he gave her a round trip ticket in case she decided to change her mind and return by way of Evanston Station. When he was gone the beauty and goodness of the two little girls were an attraction to the other passengers of the train, and in a few minutes the three had plenty of good friends and were treated to everything that came along. It was just the kind of time that the three little girls liked. Yet way down in their hearts the two princesses kept hoping that Argeline's Aunt Mary was not so far and that some how or other they would be able to get back home to Pando that night. But the train flew on, and on, so many many, many miles that at last they began to feel that they should never be able to get back at all. But they must risk anything to prevent disaster over-taking Nell.

Argeline's Aunt Mary was the place, for when Heaven knows no one could get at any one there. Toward evening the train arrived at Evanston Station. The whole route all the way to Argeline's Aunt Mary safe from foes as the millions of federal agents saw to that. Here they had quite a wait for the train they needed now, and when one came, the ticket agent stopped them from taking it, saying that the train doesn't go there. Wait till the one o'clock with the yellow cars," he said.

They had an hour's wait before that one came, and then on this train of and then on this train there were strange faces every where, and a strange conductor who hadn't time to talk. He only looked at their tickets and punched them, nodded and went off to collect other tickets. He was a good man but oh heavens he was up to his elbows in work the more so many new passengers got on. Argeline and Nell went to sleep, but Jennie remained awake as much as possible to keep watch, for enemies may secretly be on a train. But nothing happened and they finally woke up, it being morning again and the train was just rushing and roaring and clanging into a big city station. It was not Argeline's Aunt Mary, but it was a big city, and they had to stay on, and ride for three hours longer. Other times any one of the little girls were simply "crazy" for train rides, but with anxiety to mention them this time, the two were only too glad when the train finally steamed into Argeline's Aunt Mary, a city where they had never before been. So the girls in Evanston it was a New York and Chicago put together in size, and many people lived there. The three left the train with the

rest of the people and were swept along into a big bright handsome hall-road station. There in the midst of the biggest busily busily busy they had ever imagined, they stood for a moment little Nell watching every thing curiously, as especially as most of the people looked at her two queerly friends as if they were seeing something most extraordinary, but were too busy with their own thoughts to think of offering to help them or thought rather they were staring there just to watch them pass by.

"Oh, dear," gasped Jennie to Argeline "If I had ever known it would be like this, so far away, and where Aunt Mary lived till the war is over I'd never have decided to come."

"Well we are here, and it can't be helped," said Argeline.

A little news boy shouted something in her ear as he clutched at him with her right hand.

"Oh do wait just a minute--please," she cried. "I'm princess Argeline Vivian. Do you know where my Aunt Mary lives?"

Indeed if that little good newsboy hadn't been new himself to the ways of a big city, probably the two little Princesses would never have found Aunt Mary as they did. As it was he stopped shouting long enough to look at her and something about him that he and Jennie made him think a bit of heaven just at that moment and he looked with gaping mouth for at least a minute before he finally was able to say in a friendly way:

"Get off the wrong station little girls!"

"No," said Jennie herself. Then just as fast as she could she told him all about things, and how and why she must find Aunt Mary Vivian. Every body was in such a hurry every where they had to hurry too, and long before Jennie had finished, the news boy was having them follow him along through the crowds of people, pushing and jostling, all the time shouting:

"Ext-ry, Ext-ry. All about the big battle of Depressionville. Ext-ry."

Electric cars clanged and shot past. All kinds of buggies, carriages and wagons came and went and nothing could be heard in the noise and confusion every where. It was like Pandora's only worse.

"Here you are Angel Princess's," cried the news boy suddenly bringing them around a corner into a clear space where a number of horses and carriages were waiting. "If you Aunt Mary Vivian, the real Angel of this city is the wife of your Uncle Emperor-Hansson of Argeline State, and whose picture is in my paper to day, this is her carriage." And before the three could think what was happening, they found themselves pushed into a big beautiful empty carriage of gorgeous shape and colors and beautiful soft cushions of seats. Two coachmen were sitting in the back, one partly asleep. The other said nothing but looked at Jennie and Argeline as if they were two little angels just dropped from the skies, and after saying "Here" the boy tossed them a news paper free, and then was off in the crowd, still screaming ext-ry, ext-ry, and much more which the three little girls couldn't understand. Vi Argeline and Jennie sat between Nell and waited patiently. It grew lighter and lighter from electric lights while outside it grew darker and darker. The night fell softly over the big and beautiful city like a big filmy blue veil. The city streets all of them were very wide, and lined every where with beautiful trees. Suddenly out of the passing crowd came a tall woman. She paused before the carriage and looked at the sight of the three children.

"My dear Aunt Mary," cried Jennie, "he leaped as far out as she could. "I've brought you a little girl whom I know you will protect for ourselves."

And indeed Aunt Mary stared unbelievably at the three children in the tonneau of her beautiful carriage.

"How in Heaven's name did you get here, from Pandora?" she demanded.

"By rail!" said Argeline.

"Ask travel by train at such perilous times for the sake of that little girl!" repeated Aunt Mary. "My dear good little neices!"

"Jennie and Argeline nodded.

"Where did you come from, the Christian army on the city?"

"From father's headquarters whom we call home," said Anne Argeline.

"To bring little Nell to you for safe keeping. Father doesn't like to keep her there for fear she isn't safe."

"Go I understand," said Aunt Mary grimly. "No good child is a safe where those devil armies are a wound. And who is the dear little girl?"

Aunt Mary opened the carriage door wide and got in, kissing the three of them as she sat down.

"You and you other dear sisters are the bestest little girls on earth."

She said. "You are as like my dear sister Lucy Henry, like your dear mother as any one could be. And that's my letter."

"I wrote it a few days ago to tell you I was sending you something good and they were beautiful Five Dollar gold pieces for a birthday gift."

"Gold pieces?" cried Jennie. "We don't love Gold."

"I know but you could use them for good purposes," said Aunt Mary. "I send them by express."

"But what shall we do to our little Nell?"

"I'll take care of her," said Aunt Mary. "Where is her parents?"

"I haven't got any," the child said. "They were drowned in the Abbeann flood. Last year."

Aunt Mary gave the order to the coachmen to drive ahead and they obeyed. The horses galloped swiftly and away they went up a broad bright street where the lights of different colors looked like flowers, where tall buildings were set close together failed to hide the sky at a distance the street was so wide and where they made their way as best as they could through crowds of carriages, and people. On and on, over a beautiful broad bridge where a half circle of lights laughed at another half circle in the water of the Aronburg River where it ran through the city. On and on up a broad broad dusky street, where there were a double double row of trees and houses far back from the street. Here they continued on and at last at last came to a stand still before a large house showing dimly through trees and dark shrubbery and where on the walk stood a tall man in liveries. Aunt Mary stepped from the car, or carriage and lifted the child out.

"Look the carriage over carefully Johnson," she said, as with them she marched up toward the house. Always afterwards even for the short time

to be mentioned here to Argeline and Jennie, and to her sisters at home and also Penrod, and their parents the very few days that followed seemed like

a dream. To Argeline and Jennie, except that she missed them, and all her

thief friends more than they could tell, the "dream" was beautiful with rich books, fine old pictures, furniture, china, flowers and soft

colors every where. In the "dream" too there were numbers of new pretty gowns--also always seven or eight so that her sisters could have

some. There were long rides into the country, where the hills, white with apple blossoms made the two little girls happy and home sick both

at once. Violet and her mother's sister, along with Penrod and the other two good boys in Pandora, the "dream" was long and unreal, and they were always hoping

to wake up and find things just as they were a before the coming of little

little Nell. Just at first things happened fast enough. There had been the sudden surprise of the news coming in that general Viviananna could

not hold his position and had fallen back. At first it was believed that the two would come back soon as they had promised. But after the third day came and

passed, the biggest surprise of all had been father's letter. At first he had

thought Argeline Aronburg, driving into the yard, where Jennie and Argeline who had been missed and he did seem glad and relieved until she

only came in not knowing of the trouble and worry. Then Emperor-Vivian was so frightened over the long continued absence of the two, that he had walked

the floor hour after hour, saying over and over again, that they might have been

surprised and captured by the enemy on their trip. And when the old horse

called wild had come home whinnying for the supper and then as still

Argeline and Jennie, in the midst of their town and Mrs. Jew's sob

Violet herself was quite sure she had heard father's sob too, and said "Oh

when we are my other little girls! Of course by this time every body

in the camp and that part of the city, knew that the little girl

called Nell had been in danger from the fact that Glandelinian spies had

told her whereabouts, and that now she was gone, and the two Princesses

with her and now every body was doing every thing, they could to find the

child--on, when after dark a long telegram by wire less was brought to

to Emperor-Vivian's headquarters from Aunt Mary. It said that Jennie

and Argeline were safe and well with her and also little Nell, that Aunt

Mary would keep little Nell for adoption. That same evening then Emperor

Vivian had sent forth a telegram a little longer than Aunt Mary's, telling

her what the enemy knew of little Nell. That same evening too (not a few)

daughters home on the first opportunity. That same evening too (not a few)

Violet herself found time to write a long letter to her two sisters. Of

course Violet wrote it in behalf of her sisters, and wrote also what

they told her to say and also signed their names. It began with the result

of the terrible battle along General Viviananna's lines, and all that came

after that, and told how badly they missed them and it went on to say that

they found out that Father missed them more than he had ever missed them

before. Penrod himself was away to General Evans headquarters also in

Pandora, and they all hoped that Jennie and Argeline would come home soon

for before Penrod returned. They were intending to go to Penrod that

night but hated to tell him that Jennie and Argeline were not home. Then

just as long a letter had come from Jennie and Argeline to their sisters

In the best hand writing, it told of their trip, and the news boy and beautiful Aunt Mary and her wonderful home and the new gowns, they were all going to have, and it added that the two couldn't come back home yet, as Aunt Mary wanted their company for a while oh so much, and wished the other five were with her too.

The letter was a perfect script, to this letter almost as long as the letter which said that little Nell had come and stayed and was a very good little girl, and that she had given her lots of things, and oh dearer sister, she has given five dollar gold pieces for all of us to spend on charity as soon as we can.

The next letter that went from their sisters to Angelina and Jennie said:

"I told father about the gold pieces and he said that all the money in the world isn't worth one third of hair on our heads. Oh Jennie and Angelina you would never, never know Father to say indeed you wouldn't. He misses you something dreadful. He says that we should coax you to come home, and that when I said that, I would go to Angelina with my other dear sister, she has news that he couldn't spare me any better than he could you, and oh Jennie dear and Angelina I could really tell you the funniest thing. The person who posed as Violet number three was little Mildred Manning herself who did it for a little joke on Penrod. He caught her in my room, and when he found out the truth, for thinking she was a spy he had handled her not at all like a lady should be handled, my he was embarrassed, and too Polly question Point told mother, and mother told Laura and Laura told me that you Jennie dear had told Polly once that I had a sister Violet which of course was Penrod in disguise, and some one else told her that I had a sister pose, go Polly thinks there are nine of us. Please come home or Papa says he is going to come and get you.

With love.

Your other dear sisters.
Brother and parents."

While all these things happened May was passing away, and June came striding in. It was going to be for them however a very sad June. For sorry to say, it was going to be a long, long time. Every thing was in great bouquet of apple blossoms, blossoms every where in white and rose color, in fact outside of the enemy and Christian lines, there never appeared appeared as if a long and bloody war was raging, that poor Violet and her other sisters with Penrod too and their fathers were going to have many sad and anxious days.

"What's the matter with you this afternoon Violet dear? You don't seem one bit interested in anything today, you are so listless and quiet. Are you sick?"

Angelina A-orbu-g's tone was decidedly unusual as if she was scared that Violet had after all taken the Scarlet Fever since he visited to the sick boy, and Violet who had been lying back in the hammock with closed eyes, he started to assume a more upright position.

"Indeed I'm so sorry I was stupid," she said apologetically, "I didn't mean to be. No I'm not sick exactly, but I guess it's because I've got such a bad worry over Jennie and Angelina. It's nearly four days now, they said they were coming home and they ain't arrived, and it's past the time they should have been here. I'm afraid as travel is so dangerous."

"I believed you have been asleep most of the time," Angelina A-orbu-g went on still astonished, "not feeling right in yourself." "You do look funny as if you were ill, you and your sisters were at the bed side of the sick boy and you know Scarlet Fever is catching. I'm afraid you've got it, and I've been sending you such a lovely story too. I think the life of the Blessed Virgin is one of the most interesting books in the world."

"It's a lovely story," Violet asserted, blushing, "I liked it very much, but I'm afraid I did fall asleep for a few minutes. I've been sleepy all day to day having not slept at all last night when Jennie and Angelina did not come home. But I am not ill, I have no headache or chills or any symptoms of Scarlet Fever. I'm afraid Jennie and Angelina are captured by the enemy far away from our help."

"Don't tell your mother about it, or you'll cause her more worry too than is necessary. Wait until the fact is really so. Maybe they came or are coming by a slow route. I'm so sorry that they didn't come home, the fear of it is also to me like a king, huba-b and soda. You ought to send a wire to Aunt Mary to my mother and see if they are still there."

"I will to night when I get time."

"Maybe you will Violet dear," said Uncle Ge-tude insisted, "and do not want to admit it. It's hot in the sun. Perhaps we stayed out too long with the pony this morning—it was pretty hot in the sun."

"I didn't mind it then," said Violet. "Any way heat doesn't bother me—my sister and I like hot weather. The sun felt so good and warm. I'm not ill, I'm only worried about my poor sisters, and every thing seems to queer up even to me the sky again looks so dark and queer even though the sun is shining."

"I guess the birds on the east being back the forest fire smoke, that was always happens when the wind turns east. I'll go and ask Mrs. Jerry and you sisters to take us down to the Park. I'll be glad she would be ready at three o'clock you know."

Violet hesitated.

"Would you mind very much if I didn't go?" she asked rather diffidently. "There are so many little girls in the park and if I'm there I'll be looking at every one hoping some of them will be Jennie and Angelina and being disappointed will make me feel so bad, and I just feel like staying quiet."

"But we may not have another chance for the park the way things are looking," urged Angelina. "We have got only one or two days more of rest. Do come, I'll get you what, and I know the scenery and the nice cool air off the east will make you forget your worries."

"All right," said Violet, getting out of the hammock, and wondering vaguely why every exertion seemed such an effort today. It was five days since Jennie and Angelina went to Aunt Mary's and in two more days the school vacation would begin, but Violet and her sisters were not at all happy for ever since the morning when Violet and even her sisters had first felt those uncomfortable chills of fear about that two sisters running up and down the tracks, even the thought of pleasant times in store for them should Penrod be safe from the enemy had seemed to make them feel tired all over.

Angelina A-orbu-g ran into the house for that hats. She turning in a few moments with Violet's sisters accompanied by Mrs. Jerry, and they started in the direction of the beautiful park.

"Don't you little girls feel well to day Princesses?" Mrs. Jerry inquired rather suspiciously. She could not help noticing how slowly the little girls were walking, and what a listless apathetic expression had replaced the radiant one on their faces.

"Oh we are all right thank you," said Catherine. "Only I wish that Jennie and Angelina would come home. We're lonesome for them."

Mrs. Jerry said no more, and they had reached the lane (not path in again) when led down to the park which the sound of galloping horses and of wheels caused them all to turn their heads, and Angelina A-orbu-g exclaimed in astonishment in a tone of some interest; 2;2;2;

"It's General Jack Evans in his own carriage with some officers; perhaps he'll ask you dear little princesses to take a drive with him."

In another moment the two black ponies had been brought to a stand still and Evans loud cheery voice was calling; 2;2;2;

"Hello little angels of Heaven, want to come for a drive with me?"

Violet and her four sisters looked doubtful at first, but Angelina A-orbu-g with unusual unselfishness hastened to set her friends fears at rest by whispering;

"Go if you want to, I don't mind. Maybe he'll help you find out what's wrong why your sisters don't come back."

So they smiled, and accepted the invitation, and in less than one minute the little girls one by one had been lifted into the beautiful seats of the carriage, Violet taking her place by Evans on the high seat and soon the two beautiful black horses were carrying them over the ground at a pace which might have frightened some little girls, and boys, too, but which seemed very delightful to Violet, and her four sisters, to whom the sensation of four of anything, but sin, was almost an unknown experience.

"Well what have you been doing with yourselves lately while in school?" General Evans inquired as they turned from the main street into a shady beautiful road, where the air felt cooler and more refreshing on the little girls.

"Oh we have been having a lovely time in school," said Violet herself trying to speak in her usual cheerful tone, but finding it something of an effort. "Angelina A-orbu-g and I went for a long horse back ride this morning when it was, and yesterday we and the school children had a picnic dinner in the park. I my sister and Penrod haven't seen you for ever so long; I was wondering why you were here."

"Did you really tell now that's quite flattering. You always have worried about us when I was away long time, but I always had to be worried about you too. I found out too that the enemy generals don't trouble themselves about me or care what becomes of me either. I had to go to the city of Do-inda on military business, and as I'm not fond of traveling in these difficult times I stayed there until I was finished. I only came home yesterday morning."

"I expected Jennie and Angelina home the day before yesterday, and they didn't come," said Daisy solemnly.

Jack Evans frowned.

"Expected Jennie and Angelina back home did you? Why I didn't know they were not here and though you went out without them and left them home, have they done?"

"Why to Angelina Agathia, with our Aunt. They took little Nell with them as she was safe there."

"They shouldn't have gone to Angelina Agathia even by train in this dreadful time--what's happened to your father--thinking off to let you two sisters do such a thing?"

"Oh but they did go, and Penrod believes they are only making a long visit," said Catherine earnestly. "Besides they wrote they were not going to stay in Angelina Agathia over two days, and were coming back soon. They ought to be home now."

"And when were they coming back here, I should like to know?"

"Oh I don't know," said Catherine trying to smile as they ought to have been back yesterday.

"Look here," said Evans with sudden decision. "This won't do at all. They have got to come back--they've got to come back for they are so good like you and you other good sisters."

However Violet and her other sisters were not flattered, but said;

"Would you really like to have all of us safe and good?"

"I don't really ask little girls unless I want them. I know your father is going to go out in person soon and take charge of the army for a while outside of the city. How would you little girls like to come and live with me for that time, and your two sisters too?"

Jack Evans asked this startling question in just the same tone in which he might have asked them to take a drive with him, but Violet and her sisters did not misunderstand his meaning for he and they of all men next to their father and uncle had been the closest of all friends, and only Heaven knew all he had done for them.

"We would like to be with you a long time with you," she said. "You are very kind, always have been very kind to us, but oh we do wish we had Jennie and Angelina."

"Don't bother about that," said Evans. "They're safe with Aunt Mary. They'll let you know why they didn't come. I've noticed however you couldn't get on very well without them since they were gone. I'll confess I do feel queer about them myself but may be it's only a false fear. Write to your Aunt to night by wire and find out if they stayed."

"Penrod has sent a wire already," said Hetti. "I hoped we should be together again in a week, and when then we've missed them--we have missed them very much since they were gone. The whole world seems empty to us."

There was a quiver in Hetti's voice and a mist of tears in the blue eyes and her sisters also looked sober. They could not have told why they were, but they were missing their two sisters more than morning and afternoon then they had done any time since the two of them went to Angelina Agathia. If they were only back again now they would be so, very, very happy.

Evans said to move on the subject of the return of the two from Angelina Agathia but it was evident that something had disturbed him for he was grave and more silent than after noon than the little girls had ever known him to be before. In fact he was more worried now than he wanted them to believe, because he knew from all past experiences that the enemy would give to destroy these dear little angels, and it was something peculiar to him to him that Jennie and Angelina did not return. If they after all decided to stay at their parents then there was nothing to worry about. Well the answer to the following telegram would tell.

It was a very silent drive altogether for Violet and her sisters were in no talkative mood and preferred sitting quietly in their seats and letting the cool fresh air fan their cheeks and foreheads, to doing anything else. They were driving through a wide street, when a soldier who appeared to be a Gemini Official, and who was standing on the side walk in front of the Henry Gale Headquarters by which they were just then passing, came hastily forward and motioned to General Evans to stop.

"I beg your pardon General," he said apologetically as Evans brought the black horse to a standstill. "I called at your house this afternoon on a very important business. I don't know whether you had of it or not but the situation caused by the enemy in all sections some many miles north of Angelina Agathia, and a battle is raging some where there."

"I didn't know it," said Evans quickly being somewhat roughly because the thought of the importance seemed to be missing, and that it makes an special difference to me that I can see--it certainly isn't my fault. I can't bring an army every place at one time."

"One of our men got but I thought you might wish to know of it. A battery of our army is advancing under General Black Brooks and Convention and I thought you might wish to keep your little daughter safe who was the little girl who was coming to Angelina Agathia."

"Did you think I'd be afraid of a General's army?"

"But for you--well, but I thought that possibly" and the gentleman looked at Evans's little angel like companions.

"Oh I see, well you need not worry, I haven't any intention of going to Angelina Agathia or visiting any one there at present or sending them there--which sections north of Angelina Agathia is in possession of those few armies?"

"All sections north and east of here. One section is advancing on Evangelina St. Claire again."

Jack Evans gave a violent start and some of the color went out of his face. "Evangelina St. Claire in danger again," he repeated in a very different tone.

"Yes, and also the town of Bidget, Mannigania, and several other towns. It is said every thing is going up in flames before their advance and they are attacking and committing massacres every where. One town called St. Thomas was set afire this morning according to the news, and two more are in very grave peril, and all the inhabitants are fleeing, and big forest fires are raging in a score of places. It's a very bad very malignant form of the disease we created by the enemy. I've been getting many phone calls on that situation since yesterday."

"Look here Brown," Evans leaned forward in his seat, and spoke in a rather low voice. "I'm afraid this is a bad business. Two of these little girls, not now with me did go to Angelina Agathia four days ago, and we're according to a telegram these here with me--they ought to have been back yesterday afternoon. St. Thomas was in peril from the enemy and I understand they were to take a train by that route but I never dreamed--good heavens what are we to do?"

Evans was looking fairly frightened, and the kind hearted Gemini member who had known him for years knew that the eccentric General Evans had a heart for the little girls more than ever when he learned they were imperiled. Vivian's little daughter and Evans was the guardian.

"There may not be any cause for alarm," he said speaking cheerfully, though he looked rather grave. "Which route did they take in going to Angelina Agathia, do you happen to know?"

"I don't even know, but any one of them does. Violet--" turning to the little girl on the seat with him. "You remember the route you two sisters took to Angelina Agathia don't you? They went there to take little Nell where spy agents of the enemy couldn't find her."

Violet who had been sitting with closed eyes as if not paying attention to the conversation, raised herself at this question, and the look of interest came back into her face.

"It was the Middle Route and Pando lines to Evangelina St. Claire," she said. "From there to Angelina Agathia, they took the Yellow B. Route. They wrote they were coming by way of St. Thomas on their return which would be a shorter way."

Evans and his companion exchanged startled glances.

"St. Thomas was destroyed by the enemy this morning. The Gemini member said in a voice low for Violet, and he felt four sisters to five sisters to catch the words."

General Jack Evans was actually white.

"What is to be done?" he asked hopelessly. "How can any one help them when I don't know where they went?"

The Gemini said nothing, but walked around to the other side of the carriage, mounted the high step, and looked long and searchingly into the flushed faces of the little girls. Then he went over to Violet.

"I'm James Brown," he said kindly. "Won't you shake hands with me?"

Violet promptly held out her hand.

"Is there anything wrong about the city of St. Thomas?" she asked with a worried expression.

"I've heard bad reports but I'm not sure," he said. "There was a severe battle near there."

"And are the children victorious now?"

"That is something hard to tell," the man said holding Violet's hand in his and still scanning her face with grave interest. "But I'm afraid you are worrying badly about your two other good little sisters are you not?"

"I am and so are my other sisters," Violet admitted. "My heart feels heavy, but I guess it is foolish for us. They may come back to us now or never."

"I hope you,--you and they are not often separated I suppose."

"Oh no, not very often, not any how to any great length of time, Daisy was captured by spies once and we had her back in twenty-four hours. I don't remember being separated from my sisters ever since the time we were captured at Eva's. Evangeline St. Clair's father says."

"Have we separated since the battle of Evangeline St. Clair's, eh? You haven't had any too serious adventures with the enemy that you would regret?"

"Oh yes very often, but we really were never in any extreme danger that we couldn't escape from, and our doings was the most unusual things ever recorded so many say."

"And were captured and held by the enemy as prisoners for a very long period?"

"Oh no we never had been prisoners long. We could always escape. Jennie was a prisoner of a Quakerite St. Clair's once but she was rescued by our friend here Jack Evans."

The man dropped Violet's hand, and turned once more to General Evans who had been listening to the conversation with rapidly increasing anxiety.

These little angels came from Dr. Andrews, did they not?" he asked. General Evans nodded.

"Well I scarcely think it would be right to take them back the way now just now. Of course they're friends of mine, and Jim and Penrod come and must come and keep them company. Emma's Vivian has gone away to the camp this morning and being without their father the little girls ought not to be exposed to danger any more than can be helped. There is danger some where since their sister's flew off with little Nell. There's a f---!"

"You don't mean that you think there is really any danger, that--" General Evans checked himself abruptly at a sign from the Gemini, Violet, and her sisters were leaning forward, wide awake now, and taking in every word that passed.

"I don't say there is anything wrong yet," said the member of the Gemini rather hastily. "But there is bad news about the city of St. Thomas, the enemy are in action all over north of Evangeline St. Clair's, and this little girl tells me she and her sisters are not feeling quite up to the mark to day because two of their sisters didn't come home from Angelina Agathia, and as their two sisters had skipped to Angelina Agathia with little Nell, and the enemy spies know they have something to do with her disappearance, and as once because of the poor princesses the school hall had been bombed, I thought that under the circumstances it might be better with their fathers gone for a time if they could go some where some where else for a week or two just till we are sure what the trouble is. The spies cannot be detected you know."

"They shall stay at my house of course until Emma's Vivian comes back," said Emma's Vivian with decision. "You won't mind coming to stay with me for a while will you little angels?"

"Oh no," said Violet. "We should like it very much, as you have been so good to us--" but does the Gemini really think our two sisters are in danger?"

"No, no," said the Gemini reassuringly. "at you see the fact is, St. Thomas has been fiercely attacked and burned by the enemy, and the two sister villages nearby are in possession of the foe, and as it became a fact that at you two sisters Jennie and Angelina went to Angelina Agathia with little Nell, and the enemy through some cause of it know it, and are bending to get you for it. I thought it might just be well to best for you to keep away from Dr. Andrews home for a few weeks, they too must be main with you, and keep in hiding just until we are quite sure that every thing will come out all right you know..."

Violet's lip was quivering, her sisters looked very anxious, and any one of them had to make a great effort to keep back the bayish tears.

"I don't know that to do," Violet said in a rather treacherous voice. "I shouldn't like to take chances with unseen Glandelinian spies any where, but then what do I care when Jennie and Angelina do not come home and they might be in danger if she and her sisters are far and far away and are captured by the enemy--that--that--that--would be dreadful."

A bear tear splashed down on poor Violet's cheek but before she could wipe it away or even realize what was happening to her, she felt a strong arm around her and Evans was saying in a tone that few people had ever heard in that soft hoarse voice before:

"Don't cry Violet, don't cry my dear. Every thing will be all right; I'm going to take care of you if I can, and until Emma's Vivian comes back to Dr. Andrews, you and your sisters are going to be my own little Guardian angels now."

How it was Violet never understood, but at the sound of that kind voice all her fears suddenly melted away, and with a little sigh of relief and

and content she let her stiff hand sink on Evans' shoulder--murmuring softly:

"Thank you so much. You are always so very kind to me and my sisters, and we'd rather have you take care of me more than any one else in the world except our father and mother and three brothers."

Half an hour later Violet herself was sitting lying in a soft cool bed, with her sisters still sitting up, some by the window and the others by Violet's bed. Mrs. Jenny herself with a grave troubled face, was moving about the room, folding up Violet's clothes, and generally setting things in order.

"Mrs. Jenny" said Violet suddenly speaking for the first time, since Violet had gotten into bed. "How long does it take to travel from here to Angelina Agathia?"

"That depends on the train a person takes," said Mrs. Jenny. "Sometimes only thirty-six hours, but the surest way to get here from there is to be careful you don't run through the territory held by the enemy, put you will get ill if you don't stop worrying about things."

Violet stifled a sigh. "I do hope they didn't go through the territory held by the enemy," she said sadly. "But even if they should do you think they'll be able to get through some now and come to us as even by next week?"

"Well I don't know about that," said the housekeeper. "But they ought to be here before long, and if they do stop at Andrews place first Dr. Andrews will send them over here, and in the meantime you'll just stay here until Emma's Vivian either comes to us to Andrews, or advances and we'll have such nice times. I love to take care of little girls like you and it'll seem just like old times to have somebody to look after."

"Did my dear mother you told me you took care of when she was a little girl ever have troubles and sorrows like we have?" inquired Joice herself, looking at Mrs. Jenny from where she was sitting.

"No indeed she didn't thanks be to God, there was no war-torment then but I must say he was in your own very room far away at home when she was sick with colds."

"In my own very room far away at home," repeated Violet herself, raising her eyes to herself on her bed and looking more interested than she had looked before that day. "Why did my dear mother live in our very home?"

"Mrs. Jenny flushed and looked a little embarrassed. "Well yes she did," she said rather reluctantly. "Though I didn't mean to tell you. You won't say anything to your father about it will you?"

"Not if you don't want us to," said Daisy herself.

"But why doesn't Father like to hear about it?" asked Hettie. "Because dear that little girl I used to take care of was adopted by your father's father as you father's step sister, and for some reason or other she looked so much like you, Violet dear, and now when he thinks of all you and your sisters have gone through I almost break his heart. He never mentions anything about it now and it might be making him unhappy to be reminding him of the past."

Violet, and her sisters looked a little troubled.

"Do you think Father would like to have us stay here then?" Joice questioned anxiously. "Perhaps that might make him unhappy too."

"No it wouldn't," said the housekeeper with decision. "I know that for before he left for the army himself his very first words to me were 'See that the Guardian Jack Evans takes good care of them as he always did. If so I should like to have the little girls there.'"

Joice smiled contentedly while Violet laid her head down on the cool pillow once more.

"I'm glad," said Violet, as from a cloud lightning flashed for an instant, and I know General Jack Evans really loves me next to my father and oh does he love Penrod. He sure wishes he had a son like him."

"The war was a short pause while Mrs. Jenny went on quietly with her arrangements, though at times glancing suspiciously at the distant lightning in the west.

"You don't remember really how far Angelina Agathia is I suppose," spoke Hettie herself.

"Well no I don't exactly--it's a good many miles away, you see."

"St. Thomas isn't so very far from Angelina Agathia," said Daisy, with a sudden hopeful collection. "It was only ten days ago that I heard that the enemy was only advancing toward that location, and the Gemini said that he couldn't tell whether the Christian army won the war or not."

"I do hope the Christians did win," said Violet. "And we would be so much at a loss if they didn't return. Oh why does the enemy want to make so many poor people so unhappy and--and--and--"

Violet ended the sentence in a sob, and her sisters also looked as if they wanted to cry.

"Now my dear little angels," said Mrs. Jerry cheerfully, taking one of Violet's little hot hands in her own. "She was very warm because of the weather and for being facing her sisters. This won't do at all. If you fret, and worry and worry, you will be sure to make yourselves much more upset over something probably that didn't happen at all. You must try to be brave, and every thing going to come out all right. I know, why they may have really remained at Auntie's, seeing that the war was dangerous, traveling back so soon, they may not have left Auntie's, and may not be in any danger at all, and even if they do, they are sure to escape, they always do. Would it make you happier if some of your dear highest girls and friends would come and stay with you too?"

"Oh, yes, yes, indeed," they all cried together rapturously. "That is Violet herself aided with a sudden recollection. If you are quite sure they wouldn't run into danger themselves. They often had been in danger, and they might be again, and that would be so dreadful."

"I don't think there would be the very least danger for them," said the housekeeper simply. "Though of course we could ask General Evans. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. What we'll do. General Evans has gone over to Dr. Brown to let him know where your little girls, and his son, and the two boys are, asking him to close up his home and come here too. Just as soon as he comes back we'll ask him what he thinks of our sending a little note to Angelina A. Embury and some of the others telling them how worried you are because you two sisters do not return and asking them if they couldn't spare themselves off duty, and come here to be with you. Then if it turns out that there is no danger for you two sisters and that they have come home at last, why then we can celebrate together and every thing will be the same as it was before. Would n't you like that?"

"I should like it better than anything in the whole world," said Violet, and her sisters echoed her sentiments. And then she dropped off into a doze and did not speak again for some time. Her sisters were glad she did, though they felt too worried to sleep. When Violet next awoke again to consciousness she was aware of the fact that the housekeeper was no longer the only person in the room beside her five sisters. People were talking in low subdued voices, and she was sure she recognized the tones of General Evans and also those of Dr. Anderson, his son, Tim, and Mrs. Penrod.

"Did you ask General Evans about Angelina A. Embury and the rest?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes indeed," said the general, coming forward, and answering for himself. "It's all right and your friends shall come to see you. A great number of the Gemini have gone south to hunt for your two sisters."

With a sudden movement Violet put out her hand.

"Oh thank you so much Evans dear," she murmured. "I think I'd like to kiss you please. You are so good to us."

General Evans bent down his head close to Violet's and as the child kissed him she heard him whisper in a tone so low that no one else in the room could hear.

"God bless you, and your dear sisters—God bless my own dear little human gun-dian angels."

The next morning poor Violet was reading aloud to a wounded soldier in a hospital which she had gone to see. The day was very warm, not because of hot weather, but because of the forest fire heats of the east and south, the wind being on the east, and the air was heavy and damp too for all night long a terrific thunderstorm had raged. The smoke was worse over the country too for it had rained in some sections of the forest fires and instead of putting any out made clouds of smoke to such an intensity that hundreds of miles of country looked like they would be blanketed at once and at Pandora it was very dark, though there was the streak of a red sun shining through a black sky. It was a wonderful and strange phenomena but Violet and her five sisters were too glad and too busy to pay any attention. She was reading by means of an electric light in the patient's room. The book to day was not very interesting to her.

More than once the soldier had nodded in his chair, but the little girl read on patiently, trying to soothe herself once more by a hopeful glance at the telephone. This was Tuesday now and on Thursday the patient would have been recovered and could sufficiently to have returned home. Because of the forest fire heat, and the sun working too, it was promising to become the hottest summer ever recorded in this story in the world's history, and too day poor Violet was hot and tired. The past five days because Angelina and Jennie had not come home had been especially trying, for out side of her other sisters,

there had been no bright bright little Jennie or Angelina to make the dull hospital life of Jack Evans look home like to her and her sisters. No Jennie and Angelina to gladden those long hot evenings with their merry chatter and loving caresses. To add to their sorrow when on the fatal night of August 1st, 1918, had happened the court by falling into them and with the help of several spies had affected his escape though he had been badly wounded in doing so. The affectionate ways of her sisters had been a great comfort to it is true, and Penrod had become a little more unusually devoted to them than ever before, as if he and they were only one, and they had spent otherwise many an otherwise lonely hour in making bright plans for the future but even the prospects of possible goodness and righteousness cannot make up for every thing and poor Violet and her five sisters had been lonely. To aggravate matters her mother was ill, her father was far off in camp and sent them news while spending last day in school that Hanson himself at a distance of five miles was violently in action every day for the past five days, and he himself was being attacked fiercely in a desultory way, and Vivianne was still unable to hold his ground, and Angelina's father's general picture was badly wounded.

The battle of Pandora was threatening. Since hoping for the return of the two Violet and her five sisters had believed their anxiety was over now, for it was believed after all that the two sisters had only been delayed by the enemy being across the river, and had taken a longer route and would be home to-morrow. What did it matter that the day was hot, and the sky dark with smoke, and a red sun shining through a black sky, that the book (was book) was dull even that because of the heat and smoky mess of the atmosphere the patient was more restless and harder to please than usual? What did anything in the world matter when she remembered that to-morrow she and her sisters would feel the touch of Jennie's and Angelina's soft arms around their necks and hear their voices saying:

"Are you not glad to see us back sisters dear?"

The nurse was a thing at the hospital's front doorbell, and though it was some time down and they both heard it plainly and the patient started up out of a doze.

"Who in the world can that be?" she murmured in a tone of interest.

"Perhaps it may be your wife and child. I'll come to see you, they said they would; you know," Violet suggested looking up from her book (the book).

"Perhaps, and if so I would be glad to see them. Go and see Mrs. Will you."

The nurse left the room and Violet went on with her reading. In a very short time the nurse returned.

"It's a tall gentleman of some kind to see you Princess Violet."

"To see me? What? Are you sure the man isn't some big mistake? Did he give his name?"

For answer the nurse handed her a card. Violet took it and glanced at it, turned a little pale and tears of fear came to her blue eyes.

"Who is it?" the patient inquired moodily seeing her tears.

"One of the Gemini members from Angelina's father. He knows about my two sisters having gone to visit our Aunt Mary. I'm afraid something is wrong."

"Nonsense. Why should there be any thing wrong. You must want your sisters to make a large visit that is all. They'd be wanted by any body and you and your mother's sisters too, you are all so good."

Violet said nothing but hurriedly left the room, and in another moment she entered the hospital reception room, which from the darkness and the blinds being closed and all the furniture done up in muslin covers looked a rather forlorn place. A tall majestic looking gentleman was standing by one of the windows, from which he had pushed open the blinds, and she saw as she fearfully entered he turned and came quickly forward.

"Poor Princess Violet," he said in a tone of sorrow.

Although she and her sisters had seen him often in the street, and though he had come several times to try and have them quiet their dangerous adventures, she had never had military business relations with him and his followers.

That Violet had spoken to him alone by herself.

He raised his eyes to her and she saw his face as seeing his troubled eyes, and clasping her hands nervously, she said: "Jennie and Angelina my two sisters—they didn't come—they are lost—repeated—say you have come to tell me."

"Oh my poor dear little princess," said the man kindly and he took Violet's hand as he spoke, "I hope there is nothing to be alarmed about. Your Aunt Mary is more alarmed than you are. You sisters may be just now and have engaged the help of all of my members to come back to you, and then left home at Aunt Mary's with the purpose of coming back to you, and then came back saying that the ruins were not running because of the enemy. She then was determined to go and bring your little girls back to you herself on the town private train, which when it reached near St. Thomas was attacked

backed by a great force of Indian soldiers and infantry and the main force was killed on board the ship in the creek, and the enemy pursued them all. You must and two little sisters managed to escape from the massacre. You must have been a very brave girl, and having learned so much from Penrod we were able to fight the way through the woods and be safe. And with this great escape into the distant forests, since then they have not been heard from again. They have got a buck, but through a fire we are having lost track of you. Sisters who fought so well to save her from capture. She is a brave girl when she came back to the Indian camp and at once engaged all of us and the soldiers of the mobilization camps to hunt for them and fight the enemy off from the woods if possible. You two sisters are lost in the laby- rinth of the beautiful Mic-Holliste woods, swept in the south by conflagrations--but we hope by God's help--indeed we sincerely hope and trust that they may find their way out, and return to us soon or later and that there may not be any cause for serious anxiety. Won't you sit down and let me tell you all about it in detail?"

Twenty minutes later Violet was again at the soldiers' side. He was very pale, and she looked like she had been crying bitterly, and her lips, which were trembling, but she made a great effort to speak very cheerfully. "Mr. Rogers," she said, "I must go away at once to my five sisters at General Evans headquarters. My father must get the news by telegram from Penrod. My two sisters, Jennie and Angelina, have met with a tragedy on account of the enemy. The third sister they were on with aunt was wrecked and attacked by the enemy and though my sisters escaped the massacre they are lost in the woods of Mic-Holliste and I am afraid they'll never get out. Mr. Da-gu has come to take me to General Evans headquarters to break the news to my sisters. I will be so easy I fear."

At hearing this the patient himself though he had suffered plenty from his own wounds which were to keep him out of the army for good now forgot all his complaints and feelings in an instant. He was doubtful of the nurse to help him, but the little girl's determination as much as he could, and also he tried to encourage her as much as possible. And during the few brief moments that the little girl was putting on her hat.

"Now listen carefully to me my dear little princess," was the patient's words of the soldier, as he held the little girl's hands for a moment. "Remember the good of course are usually the ones to suffer in this world even if the wicked don't seem so, and so be careful and don't worry you. You are into a sickness, don't let your sisters go to so either. Usually being lost in any woods isn't necessarily dangerous, and besides the forests of our country have many paths and roads. My own child ran once when I was a child, and when you get the chance day. The nurse, I won't keep you. Drop me a line when you get the chance just to let me know whether you and two little sisters are safe and home or not." Then Violet, being led by the nurse, went down the steps the pool little girl doing her best to keep from crying. Mr. Da-gu had a cub, and in it he and Violet first drove at night to Dr. Andrews house, while Mr. Da-gu waited outside. While Violet went up to her room to collect a few necessary things which she had left there before. Mrs. Andrews herself opened the door and accompanied the little princess upstairs. She knew all about what had happened, Mr. Da-gu having first called at this place, and had been directed by Mrs. Andrews to St. Joseph's Hospital. The kind hearted woman was so very for her little tenant and she too began to speak very cheerfully and encouragingly. Recalling all the cases she had heard of in which people had been lost in the woods and having often been rescued or rescued with unusual success, and had indeed been occasionally lost long enough to be causing any unnecessary worry.

Of course Violet was very grateful for the kindly meant assurances that there was really nothing to be worried about, but nevertheless she did her best to smile and appear cheerful, even though her heart was very heavy and she was conscious of a foreboding of coming trouble, and the thought of her two sisters having lost themselves in the Mic-Holliste woods made her cold and faint with apprehension, for it is always with the case that any body who got lost in those woods have an it's known never to be found.

Mr. Da-gu was very kind, how kind poor Violet did not realize till after wards. She did not know that he had given up an important business engagement, solely that he might see her, tell her the sad news, and take her home. He was to General Hind-nines headquarters. He was very thoughtful during the short journey and did his best to entertain her and divert her from her thoughts. But Mr. Da-gu was not happy. He too had known very fond of the good little princess and he had had a talk with Mr. Brown and Henry Gule that morning when he arrived at Pandora, when he called at General Evans headquarters on his way to the hospital.

At last they were coming in sight of General Evans headquarters, and Violet with a wildly beating heart, and now a burning hat, followed her companion which she had not before and which she could not help, followed her companion

out of the cub, to where she could see him waiting, into which Mr. Da-gu was waiting.

She was perfectly still, trembling so much that she found it rather difficult to help herself, and still had a desperate struggle to keep back the tears.

"Drive to General Hind-nines place on Hind-nines Square," Mr. Da-gu said to the coachman.

"Violet gave a little start."

"General Hind-nines," she repeated, "why you are driving me away from my other sisters at Evans."

"I'm not making any mistake," said the man cheerfully.

"But they are at Evans headquarters and--"

"No, you do not understand what I told you, so in you go right for now. Then it was discovered that somebody had placed two bombs big enough to have blown Evans headquarters to smithereens, and that Jennie and Angelina not only were lost, but that your sisters were being also in danger of being shot at through the windows by mysterious unknown assailants, and once a fire had started in his headquarters this morning, General Jack Evans insisted in taking up his quarters with them, your housekeeper and friends at General Hind-nines. He did not want you and your sisters to be exposed to the danger like that if he could help it. Of course he'd like to lay his hands on those scoundrels who have been trying that. He was so sorry to have to be forced to abandon his own headquarters, but under the desperate circumstances, he felt that he could not object. He won't have anything happen to them."

"No," Violet said Violet sadly, "it would be terrible if we were bombed and killed, and our two lost sisters be left without us. They couldn't stand it. Jennie feels no more more than we do. That is why she lost her reason twice. She came near it when she thought Penrod would never be found. Hind-nines is very kind to us, and so is Evans."

"Good as he is Evans is an excellent General," said Mr. Da-gu. "But he certainly had taken a wonderful fancy to you and your sisters. I never saw a man more utterly devoted and distressed than he was when he came to my house yesterday afternoon when he learned I had come into the city, to tell me about Jennie and Angelina."

"No," Violet said Violet, "it is not right that he should suffer too. How did he know of it?"

"You know it was while you and your five sisters were driving with him yesterday afternoon that you met Mr. Brown, who first had he showed the news. They didn't want you to go to Evans to know of anything, but until Mr. Brown fell asleep of it. And then a woman told me you and your sisters had been complaining of being worried about them for the past three or four days but no one else knew anything about it."

"It is seldom we have a complaint about anything," Violet said. "But oh we can't bear to lose Jennie and Angelina. Oh I hope they'll be home soon. Mr. Da-gu must let me tell them they are hopelessly lost here to let them know if they did go into those terrible Mic-Holliste woods. It is said that no one who gets out again alive, if you don't know the roads and paths and have a compass."

A shade of anxiety crossed Mr. Da-gu's face, but he tried to speak cheerfully.

"Mr. Brown still does not seem to think there is very much danger, as even the forests that are sweeping the Mic-Holliste woods are too far away to reach the spot where they were lost. General Hind-nines has not heard the news yet and we have to break it to him only by your mother who is ill."

"I can't help feeling a little little uncomfortable at the idea of the spies and their plan to bomb our headquarters," said Violet colorfully.

"I don't think you really need worry on that account. A princess, for you'll be safe at Hind-nines, and Evans you'll find and know his business. For I was the General's little daughter and he would know his business too he could not be more devoted to all of you than he is now."

Violet said no more and in a few moments they had turned in at the gates of General Hind-nines own headquarters.

"What a most beautiful house!" exclaimed the little princess struck by the beauty of the mansion in spite of her anxiety and suspense.

"Yes it is quite the show place of this part of the city, and who we owned it before on this good estate. I believe he was born here. I understand General Hind-nines has no non-relatives. He was a very princess, you will excuse me if I don't say which could convert to him and see your mother's sisters once we are safe for they heard the news before you did poor Violet. She has come to her senses and she will be able to give us all the latest news."

Harriet Jones, who had been waiting for them some hours in the down the steps to meet Violet, and in another moment the little girl found both her hands taken in a warm friendly grasp, while the same old kind motherly voice which had often been heard from Mrs. Jones said:

"You know what I think," she cried, "the shock, and though the other girls are all sick, I don't think you can expect the doctor to expect them to get well and then live better than you all day. You must help them and Evans that shall do all I can power to help them and Angeline found in the house the point of the woods they lost in, and the enemy is being driven off by some means."

Violet gave a little gasp of surprise, squeezed the old woman's hand hard, and then sadly turned to go to her room. "I don't know how to thank you," was all she said but the look that accompanied the words said a good deal more, and Mr. Dargard was very quite satisfied. He had already decided all means to be sent forward to have the food reached for the two missing girls. Mrs. Hannah Jerry led the way into the house and up the stairs to a pleasant room on the second floor. Violet wondered a little where Jack Evans could be but did not like to ask.

"Now Violet dear you must first take off your hat, and freshen up a little. A little bit before you take you in to see your little sisters," said the old woman cheerfully. "Here is a good glass of cool milk and some crackers--I thought you might be hungry, after your journey from the hospital."

However Violet was not at all hungry, she couldn't be when worried and in grief, but she did not want to appear ungrateful, so she made no objections when the housekeeper insisted on placing her carefully in a comfortable easy chair by the open window and she forced herself to swallow the milk and to nibble one cracker. The housekeeper watched her keenly all the time she ate and drank and Violet could not help wondering at the kindly almost tender expression in the old woman's face.

"You sure have been kind to us," Violet said trying to smile as Hannah took away the empty glass. "I know I and my sisters have found some very good friends."

"Very good loving friends," repeated the old woman. "Oh my dear Violet, you have no idea what a blessing they are to us. The doctor started to leave us... And the sight of the three sisters Violet in still more grateful anxiety."

"Oh you must tell me the truth, please do," she cried nervously, springing to her feet. "You are surely keeping something from me, I know you are. Joyce is seriously ill and so is Catherine much worse than you want me to know. Maybe they've caught the scarlet fever from the little boy, and--and--and--" "No, my dear Violet no," said the housekeeper soothingly. "You mustn't be so frightened like that. Catherine and Joyce are only prostrated by the news from Mr. Dargard. You two little sisters, Jennie and Angelina, are dangerously lost. I won't deny that but people generally are who go out in that terrible Mic-Hollesste woods, you know. General Evans would insist on having half of the army down there to scout the forests, though, told him nobody could get out of those woods and that he must leave the matter with God and the angels that are passing them just as well as not. The doctor isn't much. I don't know about those terrible Mic-Hollesste woods, I can tell you. Your mother too was once prostrated when little Angelina was sick and dying, and didn't Catherine see how Angelina through all her illnesses which was no more from shock of your being stolen away with the enemy with the worst than from her wounds, and didn't the doctor tell her that she was one of the worst cases of prostration from shock the doctor ever seen. Send for Catherine Lee. She probably can explain something." "Catherine Lee?" repeated Violet, "she thought she must have misheard. Good. Hannah Jerry reddened and looked as if she had said something she had not meant to say."

"Did I say little Miss Catherine Lee? I forgot she was so far away. Whatever was I thinking of. It was Angelina I meant. But never mind why not have little Jennie with you. She was a good little nurse for you sister Angelina--" "I missed her through everything from the time she was wounded--all the day that she was covered."

"Why Jennie is also quite upstairs," said Violet. "I know she took care of poor Angelina and if she didn't she would have been dead. Did she do it secretly?"

"Yes dear she did, she's been the best friend you have had among little girls, and if it had not been for her Angelina could have been dead, but sometimes I think little Jennie is the best thing of what Mildred Maxwell and I have. That's why the child seems so much like a sister to Mildred Maxwell."

"Can't I go to a stay with my sisters now?" Violet asked impatiently.

"Yes of course, it's only across the hall, I thought you would like to have the room. You mustn't be frightened if you see her. You needn't look at her just now they received the news, they were not and were quite a little better. Just now they have been hit by a bullet quite a while. Pen is gone to see the doctor and they have been hit by a bullet quite a while. Pen is gone to see the doctor. I think of the Church to have them offered to the safety of your two little sisters. He came to go and but for when he was but Evans knowing the danger of it put his foot down but that doesn't amount to anything."

As they came out into the hall again, Violet caught sight of a tall figure, and he was standing rigid and very motionless by one of the windows. It was so dark in the hall that she couldn't tell who it was at first.

"Is that our friend Jack Evans?" she asked Mrs. Jerry in a whisper. The housekeeper reddened, and then from some mysterious source produced the figure as she was sitting on a light, the figure turned abruptly and Violet found herself confronting a confronted by the tall handsome friend Evans whom she knew had not only been the kindest men friends but who had gone through all kinds of danger for them and with them. With a sudden impulse, she went up to him and held out her hand.

"Come into our room Evans," she said in a low sweet voice, which caused the general to start and smile slightly. "My sisters need your presence now, and we always appreciate your kindness to us and my other friends. Don't feel so badly, maybe she'll be taken with Angelina yet." Evans did not speak, but he took the outstretched hand, and held it in a warm firm grasp. A clasp, while a wave of some very painful emotion swept over his face.

"I hope nothing will happen to the Violet went on blushing for she was beginning to find the general's silence somewhat disconcerting. "We know how good you have been to us, and next to father your company is as greatly desired. The general slowly followed, and Mrs. Jerry opened a door on the opposite side of the hall and Violet and Evans followed her into a large handsomely furnished bedroom. The blinds were closed to keep out the flash of the light. Lightning in case another storm should come up for night when they tried to sleep the lightning glass indicated their eyes, but even in the dim light Violet could make out the various objects, and lying on the beds as if they had been weeping bitterly. There were five sisters. They had kept for dear bright little Angelina and also for good hearted little Jennie, their two best loved sisters, whose quick eyes had never before failed to catch the sound of their footsteps--whose faces had never failed to brighten with a glad welcoming smile. They had closed themselves to sleep. Little Jennie was sitting up by a window where the shutters were not yet closed looking out but she didn't appear to hear or see them coming. In spite of all her efforts at self control, Violet's knees were shaking so that she could scarcely stand. That made her feel worse was that at the time of the parting when Angelina and Jennie was so start for Angelina Agathia with little Nell, a band had played some slight distance away the sad hymn of "God be with you until we meet again, and even then the song had brought tears to their eyes on parting. Violet felt sick all of a sudden, her heart was heavy and she would have also burst into violent weeping had not Mrs. Jerry thrown up a protecting arm about her, and little Jennie hearing then a sound suddenly turned her head to look, then suddenly rose and hurried to Violet's side.

"Are they all asleep?" faltered Violet with trembling lips. "The poor little dear have closed themselves to sleep, but you mustn't be frightened. It's only the result of the bad news. Please do not awaken them now. You'll only have them cry over again and oh it is so pitifully. Evans was in here and couldn't stand it."

Of course it seemed that by now that any one of Violet or her sisters should have been used to all hard times and sorrow by this time, but of course things can not be. It had seemed now that all good things must come to an end at last, and Violet as she sat up, unable to sleep, and met by the window remembered wistfully how Jennie and Angelina had told her and her sisters how they had decided to take little Nell to Angelina Agathia before any evil would attack in some way and assassinate her as they knew was planned. Of course the two were far from happy over the prospect, and hated like taking poison to go, and their sisters had looked on a graver than usual more grave than any one had ever seen them before, and though they had not felt so good about it either. Violet had hastened to cheer the other sisters by saying:

"Oh we'll come back in a few days as Angelina Agathia isn't so frail had asked papa this morning if we two couldn't go, and he had said certainly if he liked. If we liked, and of course must must under many conditions save poor little Nell. Penrod can take you little sisters of mine often to drive in my nice little pony cart, and you shall feed my little bunnies, and Penrod during your long fun-loving can read lots of nice stories to you."

Violet and her sisters smiled gratefully. Violet remembered having saying "but please come back soon, I'm afraid I couldn't stand the parting very long."

"Then you can come with us too," said Jennie. Violet's face had then shone with pleasure but she remembered having said that father would only take two of them go, and then Jennie had answered that they need not worry, they'll be back.

that they need not worry they'll be back in a day or so. Violet and her sister
and her mother, and Jennie had shared their hearts about the plans of
the show-trip in a way that they both and of the good feeling of the show-trip
the enemy of the intended victim. The day to come for the going came and all
too fast and Violet's members had not all too soon came the morning when
Jennie and Angeline were in for the last time to say good bye. The express
wagon was at the door. Of course as Violet recalled Jennie and Angeline were
in very dramatic spirit too, and yet kissed their sisters with more real affect
ion than can ever be known on any road. As for Violet who still clung tight to
Jennie she said very little, and tried hard to choke down the big lump in her
throat.

"Angeline Aronburg also was there whom the two kissed good bye, and she had
said "I shall never forget how good you have been to all of us, and we shall
keep thinking about you all the time, and when after a long time you come
back--"

"But we shall see each other before the ten days" interrupted
Jennie (for Angeline did not feel like speaking) "We'll come back and give our
regards from Aunt Mary. But we can't stay any longer we have only time to say
good bye, the spies are pressing on Wall hard, we're going in a little while.
Good bye my dear precious sisters, and don't forget to write soon, back very
soon."

Then Violet's members had how in another moment she and her five sisters
were alone. Now it was four days since the parting and the news of the two
being lost had upset her and her sisters greatly. She couldn't help it. She had a
feeling she had never before with her sorrow, a coming burning hatred of the
enemy. She wondered whether she was wrong in it, and it seemed at times whipsaws
in her right about her angelic like said she ought to have hated the enemy
long ago, because the enemy was unrepentant, and never will repent.

Violet had members just before the parting in saying to Jennie:
"But we have never been away from each other for long since our separations
before the battle of Manogue at Poughkeepsie. We shall give a new life to all our
lives and it'll be hard parting now."

"I know that my dear sister" she had said and Jennie having said and "I and
and I know any it would almost break on these to part with our darling
sisters when the time does come, but little Nell must be refused at our Aunt
and we need only be separated for a little while you know. We should feel safe too
and Angeline Aronburg you know as she is so dumb. She is, the enemy would have
to first capture the moon to even plan to capture Angeline Aronburg, and
our Aunt Mary is a good conscientious woman and we should have no fear in trusting
ourselves to her care."

The said memory almost upset Violet enough to start her to crying, and
little Jennie said:
"Don't cry Violet dear. It's maybe our Good God is only allowing this
as a trial to see whether you'll hold firm to Him even in the face of this
sorrow."

"What need is there for such a trial to him when He knows I won't fail
Him any way" sobbed Violet. "Oh I can't tell you Jennie, how I'm getting to hate
His enemies. I know they only do that to us to throw insults into His face. Instead.
I don't care what anybody says. The war is terrible day coming for Glendalville.
I know it. Now in history was a nation as wicked as this, and they went to
destruction so that they're only in history now. It is hard to bear that He
knows we won't fail Him. He only will stick to him close no matter what the
trial He allows us."

And Heaven knows she told more than that with her little girls to Nell
for a month just for a trial, despite how good they were, and they'd only be
the more sanctified for it.

It was six o'clock on a very warm evening at the end of May. Throughout
the whole month of May because of the awful forest fire the weather had been
been almost unbearably hot, unless the time the wind had blown west or south-east,
including no threat, the heat at night to say more intolerable in the open
country than in the big cities, though there too it was not enough. Then because
of the steadily wild advance of the forest fire, the average fury of the
advancing foe and other dreadful disturbances of the surrounding forest war in many
cities and towns every body was hurrying away from towns, seek seclusion
and other places to which they were not so strongly possessed by Christian animosity.
Mary feeling that Pando was too much harassed by the foe and then to the
captured and would only be a refuge was the next day house
Christian mission. A woman by the name of Mrs. Scott was the next day house
keeper of General Hindes' headquarters and she was talking of Christian
mission coming forward to aid General Vivanna who was retreating toward
Pando. All stories and the like in Pando were being closed, and the battle
was near Pando sounded like a steady distant thumping of muffled drums.

When Mrs. Pando was in action much was these days--still remained in
whose lines were in action much was these days--still remained in

his position, though the enemy "made a mistake and though they were a fatal way"
against him." and that he was a breakfast man. There was some where else too
pointed that Mrs. Pando was a fight was raging along a hundred mile front with
all the fury of the world war itself. But its location could not be determined
though it was feared it was at El Paso. Angeline Aronburg had sat patiently
reading some good who like to Violet and some of her sisters who had remained
with her who were more sturdy in constitution to bear that while than the
others were, while upstairs in the hot room Catherine sat alone, through this
long soot-choking hot day, with the same black sky overhead, and a red sun trying
to shine through it, trying vainly to be cheerful and brave and forget that
the sorrow and worry which was not possible, trying vainly to find the old
amusement in reading. She and her sisters had stayed nearly half a day
in church that morning praying and weeping in turn, however, the hot weather
did not do good with the little girls who were sisters, they bore it patiently
and Angeline Aronburg had notched with an almost unbearable patience, as she
saw the little faces she loved so dearly, growing pale and thin day by day since
the loss was not known, refusing hardly to eat anything, and noted the weary
illiquid notes in their sweet voices, that still despite their cruel unjust
trial caused by the enemy still never had one word of complaint to utter.
Pando, Mrs. Pando himself was out trying to find means to have his two sisters
located. He never said a word, about it, didn't seem to be worried about them,
was at his ease, and laughed as gaily as before it happened, but his sisters
could see it by his face at times that there was a more aching heart within
him than probably within them.

On this particular evening May the 23rd Aunt Mary was feeling more tired
and anxious than usual. The day at Angeline Aronburg had been extremely hot with
a south easterly wind, the atmosphere smoky, and the sky so heavy that the
sun didn't even show itself, and the wind temperature of the swiftest when
it was off the southeast, made every body suffer in sequence. It was not dark
but the sky was a strange yellow greenish gray in tone, and the atmos-
phere was almost smothering in heat. Aunt Mary's head ached because of the
heat, and she was very very tired, but she walked fast in spite of the heat
for Jennie and Angeline were expecting her and they must not be kept waiting.
Her housekeeper opened the front door to their aunt.

"Well this certainly has been a awful hot day, hasn't it?" she exclaimed as
Mrs. Aronburg Aronburg stepped into the hall which did feel delight-
fully cool after the heat and smoky atmosphere of the street. "You
look just about ready to drop too you poor good woman."

"I'm exhausted" she answered admitted with a smile. "But I suppose
I ought not to mind the heat, as I am a southerner, but then this is heat that
never was felt in the hottest summer. It's terrible I'll admit and such smoky
air, and no sunshine. The sun is certainly not creating this heat I'll say."

"Well those poor little neices of yours minds it whether you mind or not."
said the housekeeper a little sadly. "Even that poor child they brought to you--
she doesn't look a bit well; she hardly tasted her lunch to day, and neither did
you neices. I brought them a nice glass of lemonade and some cookies this
dreadful afternoon, thinking they might like something, but when I went to take
away the glasses and plates a few minutes ago, I found the one little Nell
had eaten only one cookie, though she did drink the lemonade. Your two neices
only drank half a glass apiece, letting Nell have another from their division
before they drank. I never saw two little girls so generous. Can't you manage
to take the two back to Pando and get them out of this terrific heat and
bring little Nell back so that it would do them all the good in the world if you
could."

Mrs. Vivian shook her head sadly.
"I'm afraid, couldn't take little Nell any where at present" she said. "My
neices won't chance so far a trip in these dreadful times I know, and they'll
be going back to Pando as soon as they said they must join their sisters
and brothers--they'll be very busy. I could have Mrs. Vivian take her but
she is afraid to leave town because she is afraid of the Glendalvillians--and
even then I scarcely know--do you really think little Nell is ill Mrs.
Scott?"

"Well I don't say she's exactly ill" said the housekeeper, touched by the
anxious expression on the Mrs. Pando's face. "But I can't change and far from the
anxious expression of the Mrs. Pando's face. "But I can't change and far from the
would be a splendid thing for the half my sister would not have such a big family
of her own that she never has room for any one outside. I daresay I'd
take little Nell to Abyssinville with me for you know, and that's all I daresay
not so away from Angeline Aronburg myself."

"You are very kind" said Aunt Mary, impulsively holding out her hand and
"a second saw that her hand was trembling" was trying and managing to give

"You little Nell, a change this year if possible though I can't see just how it can be done."

Then Aunt Mary hurried away up to her room, and the house-keeper went off to see about dinner. A supper what ever you call it. Jennie and Angeline were sitting in that cold place by the window, Jennie in a low rocker, with some sort of a big book on her lap, but no story was being read. It was now being read for the third time, it was only natural that a little of the original interest should have worn off, especially when it was so silly, and at the moment when Aunt Mary entered the room Jennie's busy fingers were scripping idly on the page before her, and she was leaning back in her chair with a listless tired expression on the pale little beautiful face, that it was not her fault that she was asleep in her chair, and little Nell was in the wash room bathing her head in cool water to give herself some relief from the heat. But when she was aroused by her aunt's voice she started up from the heat. But when she was of old, and when Aunt Mary had taken off her hat, she threw herself down on the big lounge.

"Have my little nieces, and this friend be very uncomfortable to do to day?" Then Aunt Mary asked anxiously, laying her hand on Jennie's beautiful little head. "Oh no, not very. It was pretty warm with the hot wind blowing against this side of the house, but I kept those windows shut, and what do you think I really fell asleep and had quite a long nap. I had such a lovely dream too. I thought you, and my dear mother and sister and father and mother, were all in some beautiful country for the day, that it was long ago after this way, that there was no more war, and you were all driving my little pony and our traps were full of flowers. Penrod had put a flower wreath around our heads and said they made us look prettier than when we were just as nice dream, and then Angeline called me and, woke up and found such pleasant things happened. We were feeling so this way, and wishing we could have a nice drink of something cold when in came Miss Scout with three lovely glasses of lemonade and some cookies—wasn't it kind of her?"

"Mary," said her Aunt wondering why Jennie didn't tell of that good deed to little Nell. "Jennie," she added after a moment's pause. "Do you know I have made up my mind to go with you to see your mother and father."

Jennie gave a violent start. "It's nearly two weeks since I've been there," she said. "I have never heard one word from any body not even your father at first. I tried to hope it was because your father and the others may have been busy, but now I'm afraid all correspondence would have been cut off by the enemy as I see your last letter to you sister has brought no answer."

"Oh no," said Angeline herself, earnestly. "I'm quite sure that hasn't happened. Our route from Pandora to here was perfectly clear and our trains were never interrupted. Oh Aunt dear please don't write yet—not for any more. Let's go ourselves there and surprise them."

Aunt Mary started in astonishment at the little flushed excited face that only the moment before had been so pale and languid. "What don't you want me to write Jennie dear and Angeline too?" she questioned wonderingly.

"Because, because the correspondence might get into enemy hands." "I suppose you think that just as long as we don't hear anything from your sisters and father, there is also danger that the correspondence might have fallen into enemy hands," he Aunt said, softly stroking Jennie's cheek, and putting Angeline on the head. "Well we'll go to Pandora, the three of us, and the house-keeper will take care of little Nell but, know it's only postponing the evil day."

"It would be the most beautiful country in the world if there was no war," thought Angeline to herself. "Oh Aunt dear," she then said. "We can start as soon as possible?"

"Yes, but I'm afraid it might make a hazardous trip. My dear don't you think it is better since you came here that you have never heard a word from your mother and father?"

"He did," she said four times," said Angeline, rather apologetically. "Violet wrote he did, but for some reason or other his letters never came. Violet told me he was good loving letters too. That is why I did not want you to write to him. I'm afraid Penrod's letters got into a trap, and you might write to him and be told we are a hardy lot."

"Did you tell your sister you were coming here?" "Yes, and oh how they hated to see us go. I tried to go to and so did Angeline but we had to it seemed to save little Nell."

Then Aunt Mary looked a little troubled. "They don't look like my dear ones?" "I wish you little girls had not done that my dear ones?" "Why not?" inquired Angeline in a tone of astonishment. "Even they did not want to see anything happen to little Nell and you wouldn't want to see it happen would you?"

He Aunt Mary's frightened over the little hand but she answered with forced cheerfulness:

"No of course not, but the going back may not be so easy you know. I don't suppose anything happened on that point. You dear mother and sister couldn't possibly stand it without you for even a week if they knew something happened to you. They are more sensitive than many children you know. They are now and worry quick you know."

"I know they would miss me but I told them it would not be for long," said Jennie simply. "We could start on the return to them to night if you wish."

"They would miss you more than I can tell. They would not need to worry if this awful war wasn't going on. I guess you would like to go back as soon as possible wouldn't you. You miss them too I know?"

"Oh yes we should like it very much and we would like you to come with us too. I love my dear brother and sister but, could enjoy most things better if, knew they were very happy."

"And they should be happy," said Aunt Mary quickly. "I don't know of anything that would make them any happier just now than to see you little girls return to them, and with me too. A long I can't myself afford to have anything happen to you or them under any conditions and if it should and you now under my care you father would hold me justly responsible. Gene and Uncle Hanson's army isn't going to advance until his lines are more firm he's been in action for three weeks now so he wrote me, and if I should attempt to go to him I might not get you there at all as to travel in that direction is awfully difficult and dangerous. Perhaps Penrod has stopped writing because he got no answers but I believe you had better go back to them before it is too late. We'll start at ten o'clock to night."

"We might as well as we have seldom been away from each other," said Jennie with a little quiver in her voice.

"I know that my dear, and I dare say it would break their hearts to you if they had to part too long from you when there is no telling what will happen, and it will make me and them happy to see them again. I'll see to it that you'll be expected for only a little while, though I wish you had not done this as traveling back isn't so easy."

Before Jennie and Angeline could answer, little Nell just came out of the wash room drying her hair, and then there was a knock at the door.

Little Nell threw the towel on the back of a chair. "Let me open it," she cried eagerly. "You three seem so comfortable, I don't want you to move."

She flew to the door returning in a moment with two envelopes in her hand.

"Two letters Aunt," said Jennie as Nell handed them to the princess. "We're do you suppose they are from?" she said handing them to her aunt.

"One is for you," said Aunt Mary taking it from Jennie's outstretched hand—and yes, I'm sure it's from Penrod, this one got through, for it's got the Pandora city post mark on it."

"Oh do read it please," cried the two girls together to whom the receipt of a receipt of a letter was an event of considerable importance. Aunt Mary cut open the envelope, and read:

"Pandora city.
May the 26th 1913. O-1914

Dear sisters both, I and your dear sister at home want you to come back now for we believe you have stayed with Aunt Mary just as long as you possibly could. We wouldn't do any if times were good but you are in danger of your return trip and the sooner you can come the easier it will be. Jennie's little pony is well and all our other pets and we will again have lovely times together before our fur-lough is up. I and your sister are very lonely and father says he'll be glad when you are with us he too is lonely and worried. Haven't much time writing letters so I can't say any more so please write as soon as you can and tell me what day you will come. Good bye till you come. From your loving brother Penrod Pete, Alvin."

Aunt Mary looked up from the letter with a smile. "How odd that it should have come just now while we were talking about it," she said. "though I can tell by the date this is one of the letters which was delayed. You would really like to go back for you know it would make your sister a happy again wouldn't you darling?"

"You really believe it would be safe for us to go back to Pandora?" both questioned still a little anxiously.

"Quite sure" was her answer prompt reply. "Then" said Jennie herself slowly and with a little sigh of intense satisfaction. "I should think we'd like to return better than anything else as they must be very busy about us and we are lonely for them as well. I really

feel now as if we wished we had't come after all. For some reason I dread the home and trip. Somethings wrong some where I can feel it."

"You funny little girls" said Aunt Mary kissing them both. "We will consider it settled then, and I will write a letter for you to Pandora after dinner tooning it by telegram saying that we are coming and will be there within a two days you say. I don't think we could reach Pandora before that, you must remember it took you nearly two days to get here when you came. Also you'll need some different clothes to put on, and I must manage to somehow get you some fitting disguises."

Jennie's bright face clouded.

"I wish you didn't have to go to the bother to have to do that just for us," she said regretfully. "Do you think the three of us really need to disguise?"

"Yes I really do," said Aunt Mary with decision. "I can't really let any thing happen to you two as you are so much more precious than any thing I work for." Jennie sighed. When Aunt Mary spoke in that tone there was never the least use in arguing with her.

"But here's the other letter," Angelina exclaimed with a sudden recollection. "I was forgetting all about giving it to you. It's for you, Aunt Mary."

Aunt Mary held out her hand rather indifferently for her correspondence for some reason or other was never very interesting these days. Next moment her hands changed and she exclaimed in astonishment:

"Why it's from Henry Gale at Pandora!" Perhaps she was a civilian had written him to ask my consent to your going back with me—however nice of him isn't it."

Jennie and Angelina made no answer. At the words "Henry Gale at Pandora," their cheeks gave one great bound, and then almost seemed to stand still. Aunt Mary tore open the letter, read the first first line, then uttered a low alarm-alarm and astonished cry, and sank back in her chair trembling from head to foot.

"What is it?—Oh Aunt Mary what does it say?" gasped both little girls, as Jennie seized the paper which her aunt in her surprise had let fall in her lap.

"It's about the city of St Thomas the direction I planned to go, why Nicodemus how can it tell me I knew that city was in danger?"

Read "Read it, read it," cried both girls again almost besides themselves with impatience, with an effort Aunt Mary recovered her self possession, took up the letter again, and read in a shaking voice:

"Dear Misses Hanson and Vivian

In reference to your inquiry of the situation near St Thomas city which you placed with us some days ago, we would say that our members have given the matter considerable investigation and are so surprised by the situation that we warn that any passage in that direction is impossible as a huge Glandelinian army is in that location under one of the Hanley's. Do not attempt a trip in that direction as a battle is raging along a hundred mile front with the enemy pressing. Take the Evangeline St Clair to that city, and transfer on the Mc-Hollister and Pandora lines. That is the only open road that is known. Awaiting your reply we remain

Very truly yours

Henry Gale Gemini Branch.

Pandora. Calvevil Calvevil.

"On the enemy are in possession of it" said Jennie. "Then we'll have to go the longer route but it is safe."

So it was settled and late that evening they were ready, and little Nell clung about the necks of each princess in turn, and cried a little, and Aunt Mary cried too although she pretended she was only laughing and was very careful to dash away the tears before Nell could see them. Then came a last parting kiss, an anxious "You'll take good care of little Nell Sarah until I get back" from Aunt Mary, a hearty promise from Sarah, and then almost before the two little girls realized it they were in the train being whirled rapidly away from the great city, toward Evangeline St Clair city. At the start it was a most pleasant ride, and the train stopped at two big towns without any mishap. Then on it went again, telegraph and the telegraph. Angelina and Jennie trying to get a little sleep. The train had been running very fast by now, when the coach on which Aunt Mary and the two little girls were on with other passenger came to a sudden violent stop that shook them from their seats. The sudden stopping was followed by a crash and every window went out apart of the roof crashed in and a piercing chorus of shrieks came from a number of passengers, but though the coach was dreadfully crushed, Jennie, Angelina and their aunt escaped without injury and in their excitement scrambled from the wreckage when they heard loud yells, and the sound of firing all of a sudden. They realized the train was

attacked by Glandelinians and that now they were coming on to attack and capture the passengers.

"Quick! Aunt Mary! Get ready!" cried Jennie drawing her pistol. "I'll fight the Glandelinians, and so will Angelina."

They left the coach by a window and though some shots came close they were not hit. They could see many flashes from Glandelinians in the distance, but looking carefully they saw that the train was not surrounded, so they crawled under one of the still standing coaches and got to the other side of the coach just as the Glandelinians came rushing forward firing as they ran and shouting their defiance and defiance as no answering shots came from the coaches. Any of the passengers had been killed in the wreck including women and children, and those who were not were not soldiers, neither were they armed and had no means of which to defend themselves. Finally seeing there was no shooting shooting in answer the Glandelinians came up some lightning lanterns.

"Confound it!" cried one of the leaders. "We wrecked a passenger train. No soldiers here."

"Well take the survivors as prisoners any way," Jennie heard the others say.

However there were not many passengers to be taken prisoners for the great number were killed or injured and some still the wreckage was catching fire. The engine and fireman had leaped when the engine ran into the det rail, and were killed in that fall.

"Stop, stop!" cried one of the Glandelinian officers. "They you fall one three goes three fugitives running to the woods. They'll tell what we did. Get them."

A number of soldiers seeing one large figure and two small ones running some slight distance off mounted their horses and gave chase all being cavalry who had attacked the train. Six were on horse back and were rapidly overtaking the three fugitives.

There was a two sudden bursts of flame from the fugitives, the loud reports of revolvers and that many Glandelinians tripped from their horses. The other four were in consternation, and before this clatter gave the order to fire, two more toppled off, but at that time about thirty rode up to help them and answered with clattering fire. Jennie and Angelina by that time had gained the shade of the trees, and opened such a steady fire that the Glandelinians were really afraid to charge. Finally the firing stopped, and calling for help, the whole attacking force got ready and made a sudden and fierce charge for the woods, but when they got there saw no one, but in the confusion of the fight Aunt Mary had been separated from the two girls, and being unable to find them the next morning, had gone to a neighboring town and had at once sent in a report of the disaster to Hendrick Dargard of the Main Gemini headquarters at Angelina Agathia. Christian cavalry had come up but the attackers were gone, and the sound of the train wreck had died a horrible death by fire.

Despite all that might have been said or worried about, Jennie and Angelina could not be lost in the deepest recesses of the Mc-Hollister woods if they tried. They knew all woods, all roads, and places like their own name. But they had to seek the recesses as Heaven knows how tenaciously they were pursued by the pursuing enemy. If they could make the enemy lose themselves in the labyrinth of these woods they would easily have retailed. But the blow to them was their separation from their aunt and they feared she was captured.

After feeling sure they had escaped their enemies for the time being Jennie and Angelina decided that was called the main road, but here they paused for a moment under uncertainty in which direction to turn. If they saw the road any they would surely encounter their pursuers.

"We can't in a hurry go down this road," Jennie decided to Angelina. "A party of the pursuing cavalry would be sure to come at night down here looking for us. I guess we'll have to go far into the woods, and go as far as we can in order to make the enemy get lost. When we are safe we are safe from pursuit we can escape from this forest for ever. The way is pretty well. Only those who don't go will be helplessly lost."

For ten minutes they walked on steadily, without stopping, keeping their heads and eyes both active; then as they heard no pursuing coming they became more hopeful and though they began to feel very warm and tired, and also sleepy. But to leave to stop now would be fatal. The weather was just as hot as if the Sun was beating down on you in an August day in no other Africa, and not a breeze stirred the leaves of the forest. Jennie herself paused for a moment believing she heard creeping foot steps, feeling half inclined to turn back and away, but Angelina opposed her idea. Both wanted to rest and

which they could have done if there was only a hiding place, for though it was night, for some reason or other it seemed as if the woods were not as dark as night, it usually should be. Several night animals had passed the two little girls, but

men in and they felt that they couldn't stand it.

"You three boys leave the room," said Penrod. "He added decidedly to the members of the Gemini. 'I can't I must stay by them. They want me and I must not leave. What you need to try and say to them goes to me too as I'm their brother.' Tim bowed and he and the others left the room."

"You look worse than you poor sister," said Dargan. "You don't even cry. It would do you all the good in the world to cry if you could."

"It's impossible," said Penrod in a hoarse whisper. "It seems to some that I've given gold and haven't less about my sister, for it has been over a week now since they were gone and I have not shed a single tear and yet they were not back yet. I've tried hard to cry but I can't. The Glandelinians are responsible for this, and if anything has happened to them I'll go into the enemy lines and kill Manley if I get killed for it."

The sleep of the housekeeper's arms came about him. "My dear Prince," she said tenderly. "Have you asked our dear blessed Lord to help you bear this trouble, and to intercede for your sister and bring back Jennie and Angeline to you?"

"You are asking me a foolish question," said Penrod almost hotly. "Of course I have asked the Lord for them. I turn and a novena begins in their behalf to night and continues for nine days. It better be answered too if those confounded Glandelinians know what's good for them. I can't bear it because the way they treat my sister and friends and won't. It seems unjust that all the good people have sufferings and terrible sorrows in this world, even many that go in means to it, and my sister and I are unusually good. I don't know why but I dreamed last night that I saw my sister angels weeping. I always feel sure that God does hear when we all pray to Him for things, but probably no matter how good we are it isn't always best for us that our prayers should be granted. But I know He always hears. And now Mrs. Jerry I'm going only when my Father comes. Until then I must stay with them, but when he comes I will have to go. I got things to say to him."

"Why don't you try and have your sister found?" said Mrs. Jerry. "I'm doing every thing I can," said Penrod raising his head with sudden energy. "My sister has been so good I can't bear to have them suffer all this desperate."

"Well you certainly are a good boy," said Mrs. Jerry, and even his sister despite their sorrow couldn't keep from smiling lovingly at Penrod. "You only think of your dear sister and not for yourself. Why don't you go down stairs while you are waiting for your father and try to comfort poor General Evans."

"Oh dear," wailed little Daisy. "He is so good to us, and he's about as sad as we are. He is not selfish. Penrod dear, we need you so bad we'll send for you. Go and comfort the poor man."

"All right," said sister. "I know he's gruff and short in his manners but he's got the kindest heart of any one I ever knew and he just about loves you little sister of mine as if you were his own."

Penrod then left the room slowly and going down found the great General and friend standing before a window with his hands behind his back. But his face was miserable and sad too. He was afraid too that Jennie and Angeline might have surely perished in the fires sweeping those dreadful woods and would never come back and if they didn't perish yet the very next hour then would decide the fate of the two he loved so well. There was a slight sound behind him and he turned around to meet the gaze of Prince Penrod whose own manly eyes were filled with unmeasured grief and misery. He at once came forward.

"Can I do anything special for you Prince?" he asked in a tone that Penrod scarcely recognized. It was so low and gentle.

"No," said Penrod in a rather unsteady voice. "It isn't that I and my sister are very lonely for you, and little Daisy, and I can see you are very unhappy and lonely too. For I know you are very loving toward my dear sister."

"Love your dear sister?" the General repeated slowly and there indeed was a strange ring in his voice, and a strange gleam in his eyes. "I think I am fonder than I have ever been of any human being even than of myself."

"And that surely is my sister?" he asked softly. "I know you know a lot about my sister more than I do."

Evans gave a violent start. "Where and how do you know about that information?" he demanded sharply. "Not much, only from what I have heard, and that my little sister loves you about as equally as they do. Father and mother Mrs. Jerry told you that and I thought perhaps that is the reason why you cared for them so much."

"Mrs. Jerry told you that, did she? What else did she tell you?" "There was no evading the steady gaze of those keen blue eyes, but Penrod met the gaze without flinching; he had nothing to fear of the good General who was thus excited.

"That is all," he said quite quietly.

"He didn't tell you what I know of Manley, that of all Glandelinians he is the most heartless brute, who mainly caused all the sorrows and troubles of your dear sister, caused them that dreadful sorrow and separation and Jennie to be sold to that beast Antonia St. Louis, and a all other dreadful nameless things, because not for any really, but because they are such unusually good little girls, and that he did it too with the purpose to blaspheme God in action? He didn't tell you how I found out how when once Jennie herself was alone, and her sister far away at Angelina Agatha, and that Manley strove to do all in his power to kill her and prevent all their letters to reach her, and made it appear as if she returned all their letters unopened?"

"No," said Penrod. "She never told me that."

"Well if she had it would have been nothing but the simple truth. There are a thousand things written down in your Father's Sacred Record book he wouldn't let you see under any conditions because you couldn't bear reading of it, and that you or the whole nation of Abbiounia, I and your Father and Uncle, mother and Aunt and all your brothers and relatives can and never and would never forgive Glandelinia for."

Penrod stepped back aghast.

"Sit down my dear Prince," said Evans, abruptly waving him toward a chair. "I'm very sorry to shock you so but it is my duty to inform you so you'll know what to plan in defense of your sister in the future. Now then suppose you tell me something about yourself. Tell me your experiences over in the United States, and all you learned there."

Penrod did, it being a lengthy detail.

"And you say you are afraid if within a month Jennie and Angeline didn't return we turn your sister will not be able to bear it."

Penrod nodded, he dared not trust himself to speak.

"You must have some plans surely to have them located."

"I have done all I could. I have a few known cousins in the south, and have notified them by wireless, but there is no one who can penetrate those woods, unless they are acquainted with all the roads and passages. I never knew the little girls were my sister until the day it was revealed to me, though when I came back to this country I always swore that paper-woman did look like my father but wasn't sure. I thought I was all alone in the world, an orphan."

"Jennie once told me that she always was sure that she and her sister had seen you once living with father," he told me that before it was known," said Evans, now about your two big brothers—did they know you were lost at the time?"

"I didn't know much about them," said Penrod with a slightly heightened color.

"But I found out my mother was an only child of some very holy family; I believe she as I heard quite a while ago had quite a generation of Saints, and even now has few but good near relatives."

"Grand mother and Grand father both dead I suppose?"

"My Grand father died when my mother was at the age of sixteen. I am not sure about my Grand mother she may be dead too."

"Hm, murdered by the enemy, I suppose."

"No, no oh no, I don't think so. Father said that he couldn't tell whether she was alive or not but the enemy never injured her. There was some trouble however between Glandelinians and our Holy Family at the time of Father's Holy marriage to my mother and we have heard that her sister married my uncle Hanson Vivian and that Angelina Aronburg is our cousin, but General Conscientian Aronburg's daughter as both my mother and aunt was Conscientian Aronburg's sister."

"There was a short pause Evans looked out the window and then began to draw rather nervously with his fingers on the table where he had seated himself. He was the first to speak.

"What was your good Mother's name before she married your good Father the King?" he asked abruptly.

Penrod hesitated.

"I suppose you will think it very strange," he said, "but really I do not know. I forgot to ask my sister that, and they have never mentioned the maiden name for fear it'll leak out to the enemy. Because of that too for fear it will be a I never had liked to ask my father about it."

"Don't know your mother's maiden name? Well that sure is a queer state of things. She didn't often mention her family then?"

"He often spoke of her father—she loved him very dearly, but she never spoke of him or also for fear of the enemy when doing things."

A wave of some strong emotion swept over Jack Evans face and for a moment the hand resting on the table trembled visibly, but Penrod was too much occupied with his own sad thoughts to notice it. Then he spoke, and his voice shook in spite of all his greatest efforts at self control.

"and your sisters, they love me so much too you say--love me dearly to the last, in spite of everything!"

Penrod gave a start. Something in Jack Evans' strange manner suddenly struck the prince as decidedly odd. He also quickly glanced into the general's white set face and then the next instant started impulsively to his feet.

"General, believe you are ill. If you are I can do something for you. Oh and I am sorry if I have made a mistake and said anything to hurt you. I forgot that my sisters always loved you so much. Let me do something to help you please."

"You have not hurt me, and I'm far from being ill too a strong will like me ought not to start talking about being ill, unless I'm ill at heart, so you need not worry about that. I got down again my good prince and told me some more about your good mother--I've got an idea I used to know her long ago when I was a little child slave ten years old."

"You know our mother when you was a child slave? I didn't even know you was a child slave or knew our mother then."

"I knew a little girl who answers pretty well to her description. I was at the wedding as best man when she married your father Emperor Robert Peter-Vivian."

"Yes, yes, that is my father's name. Oh how strange it seems that you should have known them; why did you not tell me before?"

"Because, because I thought your sisters told you all that."

"What made you enter the Army General when you got away from being a child slave and grew to be a man?"

"Because--because," said Evans slowly and his brow darkened fiercely and his eyes gleamed savagely many years ago when I was still a child, at eleven years of age I made a vow. I vowed to myself that as long as I might live, I would never forget and give Glandelinia, because one of your mother's youngest sisters was also a slave and because she was so good a little girl the Glandelinians burned her at the stake. I was a friend of hers even to love young as I was and she loved me. If she lived you and your sisters would have had two aunts: he was the stolen daughter of your father's sister of general Aronburg who was a young boy at the time. I at first vowed I would never forgive Glandelinia, never to have anything to do with her or her sons. I never resented my own sufferings, I bore them meekly."

"You made that vow," said Penrod turning pale at the horrible tale of the death of his other aunt when she was a little girl--"you must have known my mother and her two sisters then, very well,--oh Evans tell me what does it mean?"

"It means that Glandelinia is a brute on the face of the earth--a hard hearted selfish brutal nation. Her wicked pride caused all this disaster now happening and the memory of that righteous vow might have kept me from revealing it now if it were not for your own good little sisters and you too. I have known who even you are from the first day I saw you, but never dared reveal it yet. The likeness to your sister that is your likeness was and is without mistake, and then there was the name. There was only one Penrod name in the whole of Abbeinnia at this time, and you were it, and that had been of a little boy who had been a little son stolen from Emperor Vivian. Your sister Violet if dressed like a boy as you are would have passed for her living brother and that is you, Penrod. That is why when going to school though you disguised as Violet, you never Heaven knows fooled me, though you fooled others. There is now a million proofs that you are their brother without mistake. Joice herself and also Angelina and three of your sisters Daisy, Catherine and Violet, and you too could pass for the living image of your mother if you mother was their age."

"Their age," repeated Penrod, in growing bewilderment. "My mother was a Saint and was a child slave. You know her and her two sisters long ago--was there to you any recollection of her name?"

"Your mother's name was Joice St. Claire Aronburg, your mother's dead sister was Aggie Gertrude Aronburg, and your aunt name was Mildred Ann Aronburg. Your traitor atrocious son had a good deal to do too with the sad fate of you--dead sisters all these months of the war that also broke their hearts and broke your father's and mother's at the same time. They drove him justly and justly from their duties, they justly refused to see him unless he repented and came back to God and Country, they returned his letter unopened. He now or has broken their hearts more yet by becoming a Glandelinian general. Glandelinia was responsible. There for can any one ever forgive the wrong all Glandelinia did to your whole family including you too and not only your sisters but father, mother, and brothers. If I had been able to have married your Aunt's sister I also would have been your uncle. I often see her in my dreams and she seems often to say as she appears 'Don't weep for me, for my sake avenge the wrongs done to my elder sisters little daughters.'"

"And have you ever planned to avenge them."

"Your own little sisters will tell you I have avenged them, and will continue to avenge them."

There was a sound outside the door, and Henry Gale entered the room followed by a soldier without noticing the agitation on the faces of the boy and man, he talked up straight to them both, and took Penrod's hand in his.

"Prince," he said very gently "I want you to prepare yourself for a great shock. All investigations seem to prove that no trace of your sisters can be found in the Glandelinian woods, and the fires are sweeping now St. Thomas. Your little sisters are more grief stricken than ever for rumors have it that Jennie and Angelina have perished, but don't lose hope for we do not believe it can be possible. I have consulted with your sisters, the permission to go out ourselves with all our members of the Gemini, and try find traces of them within Glandelinian encampments in disguise. They may have been captured. We'll go there to night, and provided no unforeseen complications arise, we see every reason to believe we'll find them if the rumors are not true, that they have perished. You'll have to go to your sisters now and cheer them. Your father is home and going to do something desperate, but he said to me you must remain with your sisters until you can bring them a little more to themselves. Then he says you must scout with your remnant division of child scouts to see if any trace of them is found. He knows you'll rescue them at any risk."

"I surely will," said Penrod, and he rose to go politely saying good night to Evans and leaving him with the Gemini leader.

Penrod went up the stairs indeed with a slow melancholy step but he did not cry. He couldn't cry. He was only choked up and his heart felt as heavy as lead. As he neared the door he heard weeping and quickly pushed it open. His youngest sisters were crying bitterly, but the eldest lay on their beds in a sort of apathy. Penrod was now terribly distressed indeed he had one little girl in each arm in a moment and was kissing and soothing them as best as he could.

"Don't cry so my sisters dear, please don't the rumors may not be true," he pleaded. "Why you don't even know yet that it is really true. Your father is so good, and so fond of you, and so powerful he'll do all he can, and your two sisters are angel possessed, I don't believe they'd let any harm come to them."

"The angels I am afraid couldn't help it, oh they couldn't help it," wailed Violet. "Then dear blessed Lord was in his agony in the Garden, the Angels had to let him go to his cruel death too, they never could do anything unless he let them strike his enemies. Mary the Waitress we had lost her child the same way, and she told us all about it. He never saw her little boy since. Oh it is terrible. Oh Penrod we don't want to lose our sisters,--we don't--we don't."

"But I'm sure our dear blessed Lord would defend his loved ones more than himself as He usually does," urged Penrod. "I don't believe we have lost our dear Jennie and Angelina for good, that does not seem possible."

"I don't believe they'll ever come back," said Joice mournfully from the bed. The Gemini told us all about it. It was dreadful. If they are in the forest they must have really perished, the woods are being all aflame in the St. Thomas Section and St. Thomas is burning and the Glandelinian camps and all the soldiers are driven before it while fighting it. My Mary wired it was in the St. Thomas section of the forest they fled and that is aflame. Of if it is true we can't stand it any longer. It is better for us to go with them."

"Oh Joy dear don't lose hope please don't," pleaded Penrod. "I don't believe they have perished, because there was a saying I heard once 'If an angel possessed child perishes the angel perishes with him, and an angel cannot perish.'"

"Up at the angel would leave if he was in danger like that," sobbed Catherine. "Then the angel would disobey God," said Penrod, "and with angels that is impossible. Once an angel possessed child that angel possesses you for all eternity. No that cannot be. I don't believe the rumors. I never heard of a sister's."

But poor Daisy had broke down once more and burying her pretty little face on Penrod's shoulder began to cry wildly as heart broken as she was until Penrod hugged her closely to him as she sobbed;

"The Gemini said it was impossible to rescue any one from those woods and if they did not perish in flames they'll die of starvation. Oh we don't want to lose Jennie and Angelina."

There was a pause. The bright color had gone out of Penrod's face but his arms had tightened about the quivering child and when he spoke his voice, though low was not steady, yet was very kind.

"Are you really beginning to lose hope that some day they will never return, even if the news did seem so true?"

"Of course it would," said Daisy. "For forest fires are dreadful things, we have nearly perished in them on many occasions, and I know of many who did

too. Ch Pen-rod don't you think you could find means to see whether they can come back or not?"

"I'll do anything, go through hell and all to get them back" said Pen-rod bitterly. "But perhaps it wouldn't be of any use. I do not know the location of that section of the woods."

"Oh yes it would I'm sure it would" said Violet eagerly. "That is if you could do you - India n Tricks. We would come with you and help you, and a lot of boy and girls too. Oh dear Pen-rod we do oh love you so very much, but I know Jennie and Angeline loved you oh much better. You could do something."

"I'll do anything," said Pen-rod. "I can for Father has a plan but just now he said I must remain with you for a while. While I'm to stay go out with all your the boy and girl scout regiments and see what we can do, but we can't do anything until he says so. I have to wait. But I'm going to get them back, oh cheer up little sisters dear. This seems our worse cross and indeed I feel as if there'll be not much more following after this. Father is angry, he suspects Manley and he'll try to give Manley all the trouble he can for it."

It was now Sunday the First Sunday in June, and Pen-rod had been the first one sleeping with his sisters to get up. In fact no one slept that Saturday night because of the distress and sorrow which kept them awake. Joy was marked sadly before they came down stairs to wash themselves themselves that she had a headache, and Pen-rod looking suspiciously at her head remarked that he hoped it would not be very bad and had her bathe her forehead in cold water to appease it.

The Walk to Church was a very silent one with their Father and Mother and Evans and the three boys who accompanied them, and unhappy Violet and her sisters always had a strict idea respecting Sunday behaviour and they walked in front of each other, hand in hand, Pen-rod having Violet's. They thought sadly of their happy Sundays with Jennie and Angeline, and suddenly felt more sad and lonely than ever before since they missed their two sisters. The feeling of loneliness and sadness increased rather than diminished when they had reached the Church, and they found themselves seated in the front pew after having first knelt to say their prayer. The sound of the Organ made them sad some how, though it had never done so before, and before they realized what was happening, they were again tearful. Of course they dashed them away as quickly as they could, but almost before they were dry, there were more tears in their place and some of them were forced to make a hasty search for their handkerchief for under any conditions they didn't want to be seen crying. At Mass for progress of the services seemed to comfort them a little and they were able to resist it, and by the time the Sermon had begun they had managed to fight it off. They stayed at every Mass and then were loath to leave the Church, though slightly a sense of peace and comfort had stolen over them.

The service from Church was a melancholy one, and they all had hoped to see Jennie and Angeline either coming off a passing street car or coming down the street arm in arm. What had made them feel sad and yet more alighted was that at the ending of the sermon the Priest had spoken of the distress of the Princesses, and had asked the Congregation at every Mass to come at the Novena novena and pray for their return. That first Sunday night, the Vivian Royal family attended, and if they had not had their own special pews I don't believe they could have got in. Not just to say a word, but that Church was a "Bardine Can" that night, and a long army of people crowded the streets outside the Church so that Cars had to stop to wait until the first Night Novena was over. And now they were on their return home. They ate very little supper, and stayed up dreadfully late that night, ardently hoping against hope that the two little girls would return. But it was in vain. No Jennie or Angeline showed up. Also Emperor Vivians army was in action even though the enemy didn't press as fierce as the battle was. It was a foolish hope to win it, but the enemy was desperately striving just the same and it was threatening to be one of the bloodiest battles of the raging day and night.

Though Emperor Vivian, Pen-rod, and the others, the whole Christian army soon knew of the loss of two of the Vivian girl Princesses, and that probably was the reason for the Christian armies fighting so savagely that day. The whole of Emperor Vivians army had been at death grips with the Glandelinian armies. Other armies also had thrown in their forces into the balance in defense of all portions of the Christian lines. All day long the battle had raged, and louder than usual in any battle before had been the clash of all kinds of fire arms and the thunders of cannon and fierce was the impact of fighting dust. Sometimes the Glandelinian hosts were in possession of the works, and the Christian flags had seemed to be in the dust. Indeed all day long the victory trembled in the balance or oscillated back and forth apparently awaiting the side that could muster a final and decisive blow. Along

At eventide a long Hansom long battle line itself the enemy dreadful continued a terribly storm the fiercest ever witnessed and heard before a disconcerted many divisions, to a to pieces whole columns of men by the enemy had mowed down many whole lines of soldiers and blown up long lines of works and set encampments and many towns on fire. The Glandelinians yelling their dreadful blasphemous battle cries had charged in like a vigorous powerful tidal wave, closed with immense portions of the Christian line and drove them back pell-mell. They went on gallantly victorious, but General Hindenrune's army had already put itself into position and met the victorious assailants like a breakwater, ripping apart a gigantic wave, with fierce and fearless abandon the Concentric soldier fighting now like man men hurled themselves into the waves of the Glandelinians. The Glandelinians loathe to lose the victory so easy within their grasp fought tenaciously beyond description, throwing immeasurable fury in their opposition, and would not be beaten under any conditions and showed it by their uncomprehensible uncomprehensible fury, but back, and back, and back they were driven nevertheless, until soon the Glandelinians were driven in from the field and the Christian waves charging after them, over fields, lanes meadows and the like in the face of a tremendous wind with the rig of fire.

The crisis then had turned, for Hansons line victory rested that evening upon the proud banners of the vast Christian line. All the fury of the Christians was brought up because every one hoped to rescue the two Vivian girls that every one loved and also he resisted.

Emperor Vivians left wing for a long time was not quite so fortunate. It was during one of the bloodiest conflicts of the battle. For many consecutive hours and with an unprecident fury the enemy had tried to break through the main Christian lines at a most strategic point. The toll of human lives taken by death in that battle along Emperor Vivians lines, in the few columns had been seemingly as heavy as souls go to Hell every day, countless thousands of battle maddened Glandelinians having fallen under an unabated hurricane of steel and fire a hundred times fiercer than ever seen in the whole world war itself. Three hundred men were all that remained of the Christian forces of 1,000,000 men under General Mortimer with and most of those men were nothing but maimed and agonizing bodies lying on the fields and amidst the works in a ghastly tangle with their death comrades, but that was a mere nothing compared to the unspeakable murderous horror amongst the Glandelinian fallen.

In bold defiance of death a young colonel fell as he led on his regiment. By evening the enemy horrified at the dreadful massacre of so many of their comrades recoiled in dreadful panic the Christians rushing at them and won the day. Terrible as was the late world war, and even though you add to it the horrors of all previous wars it stands no comparison with the gigantic conflict which had been going on for four days all along Hansons, Hindenrune's, Vivian's, and Emperor Vivians lines. In this mighty struggle which began from Depressionville up to Pandora and never ceased day and night since the horrible experience of Violet and her sisters and James and drew the enemy had never desisted and had been winning all the way on day by day, but now was beginning to suffer reverses and bloody reverses. Even during these so awful and anxious days, Violet and her five sisters had continually heard the awful sounds of the battle, and immense crowds of people on the city of Pandora and immense crowds of people in the city of Pandora had gone on the high roofs of tall buildings and else where to obtain a glimpse of the battle that was shaking and rattling every window in the city, but the conflict was too far off to be seen. No one was scared, but only curious and excited, for they felt sure that no portion of the Christian lines could be broken through. In fact they were wrong, but the conflict was to rage on for days yet. General Glandelinia had taken main charge of Emperor Vivians army, and showed the man he was. To lick Glandelinia had always proved to be impossible.

However no news of how the battle was turning in yet came into the city, for no generals would yet allow it to circulate for fear of the spies hiding within the city itself. Because of this so few of the little girls, Emperor Vivian forbade any bands to come near Hindenrune's headquarters unless they played cheery and not sob music. Emperor Vivian suspected Manley for the loss of his two out of seven daughters, and though he had the five remaining, he felt as if he had lost them all, his grief was combined with black rage and rage, but he also blamed himself for being so foolish as to allow the two little girls to go to Angeline's, without giving them commands to stay there until further notice. Emperor Vivian had consulted with Evans too on the matter, but neither could reach a decision because from the fact that it was impossible to find any definite location to discover where Jennie and Angeline could have been lost. Emperor Hansons himself feared for the condition of his wife, who also blamed herself for the disaster, declaring over and over again, it was her fault for going out at such a dangerous time. Little Nell in Angeline's room never ceased praying for them. All of Angeline's Agathia prayed, and every priest in every Church where offering Masses for their return to Emperor Vivian and his grief stricken little

diagnosis feeling sure that in God's good time He would answer the prayers if the two had not perished in the forest fires which had been kindled by the enemy per se. Even other towns mourned. Pando had died because no one there yet except those in the Parish knew and Empress Vivian had forbade the news being spread for good reasons. All the school children who had known and loved the Vivian Girl Princesses also offered their prayers, and made sacrifices for the safe return of Angeline and Jennie, and made up Novenas of their own with the good sisters.

But all that didn't bring even the slightest news of them, and then they wondered how the little girls could get into Pando in any way if they did escape from the woods because of the battle raging even at night, and it would be a long run from the region of St Thomas as it was only thirty miles north east of Angeline's Agathia, and nearly three hundred and sixty five miles south of Pando. It is hard to tell who suffered the most, Violet and her sisters, Penrod and the others, but that is considered among children, unless children of their age could feel as worried and sad and as anxious as parents could. On the following day Empress Vivian herself was on the verge of hysterical prostration and Empress Vivian had to call a doctor to help her. Knowing that unless they had her some sleep his sisters would go down in prostration too, Penrod at supper-time knowing how to measure it put a sleep potion in their milk which they always only drank, especially in supper-time, taking only tea in the white suit was his own and only hope that something would not happen to them and add to the sorrow of his parents and himself for Jack Evans at the command and certainty of his Father had to take personal command of the armies while Empress Vivian remained in the city for the sake of his poor children.

Penrod ardently wished to go to the woods down the river with the belief that he could pick up trails, but his Father had said it was impossible, and that if he got lost in the woods he knew nothing about he would add to the dreadful and alarming situation, and besides the fires had erased all trails, of where they might have gone. The sorrow of them all was as great as if Jennie and Angeline had really died, and they had attended their funeral, and buried them in a grave yard. But nothing nevertheless could shake their faith in God. The knowledge of his suffering when he was on the Earth strengthened them immensely so they could bear it, and they were more sanctified every day. They remembered often the sorrow of the Blessed Virgin when she stood beneath the Cross when Her son was hanging there and bleeding and dying, and of Her sorrows when He was dead and in Her arms. Many who came to see them in their sorrow and to comfort them often said that they didn't deserve to suffer this way, but then they only said that. Our blessed God didn't suffer-deserve it either.

Penrod didn't however show how he really suffered. The way he usually acted, if his remaining sisters had not known him now they would have thought he didn't care, didn't miss his two darling sisters. He went about his duties like ordinary times, as if they still remained, but once a voice had said to him when he told them that they must take rest or they'll go into prostration. You are worse than we are. I don't see how you stand it. You suffer more than we do. I can see it in your face and eyes. Penrods so was worse and they knew it. They could cry, and cry again, and weep bitterly and piteously for hours, which they did, but he couldn't shed a tear at the second night of the Novena they had to watch him, more than pay any attention to their own unspeakable grief for fear that he would break down in Church and accidentally cause a scene. Empress Vivian and his wife also attended the novena which even for an hour service seemed much too short to them.

All the boys and girls scouts themselves felt the same distress as Violet and her five sisters did for to them Jennie and Angeline was as much as any of the other sisters. It was expected too by many persons that if finally the days would pass in number the remaining little girls would soon wear off their unusual sorrow, like some times many do, for when loved ones or friends are missing and even though dead, or to know where to turn the sorrow is heavy on the heart at the start, and finally begins to let up. If they had this idea then they were absolutely badly mistaken, for the grief and anxiety of the little girls did not at all let up. Their mother was prostrated by the suspense and Empress Vivian also was not himself. His two other sons had got word of the loss and they had sent soldiers to comb the forest for them impossible and the rangers of the vic-holliste Woods had drafted from towns and villages a numerous number of persons to fight the fires in an effort to check them from going in the direction that Jennie and Angeline might have gone.

All this dreadful lonely day passed and there was no news of the two little girls. It seemed this time that this was the most dreadful situation ever known to Violet and her sisters, and Penrod likened them to the Good Good Evangeline off on fellow Poona which he had read once, and which story had even made his heart ache and made him feel glad that late on the American Colonies had rebelled against England for Freedom and that many of the Exiled Acadians were also in that revolution. He stood by the open window looking out, hoping

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was first hope that he would see Jennie and Angeline coming among those passing by, but no one came. Violet and her sisters did not cry much any more, but they felt just as distressed as before, that is if not more, and they sat by the biggest window with such a sad longing expression on their faces that Penrod couldn't dare to look. If only his Father the Emperor would let him go and make a hunt in that territory, but then as Empress Vivian had said it was impossible. He had said, that if his two daughters knew the woods as well as it was said about them, they might sooner or later find a way out, providing that the fires did not overtake them, or the Glandelinians capture them. But many disguised boys and girls scouts, the Gemini, the private military detectives, agents and the like within the forest were able to prove that Angeline and Jennie were not prisoners for if they were they would have been found, and no Glandelinian armies anywhere, within sight of Pando, or those down there at St Thomas and elsewhere else where in the same district had no children prisoners, and only few Glandelinian boys and girls scouts, and they were not good looking either. The more humane Glandelinian officials had stated even to war correspondents that were the two missing Princesses found by any of them, they would really turn them over to the Christian authorities or give them plenty of means to find their way back to Pando and cheat money of his property, for there were a good number of Glandelinian generals, even vicious ones who "loved money" and his confederates as a frightened crowd loves a "mad dog". But it was evident so far any way that Jennie and Angeline were not prisoners in any Glandelinian army, not even within My Letzes army which was at times in slight desultory actions at Do Linda and elsewhere.

Other investigations were able to prove that Jennie and Angeline were positively lost, or had perished in the forest fires, and if that was not the case, then they were still in the woods, and that if they did know how to get out of it despite of the seeming impossibility of it, they were afraid to make the attempt because of the fact that they were still hard pressed either by the forest fires, or by the Glandelinian per se. Many believed that they could escape the fires but that they then would be cut off from escaping out of the forests because of the fires, and that if they didn't face death by starvation and thirst, or forest bogs and pitfall pitfalls and avines unseen in the dark, then the possession angels were surely taking good care of them.

To some of even the best of the child scouts, there was no little faith in the "possession angels" because they argued, that if they were possessed, why does the angels allow unjustly this affliction to come upon the two lost ones,

and still more so now upon those who are so distressed at home and whose hearts were longing for their return more and more as every day passed by. Angeline's Archbishop argued that possession angels cannot do anything without permission by God, and if God willed that the little princesses must bear the trial, the Angels who are so obedient to His laws the angels have to suffer with the little girls, though of course if necessary they would work a miracle to save the two from death or destruction if a miracle had to be put through. But that didn't seem necessary, and as the little girls had often escaped dreadful dangers before they will this time also. That the enemy was fully to blame was evidenced by the deliberate traitor attack and the attack on the train, which by the Abbe's military laws is punishable by burning at the stake if any of the attacks were captured. For even in war-time an attack especially on a defenseless passenger train, mostly loaded with women and children is not considered as inhuman and unfair in war-time, but as the most heinous crime on record of all crimes and will be punished accordingly.

That evening was the third of the sad and solemn novena for the return of Jennie and Angeline. This time the crowd at the Church and other Churches too that also gave the novenas for the same purposes were crowded more than ever before showing the sincere devotion of those who were for attending. During this evening of the novena Violet and her sisters silently wept to their content and Penrod let them have their way. The poor little girls were too overcome and distressed to walk home and from a drug store across the street the carriage was called for and they slowly rode home while many of the people followed, trying to console them and give them courage to bear up in the twilight. The school children who had been the constant companions of Violet and her sisters came to see them and tried to comfort them and comfort them.

"If you were one of them" said Polly Question Box when she was returning home with her two friends "I wouldn't stand this."

"You are right, I don't care what it is the enemy had no right to cause these good little Princesses all this sorrow and trouble." Sister Ann Mary Ann said so so the little hate plane Glandelinians.

"Aw the Glandelinians make me sick" said Billy Broughton Brown. "The

very devils themselves are good in comparison to them. If I was Pen-rod I would make one of those -aids I read he did once, and not give any quarter to any of the Glandelinians in his path."

"That would be just -right," said Padditah. Law-a "that Glandelinians have done to so many boys and girls make me wish there was no Glandelinia row. Fire and b-lime stone ought to rain down upon the whole country of Glandelinia as it did in places which the Bible histo-ries mention, though I don't know how you pronounce those cities..."

"Good people like the p-incesses and us don't deserve to suffer and ought not to," said Polly. "I wouldn't stand for anything from those Glandelinians. If they did things to me like that and ran away with my little sisters I'd get even. If I could I'd shoot a Glandelinian officer every day that my sisters doesn't return. Glandelinians are mere nothing to me they are way beneath my notice. I was I was a girl-scout in one of those christian armies but papa won't let me. He's afraid I'll get killed."

And so it went on Violet and her five sisters slept good that night, despite the sorrow, Pen-rod saw to it that they did. He tried his best to sleep too and though he succeeded he had a troubled sleep, and then he had a dream. He saw his sisters coming out of a dense forest with a forest fire pursuing them, and standing in a clearing hoping to save themselves, and then to his horrified eyes, while their arms were out stretched to him to save them he saw them engulfed in the flames and perished amid awful agonizing screams. It was a shocking horrible night mare and he awoke in a awful fright, and couldn't dare go to sleep again. That trouble troubled him now was, that he feared that after all it might be true even though he did not believe in dreams, and early that morning, he went away before Mass time to consult one of the priests about that dream he was so scared and worried.

The priest told him that the dream was not anything to worry about, that it could not possibly mean that such a thing had actually happened, and that the dream was only a reaction because of his and his sisters' sorrows. However no matter what the priest said, it couldn't convince Pen-rod any. Comforting comfort him and the priest finally said "don't tell you red-ream to your sisters until you are positively sure that they have perished, which I do not believe has happened. I've never heard of a seen a angel possessed child die of anything, angels have even rescued them miraculously, and I believe Our Dear Blessed God is allowing you and your sisters this sore trial only to try your faith in him. Why don't you who are so experienced in it organize a close search for them. you have never failed in anything you ever did before."

"I do not know where they have been lost," said Pen-rod, "and also my father doesn't want me to go as I must not leave my sisters. Father said what others cannot do in this case neither can I. Any trails they might have left has been erased by the forest fires, and besides I'd run into great peril, and probably get lost myself and cause my sisters more sorrow and distress than now. So my father will not let me go."

Pen-rod went home then to bring his sisters to Mass, however to tell the truth they came near sleeping the time for the first Mass because he had by a mistake put a little more sleep potion in their milk than usual and he resolved to be more careful the next night. But after Mass they felt they had an idea why they slept so good despite their sorrow, and determinedly decided to fast water him this time and protested about it as soon as they were home though they admonished him of course privately.

"You shouldn't surely think so much of us when you too suffer," said Violet. "You haven't hardly slept at nights at all yourself. Please don't do it again Pen-rod. You are just as good as we are any time."

"But you suffer too much and I can't bear it," said Pen-rod in a shaky voice. "I don't care about myself but I can't bear it, tell you. If they don't come back soon I'll do something desperate."

"But listen to me Pen-rod dear," sobbed Violet. "You have done more good for us than we can ever repay you for, and it is we who should be doing something for you. You feel so bad, you can't cry and we can."

"No matter how much distress you and your sisters are in," said Pen-rod "you only think of others and not of yourselves too. What did you do yesterday afternoon heart broken as you are. You little girls had gathered all your old but yet very good dresses hats and other clothing, that you believed you wouldn't need any more and gave them to the poor little refugees girls whom you had called over to our home. Then some of the kids acted bashful you told them not to be scared that you were giving them away free. When finally the last two children came and Joice finally had to say there was nothing for them you even despite the slight remonstrances of your sisters gave away two of your brand new dresses and hats to those two little girls who were your sisters even though I even had said why Violet those are your two new dresses and she even answered "Oh they ain't so hot--besides those poor kids ain't got a no

address at all. You even gave those last little girls your best box of Candy chocolates and your new hair ribbon. And then you try to tell me I am not a good thing to you. I have made many sacrifices for poor people I'll admit, but never went to that extent. And you had just bought those two dresses only before Joice went away. You and my other sisters should resent all this being done to you, because the Glandelinians only do it with the intention to strike at Our Blessed God himself through you. So now and sufferings and mine too, and if not for our selves then for his sake we should strike back, and we would be justified. But you never complain. Oh if Father Father would only allow me to go and make a hunt for them, but he's afraid I'll get lost in those woods."

"You would too," said Joice decidedly with tears in her wet eyes. "We can't even bear the loss of our sisters, we feel sure we'll die of misery if they never return, but we cannot afford to lose you too. It may be true some of us may be able to get lost in any forest around here especially the Mc-Hollister Woods for we have been through them often in our lives we can probably pick out a road blind folded, but I'm sure you don't know the woods Pen-rod, and you'd be in their life if you ever tried to go in there. We ourselves wouldn't let you go alone under any conditions. No loss you is too much and Father is perfectly right. If you went with us it's different but who can do anything when the woods are on fire. Oh My God I hope they are not in the path of the fires" and she hid her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

"Oh come come Joice dear please don't," said Pen-rod as he folded the little girl into his arms. "It can't be so hopeless as that. Wait until the Nova finishes and then they may return. Don't cry so please don't."

"Oh I want Jannie and Angelina," she wailed piteously piteously "Oh Please Dear God if you will do not take them away from us."

"Listen please Joice don't be so sad," cried Pen-rod as he tightened his arm around her. "I don't believe they are really gone for good."

You and your dear sisters have become other trials just as great as this and came out with colors flying and what you grieved over and dreaded didn't occur after all. Please don't cry so Joice dear you only make your dear sisters more distressed, and makes me feel worse. If you keep on Joice dear you'll make me lose hope. Please don't cry so. Poor Mother is ill from the shock and if she hears you like this you'll only make her more worried."

But it was a long time before he could get her quieted down. To tell the truth neither of the little girls opened down to breakfast, even though they were were called for about four times by the house keeper and in despair she gave it up. And asked Angelina A-n-n-u-b-u-g to get them to come down, which she finally did after much coaxing.

After that little breakfast they had a-e, Pen-rod's sisters had lain weeping on their beds while he sat by the open window alone. He now was grinning, but it seemed a sort of fiendish grin, a menace of some sort.

"Go the Glandelinians were the cause of this," he thought within himself. Well the train was attacked by soldiers of Hanley's army. I just wish I had been there when it happened. I remember the day when I acted as a dead end so steadily. How often I tried to get my dagger into Hanley's back, the big darn snake.

He is responsible for this, as he often persecuted my sisters for my known most of it. I wonder if they are not prisoners in his army and that he has either killed them or hid them away wherever the secret searchers could not find them. If Father would only let me go and try to find them but he knows best. But the Glandelinia soldiers will pay. I may be only a boy but they'll find when they rifle with me they t-rifle with fire. And I believe I'm all fire myself just now. I feel as if I was burning up. I wonder how many Glandelinian prisoners Father's army has. I have a plan, a plan to rifle I suppose but if they don't return soon and my sisters goes down to perdition I'll-----

"Pen-rod, Pen-rod," he turned his head with a start and saw Angelina Riches standing by his side.

"What is it?" he asked in a husky voice.

"Father sent me to tell you that there is danger of the enemy making successful advances to day. Do you think that the women and children of the city should move to safer quarters?"

"Why bother me with that now in our distress," said Pen-rod fretfully. "That is up to the city authorities. I'm sorry for them all but my sisters comes first."

"But the danger may be great danger," said Angelina Riches and "and--"

"Well then I'll give you permission to have the authorities notified," said Pen-rod. "Can any news as to the whereabouts of Jannie and Angelina?"

"Yes," said Angelina Riches. "They are in the Mc-Hollister woods all right. They were seen as some Glandelinians testified before a spy fleeing before a big forest fire. Whether they escape or not I don't only know and we hope for the best. But it sure does seem discouraging. Catherine Lee is banding her best effort to have them found. I hope my brave Prince you are not losing hope?"

"Not I, but I'm afraid some of my poor sisters as are especially especially Joice." He answered. "It was Hanley's claudelime who attacked the train. I'm almost afraid myself that they may never be seen again, but yet I am not losing hope. I appreciate the way the people attend our orphans and the number of children that also make their own for us. That will I'm sure touch the heart of our pleased Lord, and cause him to send them in his own good time." Angelina picked up and then Angelina Aronburg and the three other boys came to keep them company. The three other good boys were good and quiet and took care that the little girls would not feel too lonely. Tim himself missed Jennie quite equally as Penrod did, and Angelina too, and to James and Walter every thing seemed to be an empty void. They looked silently at the poor little girls lying there on the beds looking so forlorn, and so suspiciously quiet, and wondered why it was that such good little persons should have to suffer like that and so undeserving. Tim almost felt as if it was better they were dead than to have to suffer like this. If something didn't turn for the good soon their constant grief would make them become ill. They wouldn't hardly eat or drink any thing, and were so silent at the meal table. Empress's girl was very silent too, he hardly saw any visitors and was constantly at the telephone making inquiries but could get no good information. Jack Evans was busy too trying to get word about Angelina and Jennie but to no avail. Finally Penrod got very nervous about his sisters and asked his Father to have them attended and watched by the doctor who attended their mother.

He felt scared about their health and did not want to take any chances. The doctor was very kind hearted, and examined them closely while they were lying there before he could give any verdict. "As much as they suffer and will have to suffer I do not believe they'll have any illness or break down," he finally said. "I don't refer to it just because a child possesses them but the more would be no danger of that if they didn't because your sisters are too strong of constitution and of courage to have such a set back. But," the doctor continued, "something for their sakes should be done to relieve them of this misery. You promise me a good trial, why don't you go forth and try to find your sisters?"

"I know nothing about those forests," answered Penrod. "That is the reason my Father won't let me do it. I'd go if my sisters would make the search but they are in no condition to do so for they told me several times so when I spoke of it to them. In fact I do not even know where the confounded Mic-Hollister Woods are, except what is shown on maps. There are many that really testify that they are positively sure that Jennie and Angelina will be turned no more and that is why my sisters are in such a dreadful condition. I was determined to go into Hanley's lines disguised as Adaldefob, and my sisters agreed to go with me in their customary disguises, but Schloeder one of the head gemini leaders wired me a code proving that Jennie and Angelina positively are not within Hanley's lines, and that if I didn't believe him Schloeder and a thousand others could positively prove it. Therefore they are either dead by now or are within those forests cut off by the fire or are afraid to come out because they are hard pressed by persecutions. I've never seen my sisters in such a sad situation yet, and I won't wait to bear it."

"But then what can you do?" persisted the doctor. "It is terribly unjust to let them suffer so. If you could do something with and for them that would distract them from all this sorrow maybe you could accomplish wonders."

"I have tried," said Penrod. "I offered to have a June Party made up for them and lots of children and the school children but they have declined."

"Well then there is nothing that can be done," said the doctor. "But he said hitting up another ride. You could get them to make up a party for the children especially the children of the poor refugees and others. Surely they would not refuse that."

"I'll try," said Penrod. "And----- the Father calling for you doctor. Go to him. Maybe he's worried about mother. I'll go and speak to my sisters."

Penrod bid the doctor good morning, and then he turned to the room. When he entered Penrod found his sisters sitting by the window again. He conferred with them with the problem of the Doctor's plans, and found out that no matter how terrible and great their sorrows was they were sure as unselfish as the creatures of heaven but of some suggestions of their Penrod declined decidedly.

"No, no. You'll not this time give any of your best belongings to them. You can with me buy what ever things may be necessary for the party and for the goodies and things, but you must not sacrifice always your best things for it wouldn't be right, and especially some of Jennie's and Angelina's for they wouldn't give up under any conditions in this situation. If they're turned then I wouldn't say no. I put my foot down on that. We'll arrange the things to get and then we'll have the party. That may bring blessings on us too and cause their return. I'm sure it will be regardless of what others say that they are gone."

For we all'd like to slap those down who says it as I cannot be true. So to me now we'll have the party. As you agreed. But I'm going to watch you every one of you and see what you give." "Oh yeah," said Violet soberly. "And if that is so we are going to watch you too my dear martyr brother. You do the same as we do with for we saw you. You had three boxes of Marshmallows yesterday which a little girl friend gave you, and you gave them to a little refugee and only ate one." Penrod blushed and then laughed and hugged her saying "You are a foxy little girl. The angels told on my I'll bet. If every body in the whole world were like we are dearest sisters and like our nation too War Historians would not need to be written."

The party was quite a good success at that, and there had been no need of urging the poor children to attend it either. Every body got every thing as was expected, and to tell the truth, Penrod, and his sisters too secretly spied on each other to see what and how much they would give. Penrod had taken away from Violet, the last box of Candy she was going to give out of her own proper property to prevent her from doing so, and she in turn had stopped him from giving his best suit to a boy and got him to give another suit in their corner. Violet and her five sisters had forgotten that today was their birthday. Angelina Aronburg had come in when the party was over, and the grateful children had departed, and said to the princesses--

"Go hurry up stairs please before the time comes for us to go to the Novena. I want to show you presents, and they're all up stairs in your room." "Presents exclaimed Violet in a low melancholy tone. "You don't mean that we are really going to have presents, do you?" "Of course I do--doesn't every one have presents on birth days? It was awfully hard not to tell you about them last night when your Father brought them home, and the school children sent them to you--they are such nice ones, I know you'll like them. To days your birth day Violet, but every one of you get presents in honor of it."

"Whose birthday is it?" did you say? asked Violet unable to grasp the situation. "Why Violet it's your s have you forgotten what day it is?"

"Oh how could I think of it," said Violet. "With Jennie and Angelina lost so long birthday parties do not mean any thing to me now."

The last words cut poor Angelina Aronburg deeply, a sad and a feeling a black hatred came into her heart for the claudelime and she thought bombs and daggers about them. They had a lot of work to do to even urge Violet and her sisters to come up stairs, they were not at all eager to see occur about the presents, and wondered indeed how it was Angelina Aronburg was so anxious to show them, even Penrod was worse, he did not care care at all to see any of his either and went into his room as if he had not received anything. Finally Violet and her sisters were in their room.

"Here they are," cried Angelina Aronburg as they entered the beautiful room. "All on your big dressing table as it is called. May I open them or do you want to do it yourselves?"

Violet thought that Angelina should do it herself, and Violet and her sisters stood by, as Angelina Aronburg combining her impatience as best as she could and with trembling fingers untied the parcels.

"Oh cried Angelina Aronburg as she unfolded the soft tissue paper from around the largest of the many packages. "It's seven dolls--such beautiful ones with long hair, and silk dresses, just like my own that I used to have when I was small. Ain't you rapturous now. They are from me" she added triumphantly. "I described my beautiful doll to your Father, and he tried to get them just as much like he as he could but I paid for them out of my own wages. You said she was your favorite, you know and I thought you would like to have others like her. The one for Jennie has got a pink silk dress on, and her clothes all come off and on. Oh Princesses do not look so please don't. Jennie and Angelina will come soon I believe. You don't seem to seem to take an interest anything in any thing."

"Oh we thank you so much," said Violet as she looked with great gratitude on her cousin but it sure would be much more fun to have them to play with on our leisure hours as if they were only back. But how can we take an interest in anything when they are gone. And" and it looked like Violet was going to cry again, but she checked her self as Angelina said;

"But wait, I haven't opened your other presents; this one is from your Father."

"Why what is it?" exclaimed Joice in a rather puzzled tone. "It feels like a round box, a big one with a queer arm of some sort on top" said Angelina. "Oh I know it is a Victrola for here is the key or crack to wind it. Yes of course it is," she added as she finally unwrapped it. I knew you and your sisters would love it. I'll show you how to wind it but let me do it the first

time, I can so much quicker. The we can't it pretty that music on the record.
record pretty. It'd it is a called Normandy. you father and he picked out
the sweetest toned records they had in the store. There are sixty records, and
you can get more any time you like. And here is a beautiful tin sheet music box
too with tune sheet records."

At these things she had expected that the little girls would clasp their hands in rapture but Violet only begged her to shut off that song called No-mandy as it sounded sad to them and made them feel like crying.

"Well then I will," said Angelina Armstrong affected greatly by the looks in their faces. "And here's something from our great little friend Catherine Lee. I know what it is for," saw her making it. One for each of you too. It's a bag for you little girls to keep your knitting in and it they have exactly the colors colors each of you little girls like, and they are awfully pretty too."

After many other things had been shown Angelina finally said, "aw here's a the last, and it came by city wagon express--it must be from Mildred Manning. I'm sure it's handkerchiefs and a half dozen nice new beautiful handkerchiefs for each of you" she added touching the most precious gifts of all, with loving fingers. "Good Mildred must have made the case herself in the evenings--wasn't it good of her? she does get so tired and it is such hard work for her to do anything these hot nights. Oh dear Mildred Manning, how I wish we all could give her a great big hug."

That certainly would have been a delightful birthday, for Violet, if Jennie and Agnelle, to whom presents also had been sent, but in fact to her and her sisters it was that the saddest they had ever had, but no matter how uninteresting they might have felt at this time despite the lovely presents they received they were gratified nevertheless, and their benefactors were more than satisfied with the thanks they received, and every one was so kind that it was hoped the little girls would partly forget their sorrows. For that was not to be.

"Violet dear-est" said Anelina Aronburg coming out onto the piazza about an hour after supper, two hours before the "ovena Novena time" Did you tell Jack Jack Evans about to day being your birth day?"

"Yes indeed" said violet soberly "He asked me how old I was and I said I would be nine to day."

"I wonder if he'll send you a present," remarked Angelina sitting beside Violet and throwing her arm around her. "Tim who gave you the beautiful dresses thinks perhaps he will, he's so fond of you."

"Oh no" said Violet "I am sure he can't be so upset about Jennie and Argeline and may have forgotten that I told him about it."

"Well he is a wuffy fond of you and your good sisters in any way," he said. Argentina "He asks you all to dinner last Sunday after Mass, and Tuesday and Wednesday he took you for a long drive, and yesterday he sent you over all these lovely flowers though when he bought them I do not know, and they make your room look so pretty in the colored flower pots. Your Dear Father - and even Father and your best boy friends were talking about it, and your Cook Lizzie said she was sure Jack Evans loved you best of all next to your Father but that the poor man was losing his mind over Jennie and Argentine."

"Oh dear - I hope he isn't" said Joice herself beginning to look more distressed "what makes J. Lizzie think so?"

"Why because his milita-ry re-taine-s say the re must be something queer the matter with him. J He never receives company now you know, and he is very ill natured and not like himself any more. You re-membe-r when Daisy accidentally sat down on a tack yeste-rday and a fo-rigner laughed about it in front of Evans. Well that fellow ibi is in the hospital now though I don't know what Evans did to him and also--- oh here comes the exp-ense wagon---pe-rh-as pe-rh-as its another p-resent fo-r you."

"I guess not" said Violet trying bravely to smile in spite of herself
"There isn't any one else to send me anything. If all send me something when we will
we put it all."

"It's a very big package, any how," announced Angelina Aronburg Aronburg, with interest, "I'm just going to see who it is for."

She darted off but was back again in less than a minute crying excitedly;
"It's for you Violet--it really is, your name is on the paper. Oh do come quick
and let's see what it is."

Violet however was very slow in coming, she had lost as it seemed all interest in every thing but they came to where Mrs Jerry was already untying the cord from around the mysterious parcel.

the word "from a woman like me" and she said "why it's big books" cried Angelina. A-onbu "E-G Great big books the kind you and your dear sisters like to read. Violet dearest...Yes they are that kind. I'm glad they didn't get wet its raining so hard out side. It's been raining for days now, let's see, the books are why it's a brand new Bible,

A book called the lives of The Blessed Mother and the Apostles . Little Women, the books you have been reading, for so long and that Penrod himself was going to get for you as soon as he could. On you should be so happy. Do you suppose Penrod had them sent to you."

"Yes he did" said Catherine. "His name is signed to it. He knows how to love to read these kind of books and Penrod had asked me where books like these were. Oh how good he is to us,iolet--how awfully awfully good. He did this to try and make us feel less sad. We all love books so, and to have this one violet dear you have been wanting so long--it's all just like a dream. But we would be all right if Jennie and Angeline came home-----"

"I'm so sorry I was a little late in coming to your birthday Party Violet dear, said a loud voice" and looking up there was Jack Evans standing before them but empty handed. "I didn't know you were down here or the wise I would have brought you your presents and those for your sisters. But they're in the dining room."

Violat and her sisters were in the room shortly, and they thanked him most gratefully but nevertheless their eyes were full of tears, and the little girls did keep their lips drawn to keep them from quivering, for they knew that if all things it hurt Evans to see them cry. But Evans saw the tears and he stepped his feet on the carpet impatiently. He did not like it at all that all the bright look of happiness had gone suddenly out of her face. Thinking to soothe them he seized the phonograph took down a record without looking to see what it was and started the song again "Now, ready." But to tell the truth they did not need to ask him to take it off for the feelings it made them, it made him feel queer too and he stopped it, immediately and looked for a more lively cheerful march and then put that one. But nothing seemed to do any good.

"Not satisfied yet eh?" he said. "Well what would you like to have me do?"
"Anything that I know of," said Violet. "If only you and Argeline were back."
Evans said nothing to this and asked them to tell him all about these wonderful
birthday presents for you and your sisters. Violet sat down and
as best as she could began an account of the days good time, but the r was no
glad sound in her voice and more than once she had to pause in her story in
order to steady that troublesome little catch in her voice. Jack Evans looked
at her and also her sisters, and there was a greater pang in his heart
than before when Violet had finished describing the birthday presents.

to keep back on the rebellious tars, which every moment threatened to overflow. Suddenly Brane as he always had done enfolded her in his arms and trying to soothe her said:

"I'm glad you liked the books Pen told and I gave you" and there was actually a note of embarrassment in his voice. I'm not accustomed to making birthday presents to young angels sent down from Heaven, and especially when they are in so sorrow and I I don't always know what would be most acceptable. I got those books you see here because you and your sisters are liked to have them-but--well the fact is I want to give you and your sisters something else besides."

"Something else besides," repeated Violet in a tone of bewilderment. "Oh no Franz fear indeed I shouldn't like to have you give me anything more. The books are beautiful, and after awhile when we feel better I should love reading it-- and--"

"Never mind about the the butt I've made up my mind to give you something else besides, and I'd like to have you or even your sisters tell me what it shall be."

Violet hesitated for a moment, looked at the sad faces of her sisters, then her cheeks flushed and a light of sudden hope came into her face.

"Do you really --- really mean you would like to have me tell you what I'd rather have than anything else?" she asked.

"I generally mean what I say."

Violet clasped her hands

"Then she said slowly "I would like better than anything else--y s better than anything you could possibly buy for me, that you would if the priest will allow it" speak to the congregation of The church to night during the novena in our behalf so that they will pray harder for the return of our two sisters."

"I sure will" he said. I shall do anything, you can but please do me a favor and try to cheer up."

"Jannie" whispered a girl scout called Gladys to the little friend and companion of the Princesses as they walked down the Church aisle together after the Evening Service. There's the famous Guardian of the Princesses right in front of you front of us. He was looking at you, I saw him, while you were almost crying."

"I've never seen him before but once. I'd like to say good evening to him." said Jannie ^{supremely} ~~supremely~~ ^{supremely}.

"Would you really dare?" inquired Gladys in a tone that was half frightened and half admiringly.

"Why yes of course why shouldn't I? Why are you afraid of him. He's a good loving friend of little children. He was very kind to me once when I got caught out in the woods yesterday and sheltered me and he is good to the poor Vivian Princesses and I like him very much."

They had spoken in whispers but at that moment Jack Evans who had been walking rapidly down the aisle, having delivered the speech recently as Violet had asked, and looking neither to right or left, suddenly stopped short as he reached the door and faced about, almost as if he had heard what Jannie was saying.

"Gladys gave a little gasp."

"Oh dear," she said, feeling rather frightened. "You'll have to speak to him now. I do believe he is waiting for you."

"I'm glad," said Jannie simply. "I wanted to speak to him."

Little Jannie if she had any idea of the sensation she was causing in the Vestibule of the big church that evening when she paused suddenly and held out her hand to the terrible Jack Evans, paid no attention. The eccentric general was known at least by sight now to nearly every one present, and were they knew him to be a terrible foe to the Glandelinian generals.

"Good evening," she said, quite as pleasantly and naturally as if she had been addressing her own father. Gladys told me you were here and I wanted to speak to you and thank you for the speech you made at the Glandelinian this evening in behalf of poor

violet and her sisters."

Gladys gasped, even Lizzie who had of course heard the story of the tender story and a very ugly bad one it was, one of the worst of the year so far gave a slight start, but knew that Jannie was in good hands. But Evans although he had not uttered a word had taken the child's hand and was holding it fast.

"This is Gladys a good girl," said Jannie went on innocently. "I have told her all about you, and what a nice time I had at your house yesterday. I hope their housekeeper is well."

"Would you like to come and see her again and the princesses too?" Evans inquired brusquely. His eyes rested on Jannie's little upturned face and had nothing stern or terrible in their expression.

"Yes indeed General I should like very much indeed," said Jannie without the least sign of hesitation.

"Very well come home and dine with us then—I'll see that you get back to your friends all right this afternoon."

"Yes," said Jannie.

So indeed the matter was settled and the Congregation were wondering almost paralyzed with stupefaction by the sight of the eccentric general—the terror of every Glandelinian general—calmly walking down the street from the church with the little girl clinging to his hand. So serenely unconscious of the sensation she was causing, Jannie chatted away happily to her companion, telling him about the pleasant time she was having until just as they were turning into the street that led into Hildan's headquarters, the General suddenly interrupted her with a question.

"What were you crying for in church?"

Jannie gave a little start, and the color deepened in her cheeks.

"I am so sorry you saw me," she said. "It was very silly but your speech affected me. Violet and her sisters are oh so good, and very kind, and I love them and their brothers love so much, but you see I have hardly ever been to church before and even then look so sad and forlorn and I couldn't help it."

"You seem to be very fond of the dear princesses," observed Evans. "They have also been very good to you, I suppose."

"Good to me," echoed Jannie. "They to me are the very best little girls in the world and don't deserve this so much that has come upon them. When after after Angelina Armstrong rescued me from the slave hold they have taken good care of me. They shouldn't have to have this sorrow when they are so good. Besides their their parents and aunt and uncle and brothers they've only got each other."

"Are you sure that you hear it right, that Jannie and Angelina are both dead, gone forever?"

"I don't believe so," said Jannie. "A priest told me to kill those little girls, you've got to kill the angels. That's impossible."

Evans asked no more questions, and Jannie feeling suddenly a little shy and uncomfortable, he slipped into silence. Arrived at the house Jack Evans led his little guest into the parlor and he called loudly for Mrs. Jerry. The housekeeper happily made her appearance, and greeted Jannie very warmly. He seemed rather nervous and flustered, and his voice sounded so odd and unsteady that Jannie was puzzled, and wondered if the old old woman might not also be unhappy about the loss of Jannie and Angelina, and was only making an effort to appear

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756 cheerful. In compliance with a request from Jack Evans the housekeeper took Jannie upstairs to take off her shoes. She led the child into a large cool room on the second floor and handed out her long curls and smoothed her hair. Jannie was a girl without you must know. "I want you to look just as nice as possible," she said. "Evans likes to have people look pretty when they are going to visit with him and the sad princesses." "You are very kind," said Jannie gratefully. "I hope you haven't got a bad headache."

"A bad headache no indeed; what makes you think I had?"

"I thought your voice sounded a little in a way. Mildred Mannings do as when she has a headache that's all, but I suppose I made a mistake. How very nicely you behaved. My hair—do you like it like little girl's?"

"Indeed I do very much—especially little girls like the Princesses and like you too."

Did you ever know any one else that was like any one of the Vivian girls? "Jannie inquired with deep interest.

"How do you mean like you? One of the Vivian girls?"

"Why who was lost like two of them were and never come back."

The housekeeper laid down her brush but her hand still rested lovingly on Jannie's soft curls.

"No," she said and Jannie was quite sure there was a tremble in her voice now. "I never knew any one who couldn't ever be found again. But it does seem that way about Jannie and Angelina."

"Do you like the Vivian girls very much?" Jannie asked softly. Something in the housekeeper's tone made her feel sure now despite her doubts before that those two little girls must be either dead or lost for good now.

"I think I love them better than I have ever loved any one else in this world except their mother. I was her nurse and took care of her always from the time she was a little girl until she married Prince Robert Vivian. Now I'm housekeeper and take charge of her beautiful little darlings."

With a sudden impulse the old woman stopped and drew Jannie into her arms.

"You are very dear dear to us too very good for what you have done for those little girls and especially poor little Angelina," she said. "The child could feel the not tears on her forehead. I thought of that the first time I heard of you, and so did Jack Evans then. I think that is why he asked you to come home with him to day, for he loves those little girls too."

Jannie would have very much liked to ask where Angelina and Jennie might be now if they were not dead as many feared they were but something in the housekeeper's manner made her sure the subject must be a sad one than she thought, and being a very tactful child, she wisely decided not to ask any more questions but she kissed old Mrs. Jerry, and stroked her wrinkled face, and then the housekeeper laid her eyes, and they both went down stairs again. They found Jack Evans waiting for them in the Hall, and as supper was already on the table he gave him a ceremonious welcome to Jannie, and led her to the dining room.

Nobody was in the dining room and it was because again it was hard to get the five Vivian girls down and Fenrod too but finally they came, and Jannie never in her life saw any where such sorrow as she saw in the faces of the Princesses and it immediately started the tears to her own eyes. That dinner was a very solemn meal indeed. Jannie seeing the faces of the Vivian girls felt a little less hungry too and felt very small and just a little bit out of place and uncomfortable when she found herself seated in the big leather arm chair opposite her host but she made a great effort to appear at her ease, and neither Evans—who watched her so keenly nor Violet and her sisters and the solemn aide de camp noticed anything beyond the fact that the visit was a perfect little lady indeed. The dinner itself was very good and as served in much more style than Jannie was accustomed to even within the Glandelin household.

Evans did not talk very much himself but he seemed to like to hear little Jannie talk, and the little girl mindful of her duties as a visitor really did her best to entertain the grim silent General, whose eyes seldom left her face. Once or twice she stopped, thinking her host might prefer silence but he surely drew her out again by some adroit question so that before supper was over he had learned a good many things about Jannie, and her life as a child slave. It was raining awfully hard out side with accompaniments of lightning and thunder and Evans it seemed it had hardly ever stopped raining since this sorrow came upon the little girls and he wondered exceedingly.

A little after supper he said:

"Now I suppose you'll be wanting to get back to your regiment."

"I suppose I'd better," said Jannie regretfully. "I'd like to stay all night but my commands will be waiting may be wondering why I don't return."

"Like to stay longer, would you?" Jannie was sure there was a note of real pleasure in the general's voice. "Perhaps you won't mind coming again to see the Vivian girls."

"Adelafob he was good to me, and it was in the sword he found when he was owned by that old snake Manley when I was sold to him, for the sword was given over to me by him. I saw it when I was a Christian and I saw it and could double as Manley. I know Manley has caused something to happen to Jannie and Angelina. I hate the Mandelins and I have a right. If you know what I know about Manley and his intentions to you you would be surprised. I won't tell you though, you couldn't stand it. I hate all Mandelins. They have no right to make you suffer even if you spy on them. The devils are good angels in disguise. I am a companion to the Mandelins."--

"Jannie, Jannie, don't talk so," cried Violet getting up from the chair. "I don't do you no good. They don't deserve no body's love but then you mustn't give devils good reputations. They are responsible for Mandelins' existence, for they have all the fault for it. The Devils planned Mandelins and formed he against us. If not for the Mandelins we are their equals in wickedness, but the devils are not good, you mustn't say that." At that moment there was a sound at the back door and it opened. Penrod came in.

"I've got some news here," he said. "Some of those Mandelins who had attacked the train have been captured and brought to Pandora and are here with us now. One girl and a man. They deny that you released us were on the train that was attacked, but I know it a false for just Mary wrote of her experience and they were with her on that train." The little girls were quickly in the room led by Penrod, and there under heavy guard were three Mandelins. One was a girl named bound behind their backs with steel wires. They had been questioned by Judge Christian, his brother and Jack Evans but they had stoutly declared that if the prisoners and the man on the train, they didn't know any thing about it, or whom the command was. He was a woman and two little girls. Violet reading the minds of the prisoners finally sobbed out:

"They are telling the truth Father. They don't know who they were, but they were my sisters and I am." Ask them where they escaped to?"

"They escaped into the Micopolite Woods, ten miles south of St. Thomas near St. Charles City. They crossed Gladys Creek."

"My God," said Hanson. "They are in the path of the forest fire then." "But there is some chance of their saving themselves in time," declared Evans hopefully. "That is if they reached Joy's Creek in time for it widens out into a sort of lake in a large clearing not a far off. If they want down the stream during the fire they could have reached the lake. But they can't be able to get out of the woods for days and will face starvation."

"They can't starve in those woods," sneered one of the prisoners. "The way they shot is down they ought to be able to get some easily. You Christian dogs are so very long over the heads too much."

"Don't call my sisters brats. I'll have you burned at the stake," cried Penrod loudly. "You are responsible for their predicament yet you promised if you reveal news to the white man about us we won't impose the death penalty for the attack on the train. If you get insulting I'll withdraw the promise."

You and your comrades are deserving of death and should pay. Yet for information set off your off with only imprisonment. My sisters are a lot brats and I won't stand for it either."

"How far is St. Charles from here?" asked Evans.

"I don't know by miles," said another of the prisoners. "But it would take a foot train eighteen hours to get here. It's north I believe of St. Thomas. It is there we attacked the train."

"And we didn't know it was a passenger train," said the other prisoners.

"That is no excuse," said Hanson. "The train was loaded with passengers. Running on those lines as they are passenger lines. The papers claim within this city and many others that the train attacked was not a passenger train but a freight train. That is no excuse yet. But at least you three have saved your lives by telling us as much as possible. Possibly they did you chase them through the woods."

"We didn't. If we had we'd been in the woods and not captured. I'll bet they got it from the fire no more than those two Christian girls did."

"If they did," sneered Penrod. "I'm heartily glad of it. I'll bet they set the fire through to run my sisters down to destruction."

"No I'll say again they didn't. The fire came up from the south of the forests. It's a branch of the main conflagration. But if you're kind to the prisoners are in those woods they are lost for good. They'll never get out for my comrades who went in after them will see to that."

"Yes and I'll give twelve days for them to come back," sneered Penrod. "O-I'll need a note to Manley he will make my pleasures is exhausted. I'll not stand anything done to my sisters I'll tell you that."

"But they said on our armies."

"I don't care what they did, they'll be left alone. I'll keep the reason why. I don't care if they killed Manley or all of your generals, and then you the King Police places you Mandelins will leave them alone. I'll keep the reason why. You are silent to things they were did. They play flag your spies play so crooked. If my sisters state we do not come back within a month from now you are having a hard time in that disorganized camp. We will not die of course but will go to the island prisoners for life. The other is if captured in the state for the attack on the train, and for causing their disappearance also. I won't have my sisters suffer and I mean it."

"Mandelins can't state your intentions," said one of the prisoners.

"Oh yes, and the white man is the real Mandelins," demanded Penrod with a scornful smile. "What do you know about Mandelins?"

"He is a great child," said one of the boys. "He used to work so much for General Manley but now he's a slave to the white man."

"Well so he'll live for a while now," sneered Penrod. "Well I know who and what he is, but you can take some day to find out. I'm sure he is a slave. You are talking about something you fellows don't know anything about. He turned to one of the officers. "Bring in a big map here will you. I want to find the location of the Micopolite Woods and these prisoners will have to show me the place my sisters are held. If they refuse they'll get a good beating."

"Can we do it?" asked one of them.

"Facts be lies," sneered Penrod. "I don't know a bit about you fellows."

The map was brought in and placed on the table, and Hanson, who was in the room, also came in. Penrod by looking over it carefully was able to finally find the location of the extensive Micopolite Woods.

"It seems hopeless though," said Hanson with a catch in his voice after the prisoners showed the exact location of St. Charles. "This is the section, from these woods, called the Red Riding Hood Woods. The fire has now spread to this portion of the Micopolite Forest. The little girls might have known how to save themselves from the fire, but now they're in the path to be run over. I'll have some men going to the fire for days and cut them off from escape. But they will be facing starvation when they don't starve to death. But I'll try to do something if it is possible. You may take the prisoners to any fire at night and then I'll telephone to Angelina, Cynthia and the mobilization camp. I'll call up the head of the forest rangers and explain matters. They must be rescued if possible."

The prisoners were taken out, some shot roughly and then after the door closed Hanson sat down by the table and lifted the covers off the book.

"Give me the city of Angelina, Cynthia on the river," he said to the Operator. He listened for some minutes and then he hung up the receiver with a discouraged look on his face.

"The Operator told me the fire had burned down all telephone lines in that direction," he said. "We are stumped and no mistake. Even telling me won't go to telephone offices are destroyed."

"Oh that can be done, on what can we do?" asked Violet. "Oh they must be found if they are not already dead."

"It's impossible to do anything in this situation," said Jack Evans and it was the first time they had overheard him say anything. "We can only trust the whole situation to God. I've have planned with the prisoners this evening after the speech that this is not to be a kind time for anyone but one that will go on until we at least have heard good word from them. I'll bet he has a feeling that they may come back some time but I doubt it. If you can do it I'll make a search of those forests with a lot of men. But I cannot leave my charges. Could you get Angelina, Cynthia to Radio Vienna?"

"No," said Hanson. "We have no radio in the station here."

"What was your intention?" asked him brother.

"By seeing the location on this map I had intended to have the whole army of the mobilization camp led by the rangers search the forest. The search of the woods, though that had no part in it they could be in any way and try and find the little girls."

"That's impossible," said Evans. "That gosh damned fire even there it is a great spread over it's mad. I don't know but for days, the fire had been so many times and such thick smoke by woods and could be seen, and only a light could live through it. The rangers would claim it is suicide to try it. Unless the girls follow the stream north and get out of its path. We can only let the matter rest in the hands of God. We cannot and must not lose faith. Violet and her sisters have often been separated longer than this and have each other again."

"Yes but not lost in such a dreadful woods in fire," said Violet. "We were separated only a few hours and always had hopes of seeing each other again. I've hardly did not even give over it as we could only get away in the end. But this is so bad, and terrible. Oh I'm afraid they'll never come back."

"You must not feel that way," said Pen-od placing his arm around her. "Do you. I'll only make you feel as if it's an awful trial. You have to suffer, but I believe it is foolishly brought it on you, and as I learn by experience." "What do you mean by that?" asked his mother. "He shouldn't have let them go with little girl in the first place, or if he let them go, we should have sent them notice not to go to school, or could come and bring them. I could have brought them safely through, but no one thought." "I didn't think there was the least danger in that direction," said Papa. "I mean, the nurse and the doctor enough to prevent the capture of him." "And still," said Hanson hopefully, "I'm sure they'll be back. Remember they are angel possessed and cannot die. Even the angels may provide them with food, and plenty of drink. Don't any of us lose hope yet."

"Oh so much," said Pen-od and thunder and lightning. "Oh dear, I'm so tired looking at him, with his hair and hair. I guess God has punished us for what has happened to the Vivian girl. Princesses were we have so much about."

"Rosemary's voice indeed sounded very faint and the little face flattened against the window pane was a very discolored one indeed. He had been told that Gloria looked up from her seat."

"It's very wrong to speak in that way about things in the Bible. Miss Rosemary. God is not punishing us because that happened. It isn't our fault. Gloria spoke so provokingly indeed, but nevertheless the discontented expression on her face deepened and appeared defiant a little. "I don't care if it is wrong. I shall say it if I want" as a big crash of thunder shook the house. "I know there is going to be plenty of floods this summer," Papa said to himself the other day. They say God is Good. Why does he allow those princesses to suffer like that for them. They don't deserve it. I'm bad. I'll admit as you say, and deserve it."

Gloria made no remark but stitched away in silence. Rosemary hummed with her fingers on the window glass and looked out at the steadily pouring rain, and then at a big flash of lightning from which she came a deafening sky splitting like a crash. After a minute or so she began again.

"I don't see why I've got to stay in the house any more, even if it does rain. Then I've got a good rain coat to put on. My body is out and there is so many soldiers passing up and down the side walks with rain coats on and children out too. I just saw two very beautiful little girls not bigger than me on the opposite side of the street in uniform rain coat, and they looked as if they were having an awfully nice time, and they're not afraid of lightening either. No more than was as a deafening crash filled their ears. If Papa were home I know he would let me go out. There's some other cloud barg of the union."

"Tell you, Papa, isn't it out of the house, and while he's away it's my business to take care of you and see that you don't get sick, confound that thunder!" she added as a veritable shock of a crash tore the sky in two. "You will not go out in this pour rain. I can tell you, not if it last a three weeks or a full month, so there is no use in your talking about it, and lightning might strike you whether you are afraid of it or not. I should think you'd be ashamed to be so discontented. Think of what the Vivian girl princesses are suffering. They have lost their two sisters and have not like you do just because it is raining. Even despite the anger of this awful big war, I don't believe there's another little girl in the whole of Persia who has as many beautiful things to amuse you, and herself as you have, and yet you are never satisfied. And remember we are foreigners here, not Abissinians; and how you got to behave if you want to stay in this beautiful country."

Rosemary's eyes wandered from the window round the pretty, luxurious room, the baby's house, the cooking stove, the big phonograph, the toy theatre and the book case filled with many delightful story books. Her conscience gave her a little uncomfortable twinge. It was quite true as Gloria had said there were no more little girls who had such nice things, not even the famous Vivian girl herself. But in a moment the discontented expression crept back into her face again. After all Gloria did not seem to understand.

"I can't see much use in having toys and things if, have not got any one to play with," she said in the same faint tone as before as the windows again rattled and trembled before an immense thunder roll, and it was getting darker as if the storm was to go on for ever just to spite her. "I wish Papa would let me go to school."

Gloria smiled at the provoking little smile, and bit off her thread with a snap.

"I wonder how long you'd like to go to school with all these Abissinian kids, and even though you speak it now you cannot read a word of their language. Even though school teachers here are all good and kind and easy going, you'd make yourself the laughing stock of the school room, and remember Abissinians

are not crazy about foreigners, and like us unless we prove ourselves to be that they are. And you are far from being as good as they believe me far from it." Rosemary blushed, and her eyes dropped. Her conscience gave her another and at once uncomfortable twinge, and in a sudden change the subject she said rather hurriedly: "Well, if I want to school I'd know other little girls and boys and they could come and play with me, and we could have nice times together, and then too I might meet one of the princesses and get her to come and play with me."

Gloria sniffed. "Not unless you treat them more politely than you did the little Vivian girl child when they came to play with you."

Rosemary's lip began to quiver and the tears came into her eyes. "Now Gloria," she began in a voice that was not quite steady, "you know very well that they accused me it wasn't my fault. How could I be responsible for the faults of other people? I know they said it was the cause of the sorrow and suffering of the princesses. I didn't mean to be rude, Gloria, you know, I didn't, but I thought I was not far from being as good as any of these old Abissinians, and I couldn't be insulted. These girls came over to play, and yet say it is the fault of all us foreigners that the Vivian girl suffered."

Gloria rose, and began folding up her work. "Well," she said indifferently, "You really are without exception the queerest child I ever heard of. They didn't insult you, they spoke of foreigners who had done these princesses a world of wrong and were punished for it, and you misunderrstood them. Any how the situation is more than I can understand. You slapped one of them and that was very wrong a sin too. Now I'm going down to the land laundry to press out my new dress. Mind you don't get into any mischief while I'm gone. I don't belong."

Gloria left the room, but Rosemary did not move from the low chair by the window despite the fierce glare of the lightning and roar of thunder, only she no longer looked out at the falling rain which was coming down so hard as to make the same sort of blinding appearance as a big blizzard does. There was a big lump in her throat, and she had to wink hard to keep back the tears. She felt very lonely, and very unhappy, but her unhappiness was not for herself, for as selfish as she seemed to be she really had sympathy for the princesses she had heard about. Gloria did not mean to be really unkind, in fact she wasn't, but Rosemary was so high spirited, and willful that she aggravated the cause, who on one occasion had almost been tempted to quit her job. But Rosemary was this way because she was lonesome, and she would do no wrong things would have been if her mamma had not stayed away so far in exile and with her brothers and sisters, and now couldn't get back again because of the destruction of all communications because of the war. It got many letters from her mamma and brothers and sisters but that didn't ease her loneliness. Oh dear if it would only stop raining! If some thing interesting would only happen! If that roar of the battle too near Pandora would only stop. That noise at times gave her a good deal. It was a whole night days of steady rainy weather and it was very unpleasant, but she was beginning to find life indoors decidedly monotonous.

But it wasn't because of the rain merely that she had to stay indoors. Gloria one day had heard some marks that some secret glandulian spies believed that Rosemary was the cause of the two Vivian girls splitting with her. Well away she knew something about it, and she was afraid these spies might kidnap her charge. If she was left to play alone out in the street.

Rosemary got up and wandered aimlessly about the room, now looking at one toy, now at another, she paused before the book case with the idea of finding some thing to read, but she had found that until her eyes had hunted and besides she was sure she had read every book in that book case at least four times over. She must ask Papa to buy her some new ones. She wandered away listlessly and went on into the back room, which was also hers, and where she and Gloria slept. This room too was furnished with every comfort and luxury that heart could wish. Rosemary looked to the back window, pushed aside the lace curtains and stood looking out with a faint hope of finding something to interest her. The view from the back window however was less interesting than that from the front. There was nothing to be seen but flood yards, dripping fences, piling up, pouring rain and other people back windows. The thunder was not so loud any more now, but the rain was not letting up much. She was just turning away again, when a sudden dim light shone, when suddenly her attention was attracted by something which she was sure she had not noticed before. The house next door though a most magnificent structure had a large extension, one of the windows a big one of which was exactly on a line with the one at which Rosemary was standing. And she was standing by that very window looking straight at her but with a very pale brown face. Rosemary saw a little girl of about her own age. Rosemary had in her hand a picture and face to face in reality

had been very pretty, little girl. She had been very pretty when any person could imagine, when Abbiannian had seen her, but they were all very much in comparison to the one she now saw standing by the window. He had big blue eyes and long, straight, golden curls that for a moment flash of lightning made the threads of light about him like, and she was standing in a sort of sort of posture with one arm holding against the wall. He was dressed as it appeared in a sort of mourning gown, and his eyes looked as if she had been crying. Rosemary was sure she had never seen the little girl before, and she didn't have Abbiannian features either, but that was not surprising for the house next door was a head-parters and boarding house for all sorts of Christians and office men and so on, and so on, constantly coming and going. Gloria had once said, it was only because of the goodness of all Abbiannians that the people of that house were not apt to look down on those lower than themselves, but these remarks had never made any impression on Rosemary. She wondered too why the little girl looked so sad and as if she had been crying. For she now was not that of having been punished for her face had a way of being long in it as if she had lost some one dear to her. Indeed it was not often that she thought about all those people in that house at all and as she very seldom looked out of the back window, she was not likely to know much about the man now she found he was suddenly interested in this strange beautiful little girl and she found he was thinking how very pleasant it would be if they could get acquainted and if the strange child could come in and play with her. Gloria would probably object, Gloria always did make a fuss about her playing with any child, and whose parents lived in such big houses and kept so many servants, saying she was not bred for that kind of play mates, but then papa and Gloria did not always agree, and wasn't he papa very rich, and Gloria was wealthy too and used to the poor. The little girl certainly had a sweet angelic eternal like face, but she looked so sad and so lonely that Rosemary's heart was touched in spite of her selfishness.

Almost involuntarily Rosemary smiled at her, and nodded her head but to her surprise the beautiful little girl did not appear to notice the friendly gesture. Evidently she was looking at night at Rosemary and yet somehow she did not act as if she saw her at all. Slightly however that appearance on her face only increased and then she had up her eyes, as the thunder roared again.

"What can she be thinking about that is so sad to make her cry?" said Rosemary, speaking aloud. In her surprise and sympathy she looks as if she was a little angel brought from heaven to do something very bad, and she won't even notice me."

Rosemary nodded and smiled again in an even more friendly manner than before, but with no better result--the little girl in that window not only still appeared quite unconscious of her existence but had seated herself in a rocking chair and had held her face in her hands now as if she was weeping.

"There must be something queer in the matter with her," Rosemary said to herself and moved beside her. "The child she mamma she mamma she mamma have told her that she mustn't go out in the rain and maybe that is why she is crying, it feels more sad and fearful about it than I do. She does look so full of pleasure and beautiful though, I don't even believe she is a bad girl, for none so beautiful cannot be bad."

Oh I wonder if she isn't one of those beautiful Vivian girls who is crying for her lost sister. I've got the picture in the paper. I'll go and look."

She got the paper, looked at the pictures of the little girl.

"Why that's that one called Violet," she cried to herself. "he is she is. That is why she is sad. Her poor sister didn't come back. I'll open the window and see if I can make her speak to me for I don't believe even if she did see me she meant to be impolite unless she had been told by her mother not to smile at people she doesn't know."

No sooner said than done. Rosemary threw up the window sash, and leaning out over the sill as far as she could--the goodness of the still blinding light, that almost dazzled her eyes, and the rain that splashed on her face, she waited until the crashing thunder had died out, and then called at the top of her voice--

"Beautiful little girl in the window, beautiful little girl, I want to speak to you. The little girl who is crying."

She had cried out in English for the little girl didn't look Abbiannian, and any now if she was an Abbiannian princess, she knew they could speak and understand English. If the strange beautiful child did not really see her, she certainly heard, for Rosemary saw her lean forward in a listening attitude, having taken away her hands from her face, which though and yet had also a puzzled expression on it. Rosemary's heart began to beat fast with excitement.

"Princess Violet," she cried this time so the little girl could understand. "Little princess, open your window, I want to speak to you."

This time there was no doubt that the beautiful little girl next door had called Violet--for she was quickly from her chair, and had her eyes on her, and had her hand which she held tightly, and she had her hand on her face, and she had up to the little window.

"Did any one hear me?" she asked in a clear musical voice, the sort of voice that the blue eyes had changed their expression of dissection and were staring straight into Rosemary's flushed, eager face.

"Yes, I did," said Rosemary promptly. "I want to ask you why you feel so sad and as if you wouldn't smile at me. I've been smiling at you, and nodding my head and you have been looking at me all the time but you wouldn't smile back."

The color rose slightly in the other child's pale and little face. "You are in a very dark section of the house and I couldn't see you, you can't see me yet," she said. "I can't see you at all. I really didn't know there was any one looking at me."

"Oh," said Rosemary, "I have been looking big and round with surprise--" "po, you do you mean that you're blind?"

The princess shook her head. "No, no I don't mean that," she said. "It's dark over there where you are and not over here. I'm sorry I didn't know you were looking at me. You must have thought I was very rude."

"Oh, no, no," said Rosemary again. "I didn't mind a bit, but now you're all right, and it's so good. You don't seem a bit in features like all the Abbiannians I've seen of the street--and that makes you look so unusually beautiful like you came from Heaven--you've got such nice eyes, it doesn't seem as if that you should be blind now."

The little girl in the opposite window flushed again and it was unmistakably a flush of dissection, but through it all she tried to smile.

"I ought to be glad to be so pretty," she said. "but it is some times a handicap when I want to do things. Many do say I and my sisters should never have had to know that so soon, and so many people know me and my sisters often think we are not good but suppose all of us didn't though--not one single bit. Our two sisters never came back and on you are so lonely for them."

Rosemary's tender little heart was touched. The last remark showed her there was something especially sad about the pretty child. To lose two good sisters--to have to be so lonely for them, to be looking for them--Rosemary could not help a big shudder at the thought.

"I wish you'd come over here and play with me and it'll make you forget your loneliness," she said impulsively. "I've got lot of nice things to play with and I'm really lonely all by myself. The only next door you know--it isn't almost so bad for you--you couldn't get out going such a little way."

The beautiful little princess shook her head absolutely, though Rosemary felt sure she looked as if she would like to say yes.

"I'd like to come," she said in a wistful way, but I couldn't. I've got to watch over my other sisters, my brothers and parents are not home, and the father I cannot go out. I cannot leave them alone, they need me."

"Couldn't you make use of going to your sisters over?" Rosemary suggested. "I'd ask my mother to go in for you and your sisters over and I'll be sure, I'm afraid she wouldn't do it."

"I have to go but I have a house-keeper. I'm almost nine."

"Well I shall be ten next month," said Rosemary, and I have a nurse. I have known lots of people older than I am and have a nurse. But if you haven't got any nurse couldn't you mother and father bring you?"

"No they are not home either."

"Where are your sisters called Jennie?"

A shadow flitted across the princess's bright face. "We believe we haven't any sister Jennie any more," she said so sadly;

"She died in a fire in the far away Nic-Holliste woods."

"Why so did mine," exclaimed Rosemary quite struck by the coincidence. "but I put I've got a papa," she added. "where is your sister Angelina, you have her name?"

The princess shook her head. "My sister Angelina is dead too," she said in a beginning to quiver. "she died in the fire too and they and my sisters still living are the last sister a sister in the world. Our brother Ponce took care of us and before this happened we did have lovely times together."

Rosemary felt her heart fast in this new acquaintance deepening every moment though she felt as if she was not over the wall. It was so fun to lose somebody you love who other people do not care for. She had her elbow on the window sill and her head pressed for a comfortable rest. Fortunately the rain had for the moment ceased, though it was still thundering, and it was very warm.

"I'll can't go with you, but you and your sister can come to play with me then and myself too!" she protested. "I know you'd like to have a playmate, and see all the things in the baby house. I have no one to play with me - no boy and I'm lonely too."

"I could go over if I choose but my sister and I are just asleep," said the little prince. Princess and Prince Penrod is out with father. He won't be home before six."

"And who takes care of you and your sister when he isn't there - your father and mother?" Rosemary inquired with growing curiosity.

"Nobody," she took care of ourselves."

"But how can you when you are such little girls?"

"We know how to do it," she answered.

"But don't you ever go out to talk to a friend?"

"Oh yes, we often go with our brother and Jack Evans our guardian. In the day every morning we go to Mass and Holy Communion, and in the afternoon we have beautiful long walks. Some times we go for rides in the stable cars too. Oh before our sister and I were born we had beautiful times."

"And all the other days since your sister and I were born you and your sister are alone just stay in the house all by yourselves?"

The princess smiled.

Rosemary pshawed, thought of her discontent just because Miss Gloria had kept her in the house all on these dark rainy days and her conscience gave a sharp pain more than it had given before that afternoon. She had no more time to ask any more questions, however, for at that very moment the sound of rapid, approaching foot steps fell upon her ears, and Gloria's voice came up with indignation, exclaiming:

"Miss Dawson, what in the world are you doing? Standing by an open window in all this dampness? I do declare it does something I could not turn my back for five minutes without you were getting into mischief of some kind," and before Rosemary could utter a word of protest or explanation, Gloria had pointed upon her, swept her away from the open window, and pulled down the shutters with a bang, afterwards scolding a second to the little Gloria to close the door.

"It's your fault for letting my charge do that. A girl, girl of your kind being an Abbeinnian ought to know better."

"Wait just one minute Gloria, please I'm speaking to a good little girl, my next door neighbor, and I want to say good bye," and Gloria at a sign wildly to open the window again, but Gloria was both strong and most determined.

"You really ought to be ashamed of yourself, Miss Dawson," she grumbled, jerking the child back into the bigger room, with no very gentle hands. "We think of a big girl like you screaming out of the window, talking to a strange common child, that you know nothing about. I heard voices when I was in the yard, but I thought it was only some children playing in one of the yards. No you need not try to open that window again, for I shant let you do it."

"But she wasn't a common child," protested Rosemary beginning to cry. "She was a very nice little girl, and she's a princess too, she is one of the Vivian girls, whose name is Violet, she told me so herself and that her sister and she are so handsome for their little ones. Their father and mother are the King and Queen and are in that house she told me so. Oh Gloria, please let me just say good bye to her."

"It is too late now," said Gloria firmly. "Why didn't you tell me before I didn't know they were princesses that kept just the same you are not the kind fit to associate with them, you are a common to them. I wish that her father would have said if that Princess Violet or her sister Daisy was caught doing what you did, if you had not called to her she could not have thought of such a thing."

Rosemary gave an impatient sigh, and submitted to the inevitable. When Gloria began on the subject of the Vivian girls' perfections there was never the least use in arguing any point with her. Violet and Daisy Vivian were spoken off much by Gloria she said that she was sure they knew them and their sister's from Gloria's descriptions and if there was one thing above all others that Rosemary felt very painful for was that she wasn't born a Vivian girl.

Rosemary walked to the west of the dark afternoon and closed a little. When Gloria was looking. When she was having finished her sewing proposed to play a game of hide with her. She was relieved that she was quiet in silence, she was Gloria. Lost her temper again, and the afternoon was an altogether disagreeable one. A pleasant surprise came however just as Rosemary was finishing her solitary supper. There was a telegram from Miss Dawson - she had been away on some unknown business for several days stating that she was coming home that evening, and expected to arrive about six o'clock.

Rosemary was delighted, but Gloria sighed.

"I suppose you'll have to stay up till he comes," she said disapprovingly. "but these late hours are terribly bad for children. Before the troubles or not busy with their Country duties the Vivian Girls were always in bed and asleep by eight o'clock."

"Sit up," said Rosemary reproachfully. "Of course I shall sit up and I shall keep papa the very first thing when he comes in if I can't go to the house next door to see that little princess to - tomorrow and her sister too."

At that moment there was a call from the cook below.

"Are you up there Miss Gloria?"

"Yes," said the nurse going out and showing herself at the head of the stairs.

"What do you want?"

"The Abbeinnian Prince is here. He wants to see you."

"The Abbeinnian Prince. See now Rosemary. You got your foot into it," said the nurse. "You should have not spoken to the Princess. You are not of their kind and a foreigner too. Turning to the cook," she said, "send him up."

In a few minutes the boy came up and he was quite a handsome looking boy to Rosemary though he seemed pretty angry over something just now. He was not in uniform but he wore a princely garb nevertheless and carried a prince's cane. He looked first at Rosemary and then at the nurse.

"You are the nurse here?" he asked.

"Yes, am," she said proudly.

"Who was the little girl who was talking to my sister Violet across the window?"

"I was," said Rosemary.

"Then you were the one who said pretty severe and rough remarks to my sister Violet," said Penrod turning angrily on the woman. "Now don't look like that, may only be a boy but got a nation at my back and can order you around if I wish to. The idea of talking like that to my sister, telling her it was her fault that your charge talked across the window to her. Well your charge here (pointing to Rosemary) had a perfect right to, and won't have my sister sister or any of my other sisters shown disrespect to a boy any one let alone you. I'll let you off this time, but won't forgive it again. They're all even all because of the news that my two sisters are dead, and you insult them. That's like you foreigners. My Father the King sent me over to tell you so. If this ever happens again woman you'll me the day. I won't have my sisters slighted."

"But I didn't know she was a princess, your sister. Rosemary didn't tell me then."

"You wouldn't let me," put in Rosemary apitfully, glad in her heart that the prince came over over to scold her nurse.

"That is no excuse," said Penrod. "You have no right to say anything to children not under your charge. If it was not for me she'd have come over that moment you spoke to her like that and placed you under arrest. They're good little girls, none good than any saint, ever heard off but it is step from under if you get on the wrong side of them. I had a hard time to get her to forgive you, don't do it again I warn I won't be trifled with."

"But my charge had the window open, and was leaning out in all the dampness."

"A little rain won't hurt her," answered Penrod, and besides it isn't cold. Violet told me how you shouted at this little girl, and that is forbidden in this court. If I warn you you cannot scold her either or you'll be under arrest. That is what makes children so fearful. I can see she'd be a good girl if you were not so bossy. Take her over to tomorrow and see my sister. I demand it and don't object."

"But - but"

"I won't hear no more. I'm going. Remember I warned you. I won't have it again."

When Gloria had appeared so suddenly on the scene, and except Rosemary away from the open window, the little princess had remained standing for a moment her head still turned in a listening attitude, but at the sound of the maid's sharp voice, and then of her bawling out the window to her too. "It's your fault for letting my charge do that. A girl of your own kind being an Abbeinnian ought to know better," she had dashed back hastily, and having closed her own window had snatched out of her room down stairs, her face flushed and excited where she met Penrod who asked her where she was going and why she looked so excited. Violet indignantly explained and her intention but Penrod said:

"Let me speak to her this evening. Don't place the foolish woman under arrest maybe she didn't know any better. I have heard often of that one across the way and she's always fighting with her little charge. I'll make her let the little girl come over and see us to-morrow despite her objections. I'll know the reason why. Be wise, forgive the woman and stay by our sister. They need us badly to day since the reports came in that the two of them are dead," and he said the last words in a very shaky voice indeed. Violet then went back upstairs but leaving her window open now and once more seated herself in her low rocker, where

None Mary Dawson had first seen her. The bright color was still in her cheek and for a few moments her face was still clouded with righteous anger. "I hope that poor little girl won't be scolded by that cross maid," she said to her sister, who had overheard every thing. "She was so kind and I did like talking to her so much. I'd make her come to time if she was my nurse that woman if that was her nurse who came to the window. I'll have Penrod instruct her that she can't allow ed to scold children in this court my unless the child absolutely does a sin. And she'll be careful after this not to make unpleasant remarks about Ablesianians, these foreigners are terrible. I'm glad father is disappointed in all who cannot show a good account of themselves."

She sat quite still for the next few minutes. Her hands folded in her lap but so happy contented look came into her face. The little clock on the mantle stood at a tick four, and with a tired listless expression on her face, Violet rose to her feet.

"Four o'clock," she said listlessly "now Evans will soon come home and I hope he has good news for us."

She walked quickly across the big room to a big book case and talking from the shelf a large clumsy looking volume, she turned with it to her seat by a window and opened it on her lap. It was a very odd looking book indeed for instead of having printed letters on it the book was filled with only paper clear except with lines showing it was only a big writing book. She took a pen dipped in into an ink bottle which she had opened and she wrote something on the lines and it was this:

"Jennie and Argeline missing since the 21th of May. Now it is June the 7th." Jennie and Argeline. Again reported dead, having perished in a forest fire. For some time the little girl wrote on in sad oblivion to all around her. Sometimes she paused for a moment to wipe the tears away from her eyes and one or twice she had to give way and cry bitterly. He was roused at last by the sudden opening of a room door, and the sound of a sweet clear voice saying cheerily "trying to be cheerful but it wasn't--"

"And what have my dear little princesses cousins and little Jennie been doing all this wet day by themselves. Jennie he said sprang up with a cry of delight but Violet though she looked up with a forced smile did not rise. Next moment Jennie's arms were around the new comers neck, and she was kissing her affectionately.

"Oh, Miss Argeline! Arounburg what a lovely surprise. Why it's only a little after four, none of us have begun even to expect you yet," and pressing her hand over her forehead water-proof military raincoat-- you were not a bit wet--has it stopped raining?"

"No indeed it is raining harder than ever. Perfect cloud burst like now, but I have had a good deal of luck this afternoon--listen to that awful loud thunder will you--Mildred Manning's brother came to take her out for an outing in the city, and when she was leaving, she said she would drive me here in his own military car--washed it good of her it was very early, but I said I would go on as for the princesses needed me."

"And you really had a drive all the way home,," said Jennie clapping her hands. "And all day we have been thinking of you coming home in one of those horrible cars full of wet people. That just shows how silly it is to worry about things before they happen doesn't it. Now take off your things and come and sit down. Princess Violet has got something real strange to tell you, or I have if she will let me tell it."

Argeline Arounburg smiled, but it was only a forced smile; then glanced anxiously very anxiously around the room.

A "my letter of parcel come for the princesses to day Jennie dear"

Jennie shook her head listlessly.

"No indeed, I know what you are thinking about but it won't come this time, I know it won't. It is terrible but we can't do a thing. The Aunt Mary can't get any communication with us or we with them. Violet wrote a letter yesterday but it came back with the words, on the back 'cant get through communications cut off'."

Argeline Arounburg looked worried as she kissed the little Vivian girls and Jennie, and they all stifled a sigh.

"We mustn't despair no matter what happens will we dear?" she said, though she almost felt like it herself. "but the communications have been so long cut off by now that it seems it could make any one lose hope almost."

Then she turned away to take off the military water-proof raincoat, and the hat which was more in form of that of a sailor's than an army hat.

"And now my dear old pet cousin Violet, tell me all about that interesting thing."

Argeline Arounburg had drawn up a chair to her little cousins side

and to her Violet's hands in hers. They were very much alike, those two, although Argeline Arounburg was two years older and Violet really was not yet nine. Violet only looked so wistful that Argeline Arounburg felt distressed and gave Violet's hand a loving squeeze. Violet however assumed all her courage and said:

"Yes I will though it doesn't do us any good, but at first I must start at the beginning, and tell you all about this new and dreadful day. Then you first left this morning with Father and Penrod, I alone made the beds, and dusted the room, helping Mrs. Jerry out as much as possible, I believe it would relieve me and make me forget my loss. My sister didn't get up till late, in fact, wouldn't let them, and then we went to all the Morning Masses. When we came back, we entered my dear little garden. There are two new buds on it and they made me think oh so sadly as if they were Jennie and Argeline. I was so disturbed that I cried for a while. Then I tried to study my history, but I seem to have lost interest in it, though oh it used to be so interesting, all about how Ablesiania formed, and how long she had been such a holy righteous nation. Well then it was pretty near lunch time, and though I didn't feel like eating a bite, I washed my hands and brushed my hair, and as soon as the clock struck twelve I went downstairs. I couldn't get my sister to come, so I brought up their lunch for them, but poor dear's they didn't hardly touch much. Lunch was very good to day--there was nice roast chicken, and preserved plums and good mashed potatoes and coldiced tea. I didn't eat much. How could I, but I drank a little of the tea. Mrs. Smith you know who is a foreigner--but who works as housekeeper for General Hind--she scolded about the enemy, and said that I and my sisters were getting all the sorrows and troubles that the enemy only deserve and a hundred fold. There was quite a heated yet mournful conversation about us. They were all very kind to me, they tried to coax me to eat, but I couldn't much. Every thing feels so sick and heavy in side of me, and Mrs. Porter asked me questions about my two lost sisters, and said she would talk to me for a nice drive in Central Park some day when it wasn't raining so much. Mrs. Smith wanted to know why we didn't stay home and out of the war in the first place and I told her it was because really we were safe within the army then without, and that even if we were safe without it it is our duty to help our father and country all we can at what ever the cost. After lunch I came back here and did a little knitting. Then to try and comfort us some of the school children, a Quaker and Polly and a boy came to call on us and they too, what of course Polly came, you remember, told you about her. She is a very pretty little girl--and then the other two, and then Polly, and I gave them afternoon tea and little cream cakes with chocolate icing on them, and they told me all about the nice things they would soon have for us. After they left, they stayed nearly five hours, I could couldn't help remember our loss and was standing by the window brooding, and then sat down in my chair to have the cry out, I couldn't resist, and had my hands covering my face when the surprising and interesting thing happened. At once I was startled by hearing some one calling out quite loud:

"Little princess, little prince, open your window; want to speak to you."

I felt sure it must mean me so I rose up, and opened my window and sure enough about enough it was that I'll used little girl who lives next door. Her father is good but she's got a housekeeper I don't approve of. She's cross and scolds the child all the time, and Penrod this evening will go over and command her to stop abusing the little girl. Don't you remember you told me about her last Sunday, when at noon time we were coming from Mass, and she was on her front steps with a tall gentleman? You said she had such nice soft brown hair you were sure I would like to feel it. She had been nodding and smiling at me and when I accused it was dark over the sea and I didn't see her, in fact I wasn't looking that way any way though she said I seemed to, she wanted to find out the reason why, so she opened her window and called out. Of course I explained things, she really was so very foolish for you to lose for I could tell it in her voice, and then she asked me to come over and play with her. I told her my sisters were ill from their sorrow and couldn't leave them alone, and she wanted to know why my father and mother and brother couldn't bring me. I told her they were not home, and how old I was. He is older than I am I believe about ten, but she has no mother here she's far away and her father I know now is a man by the name of Henry Dawson and he's one of the high members of the General I know him well. He's a real Ablesianian. Her mother married him in this court my a little after they came over and they're good people too. I was telling her about my brother and others and was much was just going to ask her name, when some one came to the window--I know it was her half-sister and scolded her for standing in the doorway, and then blamed me for it. Then they both went away and shut the window, and I was so indignant that I went downstairs with the purpose to have that maid arrested and live! I started when Penrod pointed to I promised to take a hand and per- and

"I don't doubt that it is true, but he said he would never forgive the enemy and would not let his revenge in time. He loves us still more, says we look like little children who have lost heaven for not believing, as he calls it, and will strike for us when he sees the time when we will Pen-rod. I have sent some letters to Aunt Mary but they came back unanswered with the statement the mail cannot go because of destroyed communications."

"The Glandelinians are certainly very cruel and wicked," said Angelina A-onbu-g in a tone of great conviction "to treat you and your sisters like they do at the time but this is the worst."

"I know," whimpered Violet, but "but what was wrong that the Glandelinians should attack, attack, and which was loaded only with refugees. It wasn't dark enough to be fooled when they attacked it. They knew it was a passage to safety."

Angelina A-onbu-g hesitated. "No one could tell exactly, but, think,--I almost assure--that you and two sisters were known to be on the train. That excuse that they didn't know it was a refugee train is only an alibi."

"Knew that my two sisters were on the train with Aunt Mary--oh Angelina how could that be? One had any right to be mean to my sisters just because they brought little hell to Aunt Mary. Jennie and Angelina were so good, everybody loved them."

"Well you see that isn't the point. Your sisters are different from Glandelinians, and all Glandelinians of the wicked order order that the good. The deed of securing them from these my friends must have been considered as the greatest offense committed by you and sisters against wicked Glandelinians. I don't know how some cause knowing the truth they might take on their own to which I said for it. That is the result, it is now reported the y died in the forest fire. If it is true it is the saddest thing on the coast, but it'll bring back luck for Glandelinians."

Jennie herself suddenly said, seeing Violet's face; "it is all very dreadful, but if Jennie and Angelina had only lived, I'm sure every thing would be all right. I wonder where poor Emperor-Vivian went. He has not been here since this morning."

"I don't know I'm sure," said Angelina A-onbu-g wistfully. "He must have went back to his battling armies now for the battle has not even ceased yet you know."

"I wish we could find him," said Jennie thoughtfully.

"Why my pet?"

"Because I know he must be very lonely. You know everybody says no man in the world has such good children as he has, and perhaps most of his old friends are dead by this time. I know he must be dreadfully unhappy, when this cruel thing has happened to him."

"You dear kind tender-hearted little girl!" said Violet as she was kissing her. "I believe indeed you would make the whole world happy if you could, but there is the clock striking half past six and we must hurry and dress ourselves shall be late for supper and--"

"Oh oh I'm my sisters back. Oh Jennie and Angelina don't tell me you are dead. Oh, Oh, Oh. I want them back."

Angelina A-onbu-g and Violet jumped, Jennie paled, and was at the bedside of voice at once. "Oh oh everything is all right," she screamed.

Oh to see Jennie and Angelina, in the first moment, saw them save them."

"Get the doctor," cried Violet to Jennie. "He's upstairs with mother and my--"

"What's the matter?" asked Angelina A-onbu-g as Jennie ran to do Violet's bidding.

"Oh I'm so scared scared," said Violet with flying hands nervously.

"She's delirious," and again the plaintive cry came again this time more petulant and louder. "They're gone, they're gone. Buried to death. I saw them I saw them. Oh I'm going to go with me up but I'm up."

Jennie soon returned and the doctor was with her. He hastened by the bed side and examined her.

"No, she's not delirious," said the doctor. "She is still in a swoon and in that condition she seems to see the fate of your two sisters. I must bring her two at all costs or she'll go into a full swoon."

"Oh and where is Pen-rod?" asked Violet. "I'm sure he could do something for her."

"Why he's down stairs telephoning to General Viviananna," said the doctor. "At least he was."

"Jennie begged Violet, "go down and send him up, hurry please. Oh I'm so scared that some thing will happen to voice."

Jennie was off as quickly as possible and a few minutes later she returned with Pen-rod. Joy was to her self by this time but she was weeping wildly and piteously. It was a good thing for if she had come to and had only been in a sort of hard upathy where you couldn't say, something bad might have happened.

Piteous as it was to Pen-rod to see her weeping so, it was nevertheless a relief and he thanked the doctor heartily for bringing her to.

Pen-rod took his seat by the bed and soon hand Joices had hand in his though he let her weep to her heart's content. Jennie felt a little scared at seeing all this grief, and Angelina A-onbu-g took the other side of the bed kneeling down and lifting Joices' face and sustained face on her arm tried to soothe her. "telling her again and again that maybe it wasn't so, that it may be a probably that two other children may have perished in the flames and were mistaken for Jennie and Angelina. But it was of no avail for the papers said so and the had been no other children in the place. Without being seen Violet slipped out of the room and went where Pen-rod had last looked at the papers but could not find it. Pen-rod though heart broken too over the loss was furious over the distress of his sisters. To him it was going too far. He decided to speak with the Glandelinians when the opportunity presented itself.

He and even the doctor and Angelina A-onbu-g stayed with her for a long time that is the doctor did, until she quieted down, and then he left but Pen-rod and Angelina stayed. Finally Pen-rod seeing that his other sisters had been aroused and had been also weeping suggested that they should attend the service even though it seemed useless since it was reported that the little girls were dead, but despite that they believed the papers, their faith in God was as strong in proportion as their goodness and so they prepared themselves. Joices alone was not in a condition to go so the doctor said, but she was determined to go nevertheless and no one could shake her intention, and so off they went. Jennie and Angelina also attending. When it commenced, the priest indeed was surprised to see them after what the news papers had said. He was really dumbfounded, for he had not expected such faith not even in them, and he then thought that they might either did not see the papers or when the extract was read did not believe it.

To be sure that faith he rather prolonged the service, by giving an extra twenty minutes or half an hour to his instructions or sermon, though he also fiercely denounced the Glandelinians as vile murderers and the like and named people who may be foreigners in the country going to the church of the horrible sin they would commit who would side with Glandelinians in any way. He then spoke beseechingly in behalf of the little girls, asking them to pray much harder on the following day, asking God to please to make it turn out sure that the news papers made a mistake as to the children's found buried in the fire.

Violet and her sisters kept their faces hid in their hands all the time praying and weeping piteously and the congregation was so moved with pity that it was not necessary for the priest to beg them to increase their efforts. By the way, Jennie herself didn't believe the news to be true, but she had the children and the children's news to increase their own devotion, and asked them to double their efforts by making and sacrifices and to say other extra prayers. Little Emma Mary Dawson was also at the service with her and Joices and she felt strange and fearful in that mournful church.

Jennie was usually thoughtful and sad that evening after the return from the solemn service. She had very little to say at supper, and when she alone only ate, and when later they had gone back to the princesses room, and she had found Violet and her four sisters lying on the bed quiet but gloomy she still had very little to say. She sat with Angelina A-onbu-g by an open window, watching with intense interest distant lightning flashes in a distant thunder cloud, though overhead the stars were now shining. The full moon illusion however was made to the subject of the afternoon until Jennie was in bed, and then just as Angelina A-onbu-g was sitting down besides Joices bed to watch, little Jennie, having gone to bed, the child suddenly lifted her head from the pillow and seeing Violet and her sisters had apparently died themselves to sleep asleep inquired;

"Angelina what was that mammae name before she was married to Emperor Vivian?"

"Angelina A-onbu-g looked up with a start of surprise.

"I'll think about that," said Angelina looking cautiously toward the little sleeper. "It seems a very strange thing to say I suppose, but really Jennie I do not know and neither do they. You see they were not born yet long after she was married and because of the dreadful war and of all sorts of getting in to the army she had never happened to mention it to them or me, and because of the enemy spies it also was something that they good father did not like to talk about, and I never took the news to ask him though he is my father. Sometimes I wish I had thought for it seems so queer when people ask me not to be able to tell them my sister's name."

Jennie gave a little sigh and looked mournfully toward the other beds.

"I don't suppose you could dare ask him now then," she said.

Angelina's eyes flashed, and her sweet face was quite hard as she answered;

"I don't believe, would try it. Hanley is one of those who would give anything to know, and, once told my Uncle never to say anything about it until the war was over. All his Highlandian genes always treated my good little cousins very cruelly and hate them all."

"Yes Angelina, I hate them too. This has I know made Empress Vivian very unhappy for she loved his daughters so dearly and to lose two of them at once was a terrible blow. But oh we hope that the news paper didn't tell the truth."

The news was a pause and then she continued. "I'll bet he might be a good deal glad if some one finally could prove that the news made a mistake, and I'm just wondering if he wouldn't be proud of you when he sees how you too take care of his little daughter. And also----" she looked cautiously toward the beds, and saw that the little girls were lying in the same posture. "I bought a news paper too when the extras came out, so if Penrod hid the one he bought I've got another I didn't read it though for I haven't got the heart."

"Let me see it," said Angelina Aronburg.

"Not in here," said Jannie. "Penrod will be mad at me if his sisters gets a glimpse of it in here. He says they couldn't stand it."

She motioned Angelina Aronburg to follow her, and they went out into the hall. Jannie had not kept the whole paper but had cut out the piece stating about the deaths of Jennie and Angelina. She this with-drew it from her waist and handed it to her. It was the front page of the news paper and in big black headlines the paper gave forth the dreadful words "THE TWO VIVIAN GIRLS PERISH IN FOREST FIRES." Then it went on to state:

"The bodies of Jennie and Angelina were found so badly changed that only what remained of them could be salvaged for anything as a funeral. They had been caught in the midst of the blazing forest on the other side of a lake which they had crossed, the forest fire having combined into two sections the other they escaped from by going down stream as is supposed having failed to get them, but the other came up unexpectedly as they were going through the forest on the other side of the lake catching them a mile away. They failed to leave anything for identification such as trinkets, and a pair of easy Rosemary bands was the only thing found under a bush that bodies. There was a letter hidden under the body of one of them but no means to identify the letter as it was scorched by the hot ground. The one known as Angelina was some what smaller than Jennie and the heat had burst her body open to that all the entrails lay out ward. They had met a horrible death in the path of the forest fire. There will be mourning for the whole nation. What has remained of their cremated bodies will be if possible shipped to Empress Vivian in caskets for burial."

It went on with other details telling of the circumstances which led to their deaths and of the consequences to follow, and that the finders of the bodies the Ranger gave them heart felt sympathies for their remaining sisters.

Angelina Aronburg however smiled to herself at the news. She hid the paper inside her waist, and telling Jannie not to say anything, went back to where Penrod was sitting by Joice's bed watching over her.

"Penrod," said Angelina in a whisper, "can you come out side for a few moments. Jannie will watch her until you come back. I want to ask you something. Please. It won't be long."

Penrod looked queerly at Angelina but he rose in obedience to her wish and Jennie took his place while he went out with her.

When they were outside in the hall Penrod asked:

"Penrod, did you read the paper about the deaths of your two dear little sisters?"

"No I only saw the headlines," said Penrod heartily.

"I thought so. How big are Angelina and Jennie?"

"Why Jennie is only two inches taller. Why?"

"Well I'm sorry," said Angelina, "but for my sake then read your paper. I'll explain later. I've read the news and want to see what you'll think."

"But surely Angelina I feel so often already, can't bear it."

"You will be able to bear it if you'll understand the reading. If you don't I'll read it to you as I have the front page of a paper in my possession."

Penrod looked white. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Well we read your paper and you'll see."

"Come into my state room he said and I'll look it over."

He led the way in and from under his pillow drew the newspaper. He looked at her questionly and she said "no need to read it aloud, just read it."

He went over the details swiftly with a trembling hand but could only go

half way through it and couldn't stand no more. He noticed that Angelina Aronburg was smiling.

"Don't you understand yet," she insisted. "Don't you notice the size of the children? I don't believe they are Angelina and Jennie. Angelina's description is too small."

"Yes they may have been burned to compare to that size," said Penrod with a shaky voice. "But believe you are sadly mistaken. Gertrude but I hope by God's good mercy will that you are not. Then there is some hope yet."

They returned back into the room and heard as they opened the door Joice crying to Jannie:

"Leave me alone Jannie, tell you, I'm not half so grief stricken. Stricken as my poor little sisters here. I wailed and cried and screamed, but look at them they are worse than me. Oh Jennie and Angelina for my and their sake if you really are not dead please try and come back."

Violent and her sisters were not alone with their parents in their grief. Aunt Mary when she had been able to get back home, and heard the details, and then the extras later, was prostrated and was in about as bad a condition as her sister was. She blamed herself for it and would not be comforted and her housekeeper had to call a doctor for her. Her own case was a too both but she had her faith felt, sure and anything that she was responsible to for the disaster she had done all in her power to have the two little girls found even at any cost of men and expense but no trace of them had been even so much as traced. When she saw it in an Angelina Agatha paper that the two little girls had perished it was too much, and she had gone into hysterics.

Little Rosemary did not forget her intention of speaking to her papa on the subject of the little princess next door. It was after nine o'clock that day evening when Mr. Dawson reached home, but despite all Gloria's remonstrances and assurances that such conduct had never been heard of in any Abbeonian families, Rosemary was still up and dressed, and she flew to meet her father at the front door, and was soon settled comfortably on his knee. Mr. Dawson indeed was very fond of his little daughter. Gloria declared he spoiled her out rancorously, and perhaps Gloria was right. He listened with a smile to all Rosemary had to tell him of what she had done during his absence. Absence but when he came to the account but when she came to the account of the afternoon experience he looked rather grave.

"I really was dreadfully lonely," Rosemary finished rather mournfully. "It's just hard to never have any one to play with. Don't you think it was very unkind in Gloria not to let me talk to the poor heart broken little princess next door? The brother came over and scolded her for it."

"Gloria was right not to let you stand by the open window if she thought you might get struck by lightning, as she's wholly responsible for what happens to you," said Mr. Dawson with decision. "But I don't think she meant to be rude when she didn't let you speak or explain matters to the little princess. I felt sure of some nice English talking Abbeonian children to come and play with you some times, but I thought the last experience in that line did not turn out very well."

"Now papa please don't talk about that," said Rosemary pouting. "I told you what disagreeable girls those were, and how they wanted me to do things I couldn't possibly do, and said something unpleasant about most of us foreigners making trouble for their nation. I'm quite sure the little princess isn't like them. Oh papa dear won't you please let me go and see her and also her sisters to morrow? Think of it they have lost two of their sisters who had died in a forest fire. They must be dreadfully, dreadfully sad--and they can't be anything but good I know it, and their brother was over here and scolded Mr. Miss Gloria for saying something to the princess princess which was not nice, and told her that she must under penalty bring me over to see them to morrow. Otherwise she won't be forgiven."

Mr. Dawson hesitated. Rosemary's little anger face was raised to his in earnest pleading, and something in the description of the sorrow of the princess which he also had read to day too touched him greatly.

"Well," he said rather doubtfully or doubtfully, "I scarcely know what to say. You know the little girls though they are beside in the house next door just now are only using the place as their headquarters, they have all the say there as they are princesses and persons of very unusually high rank, in fact only their father, and their gun-dien Jack Evans only have command over them, no one else. They are very dignified too, and the fact I'm almost half afraid to have you play with children whose families are of such high rank as Monarchs, and yet in this case if their brother the princess Vivian really said that I suppose you have a pull with them or at least with him. Of course they don't look down on any body no matter how much lower they are than them because they are little girls better far better

than anyone, but in some cases they do look down on foreigners for some reason. I have not only proved to be a troublemaker and coward, but have even aided with the enemy of Abhannia. Yes, Mrs. Jerry who in their house keeps one of the best old Abhannian ladies I have ever heard of, and I am sure you will have some chance to see them though it might be a pretty big question. I don't think there can be any harm on your calling on the princesses, if it is possible you can really see them. You can try and see but I am sure you are expecting a whole lot at that in the present situation of so many now even prominent people have not been permitted to see them and it seems hardly likely you'll be admitted. But I'll give you the permission and you may try it any way and if you cannot see them then I'm so sorry. Gloria will go with you of course, for she'll have to vouchsafe for you for the Princesses are angel possessed and can easily judge by appearance what sort of a little girl you are and whether you are worthy of their association or not. But what are we thinking of! Look at the clock and you not in bed. What will Gloria say to us. Now give me a kiss little woman and run off to bed like a good girl."

Rosemary having gained her point had no further objections to going to bed and after bestowing on her father a rapturous embrace, she flew upstairs to impart to Gloria the delightful news that papa had given his consent, and she was going to see the little princess to-morrow. Whatever Gloria's opinion on the subject had been, she had the good sense to keep it to herself. He had a great respect for Mr. Dawson, who paid her great wages for her care of his little daughter, and always treated her with kindness and consideration, however she could not resist the marking, that those Princesses were too good a bunch of little girls for her association and that it would be a wonder in their condition they would permit her to visit them even if Prince Penrod told her to bring the little girl over, but she made no further objections, in fact in her heart she didn't object if the issue would be a successful one. She really respected and adored the princesses ~~tatattt~~ greatly and she really regretted she had spoken so harshly to one of them, but she had not known she was the princess at the time, and inwardly felt Rosemary was to blame more than she.

Rosemary fell asleep with a light heart and the happy consciousness that she should see so fairly a new acquaintance with her interesting neighbor in the morning though during her night prayers she had asked God not to let her fail. Her determination was unshaken, and even before she was dressed next morning after her morning prayers she had run to the back window to try and catch a glimpse of the little girl, and not only was not disappointed but saw three of them standing by one of the windows, while one of them the tallest and a certainly very pretty one came to the next window to pull up the shade, just as she was peering through the curtains, and she felt sure these were the sisters of one she had spoken to the afternoon before.

It was not raining to day but the sky was dark and gloomy and it was very hot and close outside. She would have liked to have made her call after breakfast and after having returned from Mass, but that she knew to be impossible. Miss May the daily governess came every morning summer or winter from eight till eleven and even papa indulgent as he was would not allow lesson hours to be interfered with, even in the summer when he wanted his daughter to learn plenty and for one didn't even believe in a summer school vacation. Of course Rosemary was very willing in a way to learn her lessons she was not a school hater and was very interested in all her lessons so that she could tell quite a few things that some school teachers couldn't do. Despite her hurry to get to any in wishing to go to see the princesses she was more attentive to lessons than usual, and indeed she was so studious, that good natured Miss May told her, that if she keeps on this way she herself may be a great school teacher some day that if it is the case she would intend to be. At the clock began striking eleven Rosemary was on her feet with the joyful exclamation--

"Eleven o'clock, Miss May--Now, can go can't I?"

Miss May sighed and closed the geography book with an air of resignation, but Rosemary was already in the closet, searching for a rain hat and jacket for it was beginning to rain again.

"Gloria, Gloria!" she called impatiently "are you ready? I'm through!"

Gloria appeared, stern and disapproving, but outwardly calm. Indeed Miss May manifested a denial to remain and chat with the maid but the little girl speedily nipped such dangerous delay in the bud.

"You must please excuse us a light away, Miss May," she said pulling impatiently at Gloria's skirt as she spoke. "I've got a very important engagement this morning."

"Oh Miss Dawson how can you be so rude," remonstrated Gloria as she and her little charge having closed the front door behind them--were mounting the steps of the boarding house next door. "You know perfectly

well there was not the least hurry about your going out this morning and it's going to be another shower" as it began thundering in the distance again and the sky north westward was getting as black as an ace of spades.

Gloria Rosemary looked a little ashamed but she was aware of the necessity of a reply, for at that moment the door was opened by a neat servant girl in full uniform, and at the sight of her Rosemary was a little scared and embarrassed, and she also suddenly remembered something that she had hit her to quite forgotten; she did not know the princesses' full name.

"Is Princess--?" mean are the good little princesses at home? she faltered feeling suddenly rather shy and uncertain how to proceed as the girl so out looked very dignified and was beautifully dressed as if she was of very high rank. (It was Argalinda Aronburg).--Oswald to her relief the girl scolded.

"The Vivian Princesses you mean," she said readily. "Oh yes she's at home I think I know you, as one of them spoke to me about you yesterday afternoon--do you want to see her or them?"

"Yes," said Rosemary. "Tell her it's Rosemary Pearson--but I forgot--she doesn't know my name either--tell her it's the little girl who spoke to her from the window last night or yesterday afternoon." The girl scolded again, and showed Rosemary and Gloria into the parlor--while she went upstairs to deliver the message. She returned in about six minutes and said:

"I'm so sorry you cannot see all of them, they have this morning cried themselves to sleep, but you can see the one I believe who you spoke to yesterday as she would be glad, very glad to see her visitor, and would Rosemary please walk upstairs."

It was with a fast beating heart that Rosemary in accordance with this request, ran lightly up the two flights of stairs to the third story followed more slowly by the disapproving Gloria. The door of the large room was open and in the doorway, her sweet face showing her anticipation but so new and both hands extended in friendly loving welcome, stood poor Violet herself.

"Oh I'm so glad to see you," she said leading her way hospitably into the room. "I told my brothers and sisters all about you, and they were interested and hoped you would come. I didn't believe you would really come, but I hoped you might. Now won't you sit down?" drawing forward the low rocker in which she in her morning mourning and longing spent so many hours each day. "So is that with you, you said." And she looked at Gloria but not angrily as expected.

"Yes," said Rosemary. "It's Gloria, Gloria she's my name you know."

She spoke rather indifferently, but Violet turned at once to the maid with such sweet cordiality that the lady felt more sorry than ever that she had spoken to her the day before in such fashion.

"I'm very glad to see you too," she said. "Please sit down. There are not many chairs except those beside my sisters' beds but this one is all right just wait until I take my big book off of it."

"Oh what a very big book!" exclaimed Rosemary with eager curiosity, while Gloria, who really had a very kind heart, underneath her prim fussy ways, mostly compelled upon her looked mollified and murmured a polite "Thank you" as she took the offered seat. The mention of the big book led to an explanation from Violet, and Rosemary and even Gloria looked on with deep interest, while she described the stories in the book to them, and read a few paragraphs, in answer to Rosemary's eager "do show me how you do it." It was all very wonderful, and Rosemary's interest in the princess deepened every moment, though she looked wisely at the little girls either lying or sitting on their beds, wide awake but taking apparently no interest in anything and looking as if they had been lost from Heaven.

"So you know," she said modestly, when Violet had finished explaining, and put the big book away in its place. "I didn't know your name and had to ask at the door for the 'Little Princesses.' I don't believe you know my name either."

"Oh yes," said Violet soberly. "At least I know your name is Rosemary Rosemary Dawson; Mrs. Jerry told me so last night at supper. She heard us talking at the window, and she asked me about it. He didn't know your middle name though, and said you might not have any as Rose and Mary are good names."

"My whole name is Rosemary Cecilia Dawson," said Rosemary proudly. "And mine is Violet Mary Vivian and those are my sisters. My brother is the next room and is with Jack Evans planning something. He won't be in for some hours."

"Violet Mary Vivian, what a very beautiful name." Exclaimed Rosemary. "It sounds like a name I've read of some persons in Heaven. I wish I had such a pretty name. Is your first name real or a nickname?"

"My real name is Violet," Violet exclaimed, "but every one has called me Violet because I love every thing in Violet color, though I love all colors. But, mostly, I love violet reminders to my dearer and violet violet ribbons. Papa likes it better because that was my mother's maiden name, though it is now Annabella. The real violet though they call her Annia."

"I am a great Violet Mary Vivian is a very beautiful name, and fits such a good little girl like you. I wish I was as good. Have you always lived in Pandora?"

"We do not live anywhere particular since the war broke out. We lived in the city till the war came on. We still have our home the enemy had never touched it, and it is such a lovely home."

"Why don't you and your sister live there now?" Rosemary inquired bluntly, with a glance around the beautifully furnished room. You like Pandora much better?"

Violet thinking of her sad loss flushed deeply. "Because our side is with our father," she said. "Papa was so afraid would not prevail against the enemy and his generals either. If we didn't help them, the home here but she is ill because our two sisters are dead now," and he lips began to quiver, and we are almost afraid to leave the house for fear that the may be very bad when we are gone. Our home is still safe, but since the progress of the war at Depressionsville we had to flee here to save ourselves, and now Jennie and Angeline are gone," and she fought hard to drive back the rebellious tears. "Were we? Weren't you sorry to leave your real home so far behind?" Rosemary asked sympathetically.

"Yes indeed it was such a dear old place, but it was harder for mother and father than it was for us, because they are so much older, and they lived there so much longer. I think they minded going away more almost than anything else. We were able however to bring our own good home with us by freight. They are beautiful horses jet black, and Jennie's only has one white spot on his forehead. Poor Jennie called him Black Beauty because he was just like black Beauty in the story. He and our horse would go so fast, and to us they are as gentle as a dog, and to father, mother and our brother too and would follow us anywhere even we went if we didn't watch them, so strangers could ride him however. The other unless we ourselves stood there while the party got on, or the horses would throw you off. The horses we were not born that way, we trained them to do that so the

landladies couldn't capture them. We are so fond of our horses, and sometimes we did ride them for a lack down the street of the city."

"I hope my papa will never fail on account of this awful war," said Rosemary a little apprehensively. "We have no plantation or good home, but we have a lovely country place near the sea shore at St. Mary's. We may up northwest. I've got a pony too—a darling little bay one—and some beautiful rabbits and guinea pigs, and even many bunnies. I'm oh so sorry that you lost your two sisters, but some how Princess I have a feeling that makes it impossible to believe the news papa told me he saw in the paper a la la last night. It wasn't right that you and your sister should have to suffer like this, and, prayed hard last night before going to bed that they would come back."

"How did you look rather surprised at hearing this from her little change for she had not expected it for Rosemary had appeared to be a spoiled self loving selfish child."

"I thank you for your sympathy," Violet said trying to smile through her tears, and some how I almost feel you have given me a little little hope. All the people of this city are very good and kind to us."

"And does your good father go out to the army and leave you every day?" Rosemary went on.

"No not often but he has gone away since he heard about the death deaths. He went yesterday afternoon despite how ill he was and got tired. Perched, know though he won't say so feels the loss more than any of us do. Oh he sure loves us dearly."

"And what do you do with yourselves all day now?" Inquired Rosemary with an glance around the room. "What do you keep your toys?" "This is our bed room, we don't keep toys here," said Violet. "They're in our play room down stairs. We have all kinds of books though, and we love reading better than anything else in the world. I've got so beautiful school books, even Latin and English. Then we knit some of the time, and we do a lot of other things, and we love the dear old Catholic church services too."

Rosemary looked much impressed.

"That must be very very interesting," she said. "I should like to play games with you too! If you would teach me how. But you really don't like reading

lessons do you?" "Oh yes I like it very much. I love to go to school, and since the war we don't have much chance."

"But only for a few days," said Violet at least, she before her father became a citizen and joined the Gemini. "I love to go to school," said Violet. "They're awful wicked, and cruel." It was Violet's turn to look surprised but before she could express her surprise in words, however, there was a knock at the door.

Little Jennie who was sitting a little forlorn child by the window got up and opened the door.

"A morning news paper for Prince Penrod," said the maid as she came in solemnly, and depositing a morning paper on the nearest bed. "A news boy left it and he said as you are little increases there is nothing to pay."

Violet arose from her seat and spread the front section out. Then all the color went suddenly out of her face. She said nothing, but when the side of the room, she suddenly put up both hands before her face, her eyes were closed, and she burst into a perfect passion of tears.

"Oh what is it—what's the matter?" cried Rosemary, running to her new friends side, and slipping in arm around her waist. "It was not anything I said that made you cry, was it—oh I'm so very," and she was beside herself as others looked too and started to whisper.

"Oh, no, no," sobbed Violet, "it wasn't that—but the news in the paper is dreadful and that's the picture of my two lost sisters. They're coming back."

"Why do you cry then?" Rosemary inquired more and more bewilderment.

"I thought you would be glad."

"Their bodies are on the way. Oh they're really dead after all. Oh I can bear to tell Penrod. All hope is lost now. They're really dead after all." "Yes it is Jennie and Angeline after all dead and never to come back," sobbed Catherine. "Our two most beautiful sisters after all taken away from us—that we thought would always stay with us and never die. Oh how can it be and and they're angel possessed. They say you can't kill angel possessed ones not even fire couldn't. Oh it can't be it can't be. Oh we loved them so. Oh and we began to hope they would have all come back. Oh it will break father's heart, and I know mother will go crazy."

"Let me see the paper let me see it," begged Rosemary. "Please please." Violet sobbing still let her have the paper and Rosemary read it slowly and carefully. Something struck her funny about one part of the description but she couldn't make it out. He said it several times whole Violet's sister's looked on in surprise.

"Princess is it asking too much if you would let me see one of your pictures pictures of all your selves in full form?"

"We have but one picture," said poor sobbing little Daisy. "It's a big one and hangs on the wall down in our play room. It's too big to bring up here. When papa couldn't lift one end of the frame and he set it on too. We are in an unnatural size in the picture."

"Can I go down and see it Princess Daisy?"

"Yes yes, I'll take you down—down—down," sobbed Daisy.

She led the way down, coming along only he self while poor Violet had to follow her self on her bed and was weeping on so bitterly, and afraid to fall Penrod of the news for fear she couldn't stand it.

A slight flicker of hope thanks to Rosemary.

Daisy finally knocked at the door believing one of her friends was in the there but not a cleaving an answer opened the door and ushered Rosemary in. Upstairs Daisy, in more kind hearted than many people may think she was despite her plain ways did her own best to comfort those in such distress. Daisy let Rosemary take a very large picture which hung by strong fastenings against the wall. On that picture the appearance of the little girls were as natural as natural as if they were living only two were the which were not with them in the room upstairs.

"Oh—oh—what did you want to find out?" sobbed Daisy.

"Which are Angeline and Jennie? These three men asked pointing. "Oh—no," said Daisy trying to cheer check herself. "One are pointing at Joyce. That one is—" indicating is Jennie, and the one third one from her holding a beautiful bouquet in her hand is Angeline. The one dressed in a purple list and yellow dress. Why did you want to see them?"

"I wanted to compare the sizes of them," said Rosemary. She looked them over carefully while she looked at the description in a certain part of the paper. Then without saying so anything she went upstairs again followed by Daisy who despite her grief nevertheless wondered exceedingly.

On 11-28-61 beautiful, beautiful--most beautiful. Penn's Mary Hossner was
in excellent excellent April's because on mm--that she lavished upon
7 10's and he--also--and Penn--too she couldn't bring them to feel vind in
any way, they always looked so lonely at Mary's little girl they passed
hoping--that they would be Jennie and Angeline now--a--during and often the
new tears in their eyes. They were at that time during the drive passing
a small strictly guarded prison camp near the park where a Gladiolus
was a field and one of the men--seeing Rosemary and Glor--in who were
for--en--riding that with that he knew were the Vivian girl prisoners
old curly

"What a way you two fellows - a childless dog too - riding with the high-tailed brats. You have no right to you little Christian dog you." Rosemary was always a sort of slightly spoiled child, she had never in her life been punished or scolded by her father, and that was why usually when she believed herself right she had scolded back at Gloria. She was a tough little girl pretty as she was and never in her day had taken insults from any body grown up or children of her own nationality that she was not at them like a furious wild cat. Rosemary had to day seeing the sorrow of her friends been more gentle and more considerate than in before, and though she was rather a selfish little girl, over-indulged, and very hard to please, she had a kind heart, and the sight of the prisoners and the grief unjustly come upon them had brought out all that was best in her nature and was making a better girl. It had been a very pleasant feeling too to try by all she could do for them to make them a little happier, and to see that she was not succeeding, had cut her heart exactly in two. How to have this Glandinian, persons whom she really detested in her heart insult her and then too had worked her up to the highest pitch of passion in her and which a mother would even have scolded, she had matched the wild whip from her own hand with a stick of fury on the carriage and stopped, and if it had been for the fellow finally darting after a few more blows she would have torn his face up terrible. Rosemary was always high spirited, eager to wild arguments assaulted, and two soldiers of the guard had to take the man whose face was bleeding away to have him treated. None of the soldiers even made any remarks for they had heard the insult and felt sure the little girl had a right to do it. At her vicious evilious face glaring at them with the whip still in her hand the other men at Glandinians not be so very and edged away to better cover of out of a reach for when she would slash at them. Violent and her assistants were too absorbed in their own thoughts to be surprised or shocked at this incident, and Gloria kind of guessed she knew the fighting nature of her little charge for that and at home in their other country was never found a boy who could lick her on a girl either.

"Did you remember about those photographs and the newspaper? Violet and I had a hard whisper and the first moment the little girl and the princess were in love together."

"Yes" said one "Mary" gave it to papa and he said he would take it to the office, and have the bodies inter-captured for further and thorough examination especially for identification of "pinkies."

"I think of what do you mean to think of?" asked Violet.
"Why something they may have carried with them and then seeing they could not
save themselves and would die, he'd placed them underneath themselves to be able to
be identified."

be identified." Joice herself gave a sigh of relief, but Violet looked queer and Joice said:

"And I was glad. How else, I suppose we can feel about it, whether we have a reason to feel
 "about it or not. It was so for friends Argall and A. Onberg - I've got to ask you last night
 night if any news paper had come for you yesterday. Any. And no. And if she would,
 and she should not have known that I'd like her - for we couldn't talk to any
 one else under any conditions you know, but she never would. A word about it, and
 now if she asks this evening if any thing like that comes to my
 I can just say no, and she'll go on thinking that we have not cleared up
 the other bad news. She can't hardly believe any longer."

fu - that - bed - here, she can't - hardly - bed - for - any - more - on - the - drive, and when - it - was - after - while - when - they - came - back - from - from - the - drive, and when - the - 910 - in - took - Violet, and - her - sister - and - that - brother - home - just - for - the - week - of - the - company - still - to - leave, and - found - that - Aracelia - A - un - bu - g - was - there, Aracelia - was - surprised - to - hear - of - the - plane - as - that - had - come - to - Violet - and - he - sister - and - that - brother - and - she - thanked - also - in - a - pretty - for - her - kindness - to - the - policeman, and - was - together - was - so - gracious - and - for - her - kindness - to - the - policeman - was - from - that - moment.

for a minute, that Ole was in here at that moment. They are not the only ones of them including the brother" dia informed the cook on her way home. They are dreadfully distressed because over the loss of their relatives and all that property did for

they could not make them feel happy and the he said I was afraid to go to
to them. He, he I can't help laughing. "You like, but I thought to have seen
the way you money stretched that splendid Indian before a face with a whip
then he called us Christian dogs. They are brave little girls, the girl
had craved them many dreadful years, and they have a hard time to get them
alone, but I've often felt my experience of living in the best of families that
I may be entitled to know good little girl-law when, and them, hardly believe
they are great possessed though. I believe they are little angels themselves."

"The day after my marriage, like the beginning of pleasure for Violet and her sister, for Rosemary was determined to make them happy despite their loss if possible, in fact in her heart she didn't believe that they were actually dead. Rosemary always an affectionate impulsive little person, had taken a violent fancy to the beautiful little girl and that brother too and scarcely a day passed on rain or shine on which she either did not send for her new friends or go to them, to play with her, to take a walk and live in the park, copying the phonograph, though Rosemary took care not to play any places that had any doleful tunes, neither notes standing all the love and endurance that she lavished upon her Rosemary really had been a lonely child, and this new companionship was a most delightful experience in her life, and that presence too was more good than for her own; their ways were absolutely catting; she was more and more good now herself and more respectful to Gloria, and Gloria more ready to help most of the trouble had been Rosemary fault for she had often aggravated poor Gloria beyond measure, and several times she had been tempted to quit her job.

Van though not happy, just as his own Violet and her sisters tried to hide their self-grief, was always ready, and their sweet bright holy nature was unconsciously bringing a new good element into the big luxurious house next door. Violet or any of her sisters never wanted to change the dolls' names, what ever they were now the same to them, and Papa when he came pretended he was the papa of the dolls, and the six little girls would play together by the hour though at times the appearance of two of the little dolls made them think of their sisters and they would hug the dolls and cry. Once Rosemary soothed them by saying decidedly: "I don't care what you say I don't believe you two sisters are dead, and you may see them again. Papa last night said that angel possession children cannot even be killed. I'm afraid they are not the bodies of your sisters and I hope they ain't I hate the scandalousness."

Then when Rosemary found out how far from her friends she was off books to cheer them and make them happier she suggested reading aloud to them, and the proposal was received with such a hail of attitude, that her vain little soul was flattered, and from that day to the end of her student amusement was reading to the princess. Violet and her sister were so fond of lessons so was Rosemary for she could find ambition, and the discovery that the princess who had had so few advantages on account of the war of going to school, was so much more familiar with historical and geographical and other facts and personalities, and knew all about military life, how to drill soldiers and child scouts than she herself was an unpleasant one even though it did not make her envious. It made her more ambitious for she thought the more she knew the more she could do for her beautiful friends. Miss May began to find her pupil far more an initiate in those days than ever before though even before she never kept an eye on the clocks between nine and eleven and often did not know it was that time and felt like scolding when the governor gave a new clock the book and said "time is up," and wanted to go on a little longer until the governor said "so my Rosemary but father must pay me for working over time if, do you a time is from eight to eleven, why don't you go to school then?"

Because of being the head of the powerful Gemini of his own branch Mr. Dawson was a very busy man and though devoted to his little girl he to his regret did not see as very much of her, he had perfect confidence in her and left the arrangements of most things concerning Rose Mary in her hands. He had no near relations in Pander, his only sister lived in Calverline, the way made for her easy and on the one visit she had made to her brother in law years ago he had so much to say about the danger and folly of spoiling children especially in such a strict country like Abbeville, and about the manner in which her own little boys and girls were brought up, that Rose Mary had taken an intense dislike to her, called her a meddling old busy body, and had been so naughty, wilful, capricious and impatient during her own visit that Mr. Dawson had been actually compelled to leave her again, and would at times go alone to see her.

However, Mr. DeGruy was delighted to see his little girl so happy, and of her attempts to "play" away the noisiness of a joint and her attempts, and he listened with the greatest interest to her detailed accounts of the past.

of a loss of Violet, and he waited until the next day, but it happened that the little girl and the princess themselves arrived about four days after their acquaintance with Rosemary. Then a comely house one who came after afternoon tea had been called, he found the children together in the parlor. The little girl and herself Violet and her sisters, except Daisy were sitting listlessly on a big lounge, looked forlorn and being unusually quiet, but Daisy was at the piano, softly playing a sad and doleful tune. Now it seemed they felt better even though it made them cry to hear or play sad music. At the night of her father Rosemary jumped up with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Oh papa, here's the poor little princess! I don't you to see them so much."

Mr. Dawson smiled, but his glance was very kind and sympathetic as it rested on the sweet angelic faces whose those big blue beautiful eyes. Daisy and her sisters had risen at once on his entrance, for they respected and loved every good person no matter what the rank and though readily above every body acted as if they were not. To them now Mr. Dawson was the great and omnipotent power in whose hands rested the fate of their two sisters. He was to find out whether they really died or not. Little did she dream that Mr. Dawson, was bending his utmost and that the bodies had been intercepted at Evangeline St. Clair's city, and that every thing of clues were being examined, and that the trinkets and other things found still preserved and which had been given up by the hangers who had found the bodies were sent to Mary Vivian for proof. He took the hands of the first two Vivian girls, and told them he was more glad to see them and that he had heard a great deal about them from his little daughters. Then his eyes again wandered to the open piano and he inquired:

"Were you not playing when I came in?"

"Oh I was trying to play," she said. "I can't play anything today. I'm so upset. But you and my sister can play any music! I'm sure we have learned them well. We were playing a little but the music of a piano makes us so sad now since our two sisters are dead."

"That is more than most of us can do I fancy," said Mr. Dawson. "Are you little princesses fond of music?"

"Daisy's face brightened a little.

"Oh yes indeed we are," she said eagerly. "We love it dearly."

"Then you ought to take music lessons," said Mr. Dawson looking interested and forgetting what she had told him before. He was passionately fond of music himself and so was Rosemary, and despite her age to his delight Rosemary could play anything you would give her with notes and play songs by heart without song books either. He, not thinking had started playing "Dancing Nellie Gwynn" on the piano but Violet had begged her to stop it as that song reminded him of their loss. He met a young lady at a friend's house the other day, who played so remarkably well on the piano."

"You must misunderstand me," said Daisy. "I said we can play any instrument that comes our way even to those of a band. My two sisters who are dead now could play beautifully and we could sing too. Mother weched us and we like best of all to play a Wal-tz or a waltz that sounds so loud and pretty."

Mr. Dawson laughed, patted the beautiful little heads, and said also that he did not believe Mr. Dawson planned would allow such a blow to come upon them. That he didn't believe their sisters were dead, said a few more pleasant words, promised that he would be glad to be so good to them, and then went away up at six feeling indeed as if he had been in the presence of angels for what he had a strange glad feeling; he could not account for it was on the following Sunday morning that Rosemary and Gloria made their appearance at the boarding house at a much earlier hour than usual.

"I've come to take you little Princesses home with me to spend the whole day," Rosemary announced. "This is my birthday, you know and we are going to have a perfectly lovely time. In the first place we're all going to have a party in the carriage, and yesterday my father bought me lots of birthday presents. He gave me fifty dollars this morning, but I told him stupid old money was not a real present so he laughed, and said I could give it to the priest as an offering for my sisters' souls. He said he decided to do that and yesterday too papa gave me a lot of new records. After Mass you are coming home to lunch with me and our cook is going to make a beautiful birthday cake, with icing and candles and everything, and after lunch--and this is the best part of it! All papa has got seats for all of us down in front at five o'clock Sunday Music program in the Church Hall and you, my brothers I and Gloria are going; don't that be splendid! Oh I wish you could feel better today," she added. "I know that it is a loss to sister for a lost mind and so we go sick after our father thought I would die. Papa said you must go because you little Princesses are so fond of music. He's crazy about it himself and so am I, you know and he wants me to take extra lessons next winter."

but oh don't know, can we learn that fast, it's so awfully hard to get good musical instruments, and father is afraid he won't be able to get any."

"But couldn't you learn on your piano?" said Daisy a little anxiously. "I don't think it can be so dreadfully hard to learn, that is if you love it the way I and my dear sister do."

"You misunderstand me," said Rosemary. "I said unless father can get the music, I do not know how I can learn. I've asked him for some more and he can't find places selling any so many stores are closed."

"I said it would make your father happy," said Violet. "He does so many nice things for you all the time--oh besides ourselves Rosemary I don't believe my girl in the world ever had such a good father as you have, and I know you just love to please him. We have plenty of music sheets we are not using at the boarding house we could give you."

Rosemary looked a little uncomfortable.

"Of course I'd be glad to," she said rather hesitantly. "But I don't like to be taking things of yours. I'd rather give them to you. But now do hurry and get your books. Things on if you wish I'll buy the song books from you but I wouldn't take them for nothing. James will be here with the carriage in just a few minutes, and we've got such a lot to do after Mass. I never was late for Mass and am in such a hurry to go."

If they had not had lost their two sisters no doubt this birthday celebration would have been the happiest days of all yet to Violet and her sisters. Perched at first she refused to go to the music hall as he didn't care to hear any music in his and state, but he didn't want to be alone without the good little sisters remaining. The attendance to Mass, the holy Communion and a delicious lunch hardly of any which Violet and her sisters ate, and on best of all the fascinating opera with its pretty music only tended to make the poor little girls feel as sad as ever though of course they did not show it. Violet and her sisters never spoke during the whole performance, but did not show the captious enjoyment they had usually done when they heard such good music. The remembrance of their planned hardships added to their misery and it seemed at times that they could feel that way when they remembered their own loss, but if they saw now in the remembrance of the good Friday wasn't grateful it was equal to their own loss. Dear good little girls, even at this time there was a Passion Play going on at a certain big theatre and when Rosemary had asked the little girls to come and see it Violet shook her head.

"Oh," she said. "We can't stand that. It's too sad. We saw one once and couldn't stand it."

So the subject was dropped though both Rosemary and Gloria looked at the princesses in evident surprise. He herself with the Vivian girls with her seemed indeed to be living in a beautiful world from which she hated to come until they had left the theatre and were on their way home.

"Was it not nice?" said Rosemary as Gloria closed the door. Then Violet who was thinking oh so sadly about her two sisters came back to reality with a start.

"Nice," she echoed. "It was too beautiful--I didn't know there was anything so lovely in the world and yet it made us oh so sad as we listened. There was one piece that Jennie used to sing 'There's my wandering boy to night' and I felt oh as if I could cry forever."

Rosemary looked solemn.

"How you do love your sisters who are dead and gone don't you?" she said solemnly. "Didn't you ever go to the music theatre before?"

"Yes lots of times," said Daisy while her sisters were silent for several minutes. Then as they rode on they were all silent for nearly ten minutes until Rosemary who liked to talk much better than to think inquired:

"What are you thinking of?"

"I was just wondering," said Violet listlessly. "Whether there are any people in the world who love their brothers and sisters as much as we do each other. I'm afraid not!"

Rosemary opened her eyes wide in astonishment at this new revelation.

"Why of course there are," she said. "There must be lots and lots. But princesses are you and your sisters always happy before this happened for all you go through because of the war and the enemy--don't you wish you could do things and feel things because you can't?"

Violet's face was more listless than ever as she answered:

"I can't help wishing for things sometimes, but out side of that we have always been happy. Expelled from the enemy, like spying on them, getting

for that, captured and escaped, it in was not anything to make us unhappy. But at the excitement and we liked that. We used to be happy even when we together in the enemy lines for weeks, for we could find information and help. Oh, you know, we were happy in without our captives knowing it, and now since we've known you we would be happy still, if it had not been for our loss, we couldn't help feeling a little better. You know, when you've been so awfully friendly kind to us. Penrod likes you now very much, and says you're a good little girl and not spoiled as some people said."

"What are your principal wishes?" asked Mary inquired with natural curiosity.

"Well," said Daisy herself, "I do wish sometimes that the whole world was as good as Abbiannia, and we only wish now that Jennie and Angelina were not dead, oh it's terrible and we'd like to hear her and Angelina sing like they used to before they first got lost and then died. You don't know how pretty they were when they were dressed for a party, and I heard a gentleman once tell papa once that all of us were little Bubbles of Heaven. That was just before they went away to save little Nell from the spies."

"But don't you wish we wish for things for you-self too?" Rosemary asked.

"Oh yes very often, we wish that we were even now more good than we are and, can't help thinking how lovely it would be if we could live back in our country home, that our blessed God would come down and live with us forever and never leave us and we could play and sing to Him on the piano." Rosemary looked surprised, and something strange touched her heart. She asked no more questions, but it was not the first time that the vague words of these good little girls had made her vaguely uncomfortable. It was not very pleasant to remember how often she had selfish wished for things over foolish things, and was cross, wilful and discontented because she could not have them, and yet she had so much more to make her life bright and happy than poor Violet and her sisters. The thought of their distress and what caused it made her feel at large and blue all the rest of the way home, and when finally they parted for the evening, Rosemary said she wished to lie down and rest herself for a while, but when she knew she was alone in her room and nobody saw or heard she wept for a long time, sadly and spitefully. Then she put her self on her knees and started a once good and sensible prayer.

"Oh Dearest God," she said after crossing her self and making the sign of the Cross, "I am a foolish selfish little girl, and don't appreciate all the good things I get. I even complained and fretted when I am blessed so much and thanked and lighted ad so much because they wouldn't let me go out side and play, and all the bad things I did that you know of. They are princesses Dearest God, but they have not the good times I have had. Oh if it is really true that you forgive me my sins which I know is a fact, please show it by doing them a good turn for all the love they have shown you by making papa succeed in finding out that their little sisters are not dead. Don't let this affliction stay on them any longer. Dearest God, and if they are not please find some means to get them to find their way back home. Oh God, remember please what the enemy do to them, they do to you, and don't want to seem to say anything wrong Dearest God but what you allow this enemy to do to them you allow to do to you. I don't care if you punish me good for my wrong doings Dearest God, but please, please do good for them. The bible says all you have suffered Dearest God and that you were only an innocent lamb on the Sacrificial Altar, but they don't deserve all this cruel things either, it is, and all the other sinners who ought to suffer and not them. Oh God, please please please, to turn their sisters safely to them and cheat your enemies the Glandelinians. Please do and I'll always be a good girl and I'll be a turn your favor by trying to be a girl scout. Oh Dearest God you know how awfully awfully good they are. They love you you more than anything. The world we're living in is nothing to them as long as they have you. Please do me the favor and turn their sisters to them. Amen."

"Yes Rosemary!"

"Yes Gloria."

"Do you think it's necessary for you to think of such a thing as trying to join the girl scout out of the Vivianites. You are not old enough."

"It isn't my fault, and they have younger children than me as scout leaders."

"Seems to me, wouldn't attempt it then till you are a year older. I don't think you-papa would be very much pleased if you joined. Girl scout's fight in this country, and not do just more duties in as in other countries."

Rosemary gave an impatient sigh and sent the hammock she was swinging in high up into the air again.

"Let the dirty Glandelinians leave Christian children alone then," she said. "They have no right to make the Vivian Princesses suffer all these worse."

"I suppose any poor little girl who is so worried by these people

as you are to talk. You would have to be brave, know how to ride a horse and fast too. Know how to fence with a sabre, use the lance and know how to shoot with a rifle and pistol. It also takes a lot of good papa for a woman to be a princess. You have to be one citizen to get in, and unless you friends the Vivian Girl Princesses help you you will not succeed, and even then you won't if your father objects. I told you I would take you to a recruiting office and get you in a standing girl scout if you wanted to go."

"I don't want to go there. It's nothing to do but just guard tents, police the camp at night and make up the beds of the soldiers of the tent you are guarding. You'ding and it's no fun."

"I'm not sure I'm anxious to do even that I only suggested it because I thought it might amuse you."

"The way was a surprise." Rosemary swung herself back and forth in the hammock. Gloria went steadily on with her work. Then Rosemary asked a question.

"Gloria how many days is it since the princesses lost their two sisters who are now dead?"

"It'll be two weeks on Monday, and four days Sunday."

"That'll be more than ten days isn't it?" asked Dr. B. Oxen: "Tell papa that it was the saddest case he had ever seen, little girls who don't deserve this to have to suffer so."

"No it's more than two weeks it is nearly three. They were missing on May the 21st, and it was May the 18th when they went to Angelina's garden with the little girl Nell. Once we feared Glandelinians were looking for you, believing that you had something to do with it. I know something of it. You ought to be very thankful that it wasn't so and that though boy and girl scouts you were secretly protected."

"I'm not," said Rosemary a little defiantly. "I should like to have been guilty of helping them, and I wish I had done it. I defy these Glandelinians to do anything to me. They all ought to be thankful that they ain't in hell every one of them the nasty stuck up old prigs."

"I guess Rosemary." Gloria actually put down the stocking she was doing in her room and disappeared with a disappointed look.

"I do wish I had." Rosemary went on rather pleased than otherwise by the sight of Gloria's shocked face. "I think it would be very interesting to be their helper and have every one say I'm a little heroine."

"You don't know that you are talking about," said Gloria as she picked up her stocking again. "The Glandelinians wicked as they are are very fierce and not to be trifled with. They're dangerous and cruel and very clever. All you better not even so much as let it be known about that you even attacked one of them. The soldiers at large would take speedy revenge out of you if they could get you. Future told me you had to be watched more closely since your association with the princesses, and since you attacked that Glandelinian in the face with that whip. He'll get avenge the first opportunity he has if he can get a chance."

"Oh when Gloria spoke in that tone it invariably caused all that was most disagreeable in Rosemary's nature. She was really very, very unhappy about the association of Violet and her sisters and their brother, even the loss of the two little girls who she knew were missing, if not really dead, far more unhappy than any one lost of all, Gloria suspected. It was this very unhappiness which had made her so quiet and listless all that evening after Violet and her sisters had been taken home, but Gloria had suspected something, for she knew that Rosemary was unfortunately for herself one of these proud very sensitive children who find it almost an impossibility to express their deepest feelings."

"I don't care," she began, after a moment's pause and she gave the hammock a rather vicious push as she spoke. "I do wish I had done it, had been the cause of their making little Nell out of the clutches of these men worse than the meanest devils. Then if I did I would not only be very important and have people look upon me as a heroine but I would have cheated the foul enemy of his prey."

"And how about the danger of shooting in the trouble and trials of the good little princesses, and the price of being tortured, persecuted and hunted down like a bad dog?" Gloria inquired dryly. "I suppose that would be very pleasant too."

Rosemary thought of what she had heard happened to many children who were and have been, and other disagreeable things, and she hesitated only for a moment—but it was only for a moment.

"I don't believe, should mind" she said. "Not if every body else has to suffer and especially these little Princesses who don't deserve it. I should love to make up, and see people standing round my bed, looking good and happy with a newspaper in one of them saying that the two sisters of the princesses are found and safe. I know the way they do it. I've read about it in books. Papa would bend over me, and ask me if I felt a little better over the good news, and I would ask him please to send some one and tell the princesses that I am oh so glad, and will thank Our blessed Mother and Her Son;";

"Miss Rosemary I used to think you were without exception the most heartless self-willed child I've ever seen in my life" exclaimed Gloria surprised beyond measure by this last speech of her charge. "Something sure good has changed you, and if you really mean it it is sure God will answer that prayer I overheard you cry out this late afternoon in your room."

"I couldn't help it, said Rosemary tearfully coming to her eyes. "It is said we should forgive evil people even if they are not sorry for their wicked deeds, but why should we. They ain't worth it, at least these Glandelinians are not, and yet we must what they have suffered the princesses yet forgive every thing even their wicked treacherous brother, and have always offered a perpetual Novena for his Conversion, you ought to see those little princesses because their two sisters are reported dead. It is too pitiful to see them, they are so hard broken and distressed, they can't take an interest in anything, even in all the good times I've given them, and every night and morning, besides the Novena and the Masses and Holy Communion they say many prayers of their own accord asking God to make their two little sisters come back again, and show that they had not perished in the forest fire."

Gloria had stopped to think about it and said:

"Yes, I believe that but I've been watching you when you were with them even in all the good times to day, and though you did your best to make them happy you yourself did not take very much interest in things either even during the days you have come to know them. How those wicked Glandelinians!"

"I hate to hear about the Glandelinians," remarked Rosemary, giving the hammock a fresh push. "They are the worst soldiers in the world, the most cruel and wicked, and they know what they are doing too but don't care. Papa said so. I told him what you said about them and then I asked him if he didn't think that they were a worst than the wickedest devils he laughed and said that I don't know half about them, so the..."

"Your papa was right. That is why I'm nervous when you wish to become a girl scout. These Glandelinians are too dangerous to be trifled with."

Before Rosemary could make any reply, Gloria made any more remark as the screen door was slowly pushed open, and the cook came out on the beautiful piazza. She looked unusually grave and solemn and it appeared as if there had been trouble in her eyes.

George Thomas our butler has just come back from General Hildebrand's headquarters. "She said in a husky voice. "Mr. Dawson said he was to go over at seven o'clock to inquire about the two lost princesses and the condition of their remaining sisters and brother. They say that some evidences have been traced by identification marks, and that the two little girls have really and truly perished. They are in wild straits over there and their brother won't let any one except their guardian see them now until the spell of wild grief is over."

There was an exclamation from Gloria, and her eyes became filled with tears. It was quite true as Rosemary said Gloria had become more fond of Violet and her sisters than she was of most people. Rosemary did not say anything, but she seemed to feel sick all of a sudden. After all they were dead, their two sisters had not been spared to them--that did it mean did they really find identification marks that proved they were really the dead princesses beyond beyond recognition, he had never dreamed for one moment that the two little girls being angel possessed could really perish. The cook lingered for a moment, and she and Gloria talked in low tones about the sad event that had always taken place and which from the hearts of all the people would and truly will set a whole nation to mourning. Rosemary did not seem to pay any attention to what they said she was already too busy fighting down the big lump in her throat and the heartache in her breast and winking to keep back the tears she did not want either of them to see. At last the cook went back into the house, and Gloria began gathering up her work.

"I'm going in," she said in a rather choked voice. "I haven't the heart to stay out here any longer."

"I'm coming in too," said Gloria. Rosemary closing the screen door after her with a sigh and going to her room quickly where she could be alone.

I shall rather comfort to be alone, and for that the sea was one

to see her poor Rosemary cried bitterly for a long time, and refused to come down to supper even when the cook called her.

"I'm sick," she sobbed. "I can't eat and run."

It was a long time before she dried her tears but she felt foolish and miserable. She remembered once that her first Maid which was a crosser one than Gloria had ever been had said "of course angel possessed children die, and can be killed too. The angels can make them die if they wish to take them to heaven. She even said she didn't believe good children ever were possessed by angels, as no saint had ever been possessed by them. Therefore for a moment she lost hope, and then she recollected one thing she had read in a book. To be possessed by angels by the grandest thing that can happen to children. Good people to did be possessed by angels, but only when they were as good as the children were, or had lived an unusually holy life for a long, long time, and God knew for sure they would be holier and holier as long as they lived. Violet and her sisters were said to be very angel possessed, but then she had read of children in books who were angel possessed, and they always escaped the worst dangers in the end. It was very interesting to be angel possessed, but she wondered how if the Vivian Girls were really angel possessed they could be so persecuted and ill treated by the treacherous Glandelinians and the Glandelinians get away with it. Yes she did wish she could be a girl scout; she thought then she could show the enemy a thing or two. Oh it would be nice, to see Violet and her sisters happy once more, and to things that would make the wicked Glandelinians more afraid of boy and girl scouts than ever before. How very hateful

all Glandelinians were to her now--they were always causing so many needless Christian children to suffer so terribly, just because the Glandelinians wanted to defy the good and loving God who made all the human races. He didn't blame Gloria for being frightened about the poor Vivian girls, and to speak so with a catch in her voice, as she did when she mentioned the good Vivian Girls. Oh don't why couldn't she be a girl scout, just to find out that girl scouts are to the enemy and do to the foe. But papa was afraid to let her be one, but even papa didn't understand her. There were other ways of frightening Glandelinians besides being a girl scout. Causing a sudden disaster for instance. But she knew the nature of the Glandelinians and had heard once from Gloria of a great number of little girls and boys who had been captured by these wicked and fierce Glandelinians. It was a very dreadful story, that massacre, for the Glandelinians stole all their clothes, put their bodies and hung them to the branches of trees for exhibition to all other Christians to defy them. Only one of those poor children and a little girl too had managed to escape because of a storm. And the little girl had got lost in a woods, and had a terrible time for days facing death, frost and starvation and fire, until Rangers rescued her--she died then alive in a cage, and half her hair burned off of her head, and so dirty and bleeding from wounds that her father and mother scarcely recognized her. The child then was ill for months before she got better and was not a girl scout in the Christian army to get even with the enemy.

What the Glandelinians had done and cruised to come upon her Rosemary had heard private doubts as to the truth of this story, but Gloria herself declared it to be true. Rosemary didn't think she would enjoy such an experience, but it would be just fun to be a fierce fighting girl scout and have a chance to lead a column of the scouts upon a patrol of the enemy and give the Glandelinians a good fright. She heard how Glandelinians were afraid of the Christian child scouts who fought fire only like little angels. Of course she wouldn't go unless papa let her--for the recruiting stations wouldn't take no children as scouts first without the parents' consent, and if she was one and did something to the wicked enemy and was captured and punished--well what did it matter. Nothing seemed to matter to her just now when her heart was aching so. If all boy and girl scout girl scouts were so fierce and "heartless" to the enemy, why the too might as well go when her father would let her and be heartless and have some fun at the terror of the enemy. For what they do to so many good children the Glandelinians should be taught a lesson and be brought to repentance before it was too late. The Glandelinians should be made to find out they couldn't do all these things, and be so dreadful and heartless and Christian children and not expect the Christians and their children to retaliate. She remained in her room without even coming down to supper brooding and waiting for all. Nobody came to call her. Gloria herself was indulging in a good hearty cry up in the nursery, and Lizzy and all the other servants were all in the kitchen at the back of the house, some also crying and others feeling blue and heart sick.

Another morning dawned. It was dark, and cloudy and thought it had

It had stopped now. Violet alone had got up from the bed she had slept all night and her sisters neither, but they had still a main idea in their minds. It was very early. Violet was sitting at her small little desk having tried to write a letter to her two faithful brothers, and another to her sister and one but had stopped in the middle of the last to bury her pretty head in her arms and weep silently to herself.

Penrod almost like a silent statue was standing behind her chair looking as miserable as a boy would who had for being bad lost heaven and was in the infernal regions.

"Oh my poor darling sisters, lost---dead---lost to us forever and we'll never see them again." she sobbed.

"There's Violet dead" said Penrod in a husky voice. "Despite all that horrible news I can't make my mind believe they are really gone forever. They probably even didn't get caught in the path of the fire and may have only got captured by the Glandelinians. I'll bet we'll be getting news any time now. I'm sure Jennie and Argeline can take care of themselves, and they're angels possessed, don't forget that. They are real little angels."

The door suddenly came a loud knock on the door.

Penrod went to open it.

General Hindenrines housekeeper was at the door. "Special Delivery letter from An Evangelina St. Claire to Prince Penrod sir," she said bowing. "It is positively personal for you and your sisters only."

Penrod opened the letter and closing the door he stopped before the window.

"Why it's from Wenthworth James Dawson Gemini Branch No. 10, to, Evangelina St. Claire" he exclaimed in some surprise. "Perhaps I owe many a letter had written to thank you for having been so good to Miss Rosemary--how very nice of her isn't it?"

Violet made no answer. At the words "Wenthworth James Dawson, Gemini Branch No. 10, two, he little heart gave one great bound, and then almost seemed to stand still. Penrod slowly and carefully tore open the letter, and the first line, then uttered a low astonished frightened cry, and sank down into a chair, trembling from head to foot. Violet's sisters had sat up suddenly in bed, while Joice herself was covering a little cried out;

"Penrod, Penrod, what does it say?"

"It's about the unidentified bodies, why sisters I never asked the Gemini to investigate anything on that matter, how can it be?"

"Oh please read it Penrod please do, oh please," begged Violet and it seemed to Penrod as if she was beyond herself with impatience. Penrod with an effort covered his self possession as best as he could, took up the letter again and read in a shaking voice;

"Dear Prince Penrod,

In reference to the stories you sent us through the newspaper and the photos of Jennie and Argeline which you have also forwarded to us, some day or two ago we would say that we have intercepted the bodies on its way to Pandora and gave them considerable examination, and forwarded them to your aunt Mary. We have received the post cards and your two sisters brought no trinkets with them, when they left, except except their rosaries and the Miraculous Medals which they wore besides their camera trinkets and pistols, and fighting knives. The trinkets send to her he did not belong to any of the little girls whom you said are dead. We have questioned the rangers who found the bodies, and they declared, they found no evidence of pistols, camera trinkets or any kind, nor any fighting knives, not even in any half melted condition. By some large lake which formed from a river near the western branch of the forest fire, a fire it is evident that some two children of some kind had crossed the lake, and got into the safe portion of the woods on the other side. Some rangers said their trail shows they must have escaped to some where but whether they are any evidence of your two sisters it is hard to say as no clues are possible to prove it. But positively those dead children are not your sisters. We are so favorably impressed by the discovery, that we should be glad to hear from you further on this sad subject so they can be buried and saved. We should be pleased to make some further satisfaction to your arrangement with you in regard of finding out whether those two children who really can be proved to have escaped the fire are your sisters. Waiting your reply we remain

Yours very truly;

"Wenthworth Dawson Gemini Branch No. 10."

"Penrod" said Violet looking at him on no pleading, "I'm afraid you are just reading it that way to try to cheer us up that way. You'd do anything to prevent a tear in our eyes I know you."

"All right," said Penrod. "Here's the letter see for yourself then."

It was exactly as Penrod had read to them, but that however did not give them very much hope for the future that didn't say that their sisters were found. There was only the faintest hope created and that was that their two sisters were not dead after all. But to add to their sorrow they had been apprehensive as to the outcome. Rumors had occurred that the enemy had pressed on in the victory and that depressionville was now in the hands of the enemy and those of its people who could escape had fled to Pandora. This was already the fifteenth day since Violet, and her sisters had lost their two sisters Jennie and Argeline. Depressionville city only ten miles south east of mighty Pandora, Depressionville the beautiful, one of the best portions of that part of holy Calvernia, had fallen before the Glandelinian armies.

The Christian armies who couldn't withstand the enemy had made an exodus to Imperia. The city torn by bombs, wrecked by great shells, thousands of buildings on fire, and devastated by hundreds of Glandelinian forces, she lay in smoking ruins. Her good people sad and despairing seemed for the greater part to have vanished in the two days since the fatal evening of June when at last the city was taken, and the mighty Glandelinian armies were extending their fierce attacks toward Pandora. Many of the wealthy citizens had fled to Pandora taken refuge there within portions of the Christian camps of the great army leaving the magnificent palaces and residences situated in the new part to the flood of victorious Glandelinian soldiers who went with unerring merciless determination to parcels containing the greatest comforts and luxury.

Depressionville, from which vicinity Violet, and her sisters had fled from with the aid of James is built in the midst of a beautiful Calvernian plain mostly on the banks of the river, on the main part of the city lay close to the river and the streets are all of them so immensely wide, that even a small street the width of any alley could have two streets running through. All Abbeonian cities have such wide streets. The beautiful scenery of the streets are impossible to be pictured. They only can be photographed.

The houses of course are very large and beautiful, and though the country is Abbeonian, all buildings are built the American style except that the houses are houses of any kind found that doesn't have high slating roofs slanting roofs to ward off too much snow in winter. The worst elements of Glandelinian souls were now within the city. In these streets the devastation was very great, and the people had scrambled like rats to cover. A week before hoping of Christian victories they had swarmed the streets and had crowded the buildings, a street car had run a carriage had been seen going back and forth and all the lively scenes of city life had been witnessed. Now by some strange miracle they had gone, utterly disappeared. All the houses still standing were deserted, the streets empty. The destruction had been greatest in the southern part of the city but many of the beautiful public buildings and state and city departments in the new part were also in ruins, so many fires were burning that it looked like an immense Chicago fire would look like in 1902 if it had occurred then, and even matchless palaces were also wrecked. The people from the upper part of the city who had taken refuge in the holes along the wide river front were for the most part a sad appearing lot. Some of them carried great bundles which they guarded with jealous care as they were fleeing now to Pandora. Others empty handed sat through the hot summer nights and thousands of frightened little children clung to their mothers hands, or wandered about weeping and screaming from group to group seeking their own people. There was a general gathering of types. Mobs mixed with laborers all mingling in their common sorrow, for the most part in dumbness, a strange silence now prevailed. The shock of this national disaster had befit the people of their power of expression. Since January, day in and day out up to now Depressionville and all its territory had been torn and racked by the largest and one of the fiercest and most stubbornly contested battle of the war, little by little the enemy had pressed upon the slowly shrinking Christian armies the ground wet with the blood of the countless hundreds fallen in death on both sides, little by little she had lost her cherished land until the day of doom came June 7th 1914.

The people who still dared to remain in the city, sitting, hiding in the desolated city, knew that unless the Christian armies could hold Pandora and then make counter advances, Depressionville would be a city no longer on the spot map. There was even no longer now any Depressionville.

For the court my all around it was swallowed up, all Glandelinian crime.

To larger on the map; map of the world had she any place, but in the hearts of the people of Depressionville and all hearts it still lives. For with the most perfect loyalty and love in the world "They say" "We are a part of God's holy Country Calve-India. We live and die for Him and Him alone." As a haze from burning buildings hung over us as far as Pandora. The street of Depressionville after the war of great guns, the bursting of high explosive shells and the noise of hundreds of thousands of people rushing blindly to safety, seemed silent and deserted. Many even fleeing to Pandora for fear of their children being massacred. The hated enemy help the town and now the people of Depressionville most hapless city in all Calve-India covered beneath the iron hand of the enemy. As is usual in the fearful lull after such a bloody victory, the town was filled with confusions, dangers of the most horrible sort and cataclysmic things. Murder by Glandelinians, kidnapping by them, crime of every kind lawless in every guise, danger of massacre of children by the whole mob. Whole sales, the sack of all good buildings, sacrileges, and the ruining of all the good Churches, and all dreadful insults to the Blessed Sacrament overimagined stalked through the streets or lurked down the alleys. The unfortunate citizens who had not been treated in time hid where they could in all sorts of places. They gathered in the melting trembling, whispering groups, into garrets and cellars, even the vaults of the catacombs. The old burial places of the dead were opened by desperate fugitives, and became hiding places for the living. The Glandelinian soldiers were in possession of all the uninjured residences in the more modern part of the city, where they revelled in the comforts of modern baths, lights and heat and feasted on all the good things to eat. They stole every thing of value for their own use. But the lower part of the city lying along the banks of the Mo-ma River was filled with a strange mixture of terrified people. In all things huddled in streets and alleys, in houses and warehouses. The houses there were perhaps no stronger group than the ones gathered in the dark corners of great big buildings where the machinery of some sort had been manufactured.

This had at last enough escaped destruction and stood unharmed in a street where every thing bore the statue statue scars of shells from bombs and high explosives and the men of fire. The engines were stopped, the great wheels motionless, the broad belts empty. Even the machinery seemed to feel the terrible blow and mourned the fallen city. The scores of persons huddled in the shadows of a vast wheel gave little heed to that strange surroundings. They seemed crushed by a frightful frightful grief more personal even than the taking of Depressionville would be in the most loyal heart.

These people had lost their all, friends, homes, children and all other belongings. "When war waged its widest desolation" was and is a correct word saying.

Penrod who stood with his mourning sisters had had his heart of this. No day he was dressed in a uniform as of being the richest boy in the world. Two rings set with great jewels flashed on his hand as he spoke. He tapped his polished boots with a small cane in the end of which was set a huge, sparkling red stone, a recent Christmas gift of his lost sister Jennie. He was angry he spoke with great rapidity in the pure Abbeonian of the Court, and addressed himself to an elderly Glandelinian soldier who had just been brought in, while his sisters looked the mere appearance of hopeless sorrow and yet angry too. Near him sat what appeared to be a plainly dressed woman who buried her stained face in her apron for she too was arrested. Violet at the news she had heard had swept the head sets of those who can scarcely weep no more. The little Daisy clung to her, silent but with her beautiful wide dark blue eyes wild with terror and loss. On the floor had been brought in a wounded Christian soldier bearing in perfect silence the frightful pain of a shattered sold should...

A NEW TOPIC OF THE DISAPPEARANCE.

JENNIE AND ANGELINE IN THE ENEMY'S HANDS.
BUT THE BIRBY AND HUMANE AND FREE THEM.

NEW GUNS OVER THE RIVER.

HIS only bandage was a piece of cloth wound tightly around his coat but not a groan escaped his pale lips. At the window, gazing down into the street with a gloomy face stood James Anderson. His face was bloodless, his strong mouth was set in a straight line; the hand resting on the window sill was clenched until the knuckle knuckles shone white through the tanned skin. Desperate anger, horror and grief struggled equally in his face. His left arm encircled a boy nearly his own size. That was Timmie like Vivian. His sobs brokenly, and James patted him as he listened to the rapid words of Penrod who was talking.

Suddenly the elderly prisoner spoke.

"You must pardon me Prince Penrod," he said in a trembling voice. "I do not comprehend. I did not lead the attack on that train even though, was one of the persons of your two sisters. Will you kindly repeat your account."

A flash of black dangerous anger passed over the face of the young prince; then he spoke cautiously.

"Certainly Professor it was thus. Whether you did or not lead them, your followers led an attack upon that refugee train. You remember don't you that my two sisters there were with my Aunt fled into the Mc-Hollister woods and were pursued by you and your followers. You tell me you are the only survivor of those persons as they perished in the forest fire. Then you understand all up to this morning, since the anger as to my surprise brought you and your wife in, strange she too was in the attack on the train and a woman, you know there fore that my remaining sisters--" indicating them with his hand has been broken down with grief until they are almost ill. You know and so does your wife that we had watched for nights and days with hardly any sleep, and knowing spies percolated my sisters we had also changed our headquarters because we had decided it was too unsafe to be in the direct path of those brutal spies. So we prepared to come here to one of my father's stationary headquarters, where they could be safe. He it sure is strange" he added with a grin, I had to go out for a moment to speak to a priest and when I returned what did I find in the room where I had left every thing belonging to my sister Jennie and also Angelina. The room was empty. It was you who had raided that room for you were caught with the goods on you. I'm furious at you for stealing my most precious things on me. I am a prince, Prince Penrod, and you Glandelinians can't trifle with me. As I came back I had drawn back hastily for this horrible old woman also captured squatted on my front steps. She was clutching over a large sack full of those valuables stolen from my room and others. As I looked two men came up. Glandelinians in disguise they must have been forth with they ran away when they saw me. I had the woman arrested for being where she had not ought to be and examining the sack found the stolen articles and the woman is a man in disguise. I heard foot steps behind me and the way you were coming down the stairs. You had that package in your hands which we took from you. You know something about my sister Jennie and Angelina and don't tell. Well you'll be right at the stake. When you came down you pretended that one of my sisters had given you a book on the history of Pandora, and you had readily stolen it. You said they told you to be very careful of it, but they never saw you. Now give me any book you've got to go some to even try and put something over on me. I'm too watchful. Where are my two sisters?"

"Ain't sobs Violet" He stole the picture of Jennie and Angelina in a pose of holding hands. How could they have perished in the forest fire as in the woods."

Catharine looked up.

"Oh it can't be true they could not have perished" she said "They could easily have escaped I'm sure of it. We have often done so. The Glandelinians have killed them I'm sure of it." He bowed his head with fresh sobs.

"But the prisoner said that your two sisters perished in the flames." said James. "Himself." "So there could not have been any more soldiers in the woods; no one at all save the two little girls who are believed to be strange and perished and the princesses, and surely they are a lost

in that labyrinth of woods. They certainly did not perish in the forest fire," "Of course not," said General Hindenburgh frowning. "I've heard about those dense forests. If they are lost never to return then I'm surprised at them for I've heard angel possessed children couldn't be lost anywhere for the angels would guide them. I heard too they know the in and out of a good portion of the woods. Angelina is nine years of age and Jennie also. This is a terrible thing to be lost in those woods, where they could be in danger of fire perils and starvation too but they must be found. I will be posted at once to the head of the Rangers at Evangeline St. Clair. I am convinced they are safe. If they do get out of the forest surely some will take them in just as we took in so many strange refugee children. Join you told me you and your sisters were often lost, and yet you know these are war times. War times. Good people are glad to return lost children and as they can't hardly take care of their own these days. I will hide all most important documents belonging to your sisters in the underground room. I told you of, then we will go to the proper authorities and have the two little girls found."

"Eh!" said the soldier with the shattered shoulder suddenly. "Go where thou wilt these days, there is no authority that can get any one out of those labyrinthian woods. Once lost in those woods you'll never get out. Will that help these. These Glandelinians are responsible. Don't go away with them."

"We must find them," said Jack Evans brokenly. The seriousness of the affair was beginning to dawn on them. "It will certainly be simple. We will advertise a big reward for their rescue."

Angelina Aronburg standing at his side smiled scornfully.

"Advartize?" she said. "Why Evans there are no papers left in Pandora here to advartize in."

"Prince," said the boy at the window. "Did you hear that the three people at the door were talking about?"

"Yes."

"What did they say? The people you said looked like spies."

"Yes they talked," said Penrod gloomily. "But it did not seem to mean much. I didn't get much from it any way."

"Try to think what they said," said Tim. He passed a hand carefully across the bright falliness of his hair where a dark red streak stained it. Can't you remember anything they said?"

"Penrod stood thinking, the jeweled cane still tapping his foot. "Yes he," he said when the man came up they said to another woman. 'What's the news about the Mic-Hollister woods?' The woman laughed evilly, and said; 'The two Princesses are lost there and they'll never get out. The forest is full of pit falls, and bogs and treacherous dangerous animals and no means to get food or drink if they venture in too far.' Then the man who had spoken said 'A good thing' and rubbed his hands. 'That is indeed a good thing. If they never come back it'll be good news for Glandelinia to hear. But I'm afraid they'll get through for numbers is they're angel possessed.' Then the woman said, 'Don't be so foolish. Then they'll run and hurried on. Penrod paused. 'That was all they said.' He added sadly. 'It doesn't help does it.' Violet's sisters looked horrified. Violet leaned forward. 'Say it again Penrod,' she said excitedly. 'Say just what they said.'

Penrod repeated the words, and she whispered them after him. Then a wild agonized terrified cry broke from her lips. She turned to Jack Evans, seized his arm and shook him. So great was her emotion that she could not say the words she wanted.

"Evans, Evans don't you see it now?" she cried. "Oh, Oh Evans, Oh what shall we do! Oh my darling little sisters Jennie and Angelina. She gasped and Penrod ran forward and seized her hands.

"Conjure you wail Violet," he cried desperately. "I never saw you act like this. Tell me what it is."

She looked at him quite speechless. The agony of all that she and her sisters had witnessed, the sorrow of her loss, the terror of the past weeks, the fright and sorrow of losing her two precious little sisters, the danger her father was in because of the violent assault upon his own armies now, all combined to send her into a state scarcely better than insanity. With a desperate effort to control herself, she looked pleadingly into her brother's eyes.

"You see don't you Penrod dear?" she said. "You see don't you? I can't seem to be able to say it. Say you see it too Penrod dear."

Then as if she had found some way of giving him the meaning of doom she dropped against her brother's atony shoulder and fainted quietly away while her sisters were sobbing now. Penrod laid her down, and the housekeeper rushed to her while Rose Mary and Alois who were there too looked on in a scared.

"My God is she dead from shock?" asked Penrod his face as white as a sheet.

"Certainly not. Thanks be to God," said the good woman, "he has just fainted. I did not dare to tell you!" cried Tim. "Was it something I said?" "No it was something I told her," said Penrod, and she to my own knowledge read it right. I know she's faint," and he looked blackly at the two policemen.

"Well, well what is it?" demanded Evans. "This is fearfully upsetting, fearfully upsetting."

Penrod bent tenderly over his sister now lying on the bed. He was regaining consciousness.

"It's as bad as it can be," he said hesitatingly. "The remarks about the Mic-Hollister woods and with it contains the whole thing. Jennie and Angelina are lost in the most dangerous recesses of the dreadful woods, and may surely never get out again. Oh it is dreadful."

A deep silence followed. The housekeeper covered her eyes, even Rose Mary and Alois were sobbing. The wounded soldier himself slowly shaking his head. Evans, Jim, James and General Hindenburgh stood with bulging eyes staring at Penrod, his sister was again aild with grief, while the boys and Evans tried to make themselves understand his speech. Jim who knew more of the ways of the "icked people of the Glandelinians nodded his head understandingly. Evans rumbled his hair though deeply and said;

"You in the world could child who are angel possessed be lost in those woods for ever?" he asked sarcastically and if so what did the Glandelinians do with them into it? That sort of thing; surely is not done now days."

"Of in the best families," said Penrod coldly. "But it is done I'll bet. I know the Glandelinians better than you do Evans being such a spy a long long time among the Glandelinians. They can and will do anything wicked."

"Oh yes it's done all the time," added James. "I know my father asked asked a lot about it since the commencement of the war and the Glandelinians murdered my youngest sister and a girl friend along with my little brother a Bepher civilian was going to stamp out a lot of that sort of thing especially but affected women and children. Yes it's done General Evans."

"Not now," said Evans stubbornly. "There was a record a case and so on during the early part of the war, but later there were no records at all bearing on the subject. And if no records, surely there are no instances requiring the attention of a law all thinking people."

"It would be most natural to record any instance of the sort, however small and trifling. In my experience I would have run across the facts. There is no mention of it whatever."

"I know it happens any how," said Penrod sticking to his point. "The Glandelinians can prevent the records being made."

"Prince, you forget that I am in a position to know," said Jack Evans. "My recent discovery thanks to the presentations of your Father's two brothers and your Uncle, the Gamini, and many others into secret and secret records were before we opened to our side of my records, angel possessed children cannot perish and you'll soon see there'll be a proof of it. You'll see your sister again soon. I'll warrant. I'll get the stand you take with me. I am unused to contradiction, but you know has made you fail to comprehend. I'll bet if I wickedly tried to kill one of your sisters in this room especially when she would be alone and no one to defend her, and not she would be found dead in this very room. Angels will protect children in any condition if they have to work miracles to do so."

"Pardon me," said Penrod weakly. "But those Mic-Hollister woods are impossible to get out of once you are lost. If they come out safe and sound before this month of June is out I'll have you decorated with a special medal as the smartest general in my ranks and make you my chief counsellor and advise which will elevate you higher than you are now." He looked at Tim in the minds of both boys there was a feeling that the mysterious mystery was solved. There was no longer any need to discuss it.

"Well I believe Penrod is right," said Tim himself doggedly. "It doesn't matter what you have found in your searches about angel possessed children Evans, you have had those day old records to prove every thing to do. I have heard the people tell stories, and have read in the news papers that the Vivian girls even if they are angel possessed have gone through and and and and and and and that would make you hair curl, and you had some of those experiences with them yourself and you know it. The Glandelinians not only steal and kidnap children, but sometimes they cripple them something terrible has been done by Glandelinians to Angelina and Jennie, for it is this reverse on that sister's here and no doubt on you too Penrod, and your father, but they are gone, they are gone, in those dreadful Mic-Hollister woods, you can't get out with a load of bills and stick it under the park fence and go back and find your child on the front stoop like you can at home."

suffering badly for these mistakes. This is the worst of all. Perhaps even so, matter that you may not do, we shall surely never see our two best sisters again, and we are the ones who promised Mother that we ourselves would always look out for you since you came back, and let you know your self is unnecessary danger, for we are responsible as much for you as you are for yourself. It is true it is our fault that she is lost, but the fault is not at fault, and this is the worst of all rests on us, for we didn't think at the time and let them go, and we are ourselves paying for our own and mistakes. And my dear sisters, and father too should have known better to have even left them go to Angelina Agathia but we mean to see that you are safe here, and not let you go into those dreadful woods, impossible to get out of, and even impossible to get into at many places the trees are so close together. I know you Pen and dear, you mean to do the right thing by us always, but I am your sister's father too certainly don't know what would happen if we little girls did not look out for you as well as you look out for us. You better remember, and knowing so many ways of how to protect us, had put an obstacle in the way, you are more dangerous to the enemy now than Evans or many of the child scouts put together, and the enemy could do any thing to get you out of the way so the Glandelinians could get at us. Her voice trembled. "I know this does not sound like proper talk from a good loving sister to her beloved brother, but I've got to say it for once. Father has told us, the little girls in his eyes have been made superior to you, but we have will use our authority against you unless we have to through good common sense. If you go without our consent to those woods or attempt to well tell father so the next time. He can prevent you. We can't bear to lose our sisters, it is too much for us as it is, but to lose you, well, rather than die first. Go into the enemy lines to look for them, and stay as long as you like all right, but don't you dare go to those Mic-pullester woods. You'll kill us if you do. And now she was beginning to cry. "We had promised father that we'll never let you out of our sight again, but I'm going to get it out of my system this time. Ever since, I can remember Pen and dear we have been as much looking out for you, as you have been for us. We have had to take care of you and help you even remember you meal times when you were too busy for our sakes, and you talked and you that over eat and loves and mischief. We have had to see that you went to bed and ate and got up and every thing else which you always forgot because of your love for us, and all because of your love for us. We wish then to see you prove your love for us by not going away. I know it makes you bite us full of the Mic-pullester have done to us. You never mention much about it but you have never never been yourself since that dirty low down trick was played on poor Jennie by Fredrick, Oxden, and if it was justified you'd have even not killed him like a snake. I can see that in your face. Oh how you hate him! I can see that. I ought to hate the Glandelinians and so should my sister but I can't because of pleasure, and doesn't hate them as bad as they are, though an angel did appear to us and granted us a promise not to forgive our Father's brother's Gemline if he do not so with us, but we pray for him every day. I know you have heard all of our troubles which because of the enemy have been the cause of our innocent lives. We have been debauched, at dipped often naked before the eyes of wicked immodest soldiers because we couldn't help ourselves, and yet we find no hatred, only a sacred duty to our country and God, but we know the enemy Pen and dear more than you do even despite your experience as Adelaide. And we know the trenches and the forests of the Mic-pullester, other-wise we would not have such hopeless grief for our two sisters which we even now still believe are dead, even despite the faint hope created by their letters. Those bodies are coming and I believe they are my sisters. I tell you brother dear every thing has been just as bad as any other bad habit of illness to us. We know you love for us, and when we are only at your attention and you have us by you self you are kind to every thing else. And you had to see us suffer anything, even though we have suffered so much. But you mustn't go. Prove your love for us by staying. For you think if my dear sisters could have been found safely even in a time like this, we would have we would not have had better news. She pressed and once more pressed her hand against her breast as she then said so. "On you must for give me no Pen and dear but you must for our sakes decide not to go. If we tell father, and he can't stop you, you'll kill us by going. Little Jennie and Angelina come. "The fall of her knees and crying bitterly, pleaded to him not to go."

"If you see it that way then you know best but sister don't get up, don't go down on your knees to me. He said and he lifted her to his feet sobbing bitterly. "But the boy and girls were good at good craft and will try their best. But won't allow them to approach either. They'll all go into the various rooms and we won't if Jennie and Angelina is

"He said and with a cry they found in I'll get them if I have to deliver fire on attack. They have always done this very first act and did it and got away and they'll do it again. But I'll be with you. You are right if it is useless, and do you hate Fredrick Oxden. You said it, and I don't love my brother but the father all the more he has caused to you and father but I must forgive him if God only wills it, he He will cause him to repent. But sometimes oh violet you know he is with Manley, God knows all fit and and Manley is marked for Hell and ready Jennie's prayers were never answered for him and that proves it. If it is the same case with your wicked brother I am sorry but it can't be helped. I can see by the crowd often at the wall. Heaven must be weeping for you dear little girls and God is very angry over your misery. Such dreadful thunder storms, like that terrific one last night and still going on yet a little. The very elements are elements in weeping and enraged. Thank God if that storm goes to those forests and quenches the flames."

He drew her to the big easy chair and sat down with her with her in his arms and held her the way he did Jennie which made her happy and fall asleep after the terrible experience with Fredrick Oxden. The three wicked boys were still prisoners, and though once a couple of the enemy came and wished to make an exchange for the three boys by offering six soldiers for them George Schiefel Pen and dear said they had a black second and were not to be exchanged.

Pen and sat looking blankly at the open window while he held his sobbing sister in his arms. It was a dark morning and rainy and in coming from Man they had all been drenched and had had to change their clothes. As a very young boy and at his age now Pen and had been noted for his ability to memorize remarks, to do all kinds of wood craft and things. When as a common boy about, the hardest and worst of flag and other drill, no matter how difficult had all been imprinted on his mind. Now as he sat thinking he could fairly see Violet's aching pleading words like large print before his eyes.

For once in his life George Schiefel Pen and dear had had a hard the plain truth from the lips of his favorite sisters. Yet he still did not realize the seriousness of the danger of the Mic-pullester woods, the largest forests in all California and which also extended for unknown numbers of miles into Angelina State and other provinces. He had heard the words, but their real meaning did not seem to place his brain, he could not comprehend the meaning, and he felt a sort of shiver to think that any one getting lost in the forests could never get out. He was so shocked, so absorbed that he felt there was no room now even in his brain for any interest in anything, or any thought that the present, the passing moment in which he made out his little life history is more precious to us than the great moments of the past, no matter how filled they may be with heroic figures.

Pen and even his sisters had been what we know as child prodigies of the book learning, and also in military and other things but Pen and was the greatest. Perhaps you readers have never known one, and if so, you may be lucky or unlucky, it depends on how the prodigy is. Infant prodigies show an unusual amount of intelligence at a very early age. So far it is all right, and a such a boy or girl is a miracle and if he or she belongs to a sensible family he is urged into athletics and sleeps out of doors and manages to grow up so he will pass in a crowd. On the day that Jennie and Angelina were lost and Pen and had wanted to go forth and search for them his father had said "No genius no matter how great even though he be a thousand times more genius than you in all your Indian and other knowledge could do a thing for them if they are really lost in those terrible woods. You might as well settle off all sorts of places you don't know to try and find them now. All other experiences were as easy as eating pancakes to you but this is a problem that only God himself can solve. It is just like skipping whole grades in school and plow through an empty teacher's class collage like a mule under a loose horse bush to find them in those dreadful woods. Pen and was now at a loss. He knew that Violet was right but the losses of the two little girls tore cruelly on those who loved him and them. He could not hardly have believed at the seeming impossibility of going through those woods and not being lost. Any thought of that struck the house every body was so quiet that inaudible mice came out of their holes and nibbled in broad day light. Pen and had been known every where as one of the most unusual and wonderful boys every time he was seen. At school his quizziness, and at home a marvelous oddity who unusual and despite his wonderful excitations and amazing marks he never suffered anything like forgetfulness, and though he was book crazy and loved his lessons he never forgot his friends and placed them first before all things. You couldn't reg a fellow

but just could not follow the made one hundred light steps, when as he was applying for the same, and entered the distribution city of Abbeism he found a lovely, little little girl, little girl, she after knowing him believed him the greatest of boys and held his position as highest of boy about a decade. Then he had to leave and came the disaster at Abbeism to Violet and her sisters. Pen-od had turned out also as one of the most wonderful boys she had ever known, but for that she had become a little reckless at times, and once had named her younger sisters to look out for their brother, even though he too looked out for them, but some way or other there was different stuff in his sister. They did look after their gallant brother, and took as much care of him as he did of them, but they at times were in danger as he was when he couldn't do any thing for them or himself either and that was when he acted as a defender and was interfered with by sicked G. Wald Stalling, and that sorrow, hardship and experience with them out badly. Pen-od himself was so vicious and dangerous to the Glandelinians that it rather rather worried Violet and her sisters who were always on the alert to watch out for that danger didn't strike him down either but owing to their caution he seemed to be developing well.

And Pen-od blind to it all for he was doing into perilous places knew nothing of the fact that he was the brother of seven wonderful beautiful and good little girls who were successfully carrying on the difficult business of watching for his safety and looking after every thing as well, and neither did they know he was their brother until investigations revealed it to both sides. Then Pen-od became the place of honor as the hated Glandelinian like position position even at the time when he didn't know Violet and her sisters were his very own. He looked clean, and was clean, and thought clean, and that wasn't hard for him to do either.

Now Pen-od and his sister were really had been stuck at luck had and at luck the had a bit of the enemy yet, given the few hours he had that Pen-od had not been with his remaining sisters he had been sitting in his study feverishly seeking the facts of the Mic-Holliste Woods, and was deaf and dumb and blind to every thing else. Yet when he occasionally came up for air, as some put it, he did his best to console his sisters. The Pen-od was good natured, when his sisters were happy the things he could do to make them laugh made them see he was the funniest and kindest of brothers, so soon they suffered made him vicious to the enemy. It was recently before a time that once he came home with the news that he had taken a vacation, and that it made it possible for him to go to Angelina Agathia, and write an account of some part of the city's history of which he wanted to use for the sake of military purposes and make its defense so safe that the enemy had to capture the moon first before they could capture that city. Violet and her sisters had been wild with delight. It was a glorious journey, and on ship board on the river at least it was easy to keep track of Pen-od, who had found a very learned engineer who agreed with him on every known point. A this happened before Pen-od knew his sister and his sister belonged to such other Violet and her sisters had had time to enjoy the voyage and make many friends. In Angelina Agathia which despite the fact they reached softly they took up their quarters in one of the magnificent palaces of the city, and here Pen-od who always boiled with activity soon made numberless pals and immediately had a new boy and girl scout troop of his own formed there. These boys and girls took up the work with the greatest enthusiasm and the more thorough him the armies to have the boy and girl scout troop they can be big gently honest of.

Now Depressionville, beautiful and good, Depressionville the brilliant, lay in ruins, Pen-od too good sister one and he was upon her and raining so much every day that Pen-od was in danger from a flood from the water pipes to day Pen-od at night humped over on the chair, with Violet beside him, but and for a long thought of the wonderful chance that had brought him when a history, tragic and important was being made. To those who did not know him he looked excited as if he did not worry greatly over the disappearance of Angelina and Jamie, but his sisters could see what others could not see, and if it had not been that they tried to check their grief as much as possible and watch him he might have had a serious breakdown or illness caused by his sorrow. At night most of the house instead of going to bed he had come to the library, snuggled in the light, and taking down every aphonia, and other books, and page of paper and ink pens had soon been lost in paper and pages of the books, as if he was more interested in books than over the loss of his sisters. But that was not so. Deeply he had at even to find some way to combat those treacherous, Mic-Holliste Woods, and when fall in he had at times flung the books violently across the floor. He had tried to solve the problem in a way of trying to solve the problem.

times then his sister had been lost. He remembered the story when they were lost as told by a girl while at Vivian Vickay when they had been lost for a very long time and then it seemed as if that which sister Angelina could never come back again. The terrible idea that his sister was no longer in the Mic-Holliste Woods had at first never occurred to him. He at times had suspected G. Wald Stalling and his companions of having caused it by clipping a note to Hamley and only but it had not been so. Very good thing for the three they had it. He would have come to the woods any way but then he knew it would be suicide. Now again that Violet had cried he had to sleep in his room he had placed her on the bed and talked the floor and dreamed.

"Don't take it like that Pen-od dear," said Tim pausing to place a sympathetic hand on his friend's shoulder.

"It's awful, awful," groaned Pen-od. "They are lost, lost for ever in those frightful Mic-Holliste Woods. I believe they are all already dead at that. When if they didn't the horrible terror of their experiences will kill them."

"No," it said James himself. "From my experience with your sisters, they're the bravest little girls in the world. There's no cowardly blood blood in your sisters. Whatever part of that I needed to fear they are they will know they'll get out sooner or later. Once they are will by God's help get out of the woods they'll come back, and will be looking for us every minute. And if those Glandelinians who pursued them into the woods, I'm led in the forests from the flames and your sisters after all didn't they will be so one to hurt them even though the Glandelinians do dog child-enough just to kill them. And they are a better off in the forests than prisoners among such brutal gray coated soldiers you may be sure. The only thing I am hoping is that we can find them or have them rescued by means of the forest ranger who are bending every effort to find them. But we couldn't even go to the forests ever so far away if your sisters would follow you to and wait with you yourselves because because of the battle raging so extensively I don't believe any one even with the best credentials can get away from Pandora for the next few days."

"If the ranger is so many miles down the river had only something for a clue" said Tim. "Can't you even remember that they had Pen-od when they went to Angelina Agathia with little Hall?"

"Oh, yes," said James. "If they would have had the same thing they would have had the same thing."

"Nothing particularly except what they were for defense, and the angels. Remember didn't find anything," said Pen-od regretfully. "Picture of my sister's have been sent to the Angelina Headquarters and there for the angels to keep them. The best Pandora man I know of who has a picture of Ok but I couldn't describe it to you. It isn't a limp—just a picture of a woman's face. But he is too far away to see. There is a woman I know of who is also a forest ranger but she couldn't help me find it."

"How?" asked Tim. "Why she has no experience with the Mic-Holliste Woods. During the night a I could do lots of things since my two sisters were lost, but couldn't fathom out anything that could help me find my sisters. Violet is right. From the into those woods would be to go into a labyrinth that I'd never get out of. I tell you Jim," he said earnestly. "When I get a chance, I shall spend my time in showing these Glandelinians what they have made of me. They have abused and did things to my sisters that I couldn't let Histamine write of, but I'm standing myself and my aunt. If I had thought of things in the proper light my two sisters would not be lost. They are so sacrificed a lot for my little friend Hall, but if my aunt had only used discretion, she could not have been caused this disaster. Good and now at her age."

"Let's not let you father hear," said James. "He would tell you it was all his fault for letting them go with him."

"Perhaps it has been," said Pen-od. "I could blame the three of us for our foolishly and we all have experienced."

"I do think that we ought to look at it a little from your father's standpoint," said James gently. "You know your sisters knew the importance of the information that Hall knew concerning Abbeism. That made apies of them to capture him. Your two sisters decided to take him to Angelina Agathia, and she said if would be safe. Your father permitted them to go and he thought the going would be safe. Well the going was safe at that for they ought to have been right. You can't make the mistake of trying to come home with them on the way. The danger she wasn't lost in the woods is a mystery. I don't doubt she thought the way to go was safe than the way to go. I think she could have done the same thing. Be fair with your Aunt Pen-od. Don't you think not?"

As Penwood and Tim left the building, they passed a man whom they noticed they were again and therefore did not take him into account. They walked along from the building to building, fearful of having been seen by the two boys. When they passed a big man one of the fellows grabbed some of the dirt and rubbed it on his face and clothes, and told himself not to tell the same. He thought very much that they looked like children and that for the present they were safe. He endeavored to attract attention to the fact they were alone and led them from one building to another, but did not fear. One was known to the name of Vance and the other a Ivan. So that they had not been seen by the two boys. He looked down upon them, then asked the man a kind of question of the city, and disappeared out of sight, while the two boys went on and did not

they nearly were positively burned to death, it was with an almost a

[illegible]

strangely overcome. He sank down in a chair by the window after the fire was put out and leaned his head on the sill. All gone. He did not know what to do. Taken by surprise as to a different location without letting him know, his quick and clever brain for a moment refused to act. He raised his head and realizing why, if they took his place, why to a safe location why would the house burn on fire. He looked dully out into the street where the group of people were moving slowly away. Long, long time he stared, then his eyes suddenly set on themselves or something near him. Dumbfounded and unbelieving he stood. It was as if he could hear Joana's voice, her own words. "If any one kidnapped me," she had said, "I think if I had my diamond I would go to the beach and hide on the window pane."

Indeed, he said, he had served her well before Penrod's eyes, on the

Then Perod was in deep thought. One event pressed so closely on another that things lost their significance and importance.

"We have got to get a hustle on now if we want to get those planes," he said again.

"The main thing that is almost killing me is that my two sisters are lost. They really may surely be dead for all I know, and the first thing I should do if it is possible is to try and find them if they are alive. To get hold of them and the soldiers too who I came ad this is they survived."

"Get hold of Jennie and Argeline," said James. "Do you know where they are?"

"Yes, but that doesn't make it any easier," said Pen. "I can't really dare go into the Mc-Ghollester woods even if Violet and her sisters would allow me to. I am well acquainted with the interior of the Mc-Ghollester woods, however, as well as with the interior of the Mc-Ghollester woods. The soldiers are afraid that they are lost to us for ever, but I have made some discoveries through studying my Geog. a phis last night. If they have stayed within reach of the main road running through the place then they're safe and could get out by themselves."

"I wouldn't play any trick like that," said Pen-od. "They're mad enough already and if I was gone, and they suspected my intention they'd risk even their very lives to bring me back. Neither have I made any plans. Besides Violet and her sisters know best and if I was to go contrary to their command it would serve me right for all that would happen to me, but I don't know."

M: My sorrow is more for my remaining sisters than myself for I can't see them suffer so. I can't bear it. What I want to do is to save Janni and Angeline who are the best little girls in the world including my sisters. If the most powerful of the Geminis cannot do any thing, and the poorest rangers still manage to save their children, then the bodies of even dead children may be

"Don't feel that way please" said James. "Think of your remaining sisters. That's a sign you are in despair. Remember God some times gives us a severe answer to a doubt pretty quick, and usually the severe test will come might be now if we don't fail in the trial, maybe this may be one of the last and rather serious like this may happen again."

"You ought to have some" and per od, "We ... and out I'd have to
walk even that short distance."

"Father won't exempt any one from paying on cars & other things, not even him, if
or my sister's," he said."

anything I have is interesting. The way you'd look like a hell
to me. Nothing. Nothing doesn't count for anything. And I don't care.

...and that the FBI should be able to talk to the ...

[illegible]

"I have not clearly informed an agent," he continued "but I had not put his hand

"Thank you so much. I will always keep it" said Perceval. "As so, 70 many many years after, if I ever could have looked into the future, I could have seen a most significant thing. I could see, and conviction on his wife's mind, as being

...at they stopped before a magnificent house and got the attention of their eyes. They suddenly had observed two men, each approaching one at a time. From another house across the street, a man also emerged and left

came cautiously out. She did not glance at me, she was looking at the ground up and down the road, closed the door carefully and went off cautiously and slowly without a glance behind toward the big house.

"Come do you see that door of the insignificant house? They did not letch it. I don't believe there is a soul over there but the old woman. The other people had believed that they would have left the place long before they had." "Yes, there is

"That's the girl that I don't want," said Ivan. "With her I need the money to be useful. That's so. The brother is so honest and so good."

...a little girl but it was very young. A mob was in the streets threatening the mob of people. Greatly to be feared. These people would not let go of their...

"It's light -- can't ask that," answered Vernon. "Get you self together. Grab the woman as quick as you can. There's a whole night."

[illegible]

stand back to the wall, jacking the
up the floor, and high and low, in a good floor and quick on a light
stand back to the wall, jacking the
up the floor, and high and low, in a good floor and quick on a light

\mathbb{H}^n is a Hilbert space, and \mathbb{H}^n is a Hilbert space.

The kurtosis for all three variables, kurtosis₁, kurtosis₂, and kurtosis₃, are less than 3, indicating that the distributions are leptokurtic.

but, of course, there are a few little children who focus away at him.

"The way is really going to be a shock," said Angelina and, as a party of Glandelinians cowered over the wall and she heard him whisper "long." "Are you sure they didn't see us? They seem to be moving forward now."

"I hope not, but I shouldn't like to encounter them, besides then if we got caught and there's no telling how long we would be held before we could make our escape and as long as we have been gone I'm afraid our sisters and others are dreadfully frightened and distressed by now. Wouldn't we dare take that short way you told me about?"

Angelina hesitated, but at that moment mingled with a loud peal of thunder than before came several loud pistol shots, and as the branches of the trees began to wave in a sudden breeze, the pistol shots sounded nearer than they were.

"I guess we'd better," she said with a nervous glance in the direction of the foe and hoping that the rapidly darkening storm clouds would make enough gloom to hide them from their pursuers. "I don't believe General Hinddale's guards will see us, we don't have to pass very near his encampment."

"Do you suppose he would really do anything to us even if he did?" Jennie inquired.

"I don't know; but I shouldn't like to try. He's got such a dreadful temper every one says. We got our pistols to help us if we are pursued, and a member that Glandelinian officer who befriended us gave us plenty more ammunition."

"I'm almost afraid to try it," said Jennie a little nervously, but Angelina had pressed by the other pursuers had already turned in by that other road indicated, and fired by the spirit of adventure she had no intention of turning back.

"I don't believe he or his Glandelinians will see us," she repeated assuredly. "It looks so much like it is going to rain like a cloud burst he'll sure be in his headquarters and his guards won't be paying any attention to us. It's getting darker and darker and the storm may help us through."

She quickened her pace to a run as she spoke, and poor Jennie not having happened to look where she was going, stubbed her right foot against a stone, and then though a little bigger found difficulty in keeping up with her.

"Did you hurt your foot very much?" asked Angelina anxiously as they were going along a gravelled path.

"Yes I did, oh I hope I didn't break it, K! I'm afraid I can't run any faster," panted Jennie. "Are we most out of the territory? My how dark it is getting!"

"We'll be ought of this territory in about half an hour and then we'll be able to get to a glen where we can hide till right and then proceed."

"Stop, stop both of you little brats the way that do you mean by coming through our territory that way? Stop. You are under arrest do you hear me?"

Indeed it was a loud and most terrible voice and it came from what appeared to be a little rustic summer house only a few yards from them. It was an awful moment as a swarm of Glandelinian soldiers suddenly appeared with fixed bayonets. Angelina uttered a loud shriek and Jennie's heart seemed to stand quite still.

"Bring them here to me the little brats. I want to speak to them." For the first second when they found themselves surrounded, they stood quite still, panting for breath, and scarcely realizing what had happened.

"Pen and. Oh Pen and" gasped Angelina, stretching out her hand toward Pando. "Oh if you were only here now. Oh dear God make him come." Jennie had given a little frightened sob and she and her sister's sisters were led toward the man with the terrible voice.

"Who are you and why didn't you stop when I commanded you to? The loud harsh voice demanded. "Didn't you hear the cavalry leader calling to you to stop. What do you kids mean by coming where you are not needed eh?" and a tall old soldier dressed more like a king than a general laid a heavy hand on her. On Jennie's shoulder Jennie gave one more frightened sob then resolutely stood still to meet her doom for not one of the little Vivian girls were cowards.

"You have no right to make us prisoners," said Angelina. "We wanted to get home before the storm, and we didn't know you camps were so near, this way was so much shorter. We thought you wouldn't mind."

"You thought I wouldn't mind, did you? What right have any of you to think of such a thing. Now listen and mind you pay attention to what I say. I have a right to arrest all strangers coming too close to my camps. I believe you are spies. Take them boys into my headquarters and we'll investigate them. If they are spies they can be punished to take the consequences that's all."

He actually turned away, and the soldiers followed the little girls along having taken their weapons from them already the first big drops of the threatened storm were beginning to fall.

Angelina also gave a little frightened gasp but there was no hesitating the soldiers and in another moment they were being forced along the gravel

with walk in the direction of that which she and Jennie had been talking. The general and the soldiers walked fast, and Jennie and Angelina had a hard time to keep up with them along at a distance. Not another word said any one until they reached the house, for as they stepped onto the porch, there was a vivid flash of lightning and a loud boom of thunder, and the storm began with a violent crazy fit of blowing wind and a blinding dash of rain mingled with banging clatter of hail stones. Still in silence the general with the soldiers led the little girls into what she afterwards knew as the wide hall of general Hinddale's headquarters. The little girls were panting from their rapid walk and their hearts were still beating very fast.

"Sit down the two of you," said the general, and they obeyed.

"Well," he said looking down at the two of them with a puzzled expression in his keen eyes, "who are you two brats any way?"

"We won't tell you for I know what you'll do," said Jennie.

"Oh you won't sh. Trying to defy me," he began savagely and then he cut himself short. "You don't need to tell me I heard you mention the name Pen and. That means you are two of Prince Pen and's sisters, and that means you are the Vivian girls. Well what are you doing here. Spy ing I suppose?"

"No, oh no sir," gasped Jennie. "We were lost in the high-collared woods and came up this way by train. The train wouldn't go any further and we tried to get to Pen and's by foot."

"Oh I see. I heard you two had been lost in the news papers and got to believe you. Well nevertheless you are arrested. You are spies any way, and I'll teach you what it means to disobey my orders by coming across my territory. But that brother of yours," he added in a different tone. "He wasn't with you was he?"

"No and I'm glad of it," said Jennie.

"Oh I see. And you and your sister there ran off from Pando and did you and took with you a girl who was very important to us for information she stole from general Hanley. You assisted the most dangerous of all Christian spies on record, and you did so without your brother's knowing it did you. And he let you go. A nice person to have charge of you he must be. Well you are caught whether you expected to be or not and there's nothing for you to do but see general Hanley as soon as I can get you two sent to him. What can you mother be thinking of to trust two nits like you with nobody better than your brother to take care of you."

"It wasn't his fault how dare you," said Jennie her eyes flashing. "We are glad we did rescue little Nell in spite of all we suffered for it. You dare blame my brother it wasn't his fault it really wasn't. You can't do any real harm to us. We are not afraid of you or Hanley."

The general made a queer noise in his throat which sounded to Jennie and Angelina something like a suppressed chuckle.

"Well I'll not even lay a hand on you," he said. "But I know when once you are within Hanley's confines this time all Hanley can't enable you to escape again. But I won't do that on one condition. Will to accept that proposition?"

"What is that proposition?"

"Tell us where you hid that little brat called Nell?"

"We won't. We'd die first."

"Well you won't die, but you'll never see your brother and sisters again. He then had the two children moved through a dungeon like doorway into the gloom and chill of a great room beyond.

was The first impression of the two little girls was of a dead heavy chill which a big fire burning in the large fireplace at the other end of the vast room was powerless to lighten. Now it could be so chilly in here when it was so warm out side they couldn't understand. By now the storm outside was in a wild uproar. The place seemed half underground and what light entered, though it was dark outside now, but what the lightning flashes revealed they could see nothing even then very good for the moment. The flashes of lightning partly revealed the heavy oak beams which supported the ceiling but the lower part of the room lay in deep shadow. Emblems and made a sadfully immodest pictures, the little and often dirty to look upon were scratched and chalked on the walls, and there was one actual photograph photograph of a Glandelinian soldier disemboweling a little girl, but fortunately the two little girls could not make them out in the dim light. Lining the width of the big room before the fireplace was a long massive table and on either side of it were benches built where they stood. From the size and strength of them they might have been intended for the use of a race of giant so exceedingly fat men. Their carved bases spread heavily apart and huge dragon claw feet braced them on the floor, which beneath and around the table, was covered with stone.

At one side of the fireplace a great pile of wood was placed, broken and splintered pieces picked up from some where. Bits of oaken beams, pieces of rare highly polished furniture and scraps of priceless carvings made the pile which would soon go inflame to cook the wretched supper even then in course of preparation.

A woman stood by the table scraping scales from a big fish. A heavy knife

was in her hand, and as she raised her dark and scowling face Jennie and Angeline seemed to recognize her and could not help it when they shuddered. As she stood watching the entrance of the group at the door, scowling and peering through the gloom she looked in the eyes of the little girls, like a demon would and to Angeline and Jennie she looked like one of the furies of the wall recorded dreadful French Revolution. All the history she and her sister Jennie had read of that dreadful period was made clear and real to them. Jennie and Angeline closely watched, and closely guarded from her hand up to the time of their experiences in the woods and else where, never come in contact yet with any one out of their own good and holy and noble class with the exception of the Christian soldiery at Poe's. Their father - The Emperor - knowing the educational standing of Aunt Mary, and judging her and her family by her mild inoffensive manner had decided to allow Jennie and Angeline to take the chances of going to Mary Mary with little Nell. It had not occurred to him a man of many unusual National Affairs to suspect the presence of an ingenious, lively mischievous blind in the person of the Glandelinian boy scout in every location down from Angeline's Agathia to Pando. After Jennie and Angeline had felt sure the trip to Angeline's Agathia would have been safe, the little girls' Father too imagined them to be safe in their trip and rejoined that the two little princesses could go for a time to her aunt and be out of much of the dreadful war for a short time. So he had told the little girls to go ahead and visit her and take little Nell with them and might spend what time they liked with their beautiful aunt, and then forget the whole thing in the fearful question of War which soon extended fiercely in that direction too. When the battle of Depression raged two and the territory of Pando - a he left orders than in case of any peril or disaster Jennie and Angeline were to remain at Aunt Mary's for a safe refuge. But she had not received the orders and the warning until three days after she had lost her two changes and now they escaped being captured by the enemy herself. Before the happenings of the last two chapters however, Penrod himself had been almost always with his sisters and had so imbibed his democratic ideas and had studied military things so hard to make good as a princely chief of scouts, that he was a greater menace to the enemy now than any one can conceive. Knowing that his sisters should be angel possessed it had never seemed that he could touch his good and wonderful little sisters. They should all be safe, and Penrod had moved through his own adventuresous days with only the thought that he would have so much more to tell his Imperial Father on one of the rare and precious evenings when his Father's duties at Court and with his immense armies would allow him to spend a few hours and days with his son and magnificent daughters.

And now for once in his life he was stumped and couldn't dare think how to find his two lost sisters.

With a keen and appraising eye Jennie and Angeline viewed that dark and interior like dungeon thinking to tell Penrod about it when they would have a chance to make an escape. The woman beside the table scowled darkly as she saw the group.

"What now you scoundrels?" she demanded of the soldiers. "Are those two little girls spies? They are nothing but little girls. Why do you carry soldiers both with them. Why did you bring them here?"

"The general orders that they be kept here until they can be taken to Manley," said one of the soldiers.

"Aw c-rack them on the head, cut them open kill them. The river runs swift enough through the camp there."

"But it's the general's orders. They're to go to Manley as soon as the general can get an opening there."

She brandished her knife as she spoke.

"I will not give them single one single meal do you hear that?"

"I don't care if you don't," said the leader of the soldiers with a smile.

He looked at the little girls as he spoke.

"Who are you two?" he asked. Clothed as the two little girls were in the dresses the good Glandelinian quarter-master sergeant had given them, there was still something distinguished about them. The little girls stood perfectly erect. They knew if they mentioned their names they would place themselves in grave danger.

"Try and find out," said Jennie defiantly.

The soldiers shouted with laughter. The woman scowled and then said:

"Ain't they clever? Ask them something else."

"No," said the leader of the soldiers. "I want to think that over. Come it's cold here."

He forced the little girls down the long room roughly made his way with them around the long table and hurried them roughly down on a big pile of bags.

In their earlier days any one of the Vivian girls used to have an unspeakable terror of Glandelinian soldiery. Then But they were used to all that now.

Jennie was hurt by the rough job of tumble she received and she couldn't suppress a scream. From the pain of her injury which after a shock left her lips and one of the Glandelinian soldiers started over to her when a short mysterious unseen voice silenced her. She looked to see who had spoken, calling her so familiarly by name.

"Stop Jennie stop," said the voice in English and her cries were stilled as if by magic although she still gazed with longing and terror at a pale face of some body lying near where down whose face a tiny line of blood trickled. There was a second body dirty and torn and nearly dressed in a Glandelinian boy scout blouse. She stared at him and so did Angeline never recognizing Walter Starring, whom she had seen so gorgeously clothed in beautiful uniforms. It was not until he spoke again that she recognized him.

"Be quiet little girls," he said. "He will save you. Henry is not hurt he is just dizzy. He will be all right soon." Walter spoke hopefully, but as he looked down at the boy lying before him he wondered in his heart if there was really a spark of life left in that still pale bleeding body. As for Jennie, after the first outburst, she sat dumbly and dumbly trembling. The past days and nights had been so crowded with dreadful horrors, that the two tender little girls were fast passing into a state where they neither seemed to realize nor feel the hardships and abuses they were subjected to. The wicked woman studied the two little girls carefully. Jennie and any one of her sisters were children whose beauty was always remarked where ever they went. Among their own following they have always been used to kindness and attention from every one, and never were spoiled. The soldiers too who were to guard them sat looking at the little girls while they ate their evening portion of black bread and cold fish. There was a great discussion. The large man who was sergeant called Michael favored offering the two little girls for the execution squad right away and to check with both taking them to Manley. The other soldiers would not consider it at all.

"Remember," said one of the men. "There is much danger in killing these two girls. There's something peculiar about them, something as Christians would call it - a largely spiritual. Rather will I prepare these little Christian ladies for the trip to Manley's own territory, go beautiful are they that we all are suspicious as to who they are even though they won't tell."

"Have it your own way," said the woman. "I favor getting them out of the way."

"I always do," said the man simply. Then she herself studied the little girls again.

"I think it will be well to twist the legs of the two of them," she said with fiendish glee in her face. "Both of them would make such sweet little cripples."

"No," said Michael. "You may not do so. General Hinsdale will not have it."

The woman laughed. "I'll have my own way," she asked.

"All right Martha, you do," said another soldier. "But believe me, I don't believe you could do them personal harm even though we captured them. I've heard that angels take the greatest care of these little girls and could I'll be have prevented us from capturing them if they so desired. There is also a fortune for those who bring them to Manley I'll be found. Be careful do not try and harm them as something may happen."

The woman sat thinking for a little.

"Perhaps you are right," she said. "Many Christian dogs are angel mad these times so it is said. They are pretty enough to climb to any heights."

One of the Glandelinian soldiers laughed.

"Why laugh?" said Martha angrily.

"Nothing, nothing," said Martha only that it is funny to think these two knew that their sisters and brothers are grieving for them, and they had hoped to see them and cheer them up. We have again prevented them from getting back to where they belong so that they may climb back for you pleasure."

The woman's brow grew black. She reached out a heavy foot, and pushed Angeline and Angeline away from her.

"Not for my pleasure," she said sneeringly. "So pat your nose. They are to pay me over and over for my hand life that God has given me against my will. I swore to Him I would get revenge for my sufferings, and drop by drop, pain for pain, I will take from these little brats just because they are Princesses of Abbiennia, and for all I have suffered. They shall sleep cold, because I so slept all my child hood. They shall hunger because I did so. They shall beg in the streets while I shall listen." She shook her fist above her head and her face was frightfully contorted. "I have hated all the Christians world, and now these shall pay me."

Pat her shrugged his shoulders. "As you will. I would advise you to feed them enough to keep beauty in their faces and grace in their limbs if you indeed wish to take them to Glandelinia and to use them for food and light and fire."

"That is sound sense, Pat but remember I'm only spoofing. I'm only saying what I would do if they were only left with me put to Manley they go. He'll

"I make them suffer more than I can. Besides I'm his mother and will bring them to Manley when the cavalry starts for his army. You two little brats will spy on me. Well, we have you now, and when next you little girls walk the streets you will have cause to remember my husband Michael and me." Pat-o-foned frowned.

"You are too handy with names," he said. "Trust only a dead dog. Suppose one of those Christian boy spies would escape us. He'd bring these little girls to rescue. He'd go to Prince Penrod, and the rest is nothing that Prince can't do." "Leave that to me," said Michael with a very dark frown. "You" he said to Walter. "Staring you see this gun? We will not bind you but if you stir toward the door, or make a move to free yourself, or sneak out with any one of the girls you are lost. I will shoot you down." "We only want the Vivian girls," said Walter boldly. "We'll defeat you yet. Man imposes God disposes."

The Glandelinians set up a shout of laughter. "Thanks, thanks," said the sergeant called Michael when he could speak but Martha said angrily;

"What give up those brats so that they can get back home and make their sisters and brothers happy again. I hate them. What do you think I am a fool?" "Suppose I pay you," said Walter. "I will reward you well woman."

"Again a shout went up. "A million thanks," said the woman. "What will you give me—a dozen dried fishes to skin and eat?"

"Listen you don't know Prince Penrod," scowled Walter proudly. "He is the son of the Mighty Emperor Vivian. Beware how to you treat me and these princess friends of mine. Their angels may secretly betray you and the rest to their brother."

"Their brothers will kill me," cried the woman leaning back and wiping the tears of fright from her leather cheeks. "Go on, go on bring the prince."

"Will you not ask him to take us to the palace soon? We would like to see his own palace home."

"Give us the little girls you wicked woman and set us free," said Walter after a pause.

"No you are too amusing," said the woman. "Rather we will take you with us or else leave you safely locked here where no one shall disturb you."

Walter looked at the little girls and the form of Henry now sitting slightly then he handed a great ruby to the sergeant.

"Take this and let us go," he pleaded.

The man looked wonderingly at the flashing stone.

"So you too help your self in these war times," he said sneeringly. "Take it back. We are sick enough but we don't accept stolen property."

"I didn't steal it."

"You did too and trying to bribe us with it. Take it back."

And he made Walter take it back. Night seemed to come all at once in the dark and partly underground room and the thunderstorm still continued heavily outside. Henry unattended came slowly back to unconsciousness, and lay where he had fallen in a sort of dose. Argeline crept to him cautiously and laying her head on his shoulder, went to sleep despite the peril of her surroundings.

Presently Martha began to yawn and the men nodded as they sprawled on the benches while two soldiers stood on guard at the door. The woman drew out an armful of rugs, and prepared for the night by wrapping another shawl around her shoulders. Two of the men rose after a whispered consultation, and taking Walter to the furthest and darkest corner, tied him securely to a ring in the wall. This was done also with Argeline and Jennie. His bonds were loose enough to permit him to lie down on the hard earth and stone floor but he sat with his back against the wall wide awake, every nerve tense and quivering. Twice sergeant Michael came and looked at him in the light of a torch from the fire, and he treated muttering. Walter decided to pretend sleep. The third time Michael gave a grunt of satisfaction and went back to the fire and beckoned the others from their pallets.

"He is dead asleep," he said in a low whisper. "We must make our plans."

"Good," said the woman. "Are the children asleep too that is the two girls?"

"Yes."

"Then what do you want to do about it?"

She too whispered in a low tone and it struck Walter. Staring that for some strange reason he was listening to a conversation spoken in tones that ordinarily could not be heard three feet away from the speaker. He listened very intently. Every single word was clear and distinct. Owing to some peculiar peculiarity of the vaulted ceiling, the sounds were brought to him, four feet from the speaker as accurately as though spoken into a telephone. Walter's courage rose once more. He heard the man Michael light his pipe.

"I don't know," he said.

"Of course not," answered the woman. "You never do. Those two boys are dangerous."

If they get away they'll cause these little girls to be rescued. I suppose you don't want to kill them?"

"What's the use?" asked the man. "Why blacken our souls further than we must?"

"I'll tell you why," said Martha suddenly. "He whispers out like a knife. I'll tell you. Because I fear them. Boys as they are I fear them. There is a spirit in the eyes of the one who talks of the girls but the Penrod that will never die until death blinds them. I fear him the little rat. The small little rat. Talking about that dangerous man, defeated Prince Penrod, if he escaped and reached him that prince single handed could rescue his brat sister's sister. My I wish I had the training of him. Whoever he is he is an Abbeinnian, and he will hurt us yet. I feel it. I can feel it any way that plenty of harm will come to us through those boys we captured. I saw you Michael. Captain Pat-o-I saw you. Once twice twice. You know I never fail. One is dressed like a boy scout and boy scouts of the Christians are dangerous."

There was a silence and Walter heard the Glandelinian captain catch his breath sharply and then saw him glance toward him sharply.

"Well what would you?" he said finally.

There was a note of triumph in the woman's voice when she spoke.

"To me now night," she said. "We will leave them here, tied to the table. I will leave food on the table for them, just enough for one meal. I have still my little friends in the pill box on the chimney ledge. They are as strong as ever, as deadly as ever. Even we will not stay to see whether they eat or not. But I think they will because I will see to it that they do not taste any food to move now. We will lock the door. I will go down toward Manley's encampments. He's near. Then they say that town is not harmed, and the Christians are not winning the war. I will give the smaller girl to one of the officials there. I have a fancy of taking the prettiest one to Manley myself."

There was a long pause. Then "How is it as you like," said Michael. "Of course the boys would be a good deal if they once got free. See it that the little girls are under the guardianship of the cavalry. Those boys will interfere if they could."

"Certainly they would," said Martha. "We would never know when they would creep up with a big swarm of Christians and girl scouts—especially that Prince Penrod. He's as dangerous as a desert-lying angel, he's one himself."

"Suppose they do not eat?" asked Captain Pat-o.

"Pat-o," said Martha. "Well you know nothing of boys, and they will suspect nothing. You are brutes, brutes are members and I so kind, and oh so sorry," she laughed. "They will believe all I say," she added.

Michael nodded. "Then it is settled," he said.

In Abbeinnia, like in the United States but in a more terrific scale every precaution is taken to protect all children from harm. In Abbeinnia all kinds of strict laws are especially made for their safety in all things, all Holy Societies exist in every town and city and village to look after them. They go unharmed through the streets and were to those who try to do them the slightest injury. Noble men and women everywhere give their lives to visiting all distant cities and making easier the lot of the unfortunate ones made destitute by the dreadful and cruel wars. Hundreds of thousands of special cases are frequently written up in the Abbeinnian newspapers every day and help found for them in that way. In factories, shops, stores, asylums in the street (there are no slums or poverty in Abbeinnia thank God) every possible effort is made to make the lot of children as easy and as happy as it is possible. Rich people in Abbeinnia are not money lovers, and they bend their every effort to see that no poverty exist anywhere.

God alone can tell the terrible frightful story of how children are treated when ever captured by the enemy. Violet and her sisters know from their own frequent experiences, so that is why when Glandelinians are caught in the act of capturing, slaughtering or chasing after children on they are given no quarter by the Christian soldiers. With in the Glandelinian camps where child slavery abounds there are no laws for instance governing the age at which a child slave or child captive shall be put to work. In fact in order to keep body and soul together, children are forced to labor whatever whatever age they are captured even if babies. They do no work than that of farm animals when their little hands can scarcely grasp the implements of toil. The there are on so many of them, and they are held cheaply, not hardly at all clothed, poorly and nastily fed they often die under such hard ships. If a child taken sick, it is cast aside as mere trash and is killed, deliberately or left to die of get well, and when sick made to work until she or he drops. If children were too robust and may grow strong from their hard ships then making cripples and dwarfs was a regular trade. All the child slaves were stolen by the Glandelinians and they often twisted the legs of the stronger robust ones so their faces were distorted. And to Glandelinians like those in whose hands Jennie and Argeline have fallen life, and child live especially of Christians was too cheap and of too little account to matter much, and especially if they were Abbeinnian princesses.

Oh it would be too terrible to tell how in the majority of cases how fiercely the Glandelinians hated God and all His. Probably the demons and all the lost soul souls in Hell do not hate Him that much. Their recollections to Christians to child slaves, all their butcheries, immodest ways of killing little girls, doing things to them that the heads would blush red with shame to think of is done just to defy our pea-Blessed Lord to punish them for it. The force as these Glandelinians were of that kind they did not in the least mind the contemplation of a crime as horrible as the one they had just decided on. Just to see to it that Jennie and Angelina would never see their beloved parents and sisters and brothers again, and that was really going to happen this time if they can only get them into Hanley's hands. If once in his hands now it would really be so. No one can ever escape Hanley these days if brought to him under heavy guard. Therefore they decided to do so, put they feared of Prince Penrod, and then too they were afraid of the bright light. Boy scouts who had fallen into their clutches and to them there was but one way to treat the matter—the shackles and the poisoned food.

After this there was silence that is within the place, but outside the thunder-storm did it a best to keep the best and tightest sleep of from getting even a wink. At times would slacken up as if it would soon quit and then it would boom, boom, boom and boom again in the distance and fifteen minutes after it seemed as if Volcanoes were exploding in the sky. The men could not sleep because of the din and cursed the elements and blasphemed God for it, and Walter himself neither could sleep, nor the little girls, and they feared too that the heavy rains would flood the old place but no water seeped in. Walter was anxious to know whether the conversation had been overheard by Henry and the two little girls but dared not communicate with them in any way, although he could hear an occasional sigh as though Henry was suffering pain.

Henry was indeed feeling badly from the blow that had nearly broken his skull, which he received in the fight. Fortunately the weapon only the flat side of the Glandelinian cavalryman's sword had glanced and so saved his life.

But his head ached worse than he thought a head could ache, and he was to turn away by the frightful din of the worse thunder-storm Jennie and Angelina herself had overheard, and when he finally came out of the din he slept only in a sort of stupor which the crashing thunder failed to rouse him out of. He had not heard the conversation, that had been listened so eagerly to by Walter, neither had the little girls, and so were at least saved that anxiety. Day came dark, and stormy and still thundering and to Walter who was prepared there was signs of departure. Henry who still lay silent on his pallet of logs did not seem to see anything. He did not eat but accepted a cup of water from the woman's hand. Angelina and Jennie clung to him, and the woman did not seem to object.

Walter was afraid to speak to any of his friends. The day dragged away stormy but not so noisy and finally it seemed years as the storm grew so dark that Walter knew that night must be approaching. Soon he would know their fate. It was uncertain because he knew that at any time in the day they might have decided not to leave their death to poisoned food, but to shoot them to death before leaving the place.

However Ma-tha commenced the preparation of the meal that was meant for supper, and Walter noticed that she made more than usual. A crust of dry bread and a cup of water was given to Jennie, and the same fare thrown on the floor beside Angelina, who did not eat it, and watched anxiously to see if Jennie would touch her food. The angel had warned her and her sisters in their sleep. But Jennie shook her head.

"Never mind," said the woman, slyly looking over to the door where the men were bundling some uniformed military stuff in a big square of cloth. "Never mind. I'm sorry for you my poor boys. Soon those brute soldiers will take us away, and leave you here, but I will leave one good meal for you. I promise you that if they beat me for it you shall be decently fed for once the both of you. And I am a good cook, you shall see."

Walter shivered. Then as the woman turned to the fire and rattled the pans he said sharply in English:

"Henry do not eat."

The three turned threateningly as he spoke but as he made no effort to continue the speech in what was to them an unknown tongue, they once more went about their tasks. As they became interested in the task they were doing Walter spoke again in English.

"Henry!" he said.

"Henry heard."

"Yes."

"Don't try to keep the little girls if they start to take them or they'll kill the four of us," he said as rapidly as he could talk.

"There they go again," said the woman scowling. "What are they up to do you think?"

The captain himself went over to Henry.

"Do you want your head broken again?" he scowled. "You will get it, and you too she started it," he turned to Walter and shouted threateningly across the room. "It will be your turn if I hear you speak in your foreign tongue again." Walter who had said all he wanted to nodded, and was silent. Soon Michael and a soldier picked Walter up and carried him to the big massive bench that stood at one side of the table, and seating him there, tied his legs in a most clever fashion so that he was unable to reach the bonds he was so wedged between the bench and the table. The place must have once been some sort of store room and what furniture there was was of the heaviest sort. Henry lifted and tied in the same manner on the opposite side of the great table.

"There," said the woman Ma-tha. "Now you can see each other, and talk as long as you like." He looked at the men and laughed.

"Where are you going?" said Walter in his own tongue.

"Well," said the woman, "I don't mind telling you in the least. You couldn't do anything any how."

"Don't do it," warned Captain Penrod.

"Why not? They are safe," said the woman curtly. "Won't you bonds hold as long as necessary. You see she," she said turning to Henry. "It will be a day or two perhaps before any of your friends will find you and maybe they never will."

And when then, don't believe you will tell my plans. It will be too late. We are going to see to it that General Hanley will tighten these nice little Christian girls, and make child slaves of them. They will never see their parents or sisters and brothers again. They'll be made useful slaves you see instead of letting them grow up in idleness as they would if they stayed with you."

"We will first go to Shelby Masonville from here and if possible, I will give the smaller ones to the authorities to separate them from good. Then we will get out of this accursed country soon as we can and get away where money comes easy to us Glandelinian war refugees. What do you think of that?" she leaned close to the boys face.

"I hope God will nip your dastardly plot in the bud," the boy answered.

It was to be soon however when God imposed and God disposed. Every thing was ready. The food poisoned as Walter knew it to be, stood temptingly between them on the table. It was not an unpleasant unpalatable meal. To Henry who had not tasted solid food for two days, every thing looked very inviting. When Walter found himself shaking with excitement, all was ready. The men unbuttoned the door and the woman with a last sneering jest at the boys, picked up Angelina while Michael lifted Jennie. The child princess screamed.

"Oh Walter for God's sake don't let them take us away. Don't let them take us and separate us." She cried over and over.

"Be a good brave little girl Jennie and you sister too. We will come for you soon or get Penrod after you," said Walter swiftly as she paused for breath. The poor little girl screamed again and Michael round a thick muffle around her face. The heavy door closed with a clash. The boys heard a faint cry and then the key turned in the lock. They looked at each other.

"What does it all mean?" said Henry. He struggled furiously to at least his feet but gave up to sit staring at Walter. "What does it all mean?"

"Well for one thing," said Walter bitterly. "That food is poisoned. He proceeded to recount to Henry the strange circumstance of the whispered conversation which he had so closely overheard."

"It has saved our lives," said Henry solemnly. "I am starved and would have eaten the stuff as sure as nails. See what an escape. Let's work out of these bonds and get out of here. Perhaps we can get those cut throats before they get away to the main Glandelinian encampment."

For some moments the two boys wiggled and twisted to free themselves. It was in vain. So closely were they wedged between the benches and table, and so cleverly were their feet tied with ropes and pieces of board to wedge them that it was absolutely an impossibility to release themselves. All through the night they sat there, at intervals renewing their efforts to get free, and with despair growing in their hearts. They began to realize the seriousness of the situation when Henry's watch told them that morning had come. They found themselves looking wistfully at the food. Its scent was in their famished nostrils. Henry drew a piece of fish toward him.

"I wonder if it is all poisoned," he said.

With a cry of fright Walter reached out and swept the food from the table. "There," he exclaimed. "I found myself wondering the same thing. If we die we die but not that way. My Henry dear we will be free yet. Walter Starving does not die to day."

But Henry weakened from his hurt and laid his head down on his arms with a groan. Walter looked at him pityingly. Walter knew that for Penrod the loss of his two little sisters had crushed him. Penrod who was always the leading spirit, quick and resourceful was crushed, and as was his poor sister, and these two boys who had looked high and low for Jennie and Angelina and who had found them had lost them again. Walter did not speak. He expected

the grief of his good friend. He knew that he soon would be himself again, planning for success.

In the meantime a portion of the battle had surged so fiercely and savagely in this neighborhood that it was in possession of the Christians again and for good. A little later, after the victory of the Christians, these boy scouts sauntered down the dark and twisted county lane leading to the divide. The section of the county thus captured was strange to them, the village nearby was so wrecked by the recent shell storm that the Christians troops themselves shunned it. The poor creatures that had once found lodgings in those dark holes of want and famine caused by the war had all fled at the first gunshot and the boys idled here and there in the little town looking at the marks of the shots and picking up many a queer memento of the battle. They knew that any day Depressionville would soon fall to the enemy but the spirit of the boys is the same all over in their imaginations. Even while the smoke of battle still hung over the town, they had planned other and victorious battles. They had already saved Depressionville for a wonderful golden future. As they climbed around one of them pointed to the broken plaster plastered on the ground.

"See here," he said. "A scout. Two of them have been here. There are the marks of the nails in their scout shoes."

The other boys looked, and although they saw distinctly the marks of the well known scout shoes, sold even in distant Abbeville.

"Let's follow them up," said another boy.

It was something to do and they bent to the chase like young hounds on a fresh fox trail. Rather to their disappointment the tracks did not double or disappear here and there. They led directly down the small village street. As they followed a faint cry sounded.

"What's that whisper?" said one who was a foreigner and an English boy.

The cry was repeated.

"Some one is in trouble," cried the first boy hurrying forward. The boy behind who was the English lad took a quick step, and caught him by the arm.

"Stop. He whispered. 'Don't go on. That's not a human voice at all.'"

Frozen in attitudes of astonishment, the boys stood listening with all their might.

"Pshaw," said the tall boy, Thaddeus in his rapid Abbeville manner. "That think you would cry like that—spirits. It's like you English boys," he laughed. "It might be," said the second lad doggedly. "There are spirits of course, and when souls are set free in the violence of war they say they ever return to haunt the scene of their passing."

"Well nobody has passed here," said Thaddeus. "Live or dead. Let's go on." "Wait just a minute," said the second boy. "I tell you there is evil some where about here. Glandelinians have been up to something here. I can even smell it. There is a force we must be cautious."

"The street is dark and crooked enough to hold almost anything," said Thaddeus. "I am not surprised now that my father always ordered me to keep away from streets like these leading to the river. They say many and many a poor child captured by the enemy had been bundled down these and pushed off into the river. He tells no tales that live."

The cry was repeated. It was faint, and there was a note of pain or terror in it that chilled the listeners. A very faint and far away it was too.

"I'm going back," said the English boy.

"Go," said Thaddeus scornfully. "Go and give up your Scout badge and tell the chaplains that while the little sons of Abbeville were not afraid to meet a bloody death, you are not one of them because you think that the spirits are abroad in the town. I tell you there are not such things as Ghosts."

The English boy blushed. "Come," said Thaddeus. "I know you don't mean it. There is some one in trouble. Let us find them quickly."

Following the tracks and listening every few steps for the voices the boys reached the place where Walter and Henry were imprisoned. They were nearly exhausted from the cramped positions and the long fast. They had called until their throats were parched and their voices croaked and wheezed. But as they heard the boys' families and welcome voices sound faintly through the heavy door, new energy thrilled them and they lifted their voices to the men in the room. It was answered. So close and a shout that echoed loudly in the vaulted room.

So thick and close fitting was the door that they could not make the listeners outside understand anything but the word "help" which spoken in any language is certain to bring a response. The boy outside shouted assurances which were also not understood but the sound of friendly voices put new life into Henry and Walter every moment. They tried to open the door but found it locked and baffling. Walter had them try on the door several minutes and then

go away. Then it was so long they heard nothing that in despair they thought the boys had given up and abandoned them when came a great boom and shock against the door that shook it and reverberated through the vaulted room. The three boys had known where there were plenty of heavy timbers and after a walk of ten minutes they had reached the spot and picked up a piece that could act as a heavy battering ram. They came back with it, having been gone however twenty minutes and the three went to work with a will. The blow after blow fell on the heavy door with a terrific crash that echoed defiantly in the big room. The door did not yield an inch. The lock also held firm but the new casing was built in old and rusty wood, and that it self gave, and with a dusty splintering the center of the door broke through and toppled in, and the boys springing through the big hole they had made without a moment's hesitation, entered.

They hurried to the exhausted prisoners, and cut the ropes and freed them. Both boys were so numb that it was some time before the other scouts could run about feeling into the cramped legs and feet. Henry pointed to the floor where the pieces of food were scattered. Six dead rats lay near.

"You were right Walter," he said with a great shudder.

"What is it?" said the scout who was rubbing him.

"Poison," said Henry. "Mean for us." A little at a time he told the new comers the adventures of the long past hours. After the blow on the head Henry had lain senseless for so long and when he finally roused the darkness and dungeon like appearance of the room so perplexed him that he thought himself delirious. He was very dizzy, and tried to sleep feeling that if he could lose himself he would wake and find the thing only a bad dream. Even when Jennie and Angelina came and caressed him, he did not change his mind, but finally full consciousness came with all the suffering of his heart as well as the dreadful anxiety about Jennie and Angelina and the seeming hopelessness of escape. The boys all shook their heads when Walter broke in to tell how he had given up the great ruby and the Glandelinians wouldn't take it and called him a thief. They listened breathless when he told of the strange whisper that came so clearly to his ears and when they reached the account of the poison they scarcely breathed.

"You couldn't see that rats could you," Henry asked Walter.

"No," said Walter.

"Well," said Henry. "It queer to me so I thought I wouldn't say anything about it. After you threw the food off the table, I looked down and presently something slipped out of the shadow. It was the biggest rat you ever saw. Much bigger than any of those. He walked around bold as anything and I began to think what a big fellow like that could do if a person like me got down and out. Well it made me cold. Then he felt off and I think he told a lot of the others that there was a lot of good eats on the floor, and half a dozen of them came along and went after that meal and stuff. And when they ate it one by one they went staggering around for a little while as though they didn't know what ailed them, and they fell down and I never hope to see such agony. It was back of you Walter and I thought there was no use telling you. But it's all over for the rats, and for us too, and we can be glad you fellows found us. As soon as we can walk we must take this thing to headquarters. We know where to look for the girls, and they must help get word to Prince Penrod. He'll attack like hell to rescue them."

The laziest scout laughed.

"You don't know what you are talking about," he said. "You can't get help from any one. The very Christian soldiers are so fiercely active they have all they can do to take care of their fighting affairs now, and the people of this town are so scattered that it is the same as though they did not exist and all communications are cut off. As for the others the enemy—they laugh! know of one lady who lost a child—but there is no use to talk. Whatever is done we will have to do ourselves. We will go down that way if possible ourselves now we know where to look and we will by some trick kidnap the children. We are strong if it comes to a fight, we can still get them away. We ourselves will rescue the Vivian girls." He laughed and helped Henry to his feet. "We are Scouts," he said.

"It's a good thing we are," said another boy busy rubbing Walter who lay with set teeth stifling the pain of returning circulation in his tortured ankles.

"Prince Penrod is the boy who can get his sisters even if they are taken to Hanley Henry," Walter continued. "Penrod did a wonderful thing when he started the boy scout movement over here in the American city. Well I remember the day I told my people about it. They were amused. They called it one of the crazy plans of the Americans. They were afraid to have me join. They were afraid I would get into trouble with the Vivian girls. That was before Penrod was discovered to be the lost son of the American girl. Every thing is so strictly watched. But they were so glad to have me have a good chance to learn the American language that they would not quite forbid me. I thought I would never learn. Sometimes I thought I knew it well and there would

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 "I hear you speak some words that one could not seem to
 translate to us and Penrod called it with one word - slang." He said he could
 not get along without it when he spoke American and it was and is the most
 difficult part of all the noble language. Yet not that I can read the American
 tongue I never seem to be able to find it this slang. Penrod talks in the books,
 and news papers. I have kept a careful list of all I hear and Penrod say and I
 have been teaching it to my mother and sister who was to have been present at the Impe-
 rial Court had not this war-battle come up. It would be fine for Penrod's sisters
 to talk this slang so they could use it in talking to each other when scouting." He
 stopping speaking Abbaabmanian and broke into lame and halting English "Do you get
 me. Is that" he asked.
 Henry y groaned, "For the love of Mike," he said, "no I don't mean that. For a Pets
 For a petes sake" he groaned again. "I don't know what I mean" he said, "put it do get you.
 Penrod won't have a chance to teach two of his sisters any more gems." He hastily
 sought an excuse, "You see only men and boys talk it as a general thing. Better
 teach the women and girls stuff out of the books. It sounds better."
 "All right" said the earnest student of the American language "put in all
 other things the Boy scouts are all right for my family. When the books and other
 things came from America I brought in by Penrod, I showed them to my father
 with trembling, but he approved, and now we will do all the great things, we our
 selves, that our poor country cannot do. We will help good dear, Emperor Vivian
 and rescue the good little Princesses at all cost as with god's timely help."
 "One thing I have noticed" said the first boy. "There are so many boys and
 girls scouts giving so much help to wounded soldiers that we cannot get help from
 from them. When this territory was taken again the evil be against
 order here and all the boys and girls in the neighborhood shall have a chance
 to prepare for it."
 "Geowhiz, yes," said the student of slang, solemnly "We will get em all in
 line."

We will leave the boy scouts puzzling over the team trembling over the tremendous problems of getting in touch with Christian headquarters and releasing some of the Christian spies while we visit magnificent home far up in the residential part of the city of Pandora, where the beautiful parks wide streets and find magnificent buildings all told of great wealth but great holiness as well. Many of the places were crowded with armed Christian soldiers of the awful battle raging, even the dazzling white marble buildings which many of these being occupied by officers and even others who also were badly wounded. On the battle field, destruction of the worst sort went with it, and fearing that the enemy might finally win the conflict and press on and finally take Pandora the unhappy and fearful owners had where ever possible secreted the most valuable of their belongings. Holy Pictures, jewels, silver firms and even rugs were hidden in secret vaults or buried in gardens or cellars. For the frightened people of Pandora so well as their fair city was threatened with abject ruin. Rich and poor faced alike for the present. At least, every one needed food and shelter. In the dining room of one of the finest places sat a group of officers. They were big black haired men and they were German in secret spies, and they talked roughly and rapidly. It was plain to see that they were quarrelling. One of them rising from the ground carved chair in which he had been lounging, kicked it from his path with a blasphemous oath and walked nervously up and down the room. At the end of the table sat another young officer who was scowling ferociously while with his subconsciously jabbed little holes in the leather covering the back of the chair opposite him. He shook his head as the man who was walking up and down neared his chair.

"I tell you Hanson, you can't do it," he said. "You can't hurry things. These Christian dogs we captured are Americans. You can't execute that old dog of an American on a bare suspicion, just if his notes are a code. We have them at all events, and we have him and we must wait until the general of us spies turns. If we kill this fellow now with all these damn boys and girls scouts hounded hounding us down every where we'll be in hot water if caught ourselves."

"That's not my idea at all," growled the other man. "This is war! I'm in command you are a captain I am a colonel my friend, and if I think I have a Christian spy no matter what his nationality is and see that it is my duty to stand this man up against a wall then what? Bang. bang. It's all over, hat can be said!"

"What is your idea exactly?" asked the man at the table. "He seems to be secretly within a city full of Christian people, soldiers and boys and girls, scouts, so what is the use of having things so it is not that it sounds like murder to me, but can't you just about that, put me together to be careful for our sakes."

I think after all the old man is perfectly harmless. He is probably just what he claims a professor of one of the Crazy Catholic American Universities. I've heard of these kind of "crazy schools."

"That's just it George," cried the other "That is one reason for suspecting him. He is too glib with his knowledge. Good night. Did you ever hear a man talk so

good and so much and use such words. Though I'm a Glandelinian I can speak as good English as any man my age, but there were a do dozens of em that I had never heard of."

"Is that the real reason why you are going to shoot him as a spy Hanson?" asked George. George coming back to the main point once more.

"I don't suppose I shall shoot the old fool at all," answered Hannon grimly.
"I want to that," all but I can't do it unless I have sufficient cause no matter how I would like to remove him. He is in the way."

George stared as if he did not believe his eyes, and laid down his sabre. "Oh I see" he said, nodding slowly. "The girl. The mans twenty one year old daughter."

"Yes the girl," said Hanson. He frowned and continued to stride up and down the stairs.

"That's ridiculous of your name," he demanded, "you would get you-self into all sorts of trouble."

There is no kidnapping of young women in this campaign. The member respectfully if they're foreigners. Remember if this leaks out America will come in in on the side of Abiennia, and what nation in the world can lick her, one nation."

"I would like to marry her," said Hanson coolly. "She is so pretty and sweet."
"So are the Glandelinian girls, and you have a wife at home too," declared

"That a romantic episode," sighed Hanson rolling his eyes in a sentimental

of this dirty christian wrrr war I love her, I marry her whether she wills it o

or not, she can save herself by marrying me. That's the only escape from the firing squad. It is wonderful."

"It is certainly so," said George, "and I am indeed. And in order to bring her to a proper idea of your goodness and charm, and to persuade her to this

step you shoot her father and brother and kill her little sister do you cut little girls to pieces by the way like the rest of us Glandelinians do. I thought that

Hanson scowled.

"You are close my friend" he said. "I do not shoot any one. Gladislina may destroy a spy. As for the brother he is small; I think he disappears. He little sister of brother, she is a little daughter. I would have been with them."

"Does the Glendell have any bad old confidants cause that too?" asked George.

"Does the Glandelinian Army and its confines cause that too?" asked George.

"In fact, so far as I know, if you kill her father you think she'll marry you. She would hate you, and rather die before marrying you. Americans hate us any way and would help the abolitionists at that if that President allowed them to join social

and would help the Abbigannians at that if the President allowed them to join again against us, but this is not their want, but harm and do injury to an American and his family and we'll be seeing American warships steaming up to our ports

and his family and we'll be seeing American warships steaming up to our port's
with guns we can't resist. you are crazy just plain crazy. The man is no more a
son than I am. I'll be bound. It is true we are cruel because we all hate

Hanson shrugged his shoulder. He was a Nic-Hollestonian. George was an Omaha.

Quarians are not exactly bad glandelinians though they fight fiercely. Mic-Holl estimians are mermerandians and dreadful soldier y.

"You don't know the roof you speak" Hanson said. "You have not heard that American American pig talk, have you?"

"No I'll grant that," George acknowledged. "Have him brought in and let me hear him. I'm the colonel you know and got the command." "Yes, yes," said Hassan. "You need a lot help my head. But speak English to me."

"Very well" said Hanson "you word is law being my head. But speak English to him as best as you can; his Abbissennian which also is our tongue is so bad that he ought to be shot for that if for nothing else."

He turned and summoned an orderly. The two officers thought they called themselves Captain and colonel. They were really a colonel general, and a captain

themselves Captain and Colonel, were really a Colonel General, and a Captain General of spies. At a nearby table two lieutenants, and other officers were busy writing. They did not speak but looked eagerly as the door opened, and the

prisoners entertained. The lieutenants shifted in their big chairs and smiled at each other in anticipation. George caught their fleeting grins and so did Hanson and

George turned his attention to the group standing just within the door.

"Professor Otto stood with a protecting arm around each of his children of the tallest. The little girl, six years old clung to her elder sister. He looked

broken and old, and was the al of a man who has been u dely wakened
from a secure and comfortable sleep to view some horre beyond conceiving.

The War, the dreadful battle of Depressionville still raging in mightier
fury even though Depressionville fell, had at least become something more than

a spectacle to be transferred to the pages of his book. He had been writing details on the way, and had once even been arrested by the Christian

It was a frightful fact a living reality in which men died by numbers

which only the "Wt Writer" of the Book of Life " can count, and as many children who died deaths too frightful to relate, where countless thousands of women's hearts broke with their anguish and despair. He found that War was on both sides - recognizes but few laws, and even fewer obligations. It seemed that his standing as a man of great learning, his claim as still a citizen of the far-off United States availed him nothing on both sides. Only when the book and other things proved to the Christian and the wife he was so fond of he was allowed his freedom. Here within the headquarters of secret espionage the rascals didn't want to extend him at all spy or no spy. Standing there a prisoner unjustly just because Hanson wanted his elder daughter, covetously, with his helpless grown children on either side, and his frightened little daughter clinging to his elder daughter's skirts, the ivy covered walls of his beloved home seemed terribly far away indeed.

As he closed his tired eyes for an instant he could see a clear and lovely picture of the venetian green campus and the great iron gates opening on the smooth and level street shaded by lofty trees. He heard the chimes of the laughter of happy Catholic school children passing to and fro in a courtyard where all are safe from the war. There were rows and rows of beautiful peaceful homes, stately mansions and simple cottages. On level perfectly kept tennis courts he saw a lot of men and girls all in white played tennis. He saw his friends--

But opening his weary eyes, he saw a gorgeous tumbled room whose princely draperies were a torn and full of sabre cuts, a side board where police less glass had been a target for the rough play of the rougher wicked men. Before him were two hard blonde Glandelinian faces, and there he stood a prisoner, with his three children clinging to him. Captain General George stood motionless but General Hanson bowed and bowed when he saw the old man's elder daughter whose name was Elino. He was wicked and cruel as he was could not help it. The girl was so noble, so lovely and hid her fight so gallantly that he was compelled to pay her the slightest courtesy that he did.

"Captain General George tells me that this big writing book is yours Professor Otto Hanson commenced in almost perfect English.

"It surely is," said the Professor. He eyed it hurriedly and reached a hand out without thinking what he did. Hanson drew the book back.

"It has a very suspicious look," he said. "So many plans, and measurements, and specifications. Will you not explain?"

The Professor responded with a grin. He shut his mouth stubbornly.

"These are private notes," he said. "I was sent over here to make what discoveries I could along certain lines and things about Panama."

"About Panama, what did tell you George," broke in Hanson turning to his brother officer and speaking to a loud tone. "There is the whole thing. He not only spies on us but the Christians as well for his own government. He was a spy sent to make discoveries along certain lines. He confesses that, spying against both sides. The book tells us that."

"Wait, wait," begged George. "Professor Otto, do you understand that you are here facing a most serious charge."

"It's a silly trumped up charge against me," declared the Professor angrily. "Silly wicked trumped up charge. You cannot prove anything against me by that book. I absolutely will not answer your questions. Wait until you hear from me the American Consul."

"No hell with the American Consul. We won't hear from him. He can't do anything. We'd arrest him too," said George. "So you are in our hands bearing suspicious documents, and you refuse to answer our questions. Do you realize the seriousness of this affair you spied on the Christian dogs as well as us."

"I'm no spy and I do not realize anything like the seriousness of the affair," declared the Professor. "And let me tell you, I shall write this thing up in the papers when we return to America. I shall make public your personal attitude in the matter toward our legions. At the present, I demand a release and that manuscript on the table beside you. Also my note book, or before God you are a thief not a soldier." He bowed slowly and stood waiting as though he fully expected the officers to do his bidding, as indeed he did.

"Will you explain your manuscript and your notes?" asked George quietly. Hanson was nervously and angrily biting his too long moustache, (a wonder they were not too long young snakes, they were long enough) his eyes fixed on Elino's lovely face.

"No, no," cried the Professor loudly. "A thousand times no. I refuse to share with you Glandelinians the result of my researches even if it could gain me my freedom. What and have you get the credit of all my labor? There I won't do it. He clenched his hands.

"Father began Elino pleadingly. "I know that I am about to refuse to say anything, whatever happens. They think I'm a spy, learning the details of both sides. Well let them think it. That book can't bring enough evidence against me. They want to kill me and take you the dirty viper. I know it."

"You had better this this over Professor," said General George. "I'm an Officer and no one sensible, but Hanson is not. He won't have any mercy. We will leave you here alone for about half an hour. Talk it over with your children and decide if you wish to give up your precious life for the sake of these notes. Explain them to us, and we will promise you safe conduct out of the country. The two girls and boy will have to stay here for two weeks longer as guarantee of your good faith. After all we won't make her come with us, but if you lose your life, we'll force her to marry one of us to save herself as she is implicated with you. The members otherwise they will not be harmed. In case you will not do as we suggest--" George tapped his sabre and started to the door. Then he stopped and continued. "Remember the windows are barred. A good number of men guard the door. You cannot escape except you can work a miracle and go like spirits do. Don't be a fool and decide."

He looked longingly at Elino and followed Hanson from the room. The heavy door shut silently behind them but not before they had a glimpse of seven men dressed as civilians but armed with long rifles with bayonets attached. All standing at attention in the hall way while they were looking at it it opened again and Hanson entered, closing it after him.

"I may as well tell you," he said. "you and your brother son, and two daughters will be executed if you do not explain your charts and figures and leave the country. Your son shall be shot and you two, but first your elder daughter will be strangled by a rope, and your smaller one cut open alive. Before your eyes. Remember, warned you. If you prove that you are not a spy we'll escort the four of you out of the country. put in any case you know your elder daughter's name here."

"Rebels here," cried the Professor. "How is that? What do you mean?" Hanson shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm in love with her," he said coolly. "I might marry her you are very lovely." He added turning his bold cold eyes on Elino, but she darted a hand spitefully at his face and would have scratched him if he did not jump out of the way. Yet the sound she laughed. Jack sprang at him with a shrill cry. The big man caught the boy and flung him contemptuously to the floor.

"Be careful little sparrows," he said with a sneer. "A second time, will you crash both of you. I'm going now," he said turning to the Professor. "In half an hour we will come, and you will tell us which you prefer--death or safe conduct." He bowed. "Good bye for a little Miss Elino," he said and closed the door behind him. Elino threw herself on her father's shoulder and burst into sobs.

"Oh father, father, what shall we do?" she cried.

The Professor was silent then he said;

"Well my dear I actually believe that your Glandelinian general meant what he said. If I am not mistaken;

"Of course he did," sobbed Elino. "Glandelinians are dangerous."

"In that case," said the Professor very firmly. "I would as lief be dead and my whole family too as to have the work of a life time destroyed by those rascals. He hastened to the door."

He hastened to the table and took up the portfolio enclosing his book. "It's all here," he said after a glance.

"But father, what are they going to do to you, they are going to keep me here. What will I do, oh God what will I do?"

"He ran to the window and looked out. It was just as they had been told. The casements were heavily barred and there was but one door, the one through which the officers had passed. The walls were paneled half way up with old oak. The room was as solid as a dungeon. There was not a chance for escape. In a few minutes the soldiers would return and then her father from her. Oh how she prayed. He was father was speaking. He listened.

"All here," he said. "My page. That is fortunate indeed."

He looked searchingly at Elino.

"I have a plan my dear," he said. "This is a very dreadful occurrence, but on second thought a good scheme occurs to me for not to do it I will be guilty of the sin of committing suicide. I will explain some what of my notes but not enough so they can amplify them. Then with my safe conduct, I will go over to one of the head Glandelinian generals, explain the whole affair and demand your release. You will doubtless be absolutely safe here, absolutely safe. The chief of these Glandelinian officers here seemed rather a little brained youth, but the high at officer looked conservative and sane. I will place you in his charge. I'd trust an Officer Glandelinian before I would a Hic-Hollistarian. Jack is with you, and you will be perfectly safe. I'm positive."

Elino grew deathly pale. He said she would never marry a Glandelinian if he disembowled her alive. He kissed her father's cheek, then listlessly approached

The big table. A revolver forgotten by one of the officers was lying there. "Yes, I know that I will be safe," she said firmly. "I know how to use this as good as any soldier does. I'll fight for you if freedom father!" She took the weapon in her hand and looked up. As she raised her eyes she gave a sudden start. Was she seeing a beautiful little girl? No, it was she only seeing things. For she found herself looking straight into the face of a little girl, a little girl more beautiful than any she had seen anywhere in her whole life time, whose beauty she could not fathom. He stood motionless against the wall one hand out stretched as though to call her and the other. Elinor stared in unbelief in some awe and fright. In an instant before she knew positively they had been alone in the room. Here he senses leaving her - was she looking at her guardian angel in the form of a little girl. He looked at her father and brother and little sister. They too were staring speechless, and wild eyed. She did not after all imagine the graceful beautiful little figure and lovely face with its dark blue troubled face.

But surely it must be a spirit. How did it get in? Elinor was going to speak but the strange suddenly pressed a little finger on her lips in a gesture of silence, then she beckoned, and as they approached in awe, tiptoeing over the thick rug, she turned suddenly and pressed a finger on a carved rosette in the oak panel. O that great surprise, without a sound it slid open, and they found themselves in a narrow stone passage. Once more the strange little girl motioned for silence. The party could see she was armed like a Christian girl scout but not in uniform. Then she slid an iron grating across the secret door through which they had come and pressed again and something else slid in place, and turning she ran lightly down the passage without a moment's hesitation. Elinor started after her hand still clasping the revolver which she had taken from the table. The Professor clutching his recovered manuscript followed, while Jack, and little Jane brought up the rear.

As they turned a corner, a faint shout reached them. The officers had returned to an empty room. The way was long with many sharp turns. It seemed to be a space between rooms. Once or twice shouts and laughter were faintly heard, as they seemed to pass near a room full of soldiers. By the sound of their talk, though they were Abbeinnians. It was dark. The little girl ahead felt in her pocket and brought out a tiny flash light. They came finally to a steep flight of stairs. How for the first time the little girl spoke. In a cautious whisper she said: "Be careful of these steps they are steep." A dim holding the flash behind her for the guidance went swiftly and lightly down with the manner of one who is familiar with every inch of the way. The stairs were wide and shallow. There were a great many of them and they seemed to go down a long way. Elinor wondered if wondered if that part of the hillside city was built on a hillside making it a long way to the underground regions she suspected beyond below. He afterwards found out that this was correct.

A door barred with iron was at the foot of the stairs. Indeed they ended right against it. The little girl pushed the door open and when they had entered closed it behind them and dropped a more massive bar across it. They were in a large stone chamber empty save for a few scraps of furniture. Their guide swiftly crossed the room and opened another for bidding looking down the second room was like the first but was filled with vases and huge barrels. Beyond this again they entered a narrow passage so very narrow that their garments brushed the walls at either side. The stones underfoot were rough and uneven. Professor Otto walked carefully, picking his steps by the aid of the flash light. Elinor and Jack, and the little sister were also careful and still the leading little girl lit as a feather, flitted on, swift and sure footed. Once more he flashed a veiled a wall ahead. As she approached it the beautiful little girl turned and smiled. Elinor stared. There was no sign of any opening in the rough rough wall and the great stones seemed fast in the cement, but the little girl stooping, pressed a corner of one of the paving stones. To their amazement the whole wall slid from its place like a sliding door revealing another very long flight of steps. The little girl descended, and when they were all down passed another step, and the stone wall slid in place, no other flight of steps exactly like the ones they had just descended rose against the flooring, and when the little girl had led the way, they one by one stepped into a large and brightly lighted room. Professor Otto blinked, Jack, Jack turned red but Elinor gasped with surprise and little Jane looked interested and curious. It was a vast apartment of stone but the rugged walls were nearly covered with the most rare and beautiful hangings - curtains, tapestries, and strange oriental rugs and hangings by them were great big holy pictures. Numerous of other religious paintings of great beauty and value also hung about, or stood on the floor leaning against the walls. The stone floor was deep with rugs and fine furs. A number of couches wide and comfortable were set here and there and one corner of the room was hidden by a great black and gold screen. From this corner came the comforting odor of coffee. Professor Otto sniffed it with joy.

In the center of the ceiling hung a big single drop light of great power illuminating the place with almost the glare of sun light. Beneath the light stood a large table littered with all sorts of religious books, religious magazines, papers and articles of value. Beside the table in chairs sat four other extremely beautiful little girls. It looked as if the Professor's eyes would have popped out of his head as he looked at them. The eldest appeared about ten years of age and she and the others were beautiful little girls beyond all description. Jack looked scared at first at the sight of them. Their garments were very rich it is true, but they looked as if they were more holy than the holiest saint ever heard of, and the eldest was sitting listlessly leaning her head on her hand for she had been weeping. There was also such pious sorrow in the faces of the others that the Professor's kind heart was deeply touched. At her side evidently bent on comforting the little girl knelt a beautiful girl in the custom of a girl scout official. Two boy scouts in beautiful uniform stood near them behind the chairs. The little girls were not in uniform, even in that strange endless underground place, wearing anything in sight, confused though it gave evidence of immense wealth and luxury. But it wasn't theirs alone. It was their father's.

After the dark blank twisted passages and the horror so lately escaped in the room above them, the scene seemed unreal enough to be a strange pleasant dream. As they approached through the small square in the floor and stood in an awed hesitating group, the four little girls rose suddenly to their feet, while the one who was kneeling leaned forward and looked at them earnestly. Their guide the young girl, who now appeared really the eldest, pressed the spring that raised the flag stone, and as soon as she was sure that it was adjusted, she eagerly makes the wide space, and placed on a narrow round the waist of the next eldest girl. He spoke rapidly and excitedly in Abbeinnian. Elinor could catch a word occasionally. Then the other little girls advanced with a graceful gesture of welcome.

"You are indeed welcome" she said easily in English and her voice was like silver bells. "I cannot be thankful enough to our dear blessed lord that my sister's voice overheard those brutal Glandelinian spies and was able to rescue you. Come and tell me about it. But first my friends to come to the point. Did you ever hear of Professor Vivian's daughter? Yes! Well we are they! This is our refuge from Glandelinian spies."

Professor Otto bowed a low bow - the little hands extended him. Then leading the way the little girls turned to the table, where the boys drew chairs for the group. Professor Otto told his story of the arrest and imprisonment and the result of the conference in the dining room. The little girls and even the two boys shivered.

"You are safe now at least," the one who was violet assured him when the story was finished. "and we are happy to have you with us. It is a comfort to have some one with whom to share our sorrows. One has no happiness to share now," she smiled on so sadly. "I am Princess Violet, and these are my sisters and one is my cousin. These boys are James and Tim. My brother Prince Fenod is out scouting with all our regiments of boy and girl scouts for some purpose that he alone knows. One boy scout Jack Gaude is with him. We went with him yesterday but to day he remained but will be with him all day to morrow. Then several weeks and three or four days ago the enemy destroyed our two other sisters Jennie and Joyce we came here to live and lose our sorrow but we can't. They perished in a forest fire. How did you Americans get here to Pandora?"

"We were perfectly safe until the bombardment of the city of Depressville commenced," said the Professor. Then he decided to escape if possible and get to Pandora. We clothed ourselves plainly and under cover of darkness crept from the house the first night. All lights were out, it was noisy with heavy rain and thunder and lightning and we reached the common safely. We had planned to go down to the river front where we had a motor boat in which we planned to escape. But just as we turned into the live street we were met by a mob of citizens all rushing to safety. The town was under shell fire. They met us like a great wave. The force most of them had shouted to us to look out but it was too late. Elinor and I were pressed against a building. When the crowd passed we got through but the boat was gone. It took us ten days to get home. But we came also from St. James first and got through safely. Who did you say you lost?"

"Oh I can't tell it," sobbed Violet, and she hid her face in her hands and shuddered. Her sisters looked suddenly so tearful and in a moment violet looked up.

"You can imagine our agony, Professor Otto, when we found that our two sisters Jennie and Agnes were gone. They are lost forever. In those terrible Glandelinian woods and never will be seen again. They had started to come back with our journey and got to a point where in the excitement

for the foul attack of the Gladiators of the night. No one matters how hard they tried could not find them until finally the large man did only the chamber and buried bodies. They can't get near those through the Pando or account of the battles. Then our Canadian Jack Evans and a number of soldiers brought us some help by a secret passage and the way happened to be in some way of value and comfort. We have plenty of light because we have our own electric light system, and this building is a powerful fireproof structure. The secret passage through which I discovered Violet brought you to the room revealed to us by General Evans and he carefully taught us the secret springs and all the turnings. I do not know why Violet or, please I mean happened to venture along the dark passage."

"I don't know either sister dear," said Joice. "I had a strange feeling that I had to go. Something seemed to demand the go."

"Did you hear the conversation?" asked Professor Otto.
"All of it," answers Joice. "I knew that something terrible was going on. I was all at first. I did not know how I could help you until I heard that damned full Gladiolus office say that he and the other man would go out for half an hour. And sister dear, he told them they could not escape because the windows were barred, and the door guarded. Then at first they pressed the spring, the panel would not open, something had started. I had fortunately an oil can with me and oiled the spring and yet it worked and so I had to go back."

"A moment later would have been too late," said the Professor shaking his head. "This room is absolutely safe," said Princess Violet. "There are seven or eight of the chambers about fifty feet from the house, under the garden, so compose yourselves and rest. I and my sisters cannot leave yet. Half the city and the whole Christian community is searching for my two sisters to bring in their bodies—we can do nothing but sit here in agony and pray for their bodies to be brought here. I know they are dead, the news papers said so." She bent her head and sobbed. Her sisters looked nervous.

"He did your two sisters a terrible thing," said Elinor.

"If the girls—Hic hollister—woods—Violet sobbed.
"I do not doubt that your two sisters are safe, Princess. I heard you and all your sisters are angel possessed. No one could deliberately harm or molest you two sisters and they could not have perished."

"Oh please please Violet don't talk as if they were dead," cried Joice. "They were caught in the forest fire in the woods. Violet dead—no." Professor Otto cleared his throat and secretly wiped his eyes. Jack himself turned his back to them to hide his tears.

"What part of the forest did they perish in?" asked Elinor.

"Violet again, continued, told me herself.
"In the forest between James St James and St Charles. They were and their names were Jennie and Argeline—"

"They had no chance to continue;
"Princess and Princess Jennie and little Evangeline Vivian," cried Professor Otto and Elinor and Jack again and again. "Princess Jennie and Evangeline Vivian?"

To the amazement and surprise of Violet and her four sisters, Elinor reached inside her blouse and pulled out a small gold chain hung with a splendid large golden Mithraic medal and Crucifix attached.

"Did this belong to Princess Jennie or Argeline?" she cried.

The little princesses took one look, then suddenly came forward together, Joice seizing Elinor by the arm.

"It belonged to Evangeline yes yes," she cried chokingly. "Tell me oh please tell me where is she and Argeline. Oh please please please please do. Have you seen my sisters Jennie and Argeline. Tell me, tell me. Oh please do."

"Elinor said the thing quickest.

"They've been captured by General Hirsdale a cavalry and are being taken to Manley's army as soon as they can be gotten there. Unless something is done they'll never be free."

Joice looked surprised partly relieved but for a moment looked as if she was going to faint.

"Oh please please tell us the truth," begged Violet looking so pleadingly at her. "Are you sure you are not mistaken. The news papers say they are dead. How can it be possible?"

"Tell me not sure at that," said Elinor encouragingly almost discouragingly.

"Father befriended two little girls recently within the fox lines who were in charge of some old wicked hag. I don't want to alarm you little princesses but those two were more beautiful little girls than any of you here. You claim that beautiful medal and crucifix is Argeline's and yet you are afraid I might be mistaken. I can prove to you little girls in a minute. Have you got any pictures of the two lost sisters?"

"Yes yes," said Violet, and she went to a dresser and drew from a drawer

took out two small photographs and handed them to Elinor. He looked them

over quickly and then said;

"Father didn't they the ones and she handed the photographs to the Professor. He looked them over and nodded.

"Yes they absolutely are," he said. "They were with an old Hag by the name of Manley. That old hag had wanted to separate the two girls, one to the town of what the name was, forgot and the other to Manley, but General Hirsdale told the old woman to mind her own business. The little girl called Evangeline gave the medal to me and asked me if I ever saw Penrod. You probably brought it to tell him she was a for she said she was positive he could get him and he sat in his possession. They told me they were rescued from the woods how they went through a forest fire without being burned. I promised her and her sister I could notify Penrod on the first occasion and could have but those confounded spies caught mail came to Pando and could not find Penrod Penrod."

"Oh he will get them, he will I know. It is impossible for him," said Violet almost crying for fear from relief. "Oh if he could only come back himself but he was out scouting."

"Thank God we are so relieved," said Joice. "Oh what will Penrod say then to day. We have secured one who found our sisters," and she burst into tears of gratitude. Her eyes and those of her sisters were still very red, rimmed with the tears of days and nights and sipping of weeping, having remained almost incessantly kept vigil beside the open windows of their other homes—waiting—hoping; listening for word, of their two little sisters whom they hoped were not really dead. To others some may have thought that Violet and her sisters would have been shocked by that fact, but by hearing they were prisoners within the fox lines. Yes they could have been had they not known Penrod. They knew Penrod, and knew that he could do, but oh, they were disappointed in the least that a frightful massacre he would commit to escape his two sisters."

"Oh you four are a blessing to us," cried little Daisy herself. "When our brother comes back next time we can set them to hunting up our dear sisters and we will soon be reunited."

Joice clapped her hands softly and James approached.

"Purchasing James dear," she said, and the Professor watched with pleasure with which the princess was obeyed, though he was surprised to at first see James place his arm around her and kiss her on the cheek, and she smiled back.

Soon they were eating a delicious and much needed meal. The little princesses themselves were so strengthened by the tonic of hope and a relief and joy that for the first time since Jennie and Argeline were lost they were enabled to enjoy the delicate food. The little girls could not hear enough about their two sisters and at every sound declared that some of the child scouts must be returning, although both James and Tim constantly reminded the little girls that they were unlikely to return before dark. The afternoon wore on, Professor Otto and Elinor glad to rest after the recent shocks and Jack playing games with Argeline's Auntie, while Joice walked restlessly about the vast chamber constantly looking at her watch, while her sisters looked with longing at a certain part of the wall. Finally Joice said joyfully;

"It must be getting dark now. The boy and girl scout captains and other scouts will soon return and when Penrod comes I know when he hears that the news he will leave for the Gladiolus camps to do something something he thinks best to get out to sisters. Oh how can we be so thankful enough to you for your kindness to them?"

Professor Otto smiled.

"Considering the fact that Princess Joice has saved all our lives," he said. "I think you need feel no obligations to us. We are delighted to meetly entertain you two sisters. If we could have we would have made any with them but we were closely watched, though the Gladiolus did not molest us being for Argeline and as we had no weapons on us. Your two sisters were a positive that he will save them from reaching Manley's lines, so you really need not worry. I do not."

Elinor suppressed a smile. He was quite sure he father did not worry hearing so much about the girls of Penrod and Joice said;

"It is not hopeless war if they would be taken to the army under Manley where rescue seems impossible. Oh if Penrod would only come."

Suddenly a silver knob fastened to the wall dropped from its place, and swung back and forth on a thin chain.

"They have come," cried Princess Joice. She rushed across the room and as James drew aside one of the heavy hangings she pressed with

all her might on a rough spot in the granite wall. As in the case of the floor, the wall itself parted and slowly swung open. In the dark opening stood one of the boy and girl scouts expected but a slight figure

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 showed the situation of the building in plain. Wall on one of the sides occupied
 Captain Haxell. It was there that he still saw a hole in the building, fixed
 that part of the house as a rifle could not be aimed. He indicated the location
 of the building in plain. He then said, "The situation is like a rifle. The human being could
 not live in it. It put they did not find the hole. They could not see a hole
 in the building in the way. They don't believe it though," he added. "That was
 the end," he said.

"Have a 'n another" said Volienko clutched Ivan Henry and sunk into the chair. He was shaking.

"O, my god it's all over I've done it" he whispered. "They have killed them. Oh my God of such awful luck. How I did hate to be an enemy of those dear little girls. God's vengeance through human nature is terrible to the enemies. They have killed them. I can feel that protection is coming at once and stronger to the Princesses every day. Wait till I see Penrod. Won't there be a fray to get his sister back. Despite the common belief God even knows they can never reach

"Anley is a very kind, gentle and intelligent man. He said, 'I'll tell Penrod and I will.' He said, 'You might be mistaken' said Henry fearfully. 'But I don't know for a sure. But one thing is sure, if we could not rescue them, before we can't run. The little princesses are like the water. Vultures or birds that are there we can never help them any more, but Penrod himself can do almost anything. It seems to me the only thing to do is to try it as they say to me Penrod is famous inside the city and cannot be found. We must go back to Depressionville and find Emma and Angelina. That woman is a wicked sister who also is a GI or Glendishman and if we can only do it, we must go to be Depressionville. We may encounter Glendishman there if we do. We'll disguise and find the little girls. We'll invoke God to scramble the wheels to help us."

"Yes that is the only thing to do," said Walter. "I'm glad poor Fred and his other
 relatives keep themselves busy at something so if they let themselves think about
 poor Jenn and Arrelene they will go mad. We will go back to Depressionville."

"Now we spent our last cent on the train we happened to take here."

"We will have to walk" replied Walton.

"Well I hope we can get a lift some way or other and that ought to be easy from our own side as there is so much charity here," said Henry. "At any rate we must do our best for the two little girls and then if we fail we cannot say we have not tried any thing. We can at least do something at any cost to prevent those wicked women carrying out their plans. I know every step of Depressionsville, and I know every step of this part of Pandora. I used to play all the time in this park before the war."

He led the way rapidly through the beautiful grounds, and entered a grove of noble trees. They went on and through the shadows until they reached the open fields. Beside the high way a great pile of hay lay scattered.

"We might sleep here for the rest of the night," Ivan Henry suggested. "No, no safer to travel by night," said Walter, and the two forerunners continued onward. They now proceeded in silence, each busily thinking. Walter always wondered how Peter and his rescuing sisters could bear up and take the blows struck to them so manfully, and at a loss to know what to say of the brave boy and his friends who had lost all held dear in so terrible a manner, and when discovered, Ivan and he cannot even rescue the little girls.

The road was level and they went rapidly. As they rounded a sharp turn, they saw a party of horse men and horses ahead of them. The best horse was a bay mare and stood at the side of the road. There was some trouble on for one had raised the foot of a horse, and the others were bending over it.

"One of their shoes has lost a shoe," exclaimed Walter and who ever they are they appear to be a party of the Gamin headed for Depressionville. Let's see if they will give us a lift."

He boldly approached the men, who started, then looked relieved to see that it was a couple of boys scouts.

"What's the trouble?" said Walter in his own loud tongue. The man stammered, and threw his hands up in a gesture of despair.

"All the trouble in the world," he exclaimed "The horse has cast a shoe, I cannot mend it, and there's no blacksmith open at this time of night. I

"I am not a blacksmith but we can ride horses good, and my master told me to bring these horses to him. I don't know what to do. Of course as soon as it comes light we cannot do any traveling as we must do it by night."

"I can fix a cant shoe" said Waits "I know all about it, but we too are going to Depressionville and we cannot afford to wait. It's a long way four

hours by 4 r e in , to ain, six b. ho rae back. Give us a lift and I'll fix the shoe."

"Good," said the man. "We are going first to Depressville too, to hunt the two lost princesses which were rumored are within that city as prisoners. There are two extra houses here. Only be quick and mend the shoe. Our lives may depend on it."

Valte turned his flashlight on and asked Henry to hold the beam on the

He was alone and went to work picking up the right size of nails. He found only five in the lumbered place. He had always prided himself on his swiftness in working out the problem, and when he saw the loose shoe he had it fixed in no time, having worked in desperate haste, and Ivan Henry helped him with equal desperation in holding up the horse's leg. The men watched or restlessly walked up and down the road talking in undertones to each other. It was evident that their knowledge of fixed horse shoes was slight and they were forced to trust to the young stranger if they were to proceed at all on their perilous journey. When the horse shoe was tightly in place, White threw away the brick he had used for a hammer, and they were given the two spare horses to ride. The man who had spoken took the leading horse and his companion the other. It was soon evident that there was something wrong. They thought they heard pattering as soon as they had left the city of Pando.

"Good heavens Henry," exclaimed Walter after a few miles of this, and sounding of shots far behind. "We must be pursued, do you suppose? Landolinian spies are onto our plans."

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are we pursued?"

"I don't know but it sounds like it" said the man. "In truth I have never been out any where that some body didn't try to catch us. I've a hard pressed I suppose you'll be able to reach Danversville by our safe route."

He urged his horse forward a little faster. The horse Walter rode reared up and so suddenly that Walter was nearly thrown off the saddle and some of the other horses stopped with a suddenness that almost threw the others over their heads.

"all right you birds," they heard a voice say. "We are all out. Remember this is war. Hoot to kill, and give no quarter to these two boys mainly before they guess what's up. There's ten of those men. You have your derelict go before they descend on that river area again what the-----"

From seemingly nowhere a little ragged girl had suddenly appeared in the crowd with the word - "Oh..." and then she started to run as fast as she could.

"Stop him," cried the leader of the assassins.

"We'll warn em" yelled a third third "don't let her get away, an" and they suddenly fired with their rifles and all the shots struck the poor little girl and killed

opened fire with their rifles and all the shots were aimed at the
kill, no hesitations. One of the members of the Gemini were also hit but
the confusion caused by the appearance of the unfortunate unfortunate

child gave the Gemini time, and those who survived blazed away with their rifles, hitting down six of the pirates at once. The five pirates who also survived

opened fire with more vigor but the Gemini had gotten some distance off by this time. Walter brought down the leaders and two others.

"quick" follow those christian dogs with the two brats" cried another of the gales not so terrified by the loss of the numbers. "They musn't reach pop' ann

but now to put distance between them was impossible, and so the remaining spies

licking up the wounded and leaving the dead went off to the point of the

They made good time the fogitives being compelled to leave their fallen comrades behind for their mission was very important especially when they had been killed

any way. They soon came within sight of Depressionville with all its tragedy and wretchedness sooner than they expected. Walts had scarcely slept for

and strange. As they went on and on, Henry commenced to wonder if he could possibly

make the distant city now in the hands of the foe. At intervals at range color red light flashed before his eyes and faint booming noises sounded in his ears. They

It's a specific conflict only to me or new or the me now, lay dead. Finally a faint

"I see the town but how far to that confounded Depressionville?" Henry called.

"Quite a distance yet," said the man, sitting at his side. "It is a long one, when it looks like."

"Where are you going when you get to the city?" he inquired.

"If we can not find the Prince's two sisters, it will be possible to find the Prince's two sisters."

"It grew brighter and was quite light when they entered the streets.

Fortunately because of the interference and having been placed in the car, he was able to escape. He was stopped, and with the guidance of the man beside him Henry was taken up before the car was driven away. The man beside him was taken away with him. The man who was with him was taken away with him.

and the men and Walter jumped down glad to stretch themselves. Henry made no

offered to move. The others, after sampling the offering, refused to touch it.

His hand still held the knife as he lay partly on the horse's neck unconscious. They carried him into the great hall and a nurse in uniform directed them to an empty cot and hurried after a doctor. He pronounced it simply a bad case of exhaustion and gave orders which the nurse rapidly filled, mentioning the others to leave as she did so. All were Glandelinians however but to those of their own side, and those they thought of that side they did administer a dose of mercy. But they knew Henry was an Abbelesman they'd have killed him. The servants turned to Walter and thanked him for his assistance. For a moment Walter thought it would be a good plan to try and find a means to send a secret message to the Vivian girl Princesses and tell them he was in Depressionville looking for Jennie and Argeline. Then he decided that the presence of a stranger boy in the city telegraphing to unknown parties would bring suspicion on him so he merely nodded turned back to tell the nurse that he could not return shortly, and then in his gray uniform as a Glandelinian boy scout captain he walked listlessly down the street into the heart of the ruined town. Army wagons were driven here and there and a company of turme-hanrian soldiers passed at double quick. Walter wondered where they were going. He wondered too what possible chance he had to get something to eat. There seemed to be no Glandelinian boy scouts in Depressionville. Then too Walter thought of Henry with a gasp that he could not have put in words. Walter and Henry in fact had taught him so many things. With boy scout principles and boy scout training he had charged from a helpless young man to a helpful well balanced fighting boy perfectly capable of taking care of himself and of assisting others as well. Walter felt the change, for he was so reliant on strength. A few years or more ago he would have stood helplessly in this present situation, conscious only that he was a plain Abbelesman boy who would be a "damned boy and looked after now as he faced the morning light, hurrying dressed as a Glandelinian boy scout, and only with a piece of account Glandelinian pennies in his pocket, he smiled at fate and went on without fear to enter whatever adventure might come. The only thing that worried him was the want of enough money to buy himself a bit of bread and a needed fish. He reflected that he could easily have aided for his supply of wants but that would be a risk. But he could not turn back. Head of him an old Glandelinian soldier with a heavily laden provision wagon was having trouble with a skittish horse. In vain he pulled on the lines, and cursed and swore in volumes. In vain he threatened and coaxed. The young creature would not stand and while the old man worried with it, a wagon of green vegetables and long sticks of black bread were slyly stolen out of the end of his cart. Walter approached.

"Let me hold the horse Ma," he said taking it by the bridle as he spoke. The old man threw his hands up in a gesture of thankfulness.

"Thank you my son," he cried. "These thieves will ruin me while I speak with that crazy foolish animal. Hold fast my son, and I will give you your breakfast."

Walter nodded, and the old man turned eagerly to his customer. Presently he reached over and told Walter that he needed not bother about the horse any more and handed Walter a generous piece of black bread and some fresh fruit, got up on the wagon seat and drove on. As Walter idly watched the farmer pass, he noted that with the passing time, the street had become crowded. People and soldiers moved in the crowd all apparently Glandelinians, and then as the crowd before him happened to part Walter noticed in the distance a big ugly looking woman hurry by. She had a big basket on her arm filled with provisions. A solitary little girl clung to her other hand or it seemed it was held tightly by the woman. The poor little girl was ragged, ragged dirty and pale but Walter recognized poor little Evergeline. At once he dashed toward them, but the crowd had had closed, and he was too late. The woman seemed to have swallowed them like a pound on the trail, he searched the district over and over but not a trace could be found of the wicked woman or child. In his surprise at seeing Argeline he had failed to take particular notice of the woman, but as he thought of it he felt that it was not the one he had seen in the outskirts of Depressionville and he remembered that that woman had spoken of having a sister somewhere. Feeling that there was nothing to be gained by remaining longer in the territory, Walter hurried back to the headquarters, where he found Henry much better, and fretting because he was not allowed to get up.

"Well, bad luck worse than even," said Walter as soon as he entered the place where Henry was.

"What's the trouble?"

"They have separated the Vivian girls. I saw Argeline, put out Jennie."

Henry sat up, his eyes bulging under wide bandages.

"Have you found her?" he cried. "The girl is she?"

"Well I lost her in the crowd," said Walter and told the whole story.

Henry lay listless, carelessly.

"Well as long as we know she is here in the same town, we will find her."

"In time we will find her," said Walter, "and there won't be any slip the next time."

His face then clouded. "But Walter," he said quickly, "I can't bear to think of poor Prince Penrod and of his poor sister at Lone Mountain. I feel as if I was in his place myself." He closed his lips and shut his eyes in a desperate effort to control his grief for them. Henry got up and crossed a closed door and he knew indeed how far away in Pandora Violet and her sister no doubt were still crying their hearts out for the two lost sisters. Little did they dream that only in a few days more they really would be reunited.

When poor little Argeline and Jennie Vivian, found themselves dragged forcibly from Walter's strong arm and his companion and away from the comparative safety of the big underground room where Walter and Henry had so mysteriously appeared, as they thought, to get her and her sister back to Pandora which indeed they did, the childish heart's for some reason or other for the first time in their lives were filled with a terror so overwhelming that they did not know what they did. Notwithstanding the efforts of the big woman who held them, Argeline for the time was some what more docile but Jennie always a little "pitiful" spite fire against the wicked, screamed and scratched at the woman as she held her as she could and stiffened in the woman's brutal grasp until she was obliged to put her down. Jennie then tried to run but she was too tightly held. Then with a muttered rush of comments, the wicked woman raised blows on the poor little shoulders and body until the child sank to the ground nearly stunned from the force of the blows. Her cries died, and she lay gasping. On the poor fool of a woman, little she did she think that sooner than even expected Jennie and Argeline would be with her sisters once more and she and her wicked sister facing a frightful fiery death at the stake, rather than be hit with the little girl's wouldn't even prove her statement that Colonel Hunsdale kidnapped them and not she. "How will you be silent?" demanded the fury shaking her wildly. "The reader may wonder why the possession angel didn't strike back, why should he. The woman would get hers shortly and he knew it." "You just try that again you little blundering plunk brat" and other words that a modest woman would blush at to read. "Just try it and see what will do to you," Argeline managed to get her finger nails into the woman's face and scratched her badly or ying. "If you are ever captured I won't defend you if I'm to be questioned about you you cruel old wicked witch."

She then overwhelmed Argeline with terrible threats but that didn't scare her though poor Jennie was silenced and shook as though in a chill. "Now the both of you had better do as I tell you," the woman said. "You and your rotten sister will never see your brother and sister's nor parents again, never even know and you will have to live with me and do as I say and I'll be sure you'll commit too. I won't live a hard life all my life and suffer, and not see little brats like you get away without suffering. I'll choke you both next time."

The wicked poor Jennie to her feet and dragged her down the street after the two men who had gone on one of them now carrying Argeline. She was still muttering when she reached them.

"Both of them have got to be thrashed my way as wicked as it is," she said savagely. "And I might as well begin it right off."

Michael the soldier's husband shrugged his shoulders.

"Why don't you try and show a little mercy for mercy at the first?"

"Martha!" He inquired carelessly. "It doesn't matter to me but tell you Martha they're the sisters of that dangerous rattle snake Penrod and if it happens we get captured with them which is most likely we'll sure get our share, and I also tell you Martha you will spoil her for everything if you handle her and her sister too too roughly. I'm beginning to be afraid too as they are possessed with angels, and they'll outwit us so outwit us sooner or later. They may either cause them to die or be rescued if we act maliciously. I've seen her sort before. I'm afraid you have brought a curse on us all by beating them."

"Then let them die," said the woman. "I'll even kill them. Good riddance it will be if they do not take kindly to my tasks. They'll get worse than child abuse by with me I'll tell you and I'll make them sin too."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Michael. "I'll bet you all the money I've got you cannot make them sin so much as what you do, but suit yourself, but take my advice and give her a little time and her sister too."

"Time," said Martha scornfully. "Time, ha, ha. Are you crazy? What are you thinking of? There is no time. They have lost too many years as it is, you don't seem to remember Michael that I am as good a pickpocket as the others in among all you Glandelinians, even though I'm an old foreigner as you call us. Both of these children are almost too old to begin to learn the art even though they look about eight, and have such fine, delicate little features. But you know they are clumsy after they reach five, so you remember the other yellows had

"Yes indeed" said Hattatha. "Michael heartily." "And the other day-- the other day--"

"Read read" said Martha scornfully. "That's another mistake. What in the world should you be like now, and I'd like to know, what in the world should I be like now?"

read anything about those christian dogs, you never know what the reading may contain. Better not know what you don't know won't hurt you."

"You are deathly wrong," said Michael stubbornly. "Often what you don't know does hurt you terribly. If I could be born and live again, I'm sure, I would be a much better man. When I was a little boy there was no learning to be had, except for the upper classes and those confounded no account priests and nuns. New York was too old and it is too late you can learn every thing. I have loitered around the schools and listened to the boys and girls talking their lessons over. It is amazing what they know, why they know every thing in fact they know so damn much to be good for them, and there are in many countries schools where they are sent to work at all trades. I took a job cleaning floors once so that I might go in and see what it was they did. And the those boys and girls too--(they were quite a little ones too) made such beautiful things--furniture and all that. There was one little table that you could set on your hand. It was as perfect as though it was big enough for you. I thought that I would steal it. Then I thought that it was too much for the child who made it, and how sad the fellow would be who made it. The janitor told me there were prizes for the best work men, and I knew, felt sure that that table was the best of them all," he said with the conviction and did not take it. I never wanted any thing more in my life."

"Gilly," said Martha, "Always bothering you - I heard about some case like that - well, you would stop it. As for those personally children, ask your Michael if he wants to go to business. We are no longer young, so may yet get killed in battle and I left without a husband. We have to find a place for the time when we can no longer do anything work as we have. My fingers even now are beginning to grow old, growing too clumsy to switch papers, who will do the work for us if we do not train these children to replace them their own count - yeh! I can make them so afraid of me they'll do any thing."

"I suppose you can, and maybe not," said Michael a bit listlessly, "but it does seem a pity you ought to have seen that table."

"I've heard about it enough at any rate," said Mr. Hahn. "You should have taken it. You could have sold it for a few dollars."

"You could've taken it," said Michael.

"All right," said Wartha. "This is another matter, these children. If they are possessed of angels, why did you bring them to me. If you think I can't train them, then take them back, and give them back to my master, Colonel Lansdale to take care of them himself. I hate angels and don't want them around. You hear what I said. Take them back."

"Can't " said Michael. "His Hinesdale says it s your duty to train them or you'll suffer the consequences. He don't care even how you kill them if you go deal re."

"Well then here is my plan. We will go to Dnp.-seasonville and there we will stay for the next month or two. This battle in this territory cannot last all day and when it is over last, my then we will set like out into the world. Now I tell you I know not these kind. These both will be enemies boyed measure when they are a few years older even though as they are angel possessed children never grow but remain children for all eternity. But I have a plan "he laughed as he dragged Jennie along. "I tell you, did I have counted these people from Olagat. I should Hunsdale."

"No doubt no doubt," Michael answered. "I'm afraid, I'm afraid. They say there is nothing that Penrod, their brother, cannot do, and no matter where we are if he get a wind of it, will get them and us too. And then we'll be in it."

He could not but look with pity on the two little girls, now as they were a orphaned child whose life had also been as evil like the rest of them but some who but some who as in him was a spark of kindness and tenderness. He fought against the Christian soldiers, he drank, he stole, he murdered, but the spirit of the two poor little girls dragged miserably along with the wicked - a poor selfish life of his home had touched his heart, and he inwardly cursed his shield for making him give the child was over to his cruel officials knew that he would often be them and he could not give them their first lessons in picking pockets - if they were not to be like the other children he knew that he could not

Like the virgin of L. B. L., they'd not to it with the face of the most
and death of the world if possible where it could shield them from the
evil and pain of the woman. She'd once a good woman and so had her
sister, but when she was young, her only child had died on her despite her prayers
for it to live. She had wept and prayed for it so she would not have to live. Her
and life and God had not seen it. His will to grant her petitions and there she
to as she could to get even with Him. She became the woman she was. So it was with
of pity for the weary little feet that he asked;

"I Tired" according to the "You are never tired a big strong soldier like you. You are bluffing like you always do. You have too much pity on the poor brat. However we will eat some supper and then on to Depressionville."

"Well, what do you think we are?" asked the other two soldiers, who had not spoken before."

"I didn't say anything about walking there," said the woman scornfully. "That'll give these brutes a chance to escape me or get around. I have a pocketful of money. So you don't she need any one of the men come close to her. Here's a handy can I've got if you try that some thing to get me to get out of here as fast as I can. And it will take me time to walk with these burdens."

"I would not spend this money on the rail-road if I could help myself when it is necessary. But we got to watch out for all these accursed christianity patrol too. If I am caught with these little bars in my possession, I know my fate." He turned into a doorway. The house was deserted.

"Here," she said. "I will stay here with these two, while you get something to drink. Also go to the railroad and see if any trains are running. And for the love of Mike Murphy."

Michael hurriedly pushed the children away from the front
furthest from the door, drew a harpoon to cover them, and settled himself
to wait at the door, while the three men walked leisurely out of
the house and away. An hour later, Michael hurried back. Martha greeted him sourly.
"Don't pretend to be a lazy one," she scolded. "I know where you have been, and
you bring what I asked."

"I bring deeper and shocking news," said Abdul Haq, looking at

"Eah that is dry drinkin' you rambakull" said Ma'ha making a face. "We'll have

"There are three about of the two girls is known by the christian name 'tho' I
 sur' tho' d'ies; and there is a deeper o'ts diligent search of for these 'v's.
 said Michael, 'some man a Professor; by the name of O'ts something r'v'us away.
 If they with these two with us they'll be draw his hand across his back with
 the whistling sound of a knife. 'They'll turn us at the stake as well be
 charged with kidnapping two of the P. incenses. We'd better give them up or let
 them from findin' us and them."

"Who are they really then? Are they absolutely the princes?" asked Martha in astonishment.

"Ah, ah," exclaimed "Ar-thu," "so tender-tho' hands are so delicate-smell and

beautiful. Well we have got to go on with it now. We got to get to Dep. Gen. Renville where the christian dogs can't get us, and quickly too. Now will we get out of here? Shall we trust the cars? Do they run? Now - Michael. What'd you find out?

"A lot of things" said Michael. "In this place no trains nor street cars are running; all this territory is in possession of the Christians, also stations are catch-d. We must go down to Depressionville to see how but some other

"And teach me with the brains here!" asked Martha furiously.

and a great empty city at night. They are going for more munitions. It belongs to the christian enemy which was captured, but thanks to my 'landolinian' soldiers they are not going to let them take it. I told them this. I told

them about my life, and two beautiful little children she was going to walk through the perilous swampy country to Pop and Delville. It was great luck. They said we could add them. They want change for it."

"Thank God," said Martha, "not to be a step ahead of him. I'd have been a fool to get into one of those 'out there' things. I never knew any one had any in this country."

"You are to go down now, and they will come soon. But they don't want the disadmission office to know they are taking you. It is only because of my disadmission office vice my," he laughed. "Well get up and we'll go over."

... and won't give either to me or to the child, an opportunity to be able to...

"A good plan," said the man. When they had finished with the work of the woman walked slowly down the porch, the little girl with her four clanking tin soldiers, bigger when she was younger. They were able to recognize the man when she met them, although they were not happy, plans however they gave, and saw her proudly. The man, of course, had the black deck game and given.

"We will have to exchange this stuff for a few large coins somehow," she said. "But we can do easily at the rail road station if we go there." The day had been a time of the two children because they wouldn't do anything that the crowd wanted to make them do. Jamie was so tired after her work that she thought that she would fall at each step, but the policemen had held a hand and pulled her up and she came with Ageline, whose hand was bloody and in a bandage. The policeman did not mind that, but she was afraid of the police with their color and their faces looked very different from the two of them and they were sure that when they fell from exhaustion that the crowd would probably kill them for being hysterical. Then she would be stricken for the reason they would not like. There was a great crowd at the station and dozens of officers. There were many more coins in the sack before long and just as Ageline knew that she was alone and she thought that now at last she could fail, the woman set the children on a big box, placed Michael to read to them and with the most visible threats to the care of them if they stirred or spoke to any one walked off to the ticket office to change the small coins into soft quarters for her to handle.

After this the women decided to go with her sister under a strong escort of cavalry to Hanley's lines, and the next day they were on their way with a toilet and her sister riding on her horse, and were in a strange sight. Around the necks of Jennie and Appelle were two smaller like like a collar attached and lightened with a four chain, held by the arms of some of the women. The cavalry was twelve thousand five hundred strong and-----

"Why didn't you let me come out with you today on this extremely exciting tour of the desert?" asked Angelina Antonucci, as she moved toward the couch by side. "Ben had had a bad day."

Penrod slowly approached and said "They are a few miserable and depressed over the loss of Jennie and Argentin. The old hunkly. They are afraid that they will never see them again. Oh it's killing. To see the way they look and---- he stopped suddenly because at some distance about half a mile, appeared a large column of clouds in the canopy. Evidently they to his astonishment appeared to be headed by two old ladies, and they had two scared babies in like little girls in their possession. Penrod looked intently and then did not pay any attention as the army came no longer within his suspicious. The canopy did not noticed anything but the children did. They put things were a Jennie and Argentin. Oh how they loved a boat fast at that array on the hilltop half a mile away. Penrod gave them a casual glance and Argentin a doubtful nod. "No, you think we should attack them and give them a fight. We are of even odds with them, them."

"I'm in no mood to quarrel like that," he said sadly. "I have to cut another couple of weeks from those islandella and sendy those are. They look like nice holottariums. I never saw them here before."

"I cannot tell," said Penelope broadly. "I haven't got made into one of them but what suppose I am like those two old hags with them and two children. Probably the children suppose not just because usually I'm going to take a look with my field glass."

He took a long look at the scene and as he looked a cry came to him on the instant, full of plaintive and most heart-rending, the like of which he never heard before and immediately recognized. It brought tears to the eyes of every one of the child scouts who heard it, and a feeling of horror, such as never

"Peenod, Peenod, Peenod, Oh Peenod,"
 how that cry played the almost tones from Jamie who had tried to
 reach out him in the small column up the wall. At the cry she felt a terrible
 flow a loss - the face a disorientation of ice had stuck her across the face
 with a snare but the first end of the other was nothing. The group of accusa-
 had disappeared to the sound of the little girl. They after all had not been
 seen a shock. Oh yes! Poor Jamie might as well have accused her self the
 unnecessary man to cry out. For if Peenod didn't recognize her and Angeline
 through the field glasses he must have had bad eyes trouble then.

He got his put their army, then to read to Angelina A. on the
"Back was to the column."
The order was obeyed and as soon as they were below Penrod without realizing
why they quickly changed orders to his office as you
"You Angelina take your column of force along the route and go by the east, my
I'll take mine over the brow of the hill toward you. Mary's group take by the
east, and GIVE NO QUARTER" but takes those high prisoners will fill them.
Carey's attack into the island from announcement and destruction by all before a you.
You'll see the reason, give the command that you think forward."
The order was obeyed for all the about were eager to give the order to
the army which was expected.

"You little brat" growled the officer in charge. "Get up out of here. What do you mean?"

"I won't," said the girl, answered Jennie.

"I won't make you because I know the folly of it, put wait until you reach Hankley camp. Giving this woman guardian of you Martha and this trouble and your sister's rebelling; here because she liked you'll fix you."

"Who is this person she said so loudly calling for?" asked one of the other officers, and he asked the question he couldn't help. A sudden chill of fear in his heart for the name sounded suspicious to him."

"He is said to be that upland brother," said the woman who had struck Jennie such a cruel blow in the face with the flat of his sword. "A little about thought he must be mean."

"If he is we had better look out," said the other officers. "I've heard he is dangerous, and there is nothing he could do or could not do. If he heard that any good night."

"As he didn't say where a round, that could he do if he was. He couldn't go up and take his blasted sister from us. We'd have him too. You are afraid of the prince but for nothing. All the rumors of him I believe are a finesse, you see him come coming after she called for him. No, if he heard he must be afraid and will only go back to the christian lines to get help. When he get a help it will be too late."

The whole column was still continuing, continuing slowly. Now, however knowing that he was wrong, they do, they knew the officer was sadly mistaken. They knew Penrod would probably secretly follow and do his Adelsdorf stunt. Jennie hoped he would follow on how inwardly she prayed that if it was God's Holy Will she and her sister would be free and be able to return to her sorrowing state. She was almost weeping as she continued her prayer when she was startled and so were all the rest by a moving cloud of dust coming swiftly forward over a dusty lane. The glandellians at first thought it was the wind doing it until it reached a margin of wet soggy ground. Then the dust cleared and to the horror of the glandellians, and the astonishment of the two little girls who couldn't hardly believe their eyes, and though they were dreaming, came thundering forward a wave of girls on horse back flying on little girls' scouts, and suddenly they were yelling, shrieking and screaming for all they were worth, while from another direction there came dealing forward in oblique fashion another column of girls and boys, the dreaded purpleoughs and vivantes. Before good looking boys and girls that face row were horribly contorted with wild savage fury. The glandellians were appalled. They were taken aback by surprise that it seemed a mistake was involved. In their fright and terror the two women screamed. The glandellian leader shouted to his followers to stop and retreat and though they started to obey the command it was too late. In a rage the officer who had struck Jennie across the face made for the little girls with an iron drawn with the purpose to cut them down and prevent their being rescued, but Walter crying, James and Jim who were in the lead of the flying yelling purpleoughs bent him to it and he was killed by their sabres instantly.

James and Jim pointed their rifles at the two terrified women and Walter and a number of boys rode up to the policemen just as the two columns closed in a merciless horse-hill conflict with all the men to be only on one side and taking R Jacobs in his arms from the horse, then followed by Jack Leach, rode steadily out of the conflict with them, taking the two women along with them.

"Why in hell don't we charge those dodgier kid middle? If I do - them down" - a fellow of the officers in the midst of the wild fray. The dust was in his eyes nose and mouth.

"Keep on in line," he ordered one of the grizzled old troopers as he pushed the blow of some acute subv. "That's just what the those little devils want us to do - confront us before us out from that dust, where a man can't see twenty paces away and out us to pieces. For they are a real army now. Why we can't be able to charge.

Why do we lack if any of us got many alive, did you not see the vivanites at
ground in. That meant that our own gun had been too far in front with those bursts
and they have rode through us like a whirlwind, took our lead. We could suddenly
see the gun, and realize they come behind at our column. Confound their yell.
"We would sooner than a crowd of child ran up - fighting in fire."

A rowing attack developed in the night, the still darkness approaches of the boys and girls and a horde of little phantom figures materialized suddenly out of the smothering dust. The glandelinian officer whose name was Carter saw rows of boys and girls on horse back armed like cavalry and weapons combined and said to himself that heaped and decided as if by their own intelligence. Then a long lance from some other under the rim of his hat and struck quivering in the front of his saddle. A glint of a face, fierce and distorted with fury loomed up before him and there came a strange lightning bolt, a little but already a man showed and something long and curved like a snake sleeked at his head. The glandelinian officer forgot every thing else in his excitement and he caught the blow of the snake upon his own with a loud clanging sound and drove spurs into his weary mount sending that steed a least forward in one leap but there was a terrific shock against him and a thud as the glandelinian horse man went down amongst the stones and sand with his horse rolling over him. A lieutenant a colonel blinded and on in the midst of the christian enemy. In an instant he was surrounded. His hat was knocked off his head, and he slumped blindly right and left with his long sword. The affair was over in a few seconds. At one moment he was the center of a whirl of weapons, at the next he was cut down while the other glandelinian had melted away before the moving mass of hoofs from behind. One young glandelinian officer felt his horse's head seized and he reached upward as a harsh voice ganted in his ears "You young fool. Are you tired of life."

The young glaucousling having failed to reply but glanced fearfully to the spot upon which the flames attacked, progreasing.

"Young Sir" the special officer grunted, "I had you to fight in my service not to go into the thick part of a fray where it is suicide. Get back to your place before I lay the flat of my blade across your stupid shoulders."

During, with whom the young officer obeyed. The blue and yellow banners of the national flag moved forward again on a hop for a safe retreat in company with the mass of men of which it formed a part. The dust raised by the conflict was stifling, the heat was stifling and above them like a furnace, the bites of the stinging flies were maddening. And added to those torments was the inevitable fury of the attack. Each man not yet in the engagement lunged so furiously all around, with his weapon clutched in his hands. The losses of the Alandellians were terrible, the losses of the furious attackers nothing. The enemy soldiers couldn't get at the formidable attacks of the some minor cohorts who fought like fiercesome lions. But for a time upon this section of the Alandellian column no attack had yet come. The minutes sped by.

They were a riot kept torn in suspense. The dust thinned a moment. Though the haze appeared the figure of a rider slipped to the waist and flapping a foaming horse he yelled "Close down!" The vivandiers were coming. Then the dust rolled in again and he vanished. All along the line this massive army of still unengaged "clamdiggers" came to a halt. It was crowded and everything was forced in upon the baggage animals. Banners dipped and swung, dust covered figures shouted frantic commands and to crown the confusion, came a low ominous sound - the rising thunder of a host of galloping hoofs. In the wild moments which followed panic was not idle. He urged the attack to its utmost. The clamdigger leader

time-I had become upon this expedition and Hanley a line a for anything else but to see the victim girls separated from their parents and parents.

For even now he would fight for that wicked purpose, would swallow the thunder of his own and it could be distinguished by the wild yelling of the child acrobats and the noise was almost upon them, but as thick was the dust that one could see nothing. A thin line of rifle men on horse back sprang out between the tightly packed ranks of the horse men and hastily ran to the other rifle men were well loaded. Then to General gave a standing order, "yes, as he stood in his line-ups, the dust cloud seemed to thicken, become solid. The next instant it had become a solid bank on one side, thousands of them rushing in at breakneck speed. He saw black, brown, brown, brown, of all colors, in a massive wave they came from the west, topped by columns colored and armed and lit by the lightning flashes of the light carbines, the ordinary exhibition of cavalry but the pick of the boy and girl scout regiments. The rifle men on horse back spread out in the line and tucked back behind the horse men to the safety of the baggage train. In front of them the lance men clipped upon to their great charges and plied forward like an avalanche.

With an excellent stock of all kinds of weapons and the spitting of pistols and cracking rifles Red and East and Jordanian was let loose. He is a fierce and

The old, bearded blasphemer, and pale and imbecilic and yellow from
 the child about attack him went up in one moment. He was aided by the neigh-
 ing of fighting horses, the clanging of steel striking upon steel, the noise
 of musket firing against such other, the roar of pistolry, the crack of rifle
 and the confused sounds of conflict. So thick was the dust that the sunn light
 was darkened to a danky glow. Carthage, gasping at his leader's inaction
 could not distinguish friend from foe. All that he could see was a fierce battling
 man, seen a moment with wound. Was General Ivins could to sit thus and let his
 fellows fight for him and in vain, to see how the boy and girl scouts were
 cutting their way through every thing with the swiftness and irresistible fury of
 angels, and at awfully suffering no loss of their own. Did his precious mules
 know more to him than all the lives of his countrymen? But he found himself
 wishing that the Bureau would have broken through and seized the mules and all
 they carried, which without his knowledge in what they did. He found out soon it
 was true his wish had been granted. From the struggling mass of figures a
 position detached itself and seemed to lead them. The half light of the sun glinted
 upon spurs and helmet and bayonet and the uniform. Ivins had a
 voice, screamed sudden alarm.

"Give it to them, give it to them. The punishment is upon us."

A torrent of steel descended upon the little band. The boy and girl scouted above their little steeds recklessly against the barrier of Gladiolusian lances. Twice they were driven back but they came on again trampling the dead and wounded Gladiolusians mercilessly. Conspicuous amongst them was a boy upon a magnificent white charger. He wore the uniform of a boy-pilots. Fanned and some of the others came out of the line and he had all he could do to defend himself.

"There is that dangerous Prince Pen-wedone of the mer, shouted to Curt as he parried a blow to his head. "The devil fake him."

A giant glaucochlorian cavarly man had come at Pen-rod but pen-rod with his own long pole had dragged the soldier's lance from his grip, and the soldier now was fighting Pen-rod furiously with sword, but Pen-rod down him and hewed and dashed single handed at the yelling mad man who confronted him like a fiery apiried little angel killing all who da-rod contend him. Every man of Ivens little company was fighting against the fire-ice child acouts with the fury of desperation.

There and more of the boy and girl scouts kept pouring through the gap left by Evans failure to cover Colonel McCallum's escape - a most alive as they would say could not prevent the run - enough a from forcing them apart. Evans black and red brimmed dipped and fell. After that it was a weary man for himself. Curcurn was surrounded by a dozen life line faced girls themselves who were doing their best to carry him to pieces. Be though he couldn't get at them to do injury he was holding his own. His arm was strong, but the sweep of the long shadows of the boy and girl scouts out stretched his own. Six of his men came to his help but three of them fell back howling, the other hesitated. The girl scouts were fiercer than the boys. Penrod himself came up on the clandellians again and was forced to break through determined to put an end to these girl scouts at whatever cost to themselves. Penrod however recalled them. Throwing spurs to his mount he drove straight straight at straight at Curt smashing through all opposition, and before the clandellian leader knew his danger Penrod was on top of him. Only by throwing himself over his saddle bow did the clandellian leader save himself from the long snare which whistled over his head. As he at nightened the clandellian officer showed an impetuous hand to his followers waving them back. Then like a wild cat he flew at Penrod. But from the first it was an unequal combat. Try as he would Curt could never land a blow, his heavy blade cut only the heavy bit of supply at the boy prince leaped, wheeled and cartwheeled in all the trick ticks of an Indian horse as man evading the clumsy rush of Curt's big mount while the light weapon of Penrod's licked in and out like a snakes tongue now over, now under Curt's guard.

Professors' uniforms, the next morning, he laid open the iron links of his "College Professor" slung square topped hat, and then the sabre struck full across the top of his head. Only by Penrod striking wrong did he fail to kill

Car 3's front headlight, by chance, was the sabre's tip sliced a good gash in the gladiolusian's right then. As it was the sabre's tip sliced a good gash in Car 3's eye brow from which the warm blood flooded into his eyes. The boy scouts next stroke would finish the man he felt sure and his bones would be added to the hustly herd of dead. It was all ready marking the line of that one unfortunate march. But it sure was to be now. The gladiolusians were shouting in alarm. Fast Car 3 understood a wave of boy's and girls on foot horse back bearing a huge standard of red and cold gold. No light armed Lagerians there but the fierce vivantes, perched on tall chargers. They struck the disorderliness of gladiolusians with a crash crash and cut their way deep into it without a single loss to themselves, their long sabres or waning vigor and falling like flails. Car 3 suddenly wheeled in flight but he

Penrod's great sword flashed down in one tremendous blow and overran the Glandelinian with his horse kicking on top of him. Penrod then rode forward toward beside James who had also killed his assailant. James gasped, "Never in all his years had he seen Penrod fight like that."

"I saved my back, boy," roared Penrod. "We are not so easily rid of these spawns of Satan. We got to avenge my sisters."

Yelling excitedly to each other the boy and girl scouts swooped around the two hacking and thrusting with sabre and lance at all Glandelinians in their way. For a brief time these Glandelinians held their own against the swarm of boy and girl scouts. A Glandelinian lieutenant, half blinded with blood almost dropping from his saddle with exhaustion gritted his teeth and used his sabre manfully. The big man roaring and blaspheming like a talking bull struck right and left with his huge weapon but could do nothing. Then came disaster. Unseen by either of the pair one of the boy scouts, a girl no doubt armed with a keen blade dismounted and slipped under the balilar bellies of their horses with a scream of almost human pain the charge of the Glandelinian Glandelinian suddenly stumbled and fell hurling his wide sword the plunging hoofs of the horses of the children soldiers.

The man had barely touched the ground before a dozen of the girl scouts had flung themselves from their horses and were on top of him. At another Glandelinian officer tumbling from his jaded mount threw himself into the midst of them. With arms almost dropping with fatigue he seized his sword in both hands and clearing a circle around him by driving his eyes back stood over the fallen man. It was hopeless. The desperate defense of the Glandelinian only lasted a moment. The girl scouts, baying like glibish wolves, surged in upon him with wildly distorted faces their eyes streaming tears of rage and to bore him down by sheer weight of numbers. He fell upon his back across the body of his comrade. Strong childish hands wrenched his iron black hat from his head and the steel of a glittering sabre came toward his throat. Yet in that brief moment before the steel had time to descend, something long and dark and thin, slit past the soldiers wildly staring eyes. The sabre fell harmlessly upon his breast and its owner vanished with an agonizing scream bore away upon a lance head, painfully but not dangerously wounded.

Across the soldiers bewildered gaze as he lay there with upturned face flashed the lightning like vision of the belly of a great horse of flying hoofs and a pair of feet in stirrups. After it came another and still another and still others. The Glandelinian scarcely dared to breathe. He lay there until no more horses came then he sat up. His rescuers were gone, vanished into the density of the dust but the noise of their progress came back to him in a bedlam of sound. Around him lay the wreckage of savage cavalry battle. Men and horses dead and dying lay twisted into all sorts of queer positions and there amid the wreckage stood the white horse of his fallen comrade, perfectly still with its master trying to haul himself erect by the stirrup leather while a boy who happened to be Prince Penrod moved toward him. Here was the prize horse Penrod had long hoped for and which he sorely needed to escape him. The Glandelinian general had one foot in the stirrup when Penrod's sabre in hand plunged upon him. Abandoning his attempt to mount he braced his back against the side of his horse and feebly lifted his sabre and buckled. One smashing blow of Penrod's sabre split the buckler in half and the sword arm of the Glandelinian general dropped. His face was a gray mask of pain.

"So ends," he gasped in Abbeidanian, and crumpled to the ground but Penrod gave no quarter and slew him.

Of the Glandelinian squadrons Ivan was still alive, although much the worse for wear. His horse was gone, he limped heavily his sabre was broken and his uniform clothes were gone. Most of the Glandelinians who survived survived were retreating still followed by their victorious enemies. Of his immense number of followers only half a dozen faint and wounded men remained and his precious mules with their burdens of loot had vanished.

"He surrendered to me but I killed him," said Penrod. "I did not give quarter. These dirty spawns of hell are doing too much harm to my sisters." He turned to James and Jim who brought his two sisters before him, and the captured women.

"As you have done well my boys," said Penrod with the satisfied smirk of a cat who sees a dish of cream before it, "and you captured a high Glandelinian officer with them. These are no ordinary prisoners. I would not have given them quarter but they're a set of it worse than I. I have just opened them for the final drama within the Christian lines. Here Conrad," he beckoned to a dark faced man for with the child scout had been an immense body of cavalry. Far off big shoots of flame and clouds of smoke showed the camp too had been attacked and every thing destroyed. Great explosions went the air.

"You speak the tongue of these two wicked looking women. Demand of these women what they were doing with my sisters in my shelter. He looked savagely at the women. The women stared in abject terror at the fierce company of boy and girl scouts and savage looking men around her and her sister. To Conrad's questioning one of them replied in a scared sort of sentence.

Conrad backed away his mouth wide open.

"My Prince," he announced in tones of surprise. "The one who says her name is Martha was the house keeper of Colonel Hirsdale a headquarter. The little girls were arrested by him on the charge of spying, and given over to her care."

Penrod whistled. "House keeper of the Glandelinian Colonel Hirsdale's 'lair eh?' he repeated. "The colonel's house keeper eh. Well I'll wager he'll remember Prince Penrod of Abbeidanian. He looked at his sister Jennie whose head was in a bloody bandage. Angeline looked also as if she had been beaten up. The captured general showed his teeth like a cornered fox. At the sight of his sisters Penrod could scarcely believe his eyes. Two iron rings with a long chain attached were around their beautiful little necks, and the boys had wound the chains around the little girls' bodies so they wouldn't hang down. Walter Starrling told his story of his experience with Henry with the woman Martha and of her attempt to poison them so they couldn't rescue the little girls. Penrod listened in alarm. What kind of doing was this.

"At Walter Starrling," said Penrod dumbfounded "it can't be possible. You must be dreaming it."

"No I was not, your sisters will tell you the fact. That's Colonel Hirsdale we have captured. He was the main one. He did not capture your sisters. He kidnapped them as they were unconsciously running through a portion of his territory to escape a storm. I will be satisfied if your sisters will all prove my statement is true."

White to the lips Penrod sat on his horse for a moment paralyzed with amazement and horror. Then with a yell of rage he flung himself in front of his prisoners and handed a back handed blow with his little fist in the colonel's face a blow that started blood walling from a fist made out over the man's eye.

"To the devil with such Glandelinians," Penrod shouted. "You three shall pay for this."

Hirsdale despite his cowed fury caught sight of something which his blood blinded eyes had not noticed until now. This was a really Prince Penrod who had the reputation when his sisters were crosses crossed in any way of having the same temper of a leopard and the colonel shrank back from the baleful glare of those fierce blue eyes. If looks were daggers Penrod could have slain Hirsdale on the spot. It was a bitter pill too for Penrod to swallow to see his two sisters rescued in that plight.

"Take him out of my sight to camp," stammered Penrod. "He is your prisoner do with him as you like."

"I release him to you Prince," said Walter Starrling. "I have no further claim upon him, since he made your sisters prisoners unjustly it is your duty Prince to make him pay for it."

Penrod's voice sank to a menacing purr.

"My sisters have a stout heart and should go far in anything," he said. "I always always did fear some sort of accident may befall them and it did. Many of you Glandelinian Glandelinians would slay them for a quarter of the reward you would get if they were dead or alive not for the money but for the pleasure of it." Penrod then turned to the two women with a sneer. "So you two helped Colonel Hirsdale steal in his kidnapping plot, and to take them to Hunsley a line, so they would be separated for good and never see me or their parents again, and give my sisters more sorrow," he snarled. "You are women it is true but we had hand the same fate to you as we do to men who kidnap Christian children. That goes for you too Colonel. You took them prisoners on the charge of spying when you know well enough they were a trying to shake shalts from a thunders to charge you with kidnapping in the third degree degree you women and Colonel Hirsdale in the first degree."

"I didn't kidnap them," said the woman Martha. "I can prove it by your sisters they'll tell you the truth." At that moment to their surprise though only the little girls saw it, an angel suddenly appeared before them. "I command you not today a word when Penrod questions you," said the angel and disappeared. Only Jennie and Angeline saw the beautiful creature.

Penrod turned to his sisters.

"Did that woman speak the truth?" Penrod asked.

Jennie and Angeline to his surprise remained silent. He knew them, he knew the silence.

"You lie," he snarled at the woman. "I know why they won't talk. They won't defend you. Then looking at Jennie's head he said a little reproachfully to his boy friends. "I thought you took my sisters out of the line of fire."

"They were not in the battle" word for the enemy fire" said Tim so + of cur'ly. "The girls told me all about it. I first couldn't believe it. It's a terrible war. Those two women beat your sister up because they couldn't sin, and Martha's sister slammed Jennie's head against the door. Well because she came to the defense of her sister and these young women are for a long period, German by descent and Martha is the wife of one of the "Gladsonian soldiers" called Michael. They told me he took their side against his wife as much as he dared but she sent her foot down and he had no say. He was not with this squadron as he is of the main Gladsonian infantry. He is a wounded hero and, and it's a nasty wound too."

"Our see on those old hags" shouted Penrod "I'll pay back. "Then the one who had the key to these confounded iron "hills around the track..."

"The officer who had the key got rescued by some of his men and escaped our troops" said said James.

TWO hours had passed and the whole calvaude was on its feet. The Christian encampments. There had been thirteen thousand boy and girl scouts in the attack (whether such a number is unlucky or it, it was for the enemy) and out of that number all came back. Many of them, hundreds of course had wounds more or less, but the wounds were slight and they themselves even knew how to take care of them. Great fires raged far away for an immense Glardelaine encampment had been destroyed and fourteen thousand Glardelaine lay dead, and thirteen thousand five hundred badly wounded lay dying. An immense drove of horses had been captured from the vanquished cavalry, and an enormous amount of cavalry booty and many weapons. From the safe location Argeline and Jennie with the two women held prisoners by a bunch of scouts not in the conflict had seen the dreadful fray from the beginning to the finish, and as much as it took to describe it, the attack of the scouts had been made with such terrible violence, that despite the numbers engaged, miraculously it was all over in ten minutes. Vanquishing the cavalry the attackers had rushed pell mell for the camp killing and destroying, and carrying all before them, driving the frantic frightened defenders out of the camp pell mell, and then heavy reinforcements reinforcements came up, repelled them and drove them out of all proportions also. Before the scout army the Glardelaine fled like wolves before a herd of lions, leaving every thing of value behind them.

Penrod rode between his sister's deciding to go to a blacksmith to get those wide wings cut off. This was done the rest of the group going on, James Tim and Walter going with Penrod. Then they entered the blacksmith with two little beautiful girls with that outfit on the shoe maker stared as if he did not believe his eyes. However Penrod quickly acknowledged who he was, who the little girls were and launched that the corruption be broken - chisled off as soon as possible. The blacksmith smiled.

"Rough as cutting pie" he said beginning work. Ten minutes later the little girls were a free of the strange wings. Then thanking the horse shoe maker and saying him well despite his protest that he was willing to do it for them for nothing Penrod took his sisters to a dry goods store within the camp and gave the little girls were dressed like themselves once more. Poor Argeline and Julie though they felt a little forth si redder, release did not feel like having a simple word.

"You prisoners look so clean now," said James. "But that bandage on Jerome's head does not go with the rest of them, and I'm glad you got it off those ragged clothes and all that. Besides I have not seen the national bandit before. I see faces for nearly three weeks and to try is the fourth one of James. They were gone so long I had forgotten just what they did look like. My chief relief they are back."

"Pan rod smiles. He could smile now.
"I saw a married couple and a young girl," he said. "As long as we are in
the line now, they must look the part. There is one thing certain though.
They are not dressed exactly as they were before they came away when they were
a vivid vision and away with it. Well, I wish to get into communication with
my sister so that they will get over their anxiety and as soon as I'll have to telephone
telephone to Panama to that nominal as soon as we get there."

"I did not think of that," said Walter Shaeving. "I wish we could wait until he showed back up, but he cannot wait here to have them see that."
"I don't know," said Burdett. "Come along to see me. I will let my other dear sister and her mother see if we have our two dears come back again. We will have to phone them and let them see Jerrrie's head. That won't shock them so bad as if they still think for them."

"There shall we go to picnic, wonder" mused Walter.

"I don't suppose it matters how long we've got connected with the hospital. They are all the same to me," said Penrod. "It's so late in the afternoon, we're not going to call here to be on our way. Jennie and Argeline will be home like that before we leave them. My sister's must not be held in prison and some conditional feel she no more for them now that I'm released and they are still out of my jail. Think of them more than of my selfish that case; I don't care at all for my self when it comes to them."

"The three boys with their two sisters rode slowly down the company street giving short commands to the sharp-eyed soldiers who patrolled the way.

[illegible]

"I'd like to give you sisters a ride in that car through to Pando-na" said Walt, pointing to a big automobile a low mile and a half

"Why not, Prince?" said James as he approached the big machine. "And it would be some ride for them. The driver sure would take you for that sake."

"He'd have to," said Pennrod smiling. "That's the red flag or red cross flag on it. I wonder."

"I must belong to some army hospital I suppose," said Valdez, "but if we did get in, no one would have a right to stop us, wonder who drive it."

"Here is the chaff saw," said Penrod in a dark, but firmly but kindly tone. "It is a good saw, and it will cut through the wood of the machine and take a package from the tool box. The lock is like an emergency one," said Tim.

They rode around the corner of the building on their horses and for a moment circled with the throngs until for the 'signal' came puffing in, and as the crowd pressed forward.

"Should we tell the man to let us on the machine," asked Pan Red. "I don't like to risk them on the back another hour. Poor Jennie looks half dead. Let's go and asked the driver of the car."

They went quickly through the crowd, followed by the girls. The train was re-
commencing on the track. It was evidently going to make up a section. They
came up to the big car. The ho-osen were to be given off over to the soldiers
for care. They met the driver, and he was only too willing to do it. Without

the driver's seat, and Arneline next. Penrod took the other seat. The driv-

the car full speed, and they started with a jerk that almost threw them out looking behind Penrod to his amazement saw a tall woman point to

the car and to his surprise a soldier on a motorcycle jumped from his machine and ran to handle the woman. The man jumped back on his machine and came right up to the automobile. He gave them a searching

"I had you pardon Prince. The woman made a mistake. She thought you were some

and--and---" he looked at Jenette and Argeline sharply; then exclaimed;

"Yes they are" said Pennrod smiling at the soldiers evident

"So y" he began. "are you positively sure. The news papers say they are dead.

"Well it did say that "said Penrod" but they are here. I rescued them from

the Glandelinians. But don't talk so loud they have fallen asleep and
a aroused. They need rest after what they have gone through. I

"You'd be pained" said the soldier. "Won't the army be joiced though? I'd spend you

lightly on Prin Price. It takes you to do things. You are a handsome kid, and your sister and I can thank God they have such a great little brother like you.

The man then advised as the driver of the car shipped the

A Argentine commenced to cry in her sleep;

"Don't let them get me pinned on please don't let them get me
Pinned looked at her then he said to Walter
"I'm not taking him from Underlines headquar - to me. Didn't you say

"I have it. We can telephone from Lima - Lima Hospital -
that my other relatives went to St Josp Joseph Hospital to see my brother

"Yes," said Walter.

"Good. Then I'll telephone the... Well, you could make general Hinder-nines housekeeper recognize me in spite of my uniform, couldn't you?"

"Couldn't she recognize you in all that armor?" asked James.

"Perhaps," said Penrod.

"Well," said James, "he can't go any further than Hinder-nines headquarters with the car, and the thing for us is to go to his headquarters as quickly as we can, and you get hold of that housekeeper and explain. You see she stands in with the general. It's his own sister's house, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Penrod, "and that's the only thing to do. This is a Red Cross car, and as it is the only one may be a big favor about it at headquarters. But I rot in mind my sister's friend of all."

"What are we any way?" said Walter, and the driver of his command slowed down to a snail's pace.

"Turn to your left and ahead for three blocks, then once to the right, and you will see the headquarters in the distance," said Penrod.

They swept on through the immense seemingly endless courtyard, reached the double steps of the building, stopped the car, and Walter stepped to the ground. Penrod looked at his little sister Ardeline. She was awake and sitting up now, but Jennie was still sleeping on but there was a look of suffering in her face as if he wounded head hurt her even in her sleep. Penrod could not speak but he held out his arms to her, and she sprang into them, she clung to him, trembling and calling his name over and over while he pressed kisses on her pale little cheeks. With a word Tim still holding Jennie, they hurried up the steps. Then they were inside. A first-aid camp came up and her brothers, and the boys commenced both at once to explain matters. The boy scout looked at them. No one would dream that the two thin half-starved nearly dressed little girls were anything else but the patients they looked to be, and the first-aid camp shook her head. Though she was unusually impressed by the beauty of the little girls and so was the boy.

"I'm sorry," she said, "this is General Hinder-nines headquarters not a hospital," and she pointed to Jennie's bloody bandaged head.

Penrod immediately stamped his foot.

"I know this is General Hinder-nines headquarters. I want either the general or his housekeeper," he said. "I'm Prince Penrod and these little girls are my sisters. Send some one for the housekeeper or the general."

He demanded.

I think the general is out scouting with his officers to see how the battle is going on today," said the first-aid camp. "But I will send for the housekeeper. Mrs. Jerry who came to see the general to day on some important business for your sisters at the hospital. He'll be tickled to see you sisters back. I hardly recognized them."

She gave a message to an assistant, and they waited in silence while the undergarment was gone. She returned in a moment.

"The general is not here," she said, "but your friend Mrs. Jerry is coming." As she spoke the door opened, and the lovely old face of Mrs. Hannah Jerry appeared.

"What's the trouble?" she asked of the first-aid camp, and glanced at the group before her. One lay on the floor, one a spring, and little Ardeline was folded in her breast. Ardeline threw her arms around the good woman's neck, the beautiful little face hidden, while Mrs. Jerry murmured loving names and caressed the beautiful little form close to her heart. Jennie was taken care of by the first-aid camp who telephoned for a doctor to attend her head. Penrod was the first to speak.

"Well, what do you know about that?" he said solemnly.

The doctor turned to Penrod after he had attended Jennie and plied him with questions. Penrod answered every one. Presently Mrs. Jerry looked up.

"You are a miracle boy," she said, and lifting her head with a reverent look up she said:

"Thank God, God is good to have brought them such a good brother. Nothing is impossible for you to do. Your two sisters are supposed dead, lost forever in an impossible impossible to get out of and you have them here."

Suddenly the nurse came to Penrod's side.

"Come with me, Prince," she said, "your sisters are all right and in waiting for you."

Bring Mrs. Jerry and Ardeline in with you."

Impetuously she led the way down the grand hall, now full of cotons, and ran to a narrow door by opened this and pushed Penrod through ahead of her. Mrs. Jerry and Ardeline followed. Ardeline pounced on broken little Jennie and him as he came. Penrod had his arms in a instant and for once Penrod could not kiss her even though she was his head. But he had to be satisfied with a poor Ardeline who commenced to look happy once more.

"Where is father?" asked Jennie doubtfully.

"Out along the front," said Penrod. "He has crushed the enemy and will be at St. George's hospital where your sisters are. Our brother James who was wounded has been brought there and is doing fine."

Then for the first time they noticed that Mrs. Jerry was gone, and the door shut, and they were alone.

"Penrod dear, you must be very good to poor father," said Jennie. "I know even though I didn't seem him before lost with poor Ardeline that he has with my sisters suffered more than I can say. Any one could tell but he takes all the blame for everything."

"Well," said Penrod, "it has been the fault of those spies who tried to capture little Nell. Father and your aunt is to blame but those spies."

They say she knows too much about Abigail because she is such a bright child, and she has learned something of great importance about the cause of the awful disaster and who were responsible. We heard news from Aunt Mary and she's pained about the loss of you and Ardeline. And poor father was nearly crazy. Your sisters are all from that now. So now we who are his children can't surprise him as soon as we can. We have just got to remember that he is a truly good and great man in his life in every thing, and we are very proud of him. I'm glad poor Ardeline has fallen asleep again. We are free together and I hope by God's help things won't be so hard for you little girls again like this. If it is possible I'll see to it that it isn't. But you are right about father and my other dear sisters felt pretty bad more than had than we can say when the news came. We ported you were dead, and that you were bodies were sent here. We couldn't hardly believe that even though we felt you were lost for good with Ardeline in those awful woods, and it didn't seem as if it could stand it. You two sure made an awful sacrifice of yourselves, to get Nell safely from those spies. I'll tell you one thing I'll going to finish this business for good and all. I'm going to stop the enemy doing this to you with a plan of my own."

Jennie smiled through her tears.

"I hope it will work," Penrod dear," she said, as he still clasped her in his arms all this time.

Penrod looked at her.

"What will you do to this?" said Jennie. "You would begin at the beginning and tell me all that happened after you left with Ardeline to come back here from Aunt Mary. I've had such a lot of scraps."

"All right," said Jennie, "I'll tell you everything on the same part of her head. She looked down at her little sister Ardeline in her bed. "See," she said, "she has gone to sleep. Gardenier sister is exhausted. I got this news when Martha sister pulled me against the wall to defend me from my sister and Ardeline got it too."

Penrod looked at her. "You and she has had the same experience of all and two of you with bandaged heads," he said. "I'll fix those two women. We won't know for good while that count to have undergone. I would not want to question her. It will have to come out in time. And I think the baby I rescued from its dead mother will be a good thing after all. It will help me up Ardeline and your sister and make her forget. Yes we have got to get news to you sisters as soon as the scout comes back. I sent with the report they are at the hospital. He has been instructed only to go and see and say nothing. For I want to surprise them. Yes we've got to treat you both to that hospital as soon as we can on that account. I'll take poor Ardeline in my arms. Now go on Ardeline dear."

Penrod gently lifted the young sister and cuddled the sleeping child more closely, while Jennie commenced at the moment of the leaving Aunt Mary, the attack on the refuge train, and finished with telling her brother the thriller and almost unbelievable story of that adventure and ending up with that terrible experience with the two wicked women. Finally she reached the end. Penrod had made no comment, but the stern and anxious expression of his face betrayed his feelings. He knew the awful fate coming to those women but even if she would she couldn't avert it. Jennie paused.

"And to think," he grinned. "I was looking at you and Ardeline with my field glasses when you were crying in this afternoon. Penrod, Penrod. Oh Penrod. There was no end of that. I saw you plainly and Ardeline too and was so surprised you two despite the ages you had only tell you I acted quick. Lucky I had the whole force there. Poor little sister Jennie, I hope you will never more have to cry for me like that again. I cut me to the heart. That is why I attack like I did. When these Vivianites I guess you saw the whole attack coming. Those Vivianites may be little girls and boys but they are hard as nails and hard heads of them are no older than I am. You know I went to school with a fellow one day, and I was surprised to see him one of the Vivianites here now, and the fellow had the dandiest style I ever saw. When I spoke to him after the conflict he said it was a police from the government."

for a short shooting. He said she was a fine forger -- a woman with fine ideas. He said when he was home in his country child was qualified for the boy and if he could when they were about three years old and they learned many things, and know first and when they were about four, and learned a lot of other things when they were five or six. But they never learned things with weapons like we do."

Jennie nodded. "I'm sorry for those children, Penrod," she laughed.

Penrod suddenly thought of something. "Say, what's father going to do?" Dana said Jennie. "Are we going to spend our lives doing nothing in Pandora or are we going to move after De Preaesonville is recaptured?"

"Why I know father does not know yet that you and our sister are here, neither does your sister or James or Evans. Penrod is a minded thing. He ought to be here soon now. That is why I choose Hinderhines headquarters which is even father's now."

"Let's get him to go toward Doinda as soon as we can" said Jennie. "I've seen about all I can stand of these horrors. Pandora is by no means safe for any of us."

Penrod put an arm around Jennie's shoulders and embraced his dear sister while he still held to Angelina with the other who was still asleep.

"Jennie dear we will never be the same children again," he said sadly.

"Oh I'm home sick for my sister over at the hospital but I want to give them a surprising phone call before we go, and I'm home sick for Angelina State. I want to go home to Marcellus. I'm dead sick of this dreadful uncertainty and all you and the other are through sleep. We all ought to be where we belong."

"Poor dear Penrod," said Jennie. "I know how you feel, and how you felt when I and Jennie were lost so long. We all want to go too. But as long as the war goes on we can't shake the dust off of our country. Like that you know. We have made every one friends of our own side, all good friends here too, and you will have to keep in touch with the boys and girls. None of us can shake that you know. Besides I believe now our worst trouble now is over. We may have the killing times but not like we have. We don't mind that being pursued for we like excitement. We can't shake anything you know when our country is in danger like that."

"And of course not," agreed Penrod. "I just would like to go home and take you all with us and work up on good old Angelina State for a while. I've got lots of things to tell those fellows too," he said solemnly.

"Well we could go with the armies to Doinda and look for action if father is willing."

"Yes and your dear sisters at the hospital has got on the prettiest little baby."

"A what" said Jennie almost loud enough to have awakened Angelina but she did not.

"Why a baby" said Penrod. "A baby I brought to your sisters, the one I brought from the dead mother," and Penrod explained the details.

"Where is it?" asked Jennie. "I'd like to see it."

"You sisters have it," said Penrod. "I left it with them. They offered to keep the baby until some one adopts it. If they don't they will."

"Q baby you rescued," said Jennie. "So my dear sisters are going to keep it for adoption. Well that does seem almost the last straw. Earlier now victims of the enemy, of a bomb. Don't you suppose one of our friends would like to keep it?"

"No I don't," said Penrod firmly. "That poor woman has seven children, and her husband fighting in the battle of De Preaesonville was killed, and she is ruined. She will have hard work enough feeding her own. We have dozens of people over home and they are all going to have the privilege of helping to care for our little war-baby. I shall name her in honor of the Blessed Virgin."

"All right my dear virginity" said Jennie kissing him on the cheek. Penrod turned it, and then still holding her both went to the window and looked out Angelina now having been placed on a bed.

"I wish father would come," he said. "Is Jack Evans with him?"

"Yes," said Jennie. "Suppose I go and look for them. Penrod dear?"

"You will stay right here," said Penrod. "I don't want one of you out of my sight from now on. Jack Evans is with father. Father and Jack Evans caught the enemy when the Landallians were on the verge of victory. Father has been helping V. Evans and Hanson a lot here and the battle along the lines has been terrible. He has given all sorts of things to the hospital that were badly needed. Mr. Jerry the house keeper will send him in as soon as he comes. It is like father's tale to think that I rescued you and Angelina so beautifully."

"Beautifully!" gasped Jennie in astonishment. "Well you may say you rescued us beautifully, but the enemy who received don't think so. You made a dreadful

attack, and my only regret was that I and Jennie were not in condition to join in it. A magnificent charge you made and the enemy had no show. I didn't expect that. What I thought when I saw you at a distance with your beautiful purity, and called so loudly your name was that you would only call the enemy, then I'd be as dead as a doornail and rescue me by a trick. I never even thought you had such a big cavalry force and all those boys and girls with you armed like that. That made you count with such a force."

"It probably was God's design to punish you enemies," said Penrod. "I was out several times that way but so no prospect of the enemy then. This afternoon was the lucky one for us all. I can imagine what your sister will look like when I phone them. I wish that confounded scout would come soon and report whether they were at the hospital or not. I wonder what's keeping him too."

There was the sound of rapid foot steps at the door. It was flung open and Jack Evans rushed in, closely followed by the enemy. Trouble and danger and expectation changed out of a point, and Penrod and his two sisters Angelina now awakened found themselves one by one in their father's arms and only to find to be there. Indeed, the enemy was not Penrod had told a great many things since the start. He had had to face war, and death and made some mistakes and all the crimes that stalk through a land at such times committed by villain. The Landallians after it had been accomplished what all the arguments, all the feelings, all the entreaties in the world would have never succeeded. The persecution of his daughter, the daughter's, and so on, and injustice to the enemy to have made him a dance-room to reach. All the fury of his nature had come against the enemy. That was why he was so readily shown the enemy's side. It was at De Preaesonville couldn't win a stick at a stick. There had been a close fight when his life had looked very poor and thin and useless. What was anything when he compared them to the needs of the dear holy children who they could have stayed home, were so loyal and true to him and helped him in the battle which he would have lost without the help. Superstition though else to have made a chance of war, and he humbly resolved to make the enemy know that he was really a man. And he kept his word. Thinking that his father would cheer the gently some sympathizers of the cruel women came to De Preaesonville petitioning in their behalf, but Jennie and Angelina had told their whole story and he sent them.

"Early father that woman that did kidnap us. It was the plot of Colonel Pike. The whole son of the general who had arrested us for crossing his territory to escape the enemy. Our heads are injured by what those wicked women did to us and they both told the whole details. There were when the petitioners came to plead for the sick woman the paper would not listen to a word."

"They'll pay, they'll pay," he roared. "They're a lot better than men who do the same. Women should be of gentle sex and be an example to the men. He they'll die."

In the meantime Violet and her other sisters had reached the hospital safe and sound. James and Jim had been sent to them to take care of them and that was why they were with them in the underground room when Joyce rescued the Professor and his family. Prince James was sitting up in his bed looking at the boys with his eyes narrowed and a puzzled look on his handsome face. Violet and her holy little sister knew that look and knew what was passing in their big brother's mind. He was quite silent. James had brought little Jennie in with him as though he dared not let her out of his sight. The two boys had said nothing about the rescue because Penrod charged them not to until the message came over the phone.

"We have been talking things over," said Joyce. "Of course the only honorable thing for Professor Otto to do is to go to Angelina. Aabria by the instant out of all that is by Angelina. He has no right to remain here and possibly endanger the lives of so many young people and himself too, and there is nothing that he can do for us. Some day probably we will want help and then we know that you will all come to our aid. Jack to the Professor's son."

"I have been talking it all over with our brother the good prince here and we have decided that the best thing for you to do as your father wills is to stay behind and accept a rank of officer over some of our boys about government. Wait," she said as Jack shook his head, thinking he was receiving an order not to desert him to himself buy our country in this dark neighborhood and stay here, in a line, and except by immediate flood and fire. Your older brother they say is at the front we know not where, and our two sisters are prisoners within the lines and Penrod too is only God knows where. You can see how we are maintaining a boy about London. Our own estates we are all in ruins. To be in here and protected by our country, and by being rescued with your father by me, you owe to our Country the one

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...can do for him? ...and ... 854
If you are not a citizen we can make it so and make out ...
...in every way for ...ship. ...count ...made many like you. Think of us.
That chance have a little girl ... now in this ...icken land? We want you to go and
...it as a favor for us Jack. We will take the ... responsibility and I want you to take
...these ... jewels and use them for your expenses and education for you must go to the
...diversity of Boy Scouts in our very army have ... where Professor ... is in such
...a ... instruction and she held out a glittering handful of priceless gems.
"Go," said Professor Otto firmly. "Princess, you and young ... sisters will
...need all you have. It happens that I have plenty of money, and we live very simply
...and no there is enough and to spare for the children who we hope to take with us.
...there is for us plenty of money in ... and if Jack prefers to become
...a leader of boy scouts we while staying at Angelina's ... will keep an account
...of his educational expenses and at some future date he can repay what I shall
...deem necessary to expend for him."

"That is better," said the Princess. She turned to Jack.
"You will go and do it Jack?"
"Yes," said Jack (put in the black) Then sadly "but I wish I could see my elder
brother."

"It is indeed hard very hard," said Princess Violet herself. "Our two ...
...sisters ... too seem lost to us for ever. We feel that he must be unhurt however, and
I know that he will be so ... and glad to know that you are in a place
of safety. So that is settled," she smiled.

A later ... After the Professor and his family were gone, Jack ... shown
...a room by one of the ... Violet and her sisters were left ...
...themselves. "I'll Violet herself had turned and made her ... solitary way
...to a large open window ... and there all alone looked away over the whole expanse
...of the city southward. For a long long time she gazed into the nightly darkness.
...There were streaming down her fair cheeks tears for such a kind of child that
...should not need to be there."

"Good bye my two beautiful good sisters," she said sadly. "Good bye my dear ...
...Jennie, and poor little Angelina who had always been an ...
...and my other ... sisters will come back to you when we meet in Heaven." She
...stretched her arms out in a most passionate gesture of farewell. Then Violet
...fading, the same as if she were homeless, country lass, sisterless, and ...
...slowly turned, and Violet went soberly to join her ... sisters who had gone to
...their room. The Professor and the others of his family had said good bye to
...the poor little Princesses and had at last started on the journey to Angelina's
...Athina. All of Calvernia, Abbeville and her sisters were plunged in
...direful gloom, given the neutral countenance close by were oppressed by such
...a sorrow that it was almost as bad as ...

"Oh I beg your pardon," said Princess Violet for disturbing you said at the
...orderly of the hospital as he opened the door of their room "put one of you ...
...wanted on the phone. It's an emergency call."

Violet turned white. She feared something now had happened to Penrod.
"I'll answer it," she said in a husky voice her heart suddenly falling as heavy
...as lead at this new blow. "he went slowly with melancholy step to where the
...orderly ... After ... to the phone he left closing the door
...he sat down and lifted the receiver. Hello

"Hello," she said feeling more frightened yet.
"Hello," came back the answer. "Is that you Violet. This is Penrod."
Oh what a relief she had, for his voice even sounded excited and not even as
if he was in danger. No many so now in his voice either. He had expected a
sad and catchy voice and yet there was no such sound.

"Yes," this is Violet," she answered. "Where are you Penrod dear? We expected
you to come home. We got news about Jennie and Angelina. They are prisoners
not dead. General Hindmire has them."
It sounded to her as if Penrod was laughing.
"I'm general Hindmire," then he laughed over the phone. "I'm at Hindmire's
Hindmire headquarters. I've got good news for you. Jennie and Angelina are
standing on each side of me as I'm speaking to you. I had to destroy a ...
army of cavalry to get them though. But they are here."

"Oh Penrod dear," is that true? Violet fairly screamed in her excitement
and joy. Please brother dear do not fool me please. It seems almost too good to
be true."

"I told you Jennie and Angelina are standing on either side of me," came back
the answer. "I'll prove it to you. They can talk to you themselves." A second later
she recognized Jennie's voice and then Angelina's as they said "Hello Violet dear
this is Jennie." Then came Violet's turn. "Hello Penrod dear," she said.
He attacked the ... who had us prisoners, and destroyed
nearly all of them, and captured two ... wicked old woman who was ...
and General Hindmire. So go Violet dear and tell your sister ... Father ...
... Get your sisters on the phone. Hurry."

Nearly Violet did not need to be ... laid the ...
carefully and ... down the hall ... room which was number
... 13, and which was indeed a lucky number to them now ...
... he went in quickly and said:

"Jennie Daisy, all of you," she almost screamed in her excitement. "Penrod is
in the phone. So were Jennie and Daisy."

"What?" cried Jennie looking at Violet's excited and flushed face. "What
did you say? Jennie and Angelina on the phone?"

"Where, where?" cried the rest in unison.

"At general Hindmire's headquarters," Penrod called up. He rescued him.
Oh sisters that is why he had that conflict where he slew so many cruel cavalry
of the enemy. He told me all."

It did not take them long to reach the room, followed by James and Tim. Jennie
lifted the receiver and said:

"Hello is that you Penrod dear?"

"No," came back the surprise answer of which a voice she recognized
instantly. "This is your sister Angelina. Is that you Jennie?" Then came a lengthy
conversation and Jennie's sisters could see by her face that the news was
absolutely true. "We are coming to you and our dear sisters to-morrow morning,"
said Angelina. "The Doctor said we must wait up for the night and take care of
our bandaged hands, where those wicked women struck us," she continued. "Now Joy
lear there is one thing more for us to do when we come to-morrow morning. We
have here our dear father, and Jack Evans too, and we have a safe conduct on the
roads to Pandora. Father is coming too and he has arranged for Mrs. Jerry to go
with us. We won't come by horse but by the Automobile which brought us to Hindmire's
headquarters. Oh dear, ain't Penrod grand. He did what seems impossible. Jennie
and saw him on the summit of the ... before the conflict and she called

his name three times, and we expected him to just try and get us by a trick.
Oh Joy dear we thought only he and a small scouting party were there and

when he and they disappeared we felt sure he was going to trail the cavalry,
but oh Joy ten minutes later we got a shock. A wave of boy and girl scouts came
rushing down on us on horse back from three directions, and they closed with

the enemy before the Gladiolians could draw to make a successful defense.
We were taken ... immediately, and the conflict lasted only ten minutes
but all that he ... done and the boy and Gladiolians did not lose a single one.
Penrod now is going to accompany us. I heard he rescued a little baby from
its ... mother and that you have it there. We wanted to return to night but
the general said it is safer to travel by day, and as a storm is coming
it is better to wait and return to Pandora to-morrow. But sisters dear if you
are so excited that you can't wait you can come down yourselves. You can not
every thing ready for your departure if in the meantime the head sister of
St. Joseph's hospital can arrange to get you here."

"Oh it's too bad," said Jennie. "The hospital authorities would not let us go
so right. We will have to wait till you come, when in the morning do you suppose
you will start?"

"As soon as the cars read," said Angelina. "Then Mrs. Jerry will be ready.
The conversation much further lasted for quite a while, and then when they had
ceased speaking, Jennie slowly hung up the receiver.

"They'll start from Hindmire's headquarters and maybe get here in
an hour," said Jennie. "Jennie and Angelina were on the phone, and so was Penrod.
Oh how good God is to us to give us such a daring brother as Penrod," and she
hugged Daisy and Hattie in her delight, and the other ... sisters cried from
sheer joy and danced around the room and doing other ... to show their delight.

Then their prayers of thanksgiving to God, ... with heart and cold
feeling, not only for the return of their two lost sisters but for the fact that
they have such a good loving, faithful and accomplishing brother. ...
their relief had vanished almost at once at the good news and they had danced
and cried from sheer joy, they were wholly astonished too that their brother
had accomplished the rescue, while they that is Violet and her other sisters
had been waiting for his return so they could tell him where Jennie and
Angelina were. They remembered having heard of Penrod doing something awful
to a large body of Gladiolians cavalry and of capturing what was supposed to be
five prisoners, and some women among them with ragged children who appeared
to be ... something. Then they while sitting happily and quietly by
themselves noticed something ... The sky ... but far away to the
south with the coming of darkness was assuming a molten iron color and
there was a great cloud of probably pink smoke rising high in the sky.

"They flee to the window to look at it. They suspected what it was for Jennie had
told the details. The camps which had been attacked and captured were still ...
were still ... and all efforts of ... in Gladiolians had failed to
check the fierce conflict. They had seen at night the glare of the fire
around ... made on each ... when Penrod had made his dangerous and dashy
raid, but this time those quaked. It was a fierce ... as they

"It would have saved ourselves. We saw the fire coming before it could overtake us. But as it came, despite the sufficiency of the flames, the fire was cold and the like was cold."

"But it surprised me that you said you were for a while when the thunderstorm came up," said Penrod. "I never knew you to be afraid of thunderstorms before."

"Jennie blushed but came to the mark frankly. "Those clothes we had on if getting wet would be a link 'n' a link" she said "we must under any conditions keep our modesty you know."

"It was Penrod's turn to blush but he said nothing more on that subject."

"But how did the women kidnap you?" he asked finally.

"I could only give a few details," said Angelina. "I believe too it was because the guards watching us, were not as watchful as they should have been and we might have chanced an escape too if we had thought of it. While we were sitting outside on a box one of the sentry's guarding us was nodding as if falling asleep. A rough looking woman came past, noticed us, and we turned looking as she did so at the house, the guards, and passed into the hall through the door. Then she approached us and a voice in a voice she tried in vain to make soft she asked what we were doing and who we were and why we were prisoners of the gladiolians. As we didn't like her looks, we would not answer, and she brought us a meal. I don't know what happened but without our seeing it she must have slipped something into our coffee as coffee is only what we could get to drink in the gladiolians' camp, for we drank the coffee. I saw her run back as if she intended to go away. I don't know what happened after that, we must have been drugged for when we awakened again we found ourselves lying down on a pile of dirty old rugs. From what Martha told her husband, she had drugged our coffee and when we fell asleep she had shaken the big sacks from beneath her dress and as early and cruelly as though she was filling them with a war at once she had shoved me and Jennie into either big crossed to one side of the company street with her heavy burden, and sat down to wait. When her two accomplices joined her so we overheard her say they were rapidly to the house in Dept. Depressionsville where a waiter had tracked us later it was a wonder we had not been smothered in those sacks. We felt as though we had almost been for when we came to we felt as if we were having a hard time to get to breathing properly again. When we did come to we were a dizzy for a while and at first to decide us she started treating us with a rough kindness which we wouldn't accept. But when we cried she beat us, at first making pains to let the blows fall where they would not leave visible scars or bruises. Then we wouldn't commit that sin she beat me, and at last Jennie but I beat her back. We showed her she was trifling with two wild cats."

"Good, you did right," said Penrod his brow dark.

"How do you suspect she must have drugged your coffee?" asked Tim, who spoke for the first time.

"Well it was after we drank the coffee that we fell asleep or we must have for after drinking the coffee as it seemed we awoke to find ourselves on the hovel and the woman and two gladiolians hovering over us. They said General Pinetree gave us over to them but I know we were kidnapped, for the guards who were supposed to watch us payed no more guarding us more properly. Those wicked women fairly terrified us. They were like real friends to us. The hideous one is not. Her sister is the other one but she's not so worse despite her looks."

"But I feel so horrified over their coming fate," said Jennie again. "If we only could-----"

"I suppose if you could you'd give the devil for what cruelty he'd do to you said Penrod. "If you wish you may forgive the fools, but that can't over their just punishment. Of course if you desire some change of the verdict and you are sure you are justified of it I could probably grant it, but then it would have to be imprisonment for the two in the Island Prison."

"But if you were you for all you have gone through I wouldn't worry about that. But a parent or a child and he would like that again, a thousand times than be in that foolish woman's place. To be burned at the stake is terrible, but I know it can't be helped and she brought it on herself. If the general had really put us in her hands she maybe we could have saved a little of that for the penalty but she kidnapped her."

"For a long time after this they continued to watch the incoming flow of the big fire, and then they prepared to go to bed for it had been enrods place to have in a moment early for St. Joseph's Hospital the

not coming so as not to keep the other little princess in suspense. It was hard indeed to fall exactly the time of the hour that Violet and her friends went to sleep that night but they were so excited by the good news they were given, and so attracted by the sweet increasing glow of the big fire, and of their enthusiasm because of knowing who did it against the enemy that it was very late when they really fell asleep by themselves there ever they had been sitting only in. Then Violet through some reason or other though she never saw the incident herself, dreamed of seeing the way Penrod rescued Jennie and Angelina as if she had been actually there. She even dreamed of him and James taking Angelina and Jennie out of the way of the conflict, and of seeing the colonel and the two wicked women captured. Then all that scene melted away and she dreamed on that Jennie and Angelina were with her and her sisters again as if nothing happened and until she who was sleeping by the open window was suddenly awakened by a terrific crash of an explosion as if a big bomb had been exploded right in front of her face. What it really was however turned out to be a mighty crash of thunder, for as she aroused herself,

the wind outside was blowing like a hurricane and a blinding dashing rain was falling. As the wind was in another direction more of it came in the open window but fearing the wind might change it a direction as it usually does she closed the window just as there came a flash of lightning that almost blinded her. He saw the long river like streak and its branches and it was followed by such a humming thunders that it thrilled her even though she was not afraid of thunder storms. Her sisters were awakened also by the clamor. They remembered Penrod had predicted of one coming, and while staying awake they had noticed the lightning in a great cloud in the west, but the storm broke much later than they had thought it would. They wondered whether it would sweep on toward the fire, and they could not help the feeling of hoping that it wouldn't. However it didn't extend that far, but not in such an emergency as to do any harm to the conflicting nation. It raged wildly with many of the loudest thunder crashes they had ever heard in their lives for the rest of the night so that they could not hope for any sleep, and soon they heard a report that the hospital basement had been flooded by the heavy rains to a depth of three feet.

It was a awful thunder storm, extremely loud and worse far worse than the two thunder storms during the time Penrod was making his successful hunt for little Daisy, and as fearless and as interested and as crazy over thunder storms as they were they were nevertheless some what relieved when in it finally began to let up, for it had made so much noise that they had lost sleep for the rest of the night. At the beginning the wind was so strong as to tear great branches off of trees, and blew in many windows of the hospital and other buildings throughout the city and flooded hundreds of streets enough to go boating with so much much rain and swelled the normal five to threatening proportions.

Penrod and his two sisters however had not gone to sleep before the arrival of the storm, for so soon as they just started to get ready for bed then the storm started to prove itself of coming, and was even fiercer than in Pandora and after its passage the whole Christian camp as far as you could see was flooded, and the soldiers routed out of their tents or down one or the other that in those whose tents were not blown away or crashed down on top of them by the winds.

"Josh Jennie for God's sake keep away from the window" shouted Penrod as an ear splitting shattering roar seemed to crash even within the room. "That lightning struck close. It was that tree."

The house keeper herself Mrs. Jerry was almost scared to death, not so much of the lightning as of the terrific wind which then was blowing in almost cyclonic proportions. Two windows went out before the gale in the room occupied by the three gladiolians' children, and as nothing could be done, they had to seek another room as the wind blew them in in like a spray cloud.

As for the two sisters Jennie and Angelina enjoyed the storm, and were thrilled by it, and by the fact that the fire flames did not dim down they felt sure the storm had moved the enemy's lines. It didn't in a way, was probably as fierce but the fire was of such proportion that the rain only made smoke and steam and had no effect what ever, though it did slack up its spread to a considerable extent.

But all the gladiolians' tents not hit by the fire were blown down and the camps of the enemy flooded also. The storm had broken at twelve o'clock at midnight and again until about six o'clock in the morning before it finally let up, and then it was after all going to turn out to be a dark and dismal day.

"I'm suspicious a little between my little sister and this weather," said Penrod to himself. "When your other sister was grieving because you were lost so long it never would stop raining. Now you are back with me and this storm. Now what I want to know is the motive the elements in sympathy with us or something. Did it celebrate your return by doing this or was it a vengeance for the sorrow of our disappearance?"

"Everybody says when we are in trouble our persecutors the elements go mad and Jennie and I'm afraid it is true. So even if close a have come to our rescue

"Better be a rain coat for you self and us" said Angelina. "The nurse says Jerry is ready to accompany us and so is father, and she said she has every thing needful for the baby."

"And oh Penrod describe careful Begged Jennie when you get your uniform. I insist that you don't get one too large for you like you did the last time. I declare we have half a mind to go with you and help you select one."

Penrod laughed.

"I have a whole mind that you had better for since you are back again. I hate like taking poison to have you ought of my sight a minute," he said patting her head. Then he turned to General Hindermine. "We will go as soon as possible general and if you can I want you and the aide de camp, the latter who seems afraid of water to accompany us. We won't be molested."

"And I believe that no one would dare hurt us now, or even detain us while Penrod is with us" said Jennie proudly.

"Put we will have to be careful just the same," begged Angelina.

"I know" said Penrod and--and--

"Hist, there is some one listening to us behind that door" whispered Jennie whose angel possession instinct warned her of that even though she had heard no sound. Penrod went quickly to the door he heard running footsteps following and quickly opened the door. The tall man was just running down the hall but at the sight of Penrod he slung a long dagger which he had in his hand directly at Penrod. While the prince nimbly dodged the flying dagger he had drawn his own knife and flung it in return and it imbed itself in the upper very breast killing him instantly. The man fell flat on his back, and Penrod as he stood there beside him was followed quickly by his two sisters Walter and the general while the aide de camp stood in the open doorway his face ashen. Penrod searched through the fallen foe's pocket and drew a long envelope. He tore it open and read it's contents.

"It's Francis Kellory, one of Hanley's spy ing cut throats" he said. "I guessed so but it was his life or mine." The orderly had picked up the dagger thrown at Penrod by the man. Penrod drew his own out of the mans chest and wiped it clean. His sisters were for a moment horrified but they had seen the man fling the dagger while it was fortunate that their brother had flung his knife simultaneously and aimed good as the man was armed with a brace of double barreled plainblin rifles. Besides a sabre. Penrod took away the weapons and handed them to the aide de camp.

The body was hastily removed.

"Don't tell your sisters about this incident or they'll be scared" said Penrod.

"We won't said Angelina when she had by now recovered from her horror and excitement. "Was he a spy for real? What does that note say you read."

"It's an order from Hanley to find for sure whether I rescued you and Jennie or not. Well Hanley won't find out from this one that is sure. This is what he gets for saving my life, and then slinging his dagger at me. I suppose he intended to attack you if he could. You can read the note you yourselves. I must prepare for the boat ride into Pandora."

"They said good bye to the others in general Hindermine headquarters and at last started on the journey toward Pandora. The trip through the wooded area was a thing to be remembered as long as they lived.

"Just the things we have seen coming out of the forest in which we have been lost would fill a book," said Angelina to the group within the boat (not the goat)

"I wouldn't want to read it," said Penrod suddenly shuddering.

"No I" said Jennie. "Oh boys you don't know how grand you look in the new uniforms you have on"

"What's the matter with our uniforms," said Walter looking down at the very short trousers and the very long purple coat he was wearing. "I don't see but what I am right but doesn't Penrod look cuty cute? Kind of Lord Fauntleroy effect."

Every one stared at Penrod, who looked himself over in surprise.

"It's all they had had at that confounded store we went to that would fit me. Why do I look more than a prince."

"I'm afraid so" said Jennie. "You are dressed more better than you ever were before."

"I don't see why I didn't just wear the things we had on" Walter complained.

"I guess not" said Penrod. "We would not look respectful after our uniforms were so torn up in that far away yesterday afternoon. Why Walter sees how dressy we are now. We look like somebody a bunch of em. We have got sample clothes from the best of Kingdoms in Europe. Europe. See how dignified that makes us. Take your self Walter you look as much a prince now as I do."

"But I'm not you Penrod" laughed Walter.

"Wow," said Penrod. "Excuse me Walter old fellow I didn't mean to be disrespectful to my self or you. We are all in the same fix as far as clothes go. Pen"

Jennie and Argeline look dressed up for a big party than one trip through a flood. "All the world is a little queen" he quipped "and then in a little queen."

Safe on board the small gasoline launch our party found that they were utterly tired out. They had had no sleep because of their excitement of the early part of the night, and then because of the sudden and terrific storm. While the drive continued onward with the boat they slept for nearly three or four hours, and then were furiously hungry. The house of the traveler went swiftly, without accident. Emperor Vivian himself sat with his three good little children, and they found him as always a most delightful and amusing companion. He had since they were first born developed an alarming fondness for his holy and brave little children and his two good grown sons. Penrod himself decided to commence a diary. He said he would never be able to remember every single thing that was happening, and going to happen and he did not want to forget it. Penrod planned to have an even an afternoon and evening with all the home Army pay and irascible with his sisters and tell them all that had happened.

"And you Jim and James who rescued my two sisters at the opening of the squabble will be Exhibit A" and he declared clapping Walter on the shoulder. The river voyage or flood voyage drew to an end as all voyagers will. As they were approaching within sight of the outskirts of the city and they were coming to where there wasn't much water any more and the boat soon would not be able to go any further in the distance they saw a lot of refugees of the battle of Depressionville on the firm land, and every body was packed up with what rifles they had been able to bring away with them during their flight. Every body at sight of the gasoline launch coming through the flood waters which was a novel sight to them talked and stared as the boat grunted on the firm ground. Because of so many people and soldiers about the landing seemed so full and confused, and as he stepped off with his father and sisters Penrod ordered some of the curious crowd to draw back to give them a place to set foot on firm ground.

"Come on Walter what's keeping you" said Penrod. "Get off the boat and come on quick. I can see it."

Penrod was shaking violently, and his teeth chattered. "What ails you Prince" said Walter speaking in English. "See what?"

"Penrod answered in Abbeonnanian Pandora. There's my other dear sisters are in the hospital" a dry sob choked him. "Oh" he said "I didn't know I felt like this. Hurry up old scout. Let's get out."

Voices sounded throughout the crowds of refugees, people stirred and hurried in different directions many carrying umbrellas so that it looked as if there were a forest of them and it was still raining badly and still grumbling loudly with the thunder. The sight of the beautiful little girls, stirred the crowd as a shock of electricity would have done. Penrod then got to one of the good ways and told one of the soldiers to send either for a bunch of horses or a passenger wagon. Walter went to join Penrod who crazy with joy waited almost impatiently for the riding conveyance. Before them especially Jennie and Argeline like the vision of an enchanted land rose the wonderful stretch of the city of Pandora.

Every thing went as smoothly as Penrod had expected. The trip to Pandora was without a hitch. Again and again though they were stopped by soldiers, and each time their identity and the proof papers acted like magic. Indeed they were more than once assisted on their way, or directed to short cuts. They took a good fast bunch of horses too and rode in state until they came to a big inn where they found good food and plenty of it. Then they ordered a big touring cart to proceed to the hospital and they found every available part of the car crammed with offerings for the wounded soldiers. The chauffeur had spent a busy morning talking to the horrified refugees and it is to be believed that the terror he had witnessed at and within the territory of Depressionville and elsewhere elsewhere did not lose in telling. So there were all sorts of offerings for the wounded, bread and dried fish, and cheese; and money, things longed for and often with heart felt prayers of pity. Indeed there were scarcely room for the passengers to sit to crowd in the car. Penrod took the wheel, and the chauffeur still the hero of the occasion, stood on the running board and waved his cap and called his farewells as long as as they were in sight of them. They reached the city of Pandora without accident but it was a long ride up to the hospital, and they even had to ask directions before they finally got there riding through partly flooded city streets with the rain starting to pour down heavily again. When they reached the hospital Penrod's wrist watch stood at twelve. Had it not been for the storm they could have arrived in the morning. In spite of that it had been a most wonderful trip.

Violet and her other sisters that morning after the first hearty breakfast they had ever eaten since their affliction started, did not worry when they observed that Penrod and their two other sisters did not come as soon as promised because they knew the storm would delay and they would not have been surprised if they didn't come until the next day.

Despite the rotten inclement weather that morning, and the distance the Church was from the hospital the little girls had gone to Mass before breakfast, and after first attending the much earlier Mass in the hospital chapel offering their thanksgiving to God with all their heart and promising Him many good things in return a promise which they always always kept. Not expecting that Penrod and their sisters or father wouldn't come back until probably late in the day they had gone out again to Church after breakfast and did not return until about ten thirty, and then awaited the approach of the dinner hour, while they told their brothers all about the good news and how Penrod had rescued them.

"Oh and O got so happy all of a sudden when Penrod told me the good news over the phone," said Violet to her brothers James. "At first I believed it was too good to be true but then Jennie and Argeline also spoke to me. And Penrod did it, Penrod did it. All" gabbled Violet her arms tight around her brothers neck. "Oh James, James dear I and my poor sisters are now so happy, but oh how sad we were before and now we are so happy again. Oh I believe it now, I believe it now, it is true as they say it seems as if Penrod can almost accomplish the impossible. I didn't know any one in the world could be quite so happy. And he captured two women who had been oh so cruel to them, and injured their heads. Oh it seems like it had been so long ago since they were lost and yet it was only twenty six days, and we were so unhappy about it we couldn't bear to even tell you. Rose Mary was here with us yesterday evening after the phone call came and she felt so glad she fairly screamed and danced when I told her the good news and said she would hug and kiss Penrod a hundred times when she saw him. It was such a relief to get such a phone call. Oh James dear I don't know what makes me cry but I'm so proud of our dear Penrod and Penrod, and so happy I don't think I quite know what I'm doing. We told the priest about it after the Novena services for the phone call really came before then and the priest said 'Thank God oh so fervently and blessed us...'"

"At first" said Joyce herself was early this morning after Mass feeling a little blue. It was after we came back from Mass and it was something Lizzie said that took it all away and I've been thinking about it all the time ever since. Well it was just after breakfast and I went into the pantry for a drink of water Sarah and Gloria were there, and Gloria Rose Mary's nurse said warningly that I shouldn't drink any of that water just now as because of the storm the water wouldn't be good for me. Of course I was awfully thirsty and didn't know what to drink, and I thought I'd take chances any way and poured out a glass of water I threw it out for wouldn't drink it under any conditions, and then took some milk. The lady Lizzie didn't know that we had already heard the good news and Lizzie said in the most pleasing way you could possibly imagine as she offered me another glass of cold milk;

"I would like to see you and your sisters when Penrod comes back this morning with two little girls you would give anything to see, and see how happy you will be then I heard of it last night. I guess you won't have long to wait from the looks of things. If Penrod isn't like one of your guardian angels I don't know what he is."

Now Joyce paused to note the effect of her story on her big good brother James was looking calm and serene he took his little sister in his arms and hugged her sympathetically.

"Do you know anything about boys being like guardian angels?" Daisy herself inquired of her brother after a pause. James shook his head.

"I've read about many many of them" he said "but I never really knew any. Penrod is a marvel, and a terror to the enemy. When you said he did yesterday will not be forgotten by the enemy."

"In stories they're generally very cruel to those who harm or try to harm their little brothers or sisters," said Catherine with a tone of unpreventive pride in her voice. "Oh James I should, and we do thank God for giving us such good brothers like you, James and Penrod. Oh God is so good to us and surely for His sufferings we don't deserve it," and poor little Catherine burst into a passion of tears.

"Oh please don't mind me" she sobbed half crying half laughing "I know I'm dreadfully silly, but oh I do love Jennie and Argeline so, and Penrod too and to have a wonderful protecting brother like this---it's it's all like a beautiful dream."

James, Vivian had both arms around Catherine in a moment and was kissing and soothing her as best as he positively could.

"Oh it's just good to see my darling sister very from happiness" he said the tears of joy streaming down his own cheeks. "Why the whole army by now I suppose knows it's really true. Your brothers and ours as well as so good so brave and so fond of you I don't believe he'd ever let any one be cruel to you and your dear sisters and---let them get away with it----"

"Extra Extra" came an interrupted cry from some passing news paper boy. "A massacre yesterday afternoon. Two Vivian girl princesses rescued by Prince Penrod Extra."

"Oh Hettie Hettie" screamed Violet "go out and get a paper hurry." And she fairly flew and was back again in a few minutes with a paper in her hand.

"I'm sorry," she said laughing happily though she looked too as if she was blushing. "The newsboy no matter what I said wouldn't take any money from me, and -- and -- he kissed me."

"Every body here loves my darling sisters and why wouldn't they?" said James as they glanced at the paper and excitedly read the whole details.

"Oh the way he found my two poor sisters he couldn't help it he couldn't help it," cried Joice. "He and all the boy and girl scouts destroyed a whole division of Glandelinian soldiers and Jennie and Angelina are really at Hinder-nines. Oh it is just wonderful. Oh I know a little girl who has a brother-almost like dear good Penrod, and she told us all about it. Oh he was a dreadful one day when a bad boy named Roger stuck his little sister. The bad boy was so scared he ran away after that. Oh -- oh Penrod is oh so wonderful."

"But goodness me I didn't think Penrod could do anything like that only a boy," said Prince J. James looking at the head lines over and over again. "I don't understand how Penrod could have done all this but he did."

"I couldn't hardly believe it at first either," said Joice. "Oh James how lovely it would be if we could have the chance to make for them a fine reception when they come to day. They couldn't come this morning for the storm no doubt delayed them. We enjoy the loud storm but we'd like better if it had come at day as we didn't sleep. All that noise kept us awake though we did watch the storm it was so exciting. Oh James dear how lovely it would be yet more if you and Genevieve didn't have to fight in the war any longer and could come and live with us again. And as old as she is Mrs. Jerry is so nice and pretty. Oh when they come we'll be oh so much more happier yet."

Before James could answer some one knocked first on the door and Violet and Daisy went forth to open it. It was Billy Brown himself come to see the little Princesses. He greeted the little girls in his usual unusual friendly way, and then they sat down about James bed.

"I thought you two sisters were back?" said Billy looking disappointed. "I'm afraid it was a false alarm and yet you look so happy again."

"No it wasn't said Joice" as Billy hastily hung up his rain jacket, and sitting down on a chair between the girls he drew Daisy to his side and she placed a friendly arm around his neck. "He spoke to Jennie and Angelina ourselves. The storm delayed them. There must have been a flood in camp."

"And the paper read a lot of it," said Violet and she handed the boy the news.

"There was a pause and Joice's arms had tightened about two of her other young sisters Hettie and Catherine, and when Billy spoke his voice though low, and steady was very kind for he was always a kind boy, and a crazy over-good little girl.

"It makes me feel good to see you little girls are happy again," said he. "I could you be more happier if they came here now?"

"Of course it would," said Violet. "Penrod done a dreadful thing to the enemy for what they did to Jennie and Angelina, and it served the Glandelinians right. I've read about wonderful boy and girl scouts in books, and I know a little girl who has a boy like that too. Oh Billy will you stay with us until Penrod comes with our sisters?"

"I'd sure be glad to," said Billy grinning as he read the news. "So Prince Penrod smashed that Glandelinian cavalry with only boy and girl soldiers. Gosh I'm sorry; a wasn't in that fight. I'd like to have struck a blow for you and them too, and no boy and girl scouts got hurt. That's better still."

"Oh Billy" said Hettie "don't you think you might persuade Penrod to join his boy scout troop --- he likes you very much."

"I might try," said Billy still grinning "but perhaps it wouldn't be of any use. I belong to the Tigers and might not be able to be transferred."

"Oh yes it would --- I'm sure it would," said Violet. "That is it would if you would tell him we told you to ourselves. You have been his friend and we too have come to love you so very much. If you want to have good adventure you could join the vivianites. They are all good ones too."

Billy laughed.

"You funny beautiful little girl angel," he said kissing the flushed face. "Yes I'll try, but suppose you brothers were to say he would only let me be in his troop on one condition, what would happen then?"

"What kind of a condition?" asked Joice anxiously.

"The condition that I should be his aide de camp."

For one moment, Violet and her sisters sat and stared in blank amazement, but Joice who was a little older and had caught the note of gladness in Billy's voice had already grasped the whole situation and flung both arms around Violet's neck.

"Oh James dear, and my dear best sister and friend," she cried half crying and half laughing "don't you understand what he means. He will be a boy scout in Penrod's Penrod's command and as an aide de camp."

"And when he comes here with Jennie and Angelina oh sisters dear won't you be happy?" said James.

"Happy?" repeated Violet "why wouldn't we be. We sure know it is true -- that he and dear Jennie and Angelina are really coming."

A few minutes later late Joice looking extremely happy now though her eyes were red, and with her smallest sisters Daisy and Hettie clinging to each hand, and followed by the others went out to meet Jack Evans who was coming down the hall with Hendro Dargan. At the sight of Jack Evans who was coming down the hall hand and springing forward threw herself impetuously into his arms.

"Oh Jack, Evans dear, Oh Jack Evans dear," she cried half smothering him with kisses. "Our sisters are coming back with Penrod. We are so glad, so glad -- I don't know what to do myself, I feel as if I'd like to fly."

And her sisters like happy robins crowded around Evans who kissed Joice and them heartily.

"How funny to think of how they were rescued, during a fierce conflict with the enemy so easily whipped, and by our little brother," cried Violet, clapping her hands, and skipping about the hall in the excess of her excitement and delight.

And what we will say to Penrod when he comes. Oh he is so good to us. He smashed the enemy and rescued my sisters easy oh what fun what fun, why were we not there to join in the fight. And she went off in peals of laughter in which she was joined by all the others as she led Evans into the room to see James her wounded brother. Evans greeted Prince James warmly for he was glad to see his great friend again and getting along so wonderfully that he was sitting up in bed.

At eleven thirty according to hospital rules a visiting hour was up and Violet and her sisters returned to their room with the intention to prepare for dinner. Violet being the last, had in her excitement and hurry forgot to close the door. They cleaned their faces and hands and straightened out their hair. When she stepped out she saw Violet suddenly turned around.

"He screamed with delight and surprise. How did they come in without being heard. There stood Jennie and Angelina right before her, and Penrod was standing in the doorway grinning with Walter Starling. He heard some noise and looking saw Joice and Catherine being held by or suddenly surprised by their father."

With a shriek of uncontrollable delight, the little girls near at hand seized Jennie and Angelina in an embrace of such fervent enthusiasm that they were for the moment rendered quite speechless, and believe me their father and Penrod and Mrs. Jerry got equally as loving a reception equally as loving a reception. It was such a happy reunion and Walter Starling enjoyed it immensely.

And with all that their sorrow gone they all were able that evening to partake of a very good supper in the dining room (the boom) for guests on in the hospital on the first floor. After the supper an Angelina and Jennie took turns in telling of their experiences from the time of the attack on the train until their rescue from the Glandelinian cavalry by Penrod and his boy and girl scout (pout) squadrons.

"And your cry of my name even at that distance sounded so plaintive and full of distress that it moved me like nothing else could," said Penrod. "But as I said before there had been no need of you crying out my name for I saw you and Angelina with my powerful glasses, and saw that Glandelinian officer strike you across the face with the sabre flatly, who was he?"

"I don't know," said Jennie. James and Walter killed him at the first onrush of the attack, as the officer made at us to kill us to prevent our rescue. He was the one who had the lock key to the locks of those round things but we lost him during the big fight."

"I wouldn't beef," said to go any where with Penrod now," said Violet. "He can do almost anything for us. Only," she confessed "He wanted to go to the woods to find you Jennie and Angelina too, and we knowing the dangers of those woods wouldn't let him for fear he would be lost and never return."

"I don't don't he would have been if he had a lot of knowledge of wood craft like we have," said Jennie. "We were not lost in the forest, we were really afraid to come out until we were sure we were free of the persecutors. We knew the woods well. We were in the forest quite a while before the forest fire overtook us and drove us to the lake, and so the papers said we perished did it. Who were the rangers who found those dead bodies I wonder?"

"The head rangers of the forest," said Penrod. "As they were the only two little girls found in the forest they thought sure it was you and Angelina."

"We escaped from the flames easily and quickly," said Jennie. "And the water of the river and lake in spite of the fire was cold and clear and almost chilled us at first after facing that dreadful heat."

"Are those two women Glandelinians that were captured and who were so mean to you?" asked Joice.

"I don't know," said Jennie looking at Walter Starring. "Walter was captured by the husband of Martha and his henchmen who were dressed like Glandelinians. Maybe he knows, for the women spoke only Glandelinian."

"I'm not sure what they are," said Walter, "but their faces don't look at all Glandelinian, but foreign and so does that woman's husband. They kidnapped Angelina and Jennie from General Hirsdale's grounds. General Hirsdale sent soldiers after them but they escaped."

"And you said you had no one to witness for you Jennie," said Penrod.

Jennie looked in surprise at Walter.

"Why Walter how do you know they kidnapped me?" said he in surprise while Angelina gasped in her surprise.

"I saw them, and so did Henry Ivan. That is why we trailed them, and then ran into their confounded trap. And then he gave the details of his experience and why the Women Martha wanted to poison him and his friend. And told how cleverly they had been tied to tables, and of their rescue too by the boy scouts. "So these two women stole my sisters even with the purpose to use for their own wicked schemes and even cheated the Glandelinians who sheltered them in their camps in the bar gain," sneered Penrod. "Treacherous snakes, treacherous to us and the Glandelinians too. Stole them from General Hirsdale's headquarters and beat my sisters up. Well Walter dear your testimony during the Court 'an shall to-morrow morning will be a surprising one indeed, a shocking one. It's a good thing one of you boys stayed awake long enough that night to overhear it."

"Do you think those foolish women will face such a dreadful penalty?" asked Violet, her eyes dilated in the horror of it all. "Such an awful death?"

"That's up to the jury and who composes the jury," said Penrod. "Father said early this morning that I am to be the judge, but the trial will be in a Tribunal in a building of this city, and the jury this time by his orders will consist of his staff generals. What ever sentence they'll decree."

"But if it comes about it'll be a horrible death for those women," said Catherine.

"Maybe so but they put their foot into it not me," said Penrod. "You know the law in this country exempt a grown person from the penalty of kidnapping in these times, unless the kidnapping had no evil designs. Then it'll be heavy fine or imprisonment only, but these women had wicked evil designs according to the testimony of Walter, and of Jennie and Angelina. The woman and her husband even double crossed the Glandelinian general Hirsdale by swiping my sister's under his very eyes. Then because they found they were hard pressed by Christian spies, the women decided to hire the escort of that caverly division, massacre, and bring them to Manley's army where they felt they could be safe from interference by the spies. I intercepted that move in the bud. I didn't capture the women. Walter James and Tim did and the generals double crossed him too who was killed by lightning in that storm last night. So he is out of the trial."

"Why was he struck by lightning during the storm?" asked Jennie who with Angelina had not held a single word about it.

"Yes indeed he was," said Penrod. "The sentries who guarded him were killed also. There were many places struck by lightning last night. It was some terrific storm."

"Oh I wouldn't like to be in his place now," said Violet, feeling dreadfully shocked. "Our blessed Lord died to save all souls and yet these Glandelinians won't repent and save themselves. Such an awful number of those poor miserable fools being killed in battle. Some body said to me once almost jokingly that if this war goes on for another couple of years there won't be room enough for all the dead Glandelinians in Hell. It is terrible."

"But surely it isn't our fault," said Penrod. "Even as good as you little girls are you cannot even by prayer and your sufferings bring the conversion of cruel Manley whom you said was long before the war your friend. Now he is an enemy that not only won't repent, but is so wicked, harsh and cruel, and have done such dreadful things that cannot with out sin be described of or written that all Heaven itself won't listen to your prayers for his conversion. If a man is in that situation then I'm afraid mostly all the Glandelinians under him and his Confederates are equally as bad if not worse. I'm afraid they do things that even in this life God seems to refuse to forgive them for. Think Hirsdale's bad luck about that lightning was a plan from Heaven. He was responsible for Jennie and Angelina being in the hands of those two cruel women and I believe God waited for that thunder-storm to strike back. But he was saved from a more horrible death which he would have received on the morning now. But what are we thinking of. It's way past our bed time and we are still reasoning up. That will father and y. And we want to get

up early to-morrow to prepare for the trial."

"Since Jennie and Angelina returned I'm so happy to go to sleep to night," said Violet. "And my sisters are too. I can see that."

"Maybe another thunder-storm will come up and wake us again," giggled Daisy.

"You sure do enjoy the thunder-storms," said Penrod. "Some people are scared to death when it thunders and lightnings. But I don't believe there will be any to night, and it is not quite so sultry either and a fine breeze is blowing in through the open windows. That ought to give us a chance to make up for the sleep we lost last night."

The generals selected to be the jury in the Tribunal couldn't be on hand because of activities threatening again along the Christian lines, and they could not get off duty to be there. It was a sort of disappointment to Violet and her sisters for many good reasons they didn't always like jury duty. Most of all the boy and girl scouts too were so busy that only a few of them could be selected, and so Violet and her four sisters and seven chiefs of the boy and girl scouts had to serve on the jury if they wanted to see justice done in behalf of Jennie and Angelina who were the defendants. Henry Ivan and Walter Starring came to be witnesses.

Penrod was the judge and Emperor Ivan was to be the complainant. Emperor Ivan was the first to stand up and tell his own part of the story, tell of the loss, how Angelina and Jennie were missing, why, and of his sorrows and the sorrows of his daughters. Penrod though being the judge told then his story of the discovery and rescue of Angelina and Jennie and how he found them, and he showed the rings, with the chains attached. All the while the two women out in their places under heavy guard and looked quite scared. As wicked as they were, they really were weaklings and cowards.

Then Angelina and Jennie were called upon to give their testimony and they didn't leave out a single detail. They couldn't do so was to lie, and then the two witnesses gave their details, of the kidnapping, and of their trailing the kidnappers, and of their being caught, and all the other details until the boy scouts rescued them. When Martha's sister was called upon to give an account of herself, she would not stand up and say a single word.

"If you refuse to talk," said Penrod, "don't you know it'll go harder with you. You refuse to say a word in your own defense."

"I didn't kidnap the girls your sisters," said the woman shaking in her terror. "My sister Martha did, and brought them to me for fear of pursuit. I barged their hands up against the walls because they tried to beat my sister up for trying to make Angelina commit a sin."

"If I'd been there at the time you tried to make her sin I'd have done worse," said Penrod. "I'd have shot the two of you like mad dogs. What are you two Glandelinians?"

"No we are Germans. My name is Jane Zimmermann and my sister's name is Martha."

"What was the idea of kidnapping my two sisters when they were prisoners of General Hirsdale?"

"I wanted to get the reward that Manley offered for their capture and deliverance."

"But you double crossed the general to get that reward. He himself had no right to arrest them when they were only seeking shelter from a storm. I'll claim he had no right to touch them if they spied on him. His crazy generals and Manley too keep our camps alive with secret Glandelinian spies, not only try to learn intentions now but of poisoning my sisters. And you crown it all by kidnapping them with the purpose of using them for your own vile purposes. You did not kidnap them with the purpose of the reward. You intended to give Jennie to your sister and Angelina keep her for yourself and try to make them live the miserable lives you yourselves live. The whole details have been told to me. That was the idea of these?" and Penrod help up the strange neck rings and chains.

"So the little girls wouldn't get away."

"Chaining my holy little sisters as if they were the worse of felons ever known," said Penrod, his face very red. "You two are worse than the worst Glandelinians I ever met with. And your husband was complicated in it and so was another man. They were wise I suppose not to accompany you with the caverly for they must have suspected that was coming, having heard of me. Do you know that your doing is not a war act as you are foreigners instead of Glandelinians having admitted it yourselves. Your's is a vile crime, and don't you know that kidnapping of any children no matter who they are is punishable by death or by life imprisonment in this country?"

"But I didn't kidnap them from the National camps," said Martha. "I kidnapped them from General Hirsdale and they say the offense is only there and there for

proved they wanted to abuse only children of Abbeinnia to get even as they called it With Our Dear Blessed God because of the suffering and hard life they had gone through since their own childhood. They had also been treated cruelly, cruel for they too when children had been kidnapped by some body in far away Russia Russia Russia and were treated as cruelly as any one would ever do to treat children. They were all right at first then and prayed to God to cause the police of Poland and their parents to find and liberate them from their kidnappers, but as it seemed he didn't hear for no rescue came they turned away from Him when they grew older, and when finally having the chance to run away from their tormentors they soon became the women they were. Jim and her sister were responsible for the deaths of a good number of children who were kidnapped by them, and who died under their cruel treatment. They got away with all that too because in that country the kidnapping was easy to be accomplished without hindrance or punishment afterwards. I suppose they thought they could do that here too, but they put their foot into it when they kidnapped Angeline and Jennie. They only said they wanted to send them to Manley, when in fact it was their purpose to keep each one of our beloved sisters and treat them as they had the other unfortunate children. Now they have found out what it is to kidnap Abbeinnian children, and they made it worse for themselves to kidnap the Abbeinnian children of the Royalty."

"Would it be justified if those two women repented before to me now and your sisters could have the sentence withdrawn?" asked James.

"That is up to our Government authorities. For that reason then we could suspend the sentence until they are reached I suppose but I could see it in their wicked faces they would never repent of their sins. They are too deeply sunk as you say in the Slough of Despond to get out. Their hearts are too hardened by sin and hateful ness to ever repent, for then them to repent would be a miracle. Violet and her four sisters were told never to tell it I know, not to any one, but they had the vision of an angel in the Jury Council room for I could tell that by their strangely transformed appearance when they came out so quick and decided the verdict. True certain reasons that angel knew the women would not repent and decided the sentence himself. No one can tell me about persons or person persons meeting with angels. I can tell that on appearance without them telling me. I'm surprised those women were not stricken by the angels, when they beat out two good little sisters for refusing to sin, but then many awful things have been done to all of them by the Glandelinians and nothing happened right away. But they met the most dreadful fates afterwards. My sisters told me. There's their enemy James Deldon for instance. Wanted by the Glandelinians as well as by us. My lotze wants him for stealing Jennie from his lines when the general had made out her freedom papers to give her back to Manley. That's a crime in even Glandelinia. If a child slave is set free by a Glandelinian general it is a death penalty for any one to steal them away to sell into slavery again. I don't know what he did to our side, but great rewards are offered for him by our own authorities. But he is said to be the main enemy of my sisters, and he also caused Violet to be accused of something she never did and that was of setting a big child slave place full of children on fire, and of concealing dynamite in her pockets when it was done by the same party who set the fire himself. Deldon knew, the guilty one, he hired that man to do it, and hired him to stick the explosives in her pockets as a proof that Violet was the fire bug. HE'd get the worse deal from us if ever he was caught again. But he always escapes."

Vivian Girls accomplish a great spying exploit.

VOLUNTEERS. VOLUNTEERS.

It was three weeks after the frightful battle of Arentburg Run or Glorinda, and the ravaging force at first for the enemy to win this great battle, was like the wicked expecting to merit his avenging. All seemed gone for the moment. The losses of the foe had been unspeakably terrific, horrible in killed and wounded alone, and great numbers had been taken prisoners.

Terrible had the losses of the Christians of the Christians in prisoners, greater than what the enemy had suffered, but as formerly as other times, as Hanson himself knew, the enemy were never able to hold any great number of prisoners, and during all the war up to this time innumerable Christians prisoners had made their escape, and returned to their Christian lines. The situation was indeed indeed seriously surprising, for the three vanquished Manleys. Their hopes of holding the Arentburg Run region was out of the question, and even the very first week after the battle, the whole remaining remnants of the shattered Glandelinian army, had retreated for the distance of 200 miles, and were still retreating with the conquerors in full pursuit.

Despite the harrowing experiences of the bloody battle, the Christian side was very joyful over the great victory that had been won and the whole Christian army was in high spirits. The Vivian Girls also, and all their friends showed their rapture over the great victory, having rapidly forgotten the harrowing scenes of the titanic conflict.

Violet and her sisters enjoyed the long and vigorous march, which had hardly been stopped as long as the wicked order of God kept on retreating. All that distance the pursuing Christians had kept the enemy running in a single oration of confusion, and thousands of Christians had been taken for every dash. It was the biggest and most headlong rout of the largest giant Glandelinian army in the war before. Bicknell had been separated for over fifty miles, from the main body, his army being scattered. He hesitated at the delay to the response of his resignation, which he had sent in, and in secret, glad that the Christians had been so victorious, he gathered as much of his army as possible, and purposely allowed himself to be surrounded, surrendered, and to stay away from the wicked enemies of God, he refused to accept a parole, which was offered, by General Evans who knew of his recent kindness toward Violet and her sisters. Shoenann's army was scattered like the leaves in a hurricane, and had been driven forty miles from Manley's army. Other various commands had been scattered just as bad, and many other divisions had been disorganized beyond recovery.

Many times during the retreat, the three Manleys had strove desperately to rally the army which was so widely scattered, but in vain, nothing could be done, and the retreat continued in the same hopeless panic. Manley had been driven within two weeks time to the distance of over eight hundred miles, in a continuous rout and with further losses, that was appalling, and by this time every division of the army, was within two hundred miles of the coast. Ten times the three Manley's in succession, narrowly escaped capture.

They had been about to give up all hope when unfortunately a new Glandelinian army under General Garfield Joseph Barling, stopped in the way and though they could not under any conditions, stay the Christian advance for the time being, they spread themselves as far with batteries and artillery, and fought battles of severe and savage character at Atina, Bauciu, Quicksilver, Chmarea, Bellington, Gibson Crawford, Crawford, Brendal, Mellans, Kimball, Teshney, Motrose, Hendricks at Glare, Kaufmann, Heddaran, Feltenburg, Bicknell, Allenberger, Glade St Glare, Glade St Glare, Adelo, Cantania, Candale, Gibbons, and Cockington that they managed to cover the retreat of the scattered armies under the three Manleys, but as yet there was no help for the three Manleys to help their scattered and scattered together again.

Even with their slight successes, it took very savage fighting with the wicked order, and the Glandelinians within those two weeks of severe conflicts occurring November 18th or starting that date I mean, suffered the horrible loss of 29,417,339, in killed wounded, and prisoners.

for Hanson's army, and all the others soon found themselves, far from all foes, and all along had their own line of war they had drove the Manley's clean out of Claverina, and Angolinda, and were waiting for the first notice, from the Angolindian and Abolomulan governments to rush their great armies into Glandelinda for the first and final issue.

In every one of these twenty nine battles, the Christian loss was in killed, and prisoners, had been 3,000,555 or over, but many thousands of the prisoners, had escaped, and thus increased the losses surprisingly. The war indeed was carried on in a surprising manner.

As a new army of Glandelindians confronted general Jack Evans, army, and as he felt through some reasons that nothing could endanger the little girls now, he decided to send them with all the other boy friends, to learn the intentions of the two Glandelindian generals. He sent them, and as he was soon to realize to the undoing of this Glandelindian army. Quickly an assembly the little girls prepared themselves for the interior and toward evening set out.

The Glandelindians in this new army did not know the Vivian girls as the others did, and they were readily mistaken for Glandelindian boy scouts. The Glandelindian general in command of the whole army also did not know the little girls, and thinking that they were with their boy companions boy scouts, sent by Manley, gave them the post important papers, concerning his positions, the extension of his line, how many men he had, how strong his batteries of cannon were, and the names of all his staff generals, besides his own name.

The little girls were able to go with their boy friends, from camp to camp, secretly writing down everything they detected, and then receiving a message to take to Manley, they set off toward his lines by rail, but did not intend to take the message as supposed, but to spy on him also.

After leaving the camp he however, and before they started, Starring was sent to take the important papers, to the girls to take them which he did, the rest waiting until he returned.

Then boarding a train, which was going toward the town town in front of which Manley's lines were concentrating, they reached, it in two days, and then leaving the town they sent off toward Manley's small army.

This small force had been only partially rallied along the southern part of the Glandelindian boundary line. Approaching the vicinity of the enemy's lines, the army halted to survey its positions, and as they were thus halted, who should come toward them, but the three boy scouts who resembled Starring and his companions, who had made prisoners of the little girls at Claverina.... The three scouts really recognized the party without doubt, but as the three boys started to dash away, all in the party opened a withering fire and brought down their horses. The three boys seeing themselves cornered, threw up their hands. The party rode up to them, disarmed the three boys, and tied their arms behind them. Finding papers on the three lads, others were made for the rest, and then the three lads were forced to lead them within Manley's lines.

"If you once open your mouths, or betray us, we'll make you know how you made us feel, when you treated us like dogs, at Claverina, when we were in Baldwin's camp as prisoners." Said Violet. "You tell the guards that we are the Vivian girls, and we'll show you like dogs. Forward."

The three boys realizing the nature of the little girls, obeyed without a word, and soon they were secretly within Manley's lines.

The three boys were then led to a solitary spot, where high grass grew, and here they were tied hand and foot, and left to lie there, and to await their rescue by any Glandelindian soldier, or guard who would happen to see them. They were not within the heart of Manley's lines, and they realized that they had to be careful. They were questioned by many soldiers, but not recognized, as they were disguised too cleverly.

Soon as they were passing down a company street, one of the little girls having a substitute message for Manley, a general rode up to them hastily. It was General Myloto himself, and he recognized the little girls, and their companions. But as fierce a fighter as he was, and a Glandelindian, he was human, and did not allow his soldiers to seize them, stating that he had recognized their favorite boy scouts, and lying, in saying that he never saw the Vivian girls, and that the children were some others.

It was evident that General Myloto was going to resign command as he had no hope of seeing the end of the Glandelindian war....

He stopped his horse abruptly and dismounted. "I recognized you spies." He said in a whisper. "But I do not care what you are going to do. But for God's sake be careful. If any of my wicked officers recognized you I will have to re-arrest you, and will have a tremendous time, in getting you out of their clutches."

He gave them advice and warning, and then remounted and rode away. Presently up came General Ambrose Fuller, he recognized them also. At his presence however, they suddenly dashed away and were out of sight, before any of the wicked and bad men saw them, and forgetting himself in his own excitement General Ambrose Fuller shouted: "SPIES IN THE NAME OF GLANDELINDIA! HA! HA! SPIES. SPIES."

"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU GUARDS! ASLEEP ON DUTY? THE VIVIAN GIRLS AND A COMPANY OF THEIR BOYSCOUTS ARE WITHIN OUR LINES."

There was a hubbub in a moment, and the company street was swarming with a stream of excited soldiers.

"Which way did they go?" cried one of the officers. "I do not know," thundered the frate general. "But they are in the camp. I'm honoring, murdering, and massacring children, but will not stand for any dog-dogged spies, no matter who they are. They are in the camp and must be captured, but not molested and roughly treated understand!"

A search was immediately started. Squads of men examined every portion of the camp, every possible place for hiding, while many others wandered into the woods and fields, and so rigid was the search, that if the little girls had really fled the camp, they would have been captured without delay. But their hiding place was literally in Ambrose Fuller's tent, and as he came to be discovered there, it could not get him to raise the alarm, when the whole party covered him with pistols.

"We are fir friends of yours, and we know your recent kind, ness of you toward us, but nevertheless we don't care to take any chances at all." Said Violet. "You no doubt would not have us shot, but nevertheless you yourselves are warlike in the hands of Manley and so we don't take chances with even you. We have paid you an unexpected visit, and call the searchers you may do so if you wish, but before we are captured, you will not take us children alive. You have once been good to us, but by your commands we have heard you utter just a moment ago we believe you have changed, and so do not trust you any more. Boys tie him up quickly."

The order was obeyed. The general desperate as he was, being too wise to resist the children when he knew as well they tied him up, and gagged him, and fastened him on the bed, they set two boys to watch for the Glandelindians, while the rest sat to work reading the contents of the tent.

They found a number of important letters which they took possession of, important documents, giving the details of the intentions of the three Manleys, how far the separated Glandelindian armies were still scattered, and of the strength and positions of the scattered armies. Ambrose Fuller in the meantime tried to work himself loose but of no avail, Violet and her sisters having tied him too firmly.

The important letters the little girls gave to Starring, and General Penrod, received something else, while the other boys got the remainder, and the little girls dispatched them to make a getaway, and bring the important papers to the Christian lines as soon as they got separated from them.

Then the two boys who were on guard, seeing the Glandelindians approaching the tent, gave the warning, and seeing that the coast was clear, in the rear, they quickly scrambled under the tent and made toward a building, a couple of hundred feet from it.

It being exceedingly dark, and it is possible for the approaching Glandelindians to see the fugitives. The children ran into two guards however, who would have yelled, but the boys threw them down by tripping them, and then hit them with the butts of their guns, rendering them senseless. The lads with the important papers, managed to secure four horses, there being four of the, and off they raced madly for the rear of the army's line.... They passed safely without detection through the whole camp, but racing past the sentries so widely they were heavily fired upon.

Two of the boys were dismounted, but the other two hastily held their comrades onto to their own horses, and shooting down all that dared to pursue they managed to escape through the line of confused sentries and raced down the road through the open woods....

This incident caused such excitement, that the Glandelindians were fully aware that there were successful and most dangerous spies among their lines. The soldiers who had been approaching Fuller's tent went in and finding him tied up, released him. He was so mad and humiliated over the affair that he blamed all of these spying parties, declaring that it was from their lack of watchfulness, that the spies had been able to surprise him and that under no conditions would he lead or direct the pursuit, and search, and he did not give a care if they were never caught.

"And he said: 'If you capture the children bring them to me. If you do anything out of the way to them I'll make you wish you had never been born. I They are spies, and it is right before God Almighty to shoot them as spies, but just the same I'll allow no children, no matter who they are to be murdered in cold blood. They are prisoners, remember, prisoners, and not dogs understand!' And under his breath he muttered: 'What a damn fool I was to expose them. I simply forgot myself that's all. And now there is no telling, but that they suspect me as a wicked enemy, and so may treat me as such. For my part I heartily hope they get away, because if they do get captured, they will be hanged like mice. If they run into my path again I'll allow for my mistake. To harbor them who are doing their best to defeat the wicked Manleys, whom I hate myself, worse than a poisonous snake, is no wrong or treachery, and I could not have committed treachery toward God for exposing them. But I forgot my self.'"

In the meantime the little girls unknown to him, had hid between his tent and the one adjoining, not being seen in the darkness, and had heard all he said. They had realized it was almost impossible to reach the house quick enough to escape capture, and so had taken refuge between the tents, determined to fight to the last should they be discovered. They were confident now that Ambrose Puller was just the man they had held the opinion of. They decided however to avoid his men at all costs, for they knew that Ambrose Puller was more treacherous and would not obey his commands. So as soon as they knew the coast was clear, they hurried quietly and quickly toward the building, having rapidly changed their disguise, appearing now asurchins, being dressed in rags, having secured these clothes, out of pullers tent, which a shirt was used by Glandelinian boyscouts.

They reached the building, showed their passes, to the guards, and were admitted into the house. At this time the three Glandelinian boyscouts had been found, tied hand and foot, in a field of tall grass, and the news of this discovery passed through the Glandelinian camp and the Glandelinians were more elated than ever.

The officers were more determined that the spies must be taken, that the soldiers will be held responsible if they do not capture them as soon as possible. A bunch of men soon came up to the house, the officers demanding of the guards:

"Have any boyscouts gone in here?"

"No" Was the answer, "But eight ragged Glandelinian children, were here, and as they showed a pass, we permitted them to enter the building."

"Why you doggone Jackasses, those were the spies."

Thundered the officers. "They have changed their disguises, and even fooled you guards. If they have escaped I'll hold you guards responsible. Forward boys. Twenty of you men surround every exit, and lower window of this house. I and the rest will go in and search for the spies."

His orders were soon carried out, and a quicker than it takes to write it, there was two men at every window, while the officer and the rest of the men went into the house. But they had been too late. Knowing that the place would be surrounded and searched, the little girls had immediately left the building by the cellar trap door, in the rear, and had gone to a part of the camp where nothing of the excitement as excitement was as yet known, and having rechanged their uniforms, were not recognized. They managed by moonlight to take in every detail of the camp, writing down the number of tents they could estimate, and strolling among the batteries, secretly counting the guns as fast as they could, taking them by the forties, and soon had a sufficient number down, when they were approached by three artillery officers.....

"What in the name of Neptune are you children doing here?" Said one of the officers sternly. "Get away you boys or I'll have you punished."

The little girls hurried away, but when the officers were gone, they returned, and counted more of the guns. Then as the officers were approaching again the little girls hid under one of the big guns.

"I thought I saw those boys here again." One of the lieutenants said. "Do you know Bob, I'm suspicious that they are not Glandelinians, boyscouts, but spies!"

"It's true." Said another of the officers. "They are boys exceedingly pretty pretty, and it's unusual to find such beautiful boys. I think they are the Vivian girls."

"You don't say." Cried another lieutenant. "If it is so, we had better get the men search the batteries for them."

The officers at once hurried off and gave the orders. Violet and her sisters however did not wait for the men to begin the search but scampered away into the darkness.....

The the Glandelinians however saw them, and open opened fire, the lights of the many flashes revealing the fugitives darting behind a row of trees and open fire in return.

"Turn some of the cannon of on those trees." Shouted one of the officers. "That'll get them."

Violet and her sisters heard the wicked order, and in the darkness skipped away, to some other part of the camp, and when the foe fired without result, and then searched for the little girls, they could not be found, and the officers and the soldiers, were flabbergasted beyond what we can even think. Now the fun really began. While over 100,000 Glandelinians were searching everywhere possible for the little girls, they were on the pose of Glandelinian boyscouts entering general Gueban Manley's headquarters, which was in the middle of the camp.

They had managed to slip into the room where they observed the Glandelinian generals together in conversation, and hid behind the large portiere hanging in front of the big windows.....

"It's surprising how these christian dogs licked our armies so thoroughly." Said Gueban Manley. "It will be a long time before I or my father and brother can ever engage the Abbeismians again. And our armies are so scattered that we don't know what to do. If the other armies can hold out so successfully in Galvelinia, we may yet be able to revenge our terrible defeat. But we must keep our mouths about the weakness of our condition.....

Evans is confronting general Linx's army and if he only knew his strength he would not stand there long, and it would be a matter of with general Linx or Lynx. I am only 20,000,000 strong, all my other divisions are widely separated, and mostly without resources. My brother John Manley has an army over 45,000,000 strong and Father only has a company just now of about 1,500 men, and is going his best to recover the scattered divisions. So it is seen what a condition we are in. He says dogs yet though, if we hold out, and if the armies which are still in Galvelinia succeed in holding off the other various christian armies, all will be well. And my examining this map which I tore out of a geography, I have discovered a way to frustrate all these dirty christian dogs. General Garrison, and his brother Jemite, are concentrating along the northern extremity of the Aronburgs gun. The ph the navies and warships which we hold in Galvelinia, are in possession of the Abbeismians we have extra strong navies at home, and these we can send up the various rivers, and bombard the christian so dogs from their positions.

If successful we could then try and retake our lost fleets, and if successful in this surprise enterprise, also sent the whole combined to retake McWhirther and recapture Vivian Wokey.

Simultaneously we could send strong armies on land them, and have them assault Fort Marousian and Gibraltar by rear.....

"It's a grand plan" Said general Leo Costello which had put in such a hurricane storm of artillery at Aronburgs gun, but it is risky and if unsuccessful will result in a series of horrible disasters. The strongest Abbeismian fleets are swarming like fish in the bay of Vivian Wokey, and

general Evans and Everette True are concentrating all along the landside with forty divisions of Abbeismians, all Concentinians, and to force this great line of 400,000,000 men and 1,500,000 field artillery is a hazardous difficulty. Besides we are not sure if we'll succeed in full filling our plans. The Vivian girls despite the efforts of our men, and officers, are still at large among our camps, and will learn everything."

"They will be caught don't you worry." Said Gueban Manley with a snap of his jaws. "They could not get in here anyhow as the house is too well guarded, and if they did get in, escape would be entirely impossible.

But never mind about them. It's my plans I want attention to. I propose next to withdraw my shattered armies, southward, set word to the king that Glandelinia is threatened with invasion by the Abbeismian and christian dogs, and beg him to organize armies by draft to repel the trespassers. If the king can mobilize the men and have an army of about 556,000,000 men in three months the christian dogs won't progress far in their invasion. I can tell you no matter how many they are against us... The main thing we sorely depend upon, in case of invasion is the strongholds of Progenia or Titantic Fair, a series upon series of fortifications built by the Glandelinian government which took eighty years to build, and which extend for two hundred miles.

These are series of fortifications in a circular form, with a wide space of fifty miles, the entire circle being about two hundred miles round, with a strong fort for every mile. Every city which had been attacked during the first invasion of the christian dogs are now guarded by new series of forts added to these, and so no matter if all our armies are driven from Galvelinia, if Titantic Fair holds out Glandelinia will never be conquered.... But this

Christians do not know the strength of these forts, or they will besiege them and harass them till they fall, and will not attack them recklessly as we hope. Each fort is armed with fifty big guns, that throw shells for over twenty miles. In the combined forts, there are other guns numbering over 300,000 in all. They are also surrounded with six lines of sentries, also mounted with heavy cannons. The only way we can fool the Christian dogs, about the fortifications of Atlantis Fair, is by publishing in papers, stating apparently as it would seem, one each other, that the fortifications are very weak and could not hold out against a single assault. Christian dogs are sure to secure these newspapers, and they will spread it among the Christian armies, who will then not suspecting their real strength, attack with recklessness, and we can bring them down to annihilation. No doubt the greater number of us will be thrown against these fortifications, and with these disadvantages, the strength of the Christian dogs will be so badly impaired, that we could end the war just where we want to and show the Christian dogs that wickedness can win any time we want it in spite of the help of all in heaven. "U"

Violet and her sisters had in the meantime wrote down separately all that general Johnson was saying, and thought it the most desperate and peculiar plot of the entire war. The last sentences of Manley however they did not write as it was blasphemy. From where they were, they could see every one, of the wicked glandelinian generals, and every outline of the room besides. There was besides Johnson Manley, Black Brooks, Josephine Jensen, Adelaide Garbo, the new Raymond Richardson Federal, Leonida Helmondia, McKnell, Leonida Helmondia Regina, and twenty other superior officers whom Violet and her sisters had never seen before. Johnson McWhirther was also there, being among the twenty and so was the second general, Jingerand. The table at which they were standing, or sitting, was covered with a large map, which Manley now proceeded to examine. For fifteen minutes he was silent, then he continued, in a more lower tone, which however the little girls heard plainly:

"This is a map which shows the many principal principal seaports of Gl Galvandia closed against us, by the dirty abbeasimians. This is our greatest menace. With this blockade on we could not land fresh armies by either the west or north of Galvandia, and by the south we would have to march them, which we have done at the outbreak of the war, the Christian dogs having stopped all running of every southern train and Northern and eastern lines as well.

If we could get our armies transported up the great Angelinian and Grindia rivers, we would accomplish wonders, but if it could be done, I do not think it could be accomplished without serious loss in lives and ships, as the rivers are patrolled by abbeasimian and Angelinian warships. Now the only way out of the problem is, to strike down all opposition and--"

Violet accidentally upset a vase standing on the window sill, and it fell to the floor with a crash. At once the glandelinian generals were aroused, but before they could make a rush toward where the sound came from, the little girls were out of the building and away into the darkness, having leaped out of the windows which had been open.

Though not having seen them, one of the officers picked up Violet's ribbon, and from this they knew who had been there, and felt sure that all their well made plans were useless. To organize a searching party they did not, knowing it was impossible to capture the little girls.

"It's all off!" said Adelaide Garbo. "It was the desperate little Vivian Girls. They would dare anything to learn our intentions. To capture them is impossible. The war is lost this is all there is to it."

Josephine Jensen said nothing, neither did the others but they looked disconcerted, while Manley alone who commanded the guards, for not being watchful was furious, and he blasphemed God and uttered the vilest defiance against Him and all the living creatures in heaven, and stated that if he had the power he would bring all the devils to fight the Christian dogs and God too. He alone was bound to have Violet and her sisters captive captured, and ordered the whole camp in his vicinity to be scoured for the spies.

But all this availed him nothing. Indeed the brave little girls felt considerable safe any way. They had outwitted their enemies since they entered the camp a number of times, and they were surprised at it themselves. They proceeded on cautiously in the darkness. There was a series of rifle flashes and the little girls heard the whistle of bullets. They were discovered and now again the camp was discovered to be aroused, and expecting the sharp shooters to open fire again, the little girls stood behind the trees.

"Did you men see them?" cried a voice.

"Yes," was the answer from a soldier.

"We fired but did not hit them," cried another.

"They're in hiding somewhere," shouted a captain. There was a hubbub of voices, and a number of figures strided past the trees behind of which the little girls were standing.

"It's strange but they are gone now," said a lieutenant. "They are impossible to capture," cried a second lieutenant. "We cannot find them in this darkness anyway."

The little girls stayed in their hiding places until everything quieted down, and then started away slowly, stepping from tree to tree, halting at every sound, peering about cautiously, and seeing to it that their automatics were well loaded.

They had gone only a short distance when a sharp challenge started them to more caution.

"Halt who goes there? Friend or foe?"

Again Violet and her sisters stood behind trees with their own pistols drawn.

"Halt in the name of me Neptune who goes there?" cried the voice again. Violet and her sisters remained perfectly still.

"I say who in the name of common sense goes there?" Again cried the voice. "How many times have I got to repeat the challenge. It's the most detested luck us glandelinians have any more. First it's spies, then it's secret excitement, on account of their depredations, now it's some disgusting plattering fire, and now it's some disgusting creature in hiding. Corporal of the guard number one. Corporal of the guard number one. Corporal of the guard number one."

There was the sound of many feet and soon a swarm of glandelinians appeared.

"What's the matter?" cried a sergeant.

"The Vivian girls must be around here somewhere sergeant," cried the sentry. Violet and her sisters heard some other voices cry out simultaneously, "For the love of God go to sleep will you."

"Go to sleep your self," cried the sergeant. "There are spies around here. What are you hollering about?"

"There is no doubt that the spies are trying to get through the lines and escape," cried another voice.

"Are let a fellow go to sleep will you?"

"Well go to sleep you poor fool who is hindering you!" cried the sergeant. "Then he continued, 'We'll have to double the guards at this section. The little devils must be caught at all costs and--'"

"Aw go to sleep will you?"

"Go and see who that boom is!" cried the sergeant angrily.

"The men did and soon returned.

"Aw it's only a parrot," said one of the men laughing. "How it got into the lines we know not." And he produced it.

There was a roar of laughter at this.

"I'll double the line of guards at this section," said the sergeant examining the parrot. "I'll make it absolutely sure that they cannot escape."

Then a full silence once more. For a few minutes over the parrot Violet and her sisters had fought a desperate battle with themselves to keep from bursting into an outright laugh. As soon as they recovered, a after laughing quietly to themselves Violet said:

"We cannot escape that way. If we tried to do so we would be shot down."

"We'll have to seek some shelter somewhere and wait until all the excitement we have caused is over. It's hopeless to try to get away just now."

"It doesn't seem possible that we could fail to go through the rear door!" asked Jennie.

"It does!" said Hattie Hattie. "We must be sure you know for if we are ever captured by Manley's glandelinians we will go to heaven before the proper time, and before we could full fill our mission for Angelinians cause. We must keep free under any conditions."

The little girls slowly began retracing their steps and finally reaching an unguarded tent and finding it empty went in.

"I guess we're safe here for a while," said gathering.

Now nevertheless here they decided to stay for a while and examine the words of Manley they had taken down.

Then they crossed with the other notes they had picked up in his headquarters and other things besides. One was a letter which ran as follows: ; ;

"Your excellency: King diandian; a
All the generals of our various glandelinian armies cannot account for the rightful number of christians prisoners who have escaped during the entire war. All those who had been captured after every battle escaped, not some, or a great number, but all, going about one hundred thousand per month or weeks. The vietnam girls have also liberated a great number of prisoners, mostly christian dogs and chil ren, and so probably are to blame for the escape of many hundreds of thousands of prisoners, per week or months, after every battle fought, won or lost.
The battles were over the entire number escaped from or after is as follows/
Cedernine,
Franklin Pierce, a
Nadge grane, Francis-tianta,
Sub Sunbean Creek,
Francis S. Ithadina gun,
De-whither and Ardolburgs gun,
Little glordina francelanna,
Big-gilthool/
Big Bethel,
Je Hine Jen de vietnam,
Himmer Hill,
Jennie Under and Jennie cry,
Erminia gun, and galverine gun,
Pantonburg, or grahame lane,
Big Lighthorn Lanning,
and Easter starring.
At these these battles the glandelinian armies ha decaptured many millions of prisoners, and after that none had remained, having all escaped and re turned to the christian lines. Your excellency if you don't listen to the aid soon all is lost."

General Phabum Manley.

This letter was quite important to the little girls, though of no importance to the christian generals and so they decided to keep it. They looked over the other contents and had just finished when it stopped in two glandelinian privates. Though taken by surprise the little girls were not caught napping, and at once covered the men with their automatics and said:

"Throw up your hands men. Your hash is cooked."
The men obeyed sullenly, and violet said:
"We are both cornered, you have cornered you and you men have cornered us, but nevertheless we are bound to escape and shall, and if you make a move toward us we'll shoot you down without mercy. Step to the rear of this tent, no not outside but here in side the place, so we will have an open door way to go through without hindrance."

"You little heads are the most dodgasted christian children that ever stepped into the earth," said one of the glandelinians.
"Well what ever you think of us we should worry," said violet as the men were obeying the command. "No names hurt us no matter if you called us devils. Only we're liable to live up to the name if you roll with us. Now then sit on that cot, that's right I see you men are not fools, and are handing us your guns, a cartridges. Now sit on that cot and if you make a move toward us you'll get shot."

The little girls now so slowly made for the door, but the glandelinians thinking they saw their chance, made for the little girls with a rush, intending to grab them, but the little girls fired without hesitation, and severely wounded the two soldiers, one in the arm and another in the leg. They fired at these parts so purposely as they did not wish to kill them in cold blood. Not daring to remain and take any chances, the little girls

and through a cornfield. The corn though old was high, and as the wind blew through them swaying the stalks it made a loud swishing sound, which almost unnered the little girls.

"We must be cautious here," said violet. "There are too many enemies about, and there is no telling what will happen."

"But we are not through with our mission already," asked Jennie.

"It might as well be finished," said violet, "We have the enemy too excited to continue our deep depredation too long, and if we stay within manleys lines too long we might be captured, and slaughtered like cattle in the slaughter houses. And we don't want to be foolish."

"That's right too," said pathwine. "We have found out as much as we possibly could and now all is well."

"And when grane got all these documents won't he open his eyes though," said Jennie. "I believe we have made the big east haul ever in our lives. We never captured such important paper, and learned such information before."

"And maybe they will not dare accomplish their schemes after they know we found them out," said Gertrude Angeline. "If y they do so in spite well then they are the biggest fools that we have ever known. But I am positive they will try it nevertheless. Manley is bound to frustrate us, I know and he may have another plan contrary to the ones we have found out."

"You're right too Gertrude," said Angeline. "And so all the other christian commanders will have to look out."

"If we could locate our fathers army all would be well," saidaisy.
"I saidaisy," then we could give him these plans, as grane really wished to do himself if he could. But then he is too far away."

As the moon came out the little girls felt safer, but for a time they remained hidden in the cornfield, for they observed too many of the wicked glandelinians and did not dare to take any chances with them. Some were already already ploughing through the fields in search for them and the little girls knew to it that their guns were in proper condition and got ready to do some fancy shooting should the glandelinians discover them too soon and arise the alarm. But though thousands of the glandelinians were in the corn field and in the woods and other fields all around searching for them, none of the evil soldiers came near violet and her sisters, and so for the time being they felt safe, but nevertheless they did not venture out of the field as yet but kept in hiding, and conversed lowly among themselves.

"I see they're bound to capture us," said violet. "Oh how I wish some of them would come nearer and even discover us, so we could do some shooting and show them that to on tire us alive now adays is impossible." And she laughed quite quietly.

They watched the glandelinians who were swarming about, prodding the ground with their bayonets, some swarming upon haystacks, and setting others on fire to make more light, and though they heard voices among the glandelinian soldiers they were talking too low and the little girls did not know what they were saying. But presently a sergeant came a loss to their hiding place and they heard him remark:

"I don't see wh we should as spent the whole dodgasted night in hunting for those dingbusted centepedes, and snakes. They've escaped and there is no dispute to it."

"But Manley says that he will take our heads off if they get away and we did not try to prevent it," said another private.

"Oh hang Manley," I do really wish those doggone vietnam girls would stay where they belong and not make us all this work. We have a persecuted them that is true, and probably they deserve persecution, but just now we know what they are and we would rather give up the whole dodgasted war than have to run and dash after them again. I hope for one that they did escape."

He and the other spokesman came right upon the little girls but they covered him with their automatics.

"We have heard your conversation," said violet. "And we appreciate it to know that you and your companion have wished to give up hunting for us. Well we'll give to that privilage. First though hand over your weapons."

"But you dodgasted little heymas we are--")

"Not a word out of you," said violet. "We will not argue with you. We are not going to make any delay either. Do as we order, or be shot down."

The two sergeants obeyed.

"Come along with us," said violet. As she and her sisters cut off some cornstalks with their knives which they had also carried with them.

The women obeyed, and as soon as they were at another point they were bound up by the little girls, the children the using the bayonet hands of the soldiers. Then after gagging them the little girls placed the corn

over the sergeants to hide them.

"Now you can stay there until we have escaped altogether, or when the men find you." Said Violet. "Lying there until they do find you will give you a good rest, and grant your wish. Good bye."

And off they skipped.

As they proceeded on cautiously they came upon a batch of glandelinian soldiers suddenly but, not being seen, the little girls did not worry, and remained hidden until they passed.

"They seem bound to get us if it takes till doom's day to do so." Said Gertrude Angeline. "How many of them do you suppose there are of the wicked glandelinians?"

"I couldn't tell." Said Joyce. "But there are thousands of them out in the vast cornfield alone. They are searching for us no doubt, for we have aroused the whole camp. The best we can do is to make straight for the christian lines, and not try any more depredations for a while."

"But we have lost our bearings and do not know which way the christian lines are." Said Jennie.

"That won't hurt." Said Angeline. "As long as we escape the desperate glandelinians all will be well."

"It does." Said Nettie. "Suppose we would be lost in the enemy's country, and in the woods with thousands upon thousands of glandelinians scouring the whole region for us. It certainly looks serious. We have thrown ourselves into worse worse peril than we believed we would."

"But we got to get away and that's all there is to it." Said Daisy. "If they see us now they would not try to capture us for they know that is impossible. They would shoot us without warning, and probably a thousands of guns would be fired simultaneously. We are in from the frying pan into the fire. Here comes another swarm now. They are reinforcements entering the cornfield at another quarter. And they look'd to be horsemen."

Indeed the glandelinians were making the most desperate search for the little girls that had ever been made before. They were not leaving a stone unturned, and the only way the little girls kept themselves from being detected, was by keeping on the move, watching, every batch of glandelinians, and preparing against any surprises. Should they be discovered, why then then they would stand their ground to the last, and shoot down every glandelinian that would come too near. But desperate as the search was none of the glandelinians except the two sergeants, whom they had overpowered overpowered had observed them yet, and so the little girls felt safer. But nevertheless they were very cautious, watching the movement of every cornstalk with the alertness of a cat, and every time to they thought they saw a man approaching, they would get ready to shoot without warning.

To take chances with these glandelinians was like taking chances with the same number of ferocious tigers on the hunt for their prey. It was the worst situation that the little girls had ever been in before, but nevertheless they were cool headed, not excited, and kept themselves hidden among the thick mass as much as possible. Incessantly they watched every movement of the distant searchers, the swaying of the corn, and was alert to every sound possible. Once when the moon went behind a cloud, they felt more nervous, for in such dark darkness a batch of glandelinians could spring upon them unawares, and murder them without their chances of giving any possible resistance.

Once when the moon was hidden for an unusual long time the little girls had been startled by voices, and heard the wild swishing of the corn, and then at this moment the moon came out, and though not seen themselves, they observed four men, all scattered searching closely among the corn, and one of them was a captain.

The glandelinians were fairly combing the cornfield for them it was evident, but it was a miracle also that the glandelinians had not been successful in finding the little girls.

The most astonishing part of this great war did not happen in Calvernia at all. There has been of course already predicted, the wholesale destruction of towns, villages, and forests, and bridges, farms and so on but it was nothing compared what other nations suffered who took part with the Angelinean nation against glandelinia's rebellion, in fighting for the retention of Child slavery and their own freedom from all christianity.

The Nations of Hickencille, Blonlinia, Abyssinkile, Protostentia, Condensencia, United States, and Normomdia were the nations who took part with Angeline and Abbisannia. Of course they were too far away for glandelinia to also fight with but she did worse without warring at all. She declared herself in a state of war with these nations, and it is true many of these nations had soldiers of great numbers fighting in the Abbisannian armies but nevertheless glandelinia had a way which she had seen was more effective than sending troops across those damnable seas to war with them.

Agents and the glandelinian gaminian members were sent to these nations and they did things that was astonishing to behold.

Since the war had reached to its fourth or third years duration it now being near the point of Gloriana the reports that were astonishing were as follows,

I. Blonlinia -- 300,000 factories, institutions and mills burned to the ground by glandelinian incendiaries who were not captured.

II. Abyssinkile. -- 900,000 factories alone burned to the ground within two years.

III. Angelinea. -- Factories destroyed not numbered, but not a one remaining that was not burned.

IV. Normomdia. -- Nation almost paralyzed as all her factories throughout the whole country wiped out by firebugs.

V. -- Protostentia -- Factories throughout three years burned down by fire bugs by the hundreds.

VI. Condensencia. -- Factories all wiped out, costing nation a hundred trillion dollars to rebuild them and greater expenses to run down the thousands of fire bugs. Owners many committed suicide over their loss.

VII. Abbisannia. -- Two hundred factories burned, big lumber mills set on fire by hundreds, oil fields burned, and biggest forests fires in world set by fire bugs destroying a score of towns within three weeks time. Abbisannia main sufferer.

VIII. United States. -- Factories menaced and some burned but nothing unusual going on as factories are too strongly guarded. People of this nation have more common sense and know how to wipe out all firebugs who start such troubles.

IX. Hickencille. -- Cannot account for the destruction of all factories throughout whole nation. Over two thousand fire bugs caught and put to death but does no good at all.

It indeed seemed evident that the glandelinian nation was bound to have revenge no matter how she obtained it. Many of these firebugs were arrested in Angelinea, Abbisannia and Angelinea in the northern section but their punishments which was extremely severe did not cow the remainder at all and only brought on assassinations of policemen detectives, and others by the score every certain day. Glandelinian agents were indeed active throughout the whole world doing all the possible damage they could, and there was many a time when a resident was not even safe if it belonged to any Millionaire who sided with the Angelinean cause, or her allies.

On account of these firebugs the biggest fires in the world especially among forested mountains and valleys raged in the western country of Protostentia and Hickencille and also Abbisannia, although no forestfire were any more reported to be raging in Angelinea.

These constant and fearful depredations horrified all the christian nations, and though all efforts to bar suspicious characters from the docks were made it seemed futile. At New Orleans (Angelinea) a one hundred trillion dollar fire was set by glandelinian fire bugs which spread at such a velocity in burning that the very buildings of the city caught fire, and it took about nearly all the fire departments in the whole section of that part of the country besides those in the city to stop the progress of this gigantic conflagration.

Of single fires it was one of the biggest fires ever known in the whole world and the smoke it made was seen two hundred miles away from the scene. It took five weeks to subdue this conflagration but nevertheless the firebugs had been caught by the Abbisannian arson commission Gemini and condemned to death by crucifixion.

A little later after this conflagration broke out another one started in New Orleans (Abbisannia) which made a \$10,000,000 loss and cost the fatality of fifty lives, of which four of the number were firemen who fought desperately to subdue the flames. In all cities all over the world in the christian nations the fire departments were constantly busy every day in the year fighting fire after fire until they wondered why the firebugs did not try to set the very world and heavens on fire at the same time.

CHAPTER TWO.

THE VIVIAN GIRLS ARE CAPTURED. THEY OVERHEAR MORE CONVERSATION. THEY SEIZED IMPORTANT PAPERS, AND ESCAPE FOR GOOD.

At this critical moment, the wild sound of galloping horses could be heard, and glancing back the little girls saw a swarm of horsemen riding at break neck speed toward them. The little girls at this time were at the end of the corn field, which was fenced in at this point, and over the fence the little girls went, a fence too high for the wicked glandelinians and their horses to get over. The horsemen were frantic at the escape of the brave little girls, for the high fence was made of nothing but barbed wire and the little girls had climbed to the top and jumped down into the cleared field beyond in ten seconds time.

The horsemen fired furiously in an effort to shoot the little fugitives down, but without avail, and the little girls returned the fire and actually dismounted eight of the glandelinians and wounded the leading lieutenant of the party. A swarm of infantry who had also been in the cleared field looking for the little girls dashed up, some climbing over the fence themselves, or going through the gates and starting in pursuit firing incessantly. But by this time Violet and her sisters had reached the opposite woods, and were again behind trees. But nevertheless they were still within the enemy's lines. They found themselves once more in Ambrose Fuller's camp. They were surprised indeed and did not know what to do. They realized the extent of the glandelinian army, apparently small as it was, and that they were flabbergasted. They were now hard pressed by the searchers on all sides, and realizing their danger the little girls decided to try their best to escape from the enemy's line, by a shorter way, and race for the Christian lines as soon as possible.

Seeing in the darkness the wicked glandelinians swarming everywhere, in search for them, they climbed the trees and hid in the foliage. At this moment General Ambrose Fuller came riding up.

"You fellows may as well search for a pin in a hay stack," he said. "For you'll not find them. So why waste your time. If you could not find them before you never will now."

"But the dodgasted little lubbers came here just a moment ago," protested one of the officers. "They came across that dingbusted field yonder pursued by Hanley's men. We saw them."

"Oh all right," said Ambrose Fuller in disgust. But mark what I tell you, you'll never catch them that's all. And he rode away smiling and grinning to himself.

It was fully five minutes before the glandelinians dispersed, and then when all was silent, and there was no one in sight the little girls came down.

But as soon as they reached the ground they heard some voice cry:

"Quick boys wake the captain from his nap up. General Ambrose Fuller from southern Glandelinia is here ain't it."

There was some mumbling without any wording distinguished, and then came a command:

"Lively ye swabs, and make er fast. We'll make a trap for the gun-doolzed little vivian snipes."

There was a few moments of intense silence and then the little girls heard some one say:

"Aho captain, all straightened out as a shark's tooth. The vivian girls if they come this way will be caught in the net."

"Then came the answer;

"Chust de same, Senor, I look sem over. I am what you call Missouri."

There was a few more moments of quiet then they heard some one say:

"Such a smile. He must be havi ng a lovely dream captain."

"Well shake him up. Was the answer. We got to get this trap finished. And Mr Missouri can't wait all day."

"Bah zat what sey all say." Was the answer, and then came the exciting exclamation "HDMEL. What issa mit the ground!"

"Back up you boob!" Cried a voice. "You'll get stuck stuck into a trap set for the vivian girls."

"You want you should give a look in general." Exclaimed another voice. There was further silence then some one roared;

"Quick George, quick. Go get ze ropes for this trap."

"Aye, aye." Came the answer, and some body else cried "Beter I go mit. Fritze is such a bungler. But remember no excitement eez permit, or ze finish eez over for the trap will be discovered ain't it."

"If the little lubbers get caught in this they will get the cleaning of their lives." Said another voice. "They have become voicer, and voicer, and one more monkey shiner from them, and bing in the nearest, death chail in. Any way dot comes from this foolish round the fields racing for sem. And if we ever capture the ding swizzled runts I giff them a war and spying fever vare sey don't suspect."

"Stop stop, you must not be excite." Cried another soldier somewhere closer by. "Gramba he have got ze ropes entangled around me instead of the stake. OO such a life with such dumblocks. And who's the fish wh wot swiped my knife --- wot. Off'n this trap we're making the whole parcel o' pirates wot ye be."

There was a few minutes of more silence, and as the little girls were wondering what was next some one started singing;

Oer ze sand ze sun is creeping in my dear old
desert home,
Where ze camel he is sleeping,
I go back no more to roam,---"

"Aw cut out that singing you boob, and do your work." Said a voice that sounded like the captives. "And what did I said about the line of ropes vot. Hit you around mr fazata we coul make a man of the moon. And the next time ven is more singing like that without orders straight in the guard house in."

"Haw haw you ain't the only smatr smartieres." Cried another voice, "Hey get out of that trap, you want it should get gespoilt. Hans pritze stop that befl befoolizing do you hear it."

"Oh hang your old trap." Cried t another voice in answer. "And didnt. I said it look out for them ding busted kids called the vivian girls. Never nefe naffer in this world iss it safe."

"Well so they are preparing a trap for us thought Violet to herself. "Well we are to sly to be caught napping."

"If we are wer going to escape this camp I wonder when?" Whispeder jenne laughing at the series of their own experiences, and over the funny way the glandelinians were talking. "Wahwe overo excited them so that they are not overlooking anything but the tree tops"

"I hear more men approaching." Said Violet....

It was true. Through the darkness from behind the nearest trees, they saw three officers approaching. Whether they were generals or lows, in command they could not tell very well in the darkness, but nevertheless the little girls decided to surprise them and secure their cartridges to add to their own. As soon as the officers were near enough, they heard one of them say:

"The general is waiting to took me to the mask ball captian, and when you iss gefixed major come over und I make you interduced ain't it."

"Yes, yes haw, haw ven I get find you von't know it's I'm." Answered the major. "But you ought to have seen one of the child slave prisoners I have. OO such a eater. The whole bill of fare she gobbles. Ah me how vunderful iss a good appetite."

"Chase und how vunderful is a gas bag also." Said another of the officers. "And brave captines. Zecostume which ye will get, he eez beyound compare..."

Violet thought to tantalize the glandelinian generals who were talking so funny and so picking up a rock throw it hitting the, or in the face.

"J. SOMBRERO, PALMETTO, HEY." He cried. "Who does it. Hey!"

"What's the matter cried one of his companions."

"I got hit with a rock. Somebody threw a rock."

Another officer received some mud in the face;

"HI SI" He exclaimed. "Loafers who ever him iss. S Zevhiskaris."

he i eez make hopeless hand wots more, him no ostler to no blooming mile."

As soon as the officers were near enough, the children sprang out, and surrounded them. The officers unfortunately uttered the loud exclamation which startled the glandelinians who were at work at the trap;

"The little brigands. Vanouse out from zizz vicinity. He surrender for ziss children. :? Neverarie."

Though the little girls succeeded in tearing the cartridge belts from the soldiers they had to run deeper into the darkest part of the camp followed by the wild cries from the men of;

"Shoot them, soak them, fire on them little guttersnips, get after them, Out with you men and after them, catch them before they beat it."

The little girls who were just then hiding behind some trees, with their at automatic drawn heard other rackets, a sound of clackety, clackety, startled them, a cry of pra-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a, ga-r-r-r-r-r al. Together boys fire away a perfect barrage, Assassinate the blooming little blighters, Raus, stop ye little devils on ze spot, and lubbers on such a night We might have known who was the luisy vuns and so on, and men giving the sounds of Puf-f-f-f-puf-f-f-f-f passed dangerously close to the little girls brandishing their weapons.

One man passed so close to Violet that he did see her, but before he could raise the alarm or bayonet her she hit him on the head with her pistol and as he fell some one who saw him cried;

"HEWEL, CORPORAL KAZINK ALI-BAZAZA ISS VENTING DOWN."

"More dirty work of them lubbery swabs, the vivilian girls but vare are they!" Cried another voice, and some of the glandelinians halted to pick him up. At once all the searches came running up.

"We have been robbed by one of the spies." Cried one of the officers. "They have taken our cartridge br belts."

"Where have they gone?" Cried one of the other leaders, who was directing the searches. But the glandelinian officer did not know, and could not give any directions.....

It was evident to the glandelinians that the fugitives were more daring, than eve, despite all their persecutions, and they were really apprehensive at the problem, and the difficulties of capturing the little girls also and the leaders of the wicked glandelinian trop troops did not know what to do. The search however was on with redoubled energy but no trace of the child spies could be found. Every where the glandelinians searched, even many climbing the trees in an effort to locate them but it was of no avail. Where they could have gone to was a mystery. At this time the little girls had been hiding in Ambrose Muller's headquarters and though not a glandelinian had any idea of it, it was discovered by the little girls that Jennie alone was missing.

"Where's Jennie? Where did she go." Cried Violet softly.

"Why she was here just a minute ago---right by my side." Said voice.

"Oh Jennie, oh Jennie cri" Cried Violet, but there was no

answer. "Oh Jennie. OH JENNIE, where are you?" She cried again but of no avail.

"Gee I hope we have not lost her---we'd neve regain her in this crowd of wild glandelinians." Said Catherine while she and all her sisters looked alarmed.

"Where can she be?" Said Nettie.

"I don't know but I'm sure she's lost." Cried Violet. "And if we do much shouting the glandelinians will hear us and get us before we can be prepared. And it will be just like the gray coated scamps to have seized her no doubt when we were fleeing. What if she is killed---we would never know---and how could we ever find her in this crowd of searching glandelinians we have just left. Oh Jennie Jennie, Jennie dear where are you?"

"But there was no answer."

"I'm sure she's gone." Said Nettie trying to be brave---little Jennie, who had been standing right by voices side, and disappeared. Some of the lg glandelinians must have gotten her."

"It's awful to have this happen, and just at this most critical time when we need her the most." Said Little Evangeline. "Oh dear, oh dear she's been

kidnapped, stole n by the glandelinians, know. What if she was murdered in cold blood by the wicked glandelinians and we would never see her again."

Just at this moment when the little girls were about giving up all hope Jennie appeared with a pocket full of oranges which she gave to her sisters and stating the cause of her absence.

"I was in the cellar looking for something to eat for me and yo she you" She said."

"And we thought sure you had been taken." Said voice. "Thanks be to god that you were not."

It was already ten o'clock in the night, and the little girls all being hungry went down to the cellar, and helped themselves to everything they could find, and examined their pockets full of bullets, which they found in a drawer, and took the two valuable revolvers they saw there, there being at the time no one in the house. The little girls helped themselves to everything they saw and then hearing footsteps below now being on the top floor, they hid under the beds in the generals' sleeping quarters.....

In a few minutes, twenty five glandelinian generals came into the room opposite. What the generals were saying the little girls did not know, but nevertheless they were bound to find out, and what ever the cost. Violet and her sisters opened the bedroom door as cautiously as possible, and tiptoed across the hall, and then hearts beating wildly with excitement, they made the long and painful process, toward the room toward which the generals had gone.

Without making a sound they reached the landing of a stair case and stood there for a moment beside a big old clock, listening to the muffled voices or a sound or of voices below. Half way near the room a flooring board creaked sharply. All sounds from the room below instantly ceased, and for a century of minutes, the little girls crouched against the wall, scarcely daring to breathe, their pistols ready for instant use.

It was a duel of silence. The only sound was the measured click click-click, click-click of the old time clock on the landing.

After a few more minutes in intense quiet, the murmur of voices continued. The generals felt it was perfectly safe. How could it be possible for any spies to get into this house, infested with many poisonous snakes, left there to guard any exit or entrance which alone would not harm the soldiers, of or the officers? And that very afternoon the generals had come around to the back door had it securely fastened, and the windows also so that no one could get in that way, and the rest of the building was well watched. The glandelinian generals should worry.

The little girls were soon behind the portieres, and listened to the words of the wicked glandelinian generals.

"Well." They heard Hanley say, "As I was saying before, when interrupted by the noise, of the creaking floor, that though those vivilian girls have discovered my intentions, I will not change my plans nevertheless and we'll do so as we proposed at any costs, let the dirty christian dogs know it if they wish. We could rush our troops as fast as possible by warships and tramp transport boats up the great mainie Run river and move on McWhirther."

"But your trying to plan something impossible." Said one whom the little girls recognized as Ambrose Miller. "To capture the great seaport of vivilian picky now is impossible. If you propose to do so your exom exolency you might as well try to capture the moon. It's impossi le--- tell you and will cost a needless sacrifice of lives. We got one lesson at Aronburgs Run and I believe it is a enough. If you propose to do this some especially without proper equipment, and without the advice of your brother John Hanley I'll step out of it if I have to lose my command."

"Very well." Said general Hanley. "You may step out if you wish I'm not stopping you." But if all of you were to go and leave me, I would not abandon my plans. "I wish to defy of God and the vivilian girls and show them that I never turn from a purpose even if it is discovered. So why kick against it? I'm fully determined to do so and so I will tolerate no interference, if you wish to resign your command do so. I will be glad to accept it."

"I did not say I was going to resign my command." Said Ambrose Miller. "I said I would step out of your scene that's all and that I would do so too come what may. I said nothing about resignations."

"Aw what's the use of fighting over it?" Said Jesipine Jensen. "Maybe we can accomplish it if all the remaining glandelinian armies in Calvernia stay their own and do not be driven out like we were. What's the use of giving up so soon. Hanley is doing it right. He knows when to frustrate the enemies of our country."

a good deal stronger now. And another of those generals to look out for is Gyverette true and iviania. With these out of the way all would be well. And maybe we would have better luck if we could get rid of those ivian girls who are the main cause of all our trouble-----

"STOP. STOP. SPIES. SPIES. SPIES." Came the sudden cries from 1 without, and it was taken up from everybody on the outside, as it was thought so sure that the fleeing ivian girls were seen. The generals at once rushed out of the room fortunately not seeing Jole violet and her sisters. There was a few minutes of quiet and then the generals came back with a disappointed look in their faces.

"They will never capture those spies," said de- Adele-ge- Garbe. "Those ivian girls called violet and her sisters are the most desperate of the christian children that any of us have ever seen. If we do capture them we can never hold them. What is the reason. I've been in favor of them sometimes, but I do not like their spying on us and would give anything now if they were captured. They could at least be held and held in a place where they could not escape from until our purposes are accomplished, and then when all is well and done, then we would release them somewhere, where they could not find their way back to the christian lines until the war is over. That would be a better plan than murdering them, and which if it was done would only cause our utter ruin. They say if the ivian girls were slain, it would discourage the angolinians, but it would not discourage them any more than if they were winning the war right at this minute. They would only be worse because they would desire revenge for the deed."

"You are probably right," said general Jesipine Jensen. "The angolinians think a lot of the ivian girls, and I do myself in some ways because I admire their bravery, but then a spy is a spy, and they at least deserve to be held as such until we can find it convenient to place them somewhere else where they will not be able to do any further spying. But to massacre them would be our undoing."

"I would not heed to such plans," said Manley. "It's my opinion that we would have better luck to have them little brats out of the way and nothing else, and that is by destroying those little gutter-snipes. They have caused us the worse of trouble and I will not tolerate their interference. They are worse in their ways than a true treacherous snake and I would tell any one that too, even God himself."

"Well," said Adele-ge-Garbe. "But it is exceedingly dangerous to do so and would bring the vengeance of heaven down upon us in a way we would not realize. I for one will leave them little ivian girls alone, and no matter what will come of it I will see that nothing is done to them in case they get captured, than what I just proposed. I'd like to see any of my men murder them, and they would go up on the cross as sure as our Lord did him self. And I mean it too."

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General Federal who had been sitting by a small round table with his elbow on the top had been precipitated to the floor head first, as a part of the top of the table gave way, and thus for the sound he made. The general was enraged and he cried:

"Of all the dod-rotted luck. First the peculiar noise, then the moosis, then the dod-gasted excitement about escaped spies, and now this ding-fool9-ding-fool9 table."

At this moment with a swish the portier behind the wicked glandelinian generals parted, and they swung around every muscle set for a rush, and hands at their pistol holsters. Just inside the curtains, stood eight of the most beautiful little girls and children dressed in boyscout uniforms who had ever faced them, the brown figured boyscout uniforms splashing the blue draperies. From ramb-rumped hair, to firm a small feet, every line of the little but sturdy figures of the supposed eight little boys radiated complete, furious, and wild defiance. Their blue eyes flashed in indignation and their jaws were firm and square. "You have discovered us too quickly despite our caution," said violet coolly. "But every one of you glandelinians are our prisoners instead. Sit down in your chairs."

"Aw g'man out of here," commented Ambrose fuller rather at a loss how to deal with such a situation and being very reluctant to that Manley was with the officers, at this occasion.

"We will not and can not obey your command, as perhaps Manley and the rest of his officers will not let us unless we force them," retorted Jennie. "Ambrose you are a better general than we thought you were, and regret the way we treated you in your tent. As for the others, and for Manley, they are no friends of mine." The little girls produced their automatics from behind their backs and leveled them at the wicked glandelinian generals who were grouped near the table.

The glandelinian generals recognized the ugly blue things, which were leveled at them. They knew that the little girls could do some shooting and they were worried. They glanced toward their own revolvers which lay on the table, and took a step toward it.

"Don't you go for those guns," cried the little girls quickly. "If you intend to disobey do so, but we can shoot quicker than you glandelinian generals can, and a number of you will be killed."

The dull blue automatics held by the little girls at arms length was now pointing directly at the men.

"Hey," said Jesipine Jensen backing away, "point those things the other way. They might go off. What do you want us to do anyhow?"

"We want you generals to sit right there until I get three of us up to you to your chairs. That is what we want you to do."

Manley himself became threatening.

"If you don't surrender yourselves as our prisoners," He began, advancing and scowling fiercer fiercer, "I'll break every bone in your bodies you damn little guttersnipes."

"Stand still." Came sharply from the small figure in front of him and the glandelinian general stopped short. "We mean business we do, and if you advance toward us another foot we'll show you if we are guttersnipes or not."

Their little voices were meant to be thunderous but it was angelic and childlike childish enough in that big dining room. For a few minutes they all stood watching each other. Manley and all the glandelinian generals were thinking how ridiculous it was for them to be thwarted by the little daughters of the great christian general, and the more they thought of it the angrier they grew. Kids like them spoiling the entire war for them. It was exceedingly humiliating and tantalizing.

"We've fooled around here long enough," Manley decided suddenly. "I'll give you little snips just one minute more to surrender yourselves, to us, and if you are still out stubborn by that time, why we'll tear you to pieces that's all."

He took his one hundred dollar watch from his pocket and glared at the little girls. For the seconds that followed the little girls could hear their hearts thumping with the excitement and joy at the dismal discomfiture of Manley and his wicked generals. They did not waver in the least, and not only stayed their post but fought a desperate battle against the dark fire to burst out laughing.

Slipping his watch into his pocket, Manley with a fierce blasphemy rushed forward. Five steps he took, the other generals stepping aside in knowing what would follow. There was a quick bark, there was a ringing crash as a cut glass vase on the sideboard burst into a thousand fragments, which sped tinkling in a dozen different directions across the plaid polished wood, and a cry from Manley as two bullets hit him in the left shoulder. The little girls had purposely fired at random, not wishing to kill him in cold blood wicked as he was. White to the lips and twitching galvanically, the glandelinian generals instinctively raised both hands over their heads, while Manley stopped short nursing his wounded shoulder. Fascinated, they could not take their eyes from the muzzles of the weapons which never wavered, and kept steadily to a point uncomfortably near the pit of their stomachs. Then things began to happen. Glandelinian soldiers rushed in others began banging on a door, and a startled exclamation burst from the lips of Ambrose Fuller as the little girls leaped through the open windows, and rushed away with glandelinian soldiers swarming after them, and firing away like mad.

Just as he and all the other glandelinian generals were also rushing out Ambrose Fuller wondered to himself:

"Do they grow all the kids in the Angelinian Nation like the vivian girls. I never saw braver children, and hope they do escape."

THE VIVIAN GIRLS LEAVE MANLEY'S LINES AND GET CAPTURED BY ANOTHER GLANDELINIAN ARMY.

Again it was found impossible to find or locate the vivian girls. Again Manley had been frustrated and he was at a loss of what to do. The little girls in the meantime, knowing how fierce and furious the glandelinians were now, decided to leave the camp entirely having learned and discovered all they wanted to know. They passed one company street after another without being molested but as they reached the outskirts of the enemy lines, and found it difficult to proceed, they at once hung back gripping their guns. Their eyes suddenly bright, they tried to probe the darkness. Standing

near the edge of a thicket, their forms in the silhouette and glare of a camp fire, they could see a large group of men in gray. They went down on hands and knees and slowly approached. The men were talking together quite boldly. They were talking loudly to make themselves heard above the noise of the rain which was now falling heavily, amid thunder and lightning, which the little girls enjoyed profoundly, and now and then the wind streamed their words back to the brave little vivian girls.

"You planned it just right general." One of the group smiled. "We could easily get a great force of men to move around the rear of your army, and to make it better for us, those christian dogs never dreamed that we could drag a one hundred a battery of one hundred and fifty pound and ten guns over to the top of that hill facing general your center."

"And if they had looked they could not see the battery, as it is hidden by thick undergrowth." The general replied. "It was a slick slick manner how we got the battery up there." Then the voice lowered to a snarl and the little girls who were creeping nearer could but catch disconnected words:

"I told sm--- they'd pay --- general white wings.... Vivian girls once beat us with a hoe--- yes they did the--- little--- devils." And they all called the vivian girls the vilest names, and blasphemed most horribly.

Violet and her sisters did wait a second more. They raised their automatics and their eyes were true and their hands steady. There was no remorse no mercy in their motion. They crawled forward noiselessly. They realized the peril indeed but nevertheless they were bound to take the chances. Forty armed officers in the strength of youth, were the number against eight little children. And the little girls knew that if they backed out now, they would go off and vanish into the shelter of the pitch darkness, before they could possibly hear any more. So the brave little girls began to creep forward with their revolvers ready for instant use. But the glandelinian officers were at this moment on the alert, they whirled and caught just a dim outline of eight creeping forms in the gloom. Their pistols leaped from their holsters, and they fired four times, the darkness being stabbed by dazzling flashes, and seeming to rock with the sound, as the little girls let loose their automatics in answer. Every one of the shots of the little girls went home. The general who had been speaking felt them like hot brands piercing his shoulder and side, and he with seven other officers went down in shuddering heaps. The general in spite of his wounds slid back into further darkness and in sliding back the shadows utterly hid him.

"Did you get the blasphemers?" Whispered Jennie.

"We all shot a man." Said Jennie. "I saw eight drop."

And then out of the utter darkness, into which the eyes of the wicked glandelinians could not pierce, the glad voices of children broke loose. Loud and cheerful it came.

"So you thought you would get us did you you desperate child assassins." Cried Violet. "You can't see us and we can see every one of you. Every blasted one of you hold up your hands."

The glandelinians again leveled their own guns.

"Up they go I say" Cried Violet more sharply,

"Or every one of you drop."

The glandelinians could not see the little girls, nor locate them exactly by their voices, so they raised their hands.

"You fools" Cursed the wounded general. "Rushed them. There are only eight."

"Just try it won't you?" The triumphant voices answered him.

"All of you will never get a one of you, --- though we are eight against you thirty two. But I promise you that eight more of you will die or be wounded first, before you can make a rush--- it's impossible for us to miss you at that short range looming between us and the lights ahead. Don't move a finger you bloodhounds. You will insult us and blaspheme poor God will you? We can let you know that we'll revenge it."

"Rush them, rush the little fools." Another of the leaders said with a series of curses. "Then he was visited with an inspiration. "Listen ye little dogged devils." "I'll give you just six seconds to give yourselves up as prisoners. As we cannot see you, we it is true cannot reach you with our pistols, but there are six of us armed with detonational grenades, and if you have not yielded by then, we're going to hurl them in the direction where we have heard your voices and kill every one of you. It only takes one little motion, and you'll be blown to pieces before you can shoot."

"It was a long second before Violet and her sisters answered. It seemed they were losing their fight. There were thirty two against eight.

It would be long and long before they could escape the enemy's lines it seemed, and they dared not rise and expose themselves. For they knew that if they did the glandelinians would open fire again and shoot them down like dogs. And if they surrendered themselves they would be massacred anyway.

Remembering themselves that they were also in the darkness spots the little girls decided to crawl away and not yield. This they did and soon the glandelinians fired again futilely, and all of them not shot down stood crouching.

Seeing that all was quiet the wicked Glandelinian generals started searching but they could not find the little girls to their disgust. In the meantime the little girls reaching the outskirts of the enemy's lines found it difficult to proceed. The sentries were as thick as fleas, and to pass these without being discovered was utterly impossible in the extreme. They could not bribe the guards either, and so the only means of escape that they saw was to make a desperate dash and to fire to the right and left as they did so. Even to make this dash was hazardous as there was chance of their being shot down by the infuriated guards but they would soon or risk that than be butchered when risking capture.

As they came nearer one of the guards they heard him singing:!!!!!!!!!!!!

"In my dear Glandelinian cabin far away,
With its Krnokatks and Dobrudji bright and gay,
Where there Gsoohiklx and the Glas shine so brightly
in the Zams"

"Listen to that gink song." Said Violet with a smile "I wonder what language he speaks when he sleeps."

She happened to say it accidentally too loud and the sentry heard it but not knowing who was speaking, and thinking it was one of the Glandelinian boyscouts he shouted;

"G'wan, you little fat pussy faced piece of Limberger cheese. Wait'll I get ye alone, and I'll spank you good."

"Here is something fishy about dot business." The little girls heard another voice say. "I bet dot loud speaking came from a spy or one of the Vir'an Girls sergeant Herzegovinia."

"Suffering cats." Is dot ro." Came the exclamation. "Five t'ous- and Sacre Pesetan- six million, two t'ousand Sapristis. We must lay on corporal Me estarine Vazooopritch, we must lay on and capture the little devils, and then se Manly y se shake se hand wiz us."

Another guard suddenly saw one of the little girls and shouted;

Snuff'rin' Krxvosopitz wot 'O!' There they iss."

"Ah ha vot did you said it?" Came from the corporal. "Heavens look how many of the guards there are."

Whispered Jennie. "We certainly can't pass them."

"There is something like a steep ravine near by." Said Joice. "I'll have to take off some of my outside clothes and make a rope of them, and let you little sisters of mine down one by one to that nearest tree, top and then I'll try and make a run past the guards."

"All right Joice dear." Said her sisters in answer. "I'll see the only way to escape."

Joice proceeded to do so and soon as the short rope was fastened to a tree and dangled over a tree top down in the ravine the little girls all of them managed to climb down, but they were startled to find guards here also. But fortunately the little girls saw a chance. Near the first line of guards was a string of grenades stretched across the tree, no doubt which the Glandelinians had intended to use in case of a surprise attack by the Angelinians. The little girls having matches with them, and knowing that these grenades go off by fuses, secretly lit them and lighted every one of them quickly and then awaited developments.

"Bang." Came the first report and at once the guards were in confusion. Bang, BAM, BAM, BAM, bang, BANG. BANG. BAM, POP, Bam) Bam-i-ty BAM, BAM, bam."

There was a wild confusion of explosions, and the guards ran hither and thither in the wildest excitement, some crying out;

"Great scott me coat tails on fire, HELP FIRE, PUT OUT THEM FUSES!" Others hollering "Hey out out that noise stop them damn things."

Finally when all quieted down and when the little girls were beyond the ravine they heard some one say;

"Hey you little devils have gone far enough. Give up your guns and march over to the side of the road. And what's the matter with you rascally boyscouts! ARE YOU CRAZY. Can't you read the signs? LEAVE THESE GRENADES ALONE!"

You went through the whole camp causing the wildest excitement, and those grenades you touched off we could hear for a mile. We'll torture you little devils for life."

Whoever this fellow was the little girls did not know, but they hid in a dark spot, and prepared to make a rush.

To make a rush altogether was suicide for then they would be too close together, and be a fair mark for all of the guards, whom they knew who were excellent sharpshooters. Each little girl planned to separate at a wide distance, and to make the dash simultaneously, and to open fire with both pistols as they did so. It was a bold and desperate plan, but when accomplished it would insure their escape. So the little girls separated to the distance of fifty yards, and then waited for the signal from Jennie who planned the wild rush. It was a minute however before she was about to give the signal and then came the voice of the angry sentry who ordered them to march to the side of the road. In answer Jennie gave the signal, it sounded like the call of an owl, which her sisters and even Gr Gertrude Angelina understood. They answered in a chorus, and then made the dash, opening a withering fire on two sides as they did so.

The bewildered guards delivered a wild salvoes of rifle shots, to which the little girls responded furiously. Twelve of the sentries dropped, the little girls were unharmed, and fired again and again, the Glandelinians answering with a terrific rattling of musketry, that made a fearful noise in the quiet night. Balls flew and screamed a concert past the little girls but still they were untouched, while twenty more Glandelinian guards were down. The firing was resumed with redoubled fury by the Glandelinians as many troops swarmed up on hearing the rattling of the sentries' rifles, but the little girls were quickly out of range, and all they knew of the firing was by the myriad of rifle flashes.

The whole camp at this section had been aroused, every man rushing to the sentry line and starting to open fire, for not expecting at first, that it was a surprise attack of the Christians they did not take it for anything else. It was some time before the real cause was known, the sentries unable to see in the dark having suspected that it was the escape of a bunch of Christian soldiers who may have been prisoners within the camp. By the time the little girls were about a quarter of a mile from the camp, and it being too dark and realizing that it was too late the Glandelinians did not follow the little girls. They hardly even then believed it was the children at that, for the firing had been too general as over a thousand muskets had been fired in less than half a minute time, at the worse of the firing, and how could they escape through such a thick line of sentries, and all of them firing like that? Impossible they thought. It was a surprise attack to all, and they had believed that they had beat off the Christian assailants....

The children had by this time gone far beyond the camp and were safely beyond pursuit. However in the pitch darkness, as it was now getting cloudy, the little girls could not find their way to the Christian lines, and believed themselves lost in the wilderness.

They trudged on in the dense darkness, and now again it was beginning to thunder and to lightening, and the rain to pour in sheets sheeted torrents. But this did not worry them, as long as they succeeded in escaping the enemy, and finding the railroad lines once again.

"We are certainly lost in the wilderness and may not find our right way until morning." Said Violet.

As they continued to travel through the unknown ground they were startled by a sudden challenge, and then before they realized what was up, they found themselves surrounded, and roughly seized. Whom who their captors were the little girls did not at first know, but they were handled and shaken as roughly as a cat shakes a mouse, and angry voices exclaimed;

"We'll teach you to run away from the child slave mills, you dirty little guttersnipes."

"Are they little runaways?" Cried another.

"Soitnly, but I wish you would tell me how they came to get a hold of these gods foot. They may have killed some of the men youngsters."

There was some lights flaring at this moment and the faces of the little girls were plainly seen.

"I don't like the faces of these eight little boys outd."

Said another of the guards. "But just the same they may be child slaves who have runned away."

"For retaking them you see can now get on good yolms with the general." Said the first spokesman, and him and youse will again be foim friends." And he chuckled.

While the Glandelinians were thus talking the little girls made a break for their freedom.

1938. "HEY ATOP STOP." Gried the Glandelinians and they rushed forward in a swarm and rapidly overtook the little girls, onscatching Jennie and saying

"Aha my fine hold, now I've got youse

The little girls were seized again and led off roughly by their captors, and as soon by the glare of camp fires the little girls soon realized that they were prisoners among a strange horde of Glandelinians.... under general....., Hildreth. Zimmermann. Leavson..... They had been mistaken by these Glandelinians as escaping child slaves and so these Glandelinians not knowing the true character did not place them under guard at all, but led them to the interior of the main line and forced them to go into a tent. At first Violet and her sisters did not know what to make of this.

These Glandelinians did not act as those under the three Manley's did at all, neither like the Glandelinians in the other various Glandelinian armies.....

Not even a guard was placed in the tent, or in front of it, and no further attention was paid to them by the other wicked Glandelinians!!!!!!

But nevertheless none of the wicked Glandelinians would speak to the little girls.... and all gave them scowling threatening looks. In the meantime general Leavson got this note from general Ruebaum Manley;

"To general Leavson;
Commander of reinforcements coming to my aid against Evans;

Be on your look out. I have discovered that the dangerous..... Vivian Girls have escaped through my lines, and they may be heading toward your camp. I advise you to be on the lookout for them, and have your camp well guarded so that they cannot get in or escape if discovered. You don't know them but you will if they ever surprise your troops."

GENERAL RUEBAUM
MANLEY."

P.S.... THERE ARE EIGHT OF THE LITTLE GIRLS DISGUISED AS BOYSCOUTS."

The general looked malvolent; and wicked.

"By Neptune." He exclaimed with clinched fists. "I've got those little brats now I'll be bound."

He at once dispatched orders for the little girls to be dragged out of the tent and slaughtered right then and there, but he had received the note and the little girls were gone when the women sent to do the work came up to get them. Seeing that chances was easier than supposed, Violet and her sisters had decided to take the opportunity, and so as soon as no one was looking they slipped out of the tent, and into the quiet quiet company street. A tall wooden house was in sight, and this they made for reaching a wide corn field before they were seen, and just as the soldiers sent to murder them, discovered their escape, and aroused the camp. In a moment unknown to the little girls this cornfield was swarming with soldiers searching for them. The rustling noise of the corn stalks swayed by the wind then blowing at first startled the little girls, and this made them hide suddenly.

They were just in time for a small group of Glandelinian privates approached.

"So the little snips were the Vivian Girls in disguise." Said one. "It's funny we didn't notice them before. And now they have escaped. It's strange."

"And yes and what's more strange about them is that if they are armed, armed we'll never get them, even if we discover them." Said another. You heard our commander say to be careful didn't you. Well that means business when he gave that command. Those Vivian Girls are more dangerous than a dozen escaped soldiers. They never miss a shot. So look out and shoot them, before they discover us. We must see them first. If not well have to drop to avoid being hit that's all."

"But how did they get away?" Asked another man they having stopped at this point.

"The camp or tent was not guarded, that's the reason." You see they were mistaken for runaway children from the child slave mills, and so were not guarded. I should think they ought to be guarded too."

"Just the same it was a mistake." Said a fourth man. "But how in the world can they disguise themselves so cleverly. And how many of the Vivian Girls are there for rear? First I heard there were only four, and we have captured eight of the little girls."

"There are only eight altogether." Said the man who had spoken first. They don't always operate in their spying expeditions together. Sometimes only one will do it, sometimes, three are spying on us, and at other times all of us do it. I have to admit that enemies though they are, and I

though I hate them worse than a poisonous snake, nevertheless I do admire them. They know the consequences of spying on us if caught, and they care not. Bravery is not in them. It is downright recklessness. They fear nothing no matter if it comes to a spider, a mouse or a rat. The daring exploits they have accomplished throughout this war is a amazing. We have been sent to look for them now but I know we'll never catch them, or neither will we either find them. And I'll assure every one of you my comrades comrades that general Leavson and some others will be spied upon yet."

"Had not we better warn the general?" Advised one of the men. "Then he would be prepared, and if they tried to spy on him he could catch them red handed..."

"Yes I think one of you men had better go back and warn him telling him that the little spies have gotten away, and though we are scouring the fields for them, they are nevertheless hiding in the tent and enter his headquarters, to spy on him."

"I'll volunteer to go back and warn him." Said the first spokesman, and off he raced, almost colliding into one of the little girls as he passed their hiding place, but failing to discover them. He immediately went to the general's headquarters, and being ushered into his presence saluted and said;

"Your excellency, the little girls took advantage of their lack of guards to watch them, and have gotten away before we reached your tent their tent. It is not this that is alarming, it is something else. General for the sake of your country be on your guard. They'll spy on you as sure as your own general. They have eluded us though we are making a rigid search for them. Colonel Bainer for your information." Said general Leavson.

"But to be on my guard here would be futile. I have important words to give give to my officers, and as there is an old abandoned house in the field younger, close to the large cornpatch I'll use it, and the little girls will have the difference and the fastest they may have taken refuge in the building you mention." Said his assistant general, Berner. "If you go there you'll have to be careful."

"GOOD-CAST THE BLOOMING LUCK." Gried the constable general. "Then turning to the colonel he said;

"Have the building surrounded by a your men. And sent in a large party to look for them. Don't allow a single room to escape your searchers."

"I'll do so, but they may have escaped the building." Said the colonel excitedly. "Have you heard much about the Vivian Girls?"

"Indeed I have." Answered the general. "And enough to know what it is to allow the dangerous little snips to get the better of me. I'll have the place ransacked for them."

The colonel returned to the batch of men, gave an order, but it had been too late. Seeing that the coast had been clean once more, as the men had went on when the colonel went to warn the general, the little girls had again gathered courage to venture forth, and soon they reached the house unseen, and slipped in by the rear. Unexpected by them however the building was swarming with the Glandelinians who were searching for them, and once or twice in the little girls were almost discovered. Nevertheless they found a good hiding place, in a large dark room, and kept themselves concealed as long as they heard the shuffling of feet and the low murmur of voices. What saved the little girls was that the foe had been searching the building before they entered it, and so as this dark room had been searched at every point, the Glandelinians did not return, and some passing the door was heard to explain,

"We have looked in every room in this building, and it is perfectly evident that the Vivian spies are not here. So it is safe for the general and his officers to have his conference unobserved and without interference."

"Oh is that so?" Thought the little girls. "Well we'll see."

Soon all was quiet. Finally as the little girls were about to emerge from their hiding place, in stepped a party of high general in chiefs, and though Violet and her sisters had never observed these Glandelinian generals before, being complete strangers to them, nevertheless the main one was general Leavson..

All of them had their uniform coats bedecked with medals, their hats were of the Mexican make, or rather they resembled some of general Villias staff, their coats shaped like long greenish gray robes and each coat was banded with a rope of many various colors. Every man of them was a fierce not in looks but in character and fury as Satan himself, and walked toward the center of the big room with the majestic bearing of a party of great kings of the middle ages. Leavason looked very much like Villias, his staff looked like Villias under leaders, and every one wore a fierce dashing mustache. When they halted they lit the lights, and proceeded to go over the contents of the papers found littered on the table. For a time they were silent, only looking over the sheets of paper, writing as if they had done nothing else all their lives, and ending with a furious flourish of the pen. Finally after an hour of this motion, they straightened out everything neatly on the table, and then began at once into a lengthy conversation.

"It's a shame," said one; "How the armies under general John Manley, his brother, and father, suffered such a disastrous defeat at the great battle of Aronburg Run. His defeat has already caused a complication of disasters. All of his great divisions have been scattered and driven far apart from one another, and neither of them have been fully rallied as yet and are in great danger. As for their reuniting, I don't believe they ever will."

"But how in the world did they come to be defeated?" asked general Leavason. "It's true the christian army at the start was much larger, but the three Manleys, had better men, better arms, and three times more artillery, and better positions."

"I believe I know the reason," said general Franklin Evans. "You see as I heard it was General John Manley's plans to have the whole christian line attacked simultaneously by his self, and his father and brother. Well the whole christian line was attacked simultaneously, but at the beginning Federal did it all, and was beaten before general Huebman

Manley who was then advancing could arrive to his assistance. If it had not been for the pugnacious resistance of Vivian's center Huebman's advance would not have been delayed, and he could have prevented general Zimmermann and Evans McAllister from sending large troops to overwhelm and crush Federal to atoms like they did. Another cause was from the long delay of their father Johnston Jackson Manley. He arrived in the afternoon, but he claims he was delayed on account of the regions of McHollester Run and Made Evans being being unapproachable on account of the christian artillery which was putting

in a storm of shells over the whole region as thick as a snowstorm of confetti at some ball or basarr. And if Jackson Manley had at once seized the McHollester Run immediately as he had been ordered to do, and stormed the ridges adjoining the Carnation called the White Rose and McHollester ridges and captured them, before the christian dogs could have crowned their horrible batteries there, he would have won despite the delay of the other two of course Jackson Manley was no fool, never intended to be, and obeyed the command but could never gain an inch of ground in any of these locations and made a perfect flood of blood and dead men for the horrible attempt, a sacrifice unheard of before. Hanson's desperate and pugnacious stand between Ophelia, Eva St. Clare and Chamberlaine also was the cause of it for every charge of the Glandelinians there was cut down annihilated, in a worse seething inferno of a battle ever seen before, and a thousand volcanic orators, in all their horrible scenes could not outdo the sublimity of the battle inferno at these points.

And the last reason was that either of the three Manleys were unable to take possession of the Vivian hills. If they tried to do so by sending forward one great wave of men, but the generals called Hanson and Robert Vivian hurled one half of their entire forces in a hellish counter charge, cut the wave into a thousand pieces, and drove the remainder over that inferno and field of blood and massacre for the distance of twenty miles in a headlong rout, and beyond rally. Had the three Manleys been able to throw their forces forward simultaneously instead of being delayed by such terrific resistance the christian dogs would never have won, would never have gotten possession of those most important ridges, and would not have been able to concentrate their strongest forces along the Gallies and McWhirther Run. And they would have been driven from the McHollester woods entirely and a serious break here in the christian line would have ended it before the battle could have become so horrible and caused such a wholesale loss on even both sides. It would have been better for them as it would have been for us."

"I don't doubt that all this is true," said general Leavason. "But nevertheless if general Black Brooks, and Happy Hooligan accomplish the purpose they have set out to do, all will be well. The Abbeismian army 160,555,000 strong under general Everette True is advancing to retake Big-Girlknool, and if Black Brooks and Happy Hooligan frustrate him, we will be able to make a successful stand ourselves against the christian armies under general Jack Evans, and enable the three Manleys to regather their dissipated armies. It's the purpose of the two christian Vivian generals, to prevent the three McManleys from regathering their widely scattered forces from ever making a junction with one another, and to keep them down as they are now. If those two christian dogs succeed our beloved cause will be lost, and we will be vanquished like frightened sheep. And indeed it is a dreadful state of affairs we are in. The christian dogs are upon us like an overwhelming flood, and there is now immediate danger that they will make a great and destructive invasion. These christian dogs are mad clean through over the frightful destruction our former superiors caused in their country and Calverindia, and there is no telling what they will do if they once start to overrun our beloved country. Since the defeats of the three Manley's at the battle of Aronburg Run our country is at stake. We must fight more harder to uphold its cause."

There followed a few minutes silence, then another of the generals said;

"That little rebel called Annie Aronburg when ten of our most worthy generals are responsible for in her death, must be a peculiar child. The Angelinians are infuriated at her assassination, and the assassination of so many children, whether slain in their own homes or in child slave plantations and mills. It is to this that I give the reason of the pugnacious character of the Angelinians. Of course we ourselves have not been engaged yet, but nevertheless I've heard how savagely those Angelinians, Abby Abyssinkilians, Calverinians, Concentinians, and Abbeismians fight. No matter how cautious we are when we do make an attack, our losses have been unspeakably horrible. Hanson, Evans, Robert Vivian, Williamsburger Zimmermann, Vivian, and general Roswell Buster Johnston, are the most savage fighters of the whole christian nation. But just now it appears as if general Jack Evans is the worse."

"He is," said another general. "He thrashed the three Manleys in succession, at Moriaty, Marie Osborn, and other battles, and though at first disastrously beaten at Cromer Andread, he finally caused the capture of the city and the whole army defending it, with all their munition stores, artillery and supplies of every kind."

This conversation was very interesting to Violet and her sisters. They saw that these Glandelinian generals realized the strength of the mighty christian armies, and also of the fury of the Angelinians when they were aroused. They listened to every word that was said by these Glandelinian generals. However there was no important plan involved in as yet and as soon as the officers left the little girls emerged from their hiding places. There was a large round table in the room, but everything they looked through on the top of the table was no importance to them at all.

There was a mantle shelf on the west wall with a jar standing on the top. The jar was made in the shape of a crook. They discovered something hidden in the crook, and Violet standing on a stool, took out the papers, that bore in gilt letters signs that they were indeed important plans and documents. There were twenty oblong sheets, almost resembling immense twenty dollar bills of American money, though each sheet was over a foot long and a half wide. Writing in gilt letters was on the other side of each sheet.

"What do you know about these papers?" said Violet as she and her sisters looked them over. "My goodness but they almost make me feel sad. They tell the location of every christian army, their most important positions, by word and map, and if we do not keep hold of these and do not make a get away, those rascally Glandelinians will bamboozle our armies."

"I know what we will do," said K. J. Jermie. "We'll take these to general Evans, and he'll send them to papa or uncle."

They were just about to make for the windows, when they heard approaching footsteps, and fearing that they would be discovered, the little girls hastily crept deeply into their hiding places. Soon the same officers came back. There was several moments conversation, then one of the generals said:

"I have a bunch of papers in this crook on the mantelpiece that should ever the three Manleys get in their possession it would be to the entire ruin of the christian dogs. I'll fetch them, and show them to you right now."

He advanced toward the spot, took down the crook, looked into it, and then cried:

"My gracious they're gone."

In a few seconds all the officers and even the privates, were hunting for what had been in the crook. The main general, that is Leaverson acted just crazy; the others were acting much worse, some were just gazing in circles, and so were the privates. Violet and her sisters realized that it was in vain to sneak out just then, for the now excited, alarmed and enraged Glandelinians would surely see them, and with wild yells leap on them all in a bunch. The Glandelinians were frenzy stricken over their loss, and finally became convinced that they had been spied upon. When the realization of this burst upon the wicked Glandelinians generals their fury knew no bounds. At first they believed that it was some man or christian soldier who had spied upon them, and so orders were at once given that the camp and all its immediate vicinity should be secured. But when no spy of any kind could be found, general Leaverson firmly believed that he had been tricked after all, that the Vivian girls were in the place, or had been, and that they had stolen the most important papers.

"It's the Vivian girls. It's the Vivian girls," he shouted. "They have been here after all, in spite of all my precautions. To outwit them seems impossible. But by gad they must be captured. General Franklin see to it that no one is allowed to pass out of the lines no matter who they be."

The general rushed out to obey the order. Violet and her sisters had in the meantime observed all the excitement of the Glandelinian generals, and as the soldiers and officers finally left the room, the brave little children proceeded to leave the building as quickly as possible. They had to be careful however as the Glandelinians all around now were watchful, and there was danger of their being seized.

They were bound at all costs to keep free from the Glandelinians and so saw to it that all their automatics were well loaded. To leave the building just then seemed impossible, so they stayed quietly where they were. Guards were now placed in the room.

"We are cornered," whispered Violet. "It seems impossible for us to escape just now."

"So it does at that," said Jennie. "But just the same if they do discover us they'll never take us alive."

"You bet they won't," said Joice. "But just the same we'll have to be careful, and not expose ourselves."

"Maybe we can slip past the guards and escape through the great corridor of the building," said Catherine. "Any way if the guards see us we can fire our automatics."

"No the noise would arouse them," said Hettie. "If we rush out all together we can take those guards by surprise and bind and gag them."

This they decided to do. Lifting up the satchels, the little girls cooked their automatics, and at once rushed out of their hiding places, to the surprise of the guards, who found themselves covered by eight little ugly blue things. There were twenty of the guards, and only eight of the little girls, but then twenty M Glandelinians were no match for eight automatics, and they nicely placed their weapons in the middle of the floor and threw up their hands, while Violet and Jennie bound all except one.

"To this one Jennie said:

"We are bound to get away and if you wish to save your worthless life you'll tell me and my sisters the exit unguarded."

The soldier pointed to the fireplace as he being gagged but not bound was able to use his arms. They now bound him, and leaving the room they stepped out carefully into the corridor toward the end where the fireplace the soldier pointed out to them was located. Seeing no one just then, they proceeded on tiptoeing their way toward the fireplace. But as they peeked out toward the main section of the corridor, they were startled by seeing seven guards standing in different positions. To escape this way was impossible. They proceeded toward the open door of one of the other rooms. Six Glandelinian officers, were sitting beside a table, smoking cigarettes, and playing a game with cards.

They had decided to jump out of a window, but again their plans were frustrated, and they had a narrow escape from being seen by the Glandelinian officers. One of the officers, playing cards, who was a captain, was heard to say:

"Dod! gosh the luck. I have a hand hand again."

"Another of the Glandelinians was he ard to say:

"If I lead the kink I betchaderlife, he trumps with the ace." Before the brave little girls could pass this room there came a loud pounding at the rear door. At once the little girls hid in a vacant room in the darkest part of the fire place they observed there. One of the guards who had

looked it after the departure of the frate and worried general Leaverson returned to open it again. The little girls had stepped into a chamber that had a window at the farther end. The servant had some trouble in unlocking the door, the knock being repeated more loudly.

Still he had trouble as the lock would not unfasten, and at that moment the knocking again sounded, this time with angry violence and fury. Finally he succeeded in turning the lock, and a moment later there came the sound of men rushing in, and then the voice of general Blagdon crying loudly and angrily:

"What in the devil has come over this house sentry g. Gen. H. Gerard that it opens easily to Christian spies, like the Vivian Girls, and stays closed all this time against the loyal troops of Glandelinia? Are you trying to harbor those spies you darn fool!"

Before the astonished guard could reply, one of the officers who had been with the rest in the adjoining room playing cards, appeared, attracted by the noisy arrival of general Blagdon and his officers who were with him. This officer who was also a general appeared to be about sixty, but he carried his tall figure stiffly erect, and his eyes were bright and keen. He held a hand of playing cards, and his face wore a frown over the sudden commotion. Behind him in the doorway appeared the other Glandelinian officers who had been playing cards with him, these last standing on their toes to see what was the disturbance.

"What is going on general Blagdon?" demanded the old

Glandelinian general.

"A very remarkable thing general Valier," replied general Blagdon. "Eight christian spies, who are children, was discovered by myself and these officers through one of the windows of this hall. I saw them passing or trying to pass your room. I also saw them try to slip up twenty guards in the room they escaped from. It is they who have found refuge in your headquarters, and stolen general Leaverson's most important plans."

"WHAT?" cried the old general. "My headquarters shelter them dirty little christian spies. You seem to be walking in your sleep general Blagdon, for not shooting them down where you saw them, and I could have you held responsible for your failure. You must get them, or I'll expose you for not shooting them down on sight. How did you discover them in the window?"

"Why general Leaverson told me about the loss of his plans, and as we approached the building we saw the footprints of eight children from the mud on the porch. The same feet left marks of mud on the porch, to your very door, and there are no marks leading away from it. It is true we did not fire on sight, for the reason that the little devils saw us and slipped out of sight. More over I'm no new officer, and I'm from Manley's command, and have served in the war from the start as a lieutenant to the commission of a general. From this I know the little devils."

At this point general Leaverson hastened down the stairs, at first nonchalantly, but on approaching the foot, gave a look of wonderment and surprise at the scene in the hall. They all saluted him and he asked:

"Why what has happened general Valier? What is it all. You officers?"

"And now," cried general Blagdon excitedly, "I know the spies have been here since I left the place an hour ago. General Leaverson you have been spied upon."

"What spies?" demanded general Leaverson turning red. "And I in here? Impossible!"

"Yes your excellency I saw them," cried Blagdon. "And this door was locked before the guard admitted me, for I have heard him unlock it. Does not that show that no one could have come in before, and that the little devils were the ones who locked it. We officers never look out our own selves out, and doubtless the little spies found the door unlocked when they arrived."

"Well, well," said general Leaverson, "The question can be easily settled. Let your troops search the place general Blagdon. I certainly don't wish to have those spies lodged in my headquarters. And I'm bound to recover those important papers. Don't leave a room and any place in this building overlooked."

"Thank you your excellency," said general Blagdon his eyes flashing triumph, while the little girls stepped back into the chamber, from the doorway at the landing.

The little girls did not dare to close the door after them, lest its creak, or the loud noise of its latch might attract the attention of the Glandelinian officers in the hallway below. Violet and her sisters had seen that some of these officers, once belonged to Manley's command. Blagdon gave some instructions in a low voice to an under officer. The latter led four men into the rooms opening on the hall, while Blagdon, and two of the troops remained where they were as a guard to the great doors at the hall's either end, and placed guards to surround the building. The searching party next went below the stairs. These presently came out empty handed, from the lower regions, and hurried upstairs, passing unnoticed the open door way as they went. After several minutes they returned disappointed of their prey. Every room but the one with the open door had now been looked through, the searchers having doubtless been ordered by Blagdon to leave that one exempt. He had probably hoped that the fugitives might be found elsewhere. But now realizing the fact that they may be there, he commanded to the under officer:

"Search that last room."

Violet and her sister beyond the threshold, ran to the window at the chambers further end, and tried with might and main to open it, but it would not yield to their strongest pressure. Not able in the darkness to learn how it was fastened, the little girls despaired of finding exit by means of it, so they returned to their place near the open door, determined to create confusion by firing should the searchers come up to their hiding place.

This general with his searchers started for the place, there was a volley of shots from the Vivian Girls and the general and all the men who started up the steps fell wounded and disabled. Again again the soldiers rushed up the steps firing in return, but the little girls held the way for a few minutes, with the deliberate fire of their automatics that no one could reach the top of the steps, the rear soldiers being obstructed by the men who fell dead or wounded.

The other Glandelinian soldiers now hesitated, and general Blagdon, who was preparing to lead the charge himself looked puzzled and annoyed. He knew the fury of the little spies when cornered and he did not like to make any further sacrifices. Blagdon stood defeated, at a loss, the remainder of his men making swift charge up the steps, having seen their comrades drop in frightful numbers, and falling down the steps in all kinds of positions, retreated backwards to the front door, and lieutenant Gerard who was among the wounded arose to a sitting posture and regaining his breath, nursed his wound.

There came a knock at the front door, and as the guard opened it in walked general Franklin. This general looked around in surprise.

"General," spoke up Blagdon, yet half breathless, and nursing his second wound. "There is serious resistance here. The eight little spies have been discovered in this house and when their hiding place has been observed, they have shown resistance, and shot all these men down killing six and wounding twenty five of them."

The little girls finding themselves trapped, decided to try the rear of the chamber where there was an open window but found underneath a number of guards. Also under every window of the place, and other exits they saw Glandelinian soldiers standing on guard.

"They certainly have the building well guarded."

Said Catherine. "The best we can do is to make to the roof. There we may find a chance for our escape."

"But how can we reach the roof?" asked Violet. "There is no way to it that I can see."

"How about the chimney flue?" cried Joice. "Maybe we can climb through it to the roof."

Violet looked up the flue. She saw that escape that way up to the roof was easy, but that also they would be pretty black, when they got up. Nevertheless up they went, slowly one by one. Just as the last one worked herself up the officers and privates came into the room. They saw nothing of the children, or any symptoms of their climbing up the flue, so the officers had no idea that the children had been in this room, and escaped through and up the chimney, and wondered indeed where they went. When Violet and her sisters reached the roof, they were as black as an ace of spades, from the soot and looked like little little soot beauties. They glanced over the low wall surrounding the roof, and saw that they were twenty feet from the ground, the building only being two stories high, and low stories at that.

A tall tree stood at the right of the building, but it would take a daring leap to reach the nearest branch as it was ten feet from the edge of the roof.

"Our hash is cooked if we don't succeed in escaping from this roof," said Evangeline. "The Glandelinians will discover us far up here, as here we cannot be hidden long long."

"We must make a jump for that branch," said Violet. "It's our only hope. And we can do it."

They decided to try it.

"We must jump one by one," said Joice. "As all of us cannot do it at one time. As the branch will not hold us all. It would precipitate us to the ground, and then even if not injured, we would be captured again. So one at a time sisters. Remember."

Joice decided to make the first leap. So running back a few paces, she dashed forward and gave one leap. Her aim was accurate, and she successfully grasped the branch. It swung in a way that was menacing but it did not give way, and as she climbed hand over hand she saw a number of officers seated at a round table below her playing a card game. As she reached the trunk, she climbed down unseen. Jennie followed, then Violet and little Evangeline. But as Gertrude sprang for the branch as and grasped it, it gave way with a loud whip like snap, and both the brave child and the branch crashed down on the table and officers, bearing down ten of the officers, causing uncontrollable confusion among the rest who scattered, and upsetting and smashing the table around which they had been playing poker. All of the Glandelinians were driven into consternation, by this unexpected occurrence, and before they could recover, Gertrude, who was unhurt, dashed away and out of sight in the darkness, but for the three other little Vivian Girls, escape seemed nil. That nearest branch had withstood only the one.

Four of the little girls, and when Gertrude took her chance it failed to support her.

Three of Violet's sisters were still up on the roof, and now the wicked Glandelinians were thoroughly aroused as to the situation, and a general hubbub aroused as it was realized that the spies had escaped by means of the roof.

Fortunately for little Hettie, Catherine, and Daisy, their presence on the roof was not yet known by the Glandelinians, or otherwise presenting a fair mark up there they would have been riddled by bullets.

They watched the movements of the excited Glandelinian soldiers, saw the men run up with strong flashlights, and lanterns, and other officers approaching, and inquiring the cause of the din and commotion. The soldiers had picked up the overturned and broken table, and gathered up the cards which had been scattered all about, and one of the men gave answer.

"As one of those dod-gasted Vivian Girls, with a branch from down on top of us from this tree. They not only spy on us but spoil a game when we are at the most exciting part. And it was that one called Gertrude Angelina darnn her. I recognized her despite the boyscout uniform she wore. And she was black as an ace of spades all over."

"This must be looked into," said the officer grimly. "Our general has been robbed by those tricky little spies, who are mere children, and so that one was one of them. See that the others do not escape. Since you say the one who fell on the table with the brace branch was black with soot, then the little devils, have escaped through the chimney flue. I'll immediately organize a party to go in search of the one who escaped."

The officer issued some orders, and soon he was rushing off with a swarm of men who were detailed to search for the fugitives. In the meantime Hettie, Catherine and Daisy did not know what to do. They were confident however that their sisters would escape. But now Violet and her other sisters did not intend to go off without Hettie and her two sisters. While the searching Glandelinians were swarming all around, swinging even their rifles to make sure of getting their victims, Violet and her sisters remained hidden behind some trees, with their pistols drawn. They were within plain sight of the house, and saw their little sisters on the house roof. As soon as most of the wicked Glandelinians were out of sight, they stole cautiously back toward the house, and tried vainly to enter again, but every door was fastened.

"How are we going to rescue them?" whispered Joice. "We cannot get into the house again as every door is fastened."

"But we got to," said Jennie. "They must be rescued. And before those searching for us return."

"I see a long coil of rope hanging from that window," said Gertrude Angeline. "If we can secure it we'll succeed."

Jennie pulled on the rope and down it came. Violet and Angeline secured it, and unseen by any one on account of the darkness, the little girls dragged it forward, and fastened one end firmly around the trunk of the tree. Jennie unrolled the rest of it, made a noose out of the other end. Then finding a piece of paper lying on the grass, Jennie tore off a small piece, and then writing this:

"Hettie, fasten noose to chimney. Other end fastened around the trunk of the tree. Escape to tree by rope."

Jennie."

she fastened this to the noose, and then tossed it successfully to the roof.

Hettie who had been looking for some other way of escape, heard a swishing noise and something landing with a slight thud on the roof, and as she glanced back, and saw the twisting rope she gave a low cry, and seized it. Reading the note, she obeyed its directions, and in a minute all of the little girls were together again, just as the number of the Glandelinians reached the roof by means of the skylights. The soldiers reached the roof just in time to see the last fugitive disappear in the darkness.

Going on in the darkness the little girls passed safely through the enemy's camp, and soon headed toward the wall crowned precipice that overlooked the Mc-Whirther Run which also ran through Glandelinia. The little girls prodded on through mud and darkness, past near and distant Glandelinian camps looming through the darkness in the distance, keeping a lookout behind them, and up and down what slight hill is they mounted and descended, past near and distant churches, monasteries, seminaries, gardens, fine houses, and mean houses also possessed by the Glandelinian troops and officers, and came eventually to a long and low rampart, near a large Glandelinian battery, ten miles long and consisting of a thousand guns from which the precipice fell steeply to the narrow strip of the lower wooded regions that lay between the cliffs base and the great Mc-Whirther Run....

This large rampart, which could avail mainly to shield the batteries, that commanded all approaches to the series of Glandelinian camps, was as easy of ascent from the inside, as it was not expected that any one would have the nerve to attempt leaving the upper great camps by the almost perpendicular precipice of more than two thousand feet. Yet such was the wild intention that Violet and her sisters had formed. The attempt on the part of the fugitives seemed the more preposterous for the fact should the little girls accomplish the almost impossible feat of safely descending the cliff, they would be but find themselves in the lower camps, which was defended at either end, and closely guarded along the river edge—unless they should traverse the face of the cliff diagonally, so as to arrive at the base outside the northern barrier of the Glandelinian camp.

The little girls knew that the artillery of the enemy encircled the upper portions of this Glandelinian camp on its high sections, while the lower portions lying against the precipice, needed no other defense than the promontory itself. It was neither practicable nor necessary, that walled batteries should run down the promontory's side, hence the eight little Vivian girls finding themselves on the steep declivity, between the upper and lower camps had a way of exit open to them, provided the little girls could traverse obliquely the face of the great cliff, and could avoid observation from above or below. This way of escape recommended itself to Violet and her sisters, because all outskirts of the camps would not be watched for them, and because it would bring them directly to the place that would insure their complete escape.

Violet and her sisters knew that the rampart overlooking the great Mc-Whirther Run would be just as strongly guarded, but nevertheless they decided to take the chances. Slinking at a distance past the right flank of the great and grand battery, whose overworked sentries were shivering in the chilly rain still falling, the little girls found a place where a platform enabled them to mount easily the rampart.

Across this immense rampart, more immense than they had expected, Violet and her sisters crawled, making out through the darkness, a line of numerous sentries, who paced several hundred feet away from each other keeping up a sharp outlook but failing to see the little spies. Looking out over the outer edge of the rampart, their heads turned giddy, for a moment at the sight of the precipice which at this point fell sheer almost 3,777 feet, to the narrow fringe of houses, and the gloomy river below.

But Violet and her sisters chose a spot where there was ample footing at the ramparts base, turned about, looked out that the guards did not see them, backed from the rampart, hung for a moment by their fingers, and dropped to the chosen place. Their fall softened by what deep mud lay there. The main thing they looked out for was that not a misstep would be made that would precipitate them into the horrible depths below.

The little girls immediately turned their faces toward their distant destination, and peered through the darkness, for what projections, and great indentations of the cliff might serve their progress. They thanked their stars for the evidence soon afforded them, that their adopted mode of escape, was within possibility, perilous though it might be, and then for the thick darkness which shielded them from the sight of the Glandelinian sentries, and for the glossiness of the mud, which now and then helped them to adhere to the cliff, for the irregularities of the precipice were such that the lodgment of the mud had endured here and there on its steep face.

These irregularities gave the little girls footing and enabled them to proceed downward. Many times they slipped, tearing their boyscout uniforms, and scraping the skin off their knees and elbows, but each time the little girls kept their wits, and availed themselves of the first stopping place that offered. The descent was a work of four hours, so cautiously did they have to proceed, so carefully to pick out their next footing, so often to regain their breath and rest. At last they passed beyond the blockhouses guarding the main chain of Glandelinian batteries, which together constituted the outer barrier of this end of the lower camp. They had descended to the depth of 3,560 feet, and in the light from the blockhouses, and camp fires, they could see lines of sentries pacing from the cliffs foot, and along the edge of the swift river.

Some minutes more of desperate effort brought Violet and her sister past the top of some sort of a stockade, which also formed the outer barrier, and the exultation of this success almost intoxicated the brave little girls. They let themselves slide down what remained of the cliff, heedless a like of the sharp projections, and of the Gargolian militia housed behind the long line of stockades and batteries.....

As the little girls stood at last in the narrow way between the great swift river and cliff, restraining an impulse to shout with glee, they took the sheets of paper they had captured in Leavensons headquarters, from beneath their shirtwaists, and putting them again into one bundle tied them firmly, and then Violet took possession of them.

Suddenly from over the top of one of the stockades a rattling volley of shots was fired, but none of the little girls were hit, while simultaneously a gate in the stockades was thrown open, and many soldiers strode forth while again at the same moment many tall forms sprang out from the shadow of a broken line of rocks, far in front of the little girls, and yelled:

"HALT OR WE FIRE!"

Violet and her sisters were not too entirely sure they might not indeed elude the bunch of Glandelinian soldiers, from the rocks, and the stockade, but nevertheless, they drew their own guns, opened fire, and darted behind another line of rocks just as the Glandelinians answered with a clattering clattering roar of musketry. As fast as Violet and her sisters fired, the soldiers though dropping at every shot, increased so tremendously, in numbers, and shortened the intervening distance so speedily that Violet and her sisters saw that they must catch them in a few seconds, that nothing could stop the advance of so many. The idea of capture, when knowing the results of capture in the hands of these Glandelinians became intolerable to them. A kind of madness arose in the little girls making them determined at any costs not to fall into the hands of the Glandelinians who were endeavoring to surround them, and so when they felt themselves almost in the grasp of the foremost, they wheeled aside, and plunged headforemost into the swift current of the great Mc-Whirther Run. While the water gurgled in their ears they jubilantly pictured the to themselves, the many Glandelinians standing baffled on the shore, and cursing the luck that had robbed them of their prey.

Soon rising to the surface, Violet and her sisters struck out at random, using both arms and legs. Whither would this swim in the dark lead them? The little girls scarcely cared, now that they had accomplished their mission; their one wish was that it should not diminish their triumph, by delivering them up to the foe. All at once something black loomed up before them, a large dreadnaught, whose lights the little girls had not taken to heart, or to be so near, and whose size they could not immediately make out. As the little girls turned to swim away from it, they heard a voice can call out immediately over them;

"Eight children swimming in the river."

They pulled away, but they heard other cries, became aware that a boat was being sent after them, and then felt themselves caught up, and drawn by the hands of men into the boat. The little girls were too bewildered to answer the few questions, that were asked on the way back to the warship. But as they landed the little girls on the deck, they realized they were on a Glandelinian dreadnaught, but its crew must be unacquainted with their faces, hence they dared raise one last desperate hope of completing their escape. As the little girls stood on the deck surrounded by the crew, that had brought them from the water, they were approached by two officers, one of whom ordered them to stand forward, while the other remained a little aloof in dignified immovability.

"I beg you will put us boys ashore sir," said Violet somewhat excitedly and forgetting for the moment that she and her sisters were little girls, having said this to the officer who addressed her and her sisters. "I had just left the region of the stockade younger on a mission for general Manley. We fell in with a reconnoitering party of soldiers, who assailed us without reason, regardless of our uniforms, and escaped by taking to the river. May we be landed on the other shore immediately to go on our mission without delay?"

"What papers have you to show for this account of yourselves?" demanded the officer, scrutinizing the little girls.

"I had general Manley's pass in my hand when I and my companions were attacked," said Violet with no outward falter; "But I must have let it go in the river. But my companions have the same kind of passes and can show them to you. I had no other papers; the message we carry is a verbal one."

"A message to? To whom?"

"To general John Manley."

"Why this is fortunate," said the officer, turning to the other group of officers. "I'll have you little boys placed ashore immediately."

And he did so not recognizing the children in the least and again the little girls had escaped. It was a narrow escape at that. The little girls traveled onward in the darkness until the approach of morning. As they were nearing a hilly region, they were startled by a roaring and droning noise that is made by aeroplanes, and looking up toward one certain hill, saw ten beautiful Blengiglomean serpents, flying in the sky above the hill. Outlined on the top was a large swarm of Glandelinians and the men in possession of a big gun was raising it to fire at the great and beautiful creatures which were all Tuskorhorians.

"If those fools fire on those serpents there will be a most horrible scene," said Jennie.

But just then there came a thunderous crash from the gun, followed by a violent explosion high up in the air among the foremost of the cruel Blengiglomean Serpents, and the little girls thought sure that some of them would come down mortally wounded, and almost screamed in horror and pity as they shaded their eyes.

However the Blengiglomean serpents were indeed hurt and it was their private feelings at that, and not any injuries from the shell. And I should say they did come down. Three of them. It was all over in about a minute.

Thirty of the Glandelinians were killed as the largest of the serpents making one headlong swoop tore his tail through the column like a tornado, making a cornfield, wrecking the gun simultaneously by tossing it two hundred feet into the air with the tuskorhorians on its head. As it passed on a spangled winged creature, made a almost simultaneous swoop, striking down the remainder of the column of the right of the hill with a crashing blow of its wing, and mangling them all horribly. The survivors realizing now the fury of these creatures fled like frightened sheep, the great serpents pursuing the rascally devils clean to their camp and not satisfied with the damage already done, the creatures swooped through a good portion of the camp and did not discontinue their attack until

a thousand guns were wrecked, three thousand men being killed, and 10,000 injured, and nearly 100,000 tents overturned and torn up.

Violet and her sisters had witnessed the whole scene, having been almost shocked by the tremendous barking roar of the creatures after the shell explosion, and saw the three bigger ones, make a descent like the funnel of a tornado, saw the dash among the soldiers; the gun sailing high up into the air, the tail of the big blue and yellow one tear through the column on the left, saw a horse and tree with rider go down, another horse with rider rear on his haunches, and then also plunged down the hill like a descending barrel. They saw the spangled serpent strike the repeated blows with his wings roaring most frightfully all the while, saw the remainder of the re-confused masses retreat like sheep, and saw also the cyclonic attack upon the Glandelinian camp. Not daring to expose themselves to the eyesight of these infuriated Blengiglomean serpents in their gray uniforms they hastily took them off revealing their own clothing, and changing the form of their hair, rather risking exposure among the foe, than have the Cramecian Tuskorhorians mistake them for Glandelinian boy scouts like the little one did during or after the battle of Franvois Atlanta.

The whole camp had been driven into confusion by the attack, the batteries of gun guns crowned the summit of the precipice having been hurled down into the river by the enraged serpents, and dead and wounded strewn the company company streets like if there had been a terrific battle raging.

Out of the whole ten serpents that had been flying in the air, only four made the attack, one being a pink one and who had been the first assailant, who had crushed the thirty men under its huge serpentine body.

As soon as the excitement was over the little girls having changed changed their clothing to their normal wear, emerged from their hiding places cautiously as the serpents were still hovering about, flying around performing huge circles, and making a great clamor. Reaching a creek, and unobserved by the creatures the little girls washed their hands and faces as best as they could, though having to do it without soap as they had none, and then they boldly ventured forth.

One of the creatures observed the beautiful little girls, and it was the one who had tore its tail through the Glandelinian column so furiously. It hovered far above them following them where ever they went. The serpent evidently knew who they were and did this with the intention to guard them against the wicked Glandelinians who may try to capture the little girls as the Glandelinians were scouring the country for them.

Soon the little girls reached a railroad line, and seeing a freight that had stopped at a water tank got on unseen by any one but the Blengiglomean serpent. The trainmen had seen the attack of the serpents, and being christians had declared that it served the rascals right for firing on them without provocation.

Soon the train pulled out and after it was going thirty miles an hour the serpent still following hovered lower, and now the little girls attracted by the loud droning noise heard above the roar of the train were conscious of the presence of the great creature, and though wondering why he was following them they nevertheless felt no alarm, and believed it was for their good.

"My won't Evans be surprised when he sees what we seized from the Glandelinians," said Violet placing her arm around little Jennie. "We had to suffer so much on account of these cruel Glandelinians and so why not strike back and spy on them all we want."

"You bet, and we will," said Jennie. "Our night work indeed indeed will spoil the whole war for the rascally Glandelinians!"

"Let's look at the papers again," said Joise.

Soon all of the little girls were occupied in looking at every sheet of paper. Every one was a plan either in map form on a twenty dollar frontal design of writhings of the most importance to the christians. The most important of all ran as follows;

"To the Manleys of Glandelinia;

It is true you have been worsted by the christians at Glorinia, but if you will follow out these plans, that are placed on these sheets of paper revealing money, you will not only regain your armies that have been so widely scattered but you will also, be able to outwit the christian dogs

in every way possible, will be able to crush the mightiest christian armies, will be able to capture the dirty Vivian girl without further trouble, and their parents and other relations as well, and put the whole of the christian nation under the power of Glandelinia. Through all out

through our soldiers, and ourselves, we have successfully bound ourselves to a work of irreligion. We have extinguished the lights of heaven, and if we can help it they shall never be rekindled. We have shown the papists, and toilers that heaven contains nothing but horrible chimeras."

"Such awful blasphemy!" Said Violet. "Well we'll soon show him whether the heavens are filled with chimeras."

"What are chimeras?" Asked Jennie. "They are related to the fable dragons are they not?"

"They are dragons themselves going under another name, but dragons with more than one or two heads. It's because of the numerous heads that they are called chimeras."

Another which they found of importance was also as follows:

In garrison at Glandelinia the capitol city:

77,399 Fusiliers.
2,234,000 Royal grenadiers.
2,122,554 in cavalry/
222,888, artillery, fr fire-workers etc.
3,234,567 Glandelinian militia.
9,876,554, Ovarians.
4,000,000 Seamen/
5,876,339, Masters, men of vessels, and sailors.
3,500,000 marines.
1,200,000 Artificers.

32,354,454.....Total.

Indeed the little girls were surprised at the findings they had made. They realized that they had frustrated the enemy in everything they planned, and had captured the most important series of plans that they had ever captured in their lives. They congratulated themselves on it and only wished that the train would reach the Christian lines before evening. The day was clear and warm, and as favorable as they had wished it to be.

After three hours of riding, the train stopped at a wayside station, and the little girls were soon startled by hearing voices say:

"Yes Mr. Breakman we are sure the little spies are hiding on your train. The children are known as the Vivian Girls. I'm sorry to have your train stopped like this, but duty is duty, and we must get the little rascals before they reach the Christian lines."

"Very well Lieutenant you may search the whole train. There are many empty box cars on this train and they may be hidden any one of them."

The little girls heard footsteps approaching the car they were hidden in, and crouching in the darkest corners of the empty boxcar the little girls awaited the searchers with beating hearts. Three men came to the door and looked in. Fortunately for the little girls the boxcar was a thick iron one and so they were well protected by bullet proof iron. The door itself was only open three inches. The men saw the little girls and said in a bullish tone:

"So you little devils are hiding in here are you? Come out and surrender yourselves this minute."

"Yes us little devils are in here." Said Violet with as much sass as she could assume. "Will you wait until we come out, or will you dare come in and get us?"

"You little saucy gittersnipes will be shot if you do not obey our commands." Said another of the men. "You have learned important things from the Glandelinian generals ye little snaking spies and thieves and have stolen the most important plans. We want you and you'll have to give yourselves up do you hear?"

"Yes we are not deaf." Said Jennie, and then adding as she saw them starting to push aside the sliding door:

"I'll drop every one of you if you dare open that dorr door."

And all the little girls drew their automatics. With startled exclamations the Glandelinians were about to dash away when again Jennie cried:

"Stay where you are you rascally blasphemers and enemies of God. You cannot dash away from us as fast as we can shoot quicker than you expect.

You wanted us so now come in and take us. We are ready."

Indeed the Glandelinians did not know what to do. They had come to capture Violet and her sisters with the intentions of not bringing them back to the camp as spies, but had the wicked intentions to murder them in cold blood and found themselves trapped.

"How many of you men are there?" Asked Angeline.

The men were silent.

She fired at them, but at random, and still a bullet lodged in one of their shoulders.

"Answer me and if you refuse this once again I'll kill every one of you." She cried angrily.

"We are the only ones here." Was the answer.

"Jedoo and on Catherine." Said Angeline. "See that coil of rope in the corner. Tie them up." Then turning to the men she said:

"You may have the pleasure of opening with the door and come in on a pleasant visit."

"You are;-----"

"I said come in didn't I?" She coldly exclaimed. "I'm wasting my breath, and I need it."

As they knew she would fire again, and this time with fatal effect they obeyed with pouts, and ugly mumblings, and the little girls tied them hand and foot and then gagging them left them lying in the center of the car. The little girls fearing more trouble left the car and surprising the engineer ordered him out of the engine.

"We are going to run it ourselves." Said Violet. "We know by your looks that you are not in favor of the foe cause, but nevertheless you have been weak hearted to allow them to stop your car. But never mind. We'll allow you and the firemen to remain. But on the condition that you'll allow one of us little girls to run the train within the Christian lines, and to leave the calaboose behind with the other car which we came from far to the rear."

The engineer and firemen were flabbergasted.

"What?" They cried excitedly. "You little girls run this engine? I'd like to see you do it?"

"All you will have to do is allow us!"

"I'll bet you all this money in my hand here that any of you little girls cannot run this engine." Said the engineer.

"I'll take the bet." Said Violet also producing the money she had with her.

"That's a go." Answered the engineer. "George go to the firemen uncouple that car with the dirty old Glandelinian skunks. And lose no time either."

This was done, the good breakmen who alone were free doing so willingly having been overjoyed that the little girls had tricked them, though not knowing who the children really were. After ten minutes of switching the calaboose was placed back as the request of the little girls, who operated all the switching themselves each little girl taking turns at the engine.

If the engineer did not drop from sheer excitement and astonishment, he surely must have felt like it.

"Where in the name of heaven did you little girls come from?" He gasped his eyes opened wide with his bewilderment.

They revealed their true identification. When the engineer realized they were really the Vivian Girls he was only too glad to do anything for them, and allow one of them to run the provision train into the Christian line herself.

"I refused to say anything to the fools." He said. "And I did not stop the train for those three Glandelinian skunks. I had to stop as it was a station where I intended to unload some stuff. They surprised me and I tried to make me reveal where you children were. I saw you little girls get on this train and that was the reason I started off so soon from that region. But now I'll not stop at all. Afraid of those Glandelinians, if I had told them where you were you would have been surprised and killed. I told them I knew where you were, but that it would take only God to make me tell. Any of these breakmen will tell you so. They knew too but though they led the rascals they took their time about it and made the Glandelinians speak as you would hear them and be prepared. And you were."

"I beg your pardon then for our mistake." Said Violet as now the materials were unloaded. "We did not know it."

"Do you know where the location of general Evans' army is?" Asked Jennie.

"No." Said the engineer. "But there are so many Christian armies near that I can't fail to run into any one of them."

The little girl now had the train going full speed but now all danger from pursuit was over for they were now within the regions of the Christian lines. After riding for three more hours the train slowed down at another station and to the surprise of the little girls, soldiers in purple were swarming on the platform. It was Evans' army. Corps....

Then the girls got off and were received by the soldiers with joy. The little girls know whose men they were, because of the designs on their shoulders. Every man has different designs on their shoulders, so that returning troops either from field or city hospitals or from far loath could distinguish their own commands from others.....

The little girls asked some of the soldiers to take them at once to general Evans headquarters.

"Certainly," said colonel Sanders. "But we did not expect to see you little girls back so soon. Were you not even detected?"

"Oh yes we were, but never got caught by Manleys men," said Catherine. "We had exciting times though, and escaping got captured by general Levedons men who at first thinking we were runaway child slaves, only placed us in a tent without any guards to watch us, and to his undoing for we spied on him too and secured some of the most important plans."

An army carriage was called for, but as none was found the colonel decided to take the little girls in a auto car. As soon as it arrived and the little girls got on the colonel gave instructions to some of the soldiers on the stations as to where to put the provisions that were to be landed from the train and then away they went for the christian line while all the soldiers within sight cheered the little girls as loudly as they could, tossing up their hats and firing off muskets.....

The soldiers assured them that it was a long trip to general Evans headquarters, and that if they wished they could stop at the colonel's headquarters and wash and clean themselves up.... They were delighted with this proposition and gladly accepted it. So within a half an hour driving the colonel's headquarters was reached and the little girls were brought in. They were ushered to the bath room, and here they took a hearty bath, and a good clean rub bing down. When they were ready to proceed, they were hardly recognized by any of the soldiers, and the colonel was flabbergasted at their appearance.

"Why what a change," he cried.

The journey was now resumed toward general Evans headquarters, and after riding for nearly three hours somewhere they a soon arrived there. It was a very handsome structure made of granite and brick, absolutely fireproof. It had a very magnificent veranda and extended along the whole front of the house. The machine stopped in front of the main entrance and the little girls got off and were led inside by the colonel the guards making road for them. Evans however was not in, but the general in charge sent a message to call him.

As they were waiting in came general Roswell Buster Johnston and, two others who were strangers to the little girls. The little girls arose as he approached them. He only looked at them for a moment and then passed on into the other room with his two generals.

"It's funny he did not speak to you little girls," said the colonel. "Has he done anything that makes him keep from you?"

"I don't know anything about it excepting that he has avoided us since we gave him a calling down when he mistook us for Glendolindin boy scouts, and threatened to thrash us if we did not reveal our true identification," said Violet. "Since then he never comes near us. I have called him several times but he stays away. I'm going to talk to Evans about it and find out what is the trouble. Whether Roswell is angry at us or what?"

Roswell heard this however though she did not speak loud enough, and came upon them abruptly as if to raise a cain and said hastily:

"There is no need to tell Evans, he knows all about it as I have told him. You left my tent after your character was really discovered as if you had become my enemy over that mistake. It was for your good that I was so strict. Suppose you had been the boy scouts instead, or that the other children had been the real Vivian girls. Come what may, either my death or loss of command I will not before God and all in heaven take any chances. It's you little girl who have turned me down, no angry inclinations on my part at all, and since knowing your wicked feelings, and knowing and believing that you did not want anything more to do with me I have kept a distance and have done so. I told Evans about this while you were away last night, on your spying trip, and if you do not forgive my mistake don't let him see you as your spying work will not benefit you any. He's as angry as a bee and has notified general Vivian of your coldness to me."

"It's your own mistake," said Violet. "We realized the mistake and had no hard feelings toward you what ever. You have been too hasty in your complaints to Evans and it will not benefit you anything either general Roswell Buster Johnston. And if that's the case I'll allow no one to get these

but general Johnston to secure these plans for I'll withhold withhold them. Go to your room general Roswell and don't speak to us on anything like that again."

"I refuse to go to my room," said the general. "I'm going to stay here until general Jack Evans comes. He'll speak to you in a way that you won't expect."

Violet and her sisters arose and went out of the building.

"You must have misheard," understood them general Johnston. "Said general Rudolph. "They did it is true leave your tent in that fashion but it is the way they have walked out of every other place, for I have seen them do it. They as the colonel says have some very important plans which they risked so much to get from the enemy, and you know that no matter who the commanding general is these little girls have the authority to withhold them from us if they wish. It's Evans that need these plans most and now because of what you told him they will not give them to any one but Hanson. So now we are in a fix. With out those plans Evans cannot advance without defeat and disaster and defeat. And if you have angered Evans against him they'll give no information whatever."

In the meantime general Evans having gotten the message was hurrying toward his headquarters. The colonel who had escorted the little girls met him.

He saluted and said:

"Your excellency it is too late. Roswell suspects as he says he told you that they have unjustly wronged you and that you are angry with them; and they will not give you up their information and papers they captured. They are heartbroken."

"You don't say!" cried Evans with a wicked look in his eyes. "And mention in the news I receive it. And colonel you surprise me indeed. Here is Roswell Buster Johnston right with me. He never was in my headquarters all day. And he never told me anything about the little girls to anger me."

"Well that is indeed peculiar," said the colonel. "I--" "Damn it there is a rogue that is impersonating me that is the trouble," said Roswell. "I talk like that about the Vivian girls. I have never spoken to them since that day I made the mistake but it is not through my fault or theirs. I've been kept so busy that I could not see them. Bring them back colonel."

The colonel raced off toward where the little girls had went while the two generals having the house surrounded entered.

Roswell reminded himself.

The little girls were brought into the place. He gave a pretended shrug look at the little girls and then said:

"I wish to see general Roswell Buster Johnston about his complaint over the Vivian girls. Orderly bring him."

A general such like him stood forth with his two unknown officers.

"You have had trouble with the Vivian girls have you not?"

"Yes was the answer. "They have hated me since that day as I told you before. And because of the mistake I made."

General Evans looked at the poor little girls. He gave a certain signal and to their surprise the original man stood forth. The impostor for such as he was recoiled a step or two, and stood for a moment as if suddenly petrified, his jaw moving spasmodically without producing any speech. The other officers with him looked flabbergasted. Roswell had stepped out from between the curtains, and the surprised and astonished little girls now stood looking forth from the alcove, surprisingly watching for what terrible thing might next occur.

The impostor and slanderer recovered himself, and made for the door.

"I must not forget to tell you it is locked," said Evans coolly.

"It is true that you depend on your cronies to make a rush with you, but if you did I should kill you like a dog. Do not look incredulous. I know that despite your false looks and uniform that you are a scoundrel Glendolindin pirate prince or general, and that your two helpers are your staff, with probably a large Glendolindin army behind you, and that these little Vivian girls are the hunted like dogs hunt the fox by your dirty tricks, and that the children are the least powerful in your dominion. But at this moment we are on father time, with just what powers nature gave us and God bestowed upon us, except that I'm fully armed and you and your spies with you won't dare use your weapons if you have any."

The three men looked at the door. Evans sword, at Roswell Buster Johnston, then at the Vivian girls.....

"Treachery," he said, in a voice deprived of strength by his feelings. "I'm the real Roswell Buster Johnston and he over yonder is the impostor! If I was not the original how could I know of the offense of the little girls which I told you about?"

"Your highness may recall," said Evans, that I heard no word about any offense at all of the little Vivian girls. Did that little you just now told me the plot you were forming to seize the plan from the little girls at your first opportunity, and the peril which you may have tried to trick them into exposing the honor of a sovereign Glandelinian prince? But sir this is waiting time and talk. It rests with you and your two companions to admit your selves as prisoners peacefully or be shot down in this very room."

The three impostors looked bewildered. It seemed an unspeakably incredible that a rolling Glandelinian general like himself, with his two assistance assistants which had planned disguises so well should be so helplessly placed in his own captured palace now in the hands of the christians, but a second glance assured him--that this was no drama--that the locked door, the surrounding guards at every window and exit, the sabre in Evans hand, the scowling faces of the generals that had come in with general Roswell Buster Johnston and Evans, and the acute expression on Evans face were very actual facts indeed.

"I will never surrender myself on the verdict that I am a spy," his highness said at last. "But I'll surrender as a plain prisoner of war since you christians have cleverly discovered my plots and disguises and characters."

Evans gave a short laugh of derision.

"Can I not get it through your thick skull," he said. "That I am the one in position to offer terms? You sovereign prince of Glandelinia, an Angaliniann are told have absolute power, but you seem to be very stupid. In my country we are quicker to grasp a situation. So you see that, to make the blood of a Glandelinian prince when caught within a christian general's headquarters is no more sacred than a dog's. You say you are not a spy? Humph. What brought you and your two companions here. You may have known the intention of the little girls and intended to trap them by your accusation." And now Evans flanking his sword before the Glandelinian Landgraves eyes continued:

"There is also present. If you do not surrender within a minutes time as a spy my orderlies will pick up something stretched on the floor. You see that each moment we lose is dangerous to you, because being hairy as I am it brings the possibility of interruption. At this moment there came from the door one of those creaking or straining sounds that seem to occur unaccountably."

"Then what do you request?" asked the Glandelinian Landgrave, trying to conceal by his best pretense of dignity, his inward rage and his alarm.

"I request nothing," said Evans with a smile. "I demand nothing. I merely offer to arrest you as a sneaking spy, and will withhold you from the penalty of death, on condition that you give yourself up without dispute."

"Very well I agree," said the Landgrave with a readiness that made Emid Evans laugh again.

"Of course you do for you think you can break the condition, and finding an opportunity break away from us, and cause my officers to raise the alarm, and make our men have the trouble of making a permit, and probably pass our guards before we can do anything to stop you! I must provide against that."

"I give you my word of honor, neither to leave my guards, nor cause any alarm."

"It seems one needs better assurance than the honor of a sovereign Glandelinian prince prison," said Evans. "I would never trust the words of you Glandelinians in the uttermost depths of hell."

The three Glandelinian spies saw that there was nothing to do but to give up as they were ordered to do that the jig was up, and so this they readily did, and they were marched off by the guards.

"It takes more than such disguise to fool me," said Evans with a laugh as he took Violet and Catherine on his knee. "Now in the world did that impostor get into my headquarters. I recognized him deep in his clever disguise, and have known that man since I was a boy. It was an attempt to frustrate you little girls and prevent you from bringing the war to a speedy speedy close..."

Violet and her sisters told him all the y heard during the conversation they heard and then showed him the papers.....

Evans was elated and surprised over the find of the little girls and praised them highly over it. They told him of their experiences, of what they had seen when foolish Glandelinians fired upon blingblamenenn serpents and of their escape on the train.

"You little girls are getting more wonderful every day you spy on the enemy," said Evans. "And I have good news for you little girls. General Vivian and his brother are advancing again the foe along the boundary line. They are planning a pigmatic move against the fortifications of the place on called Titanic Fair. And also the great place called Titanic Fair also.".....

"You and papa are very lucky," said Violet. "Why don't you look over those important papers I gave you. The plans and strength of both places are given there."

Evans gave an exclamation and looked. One of the sheets which he looked gave the folios following:.....

The strength of the fortifications around Titanic Fair is as follows, first at strength, location etc:

Distance between forts.....Five miles.

Number of forts.....100...

Number of each garrison of forts singly.....1,000,000.....

Garrison of all forts combined.....7,000,000,000

Number of guns on forts combined.....500,000

Number of trenches around single fort.....100.

"It's a good seizure, but now since it is known that you little girls know and have the plans of these fortifications the Glandelinians will strengthen them," said Evans. "It is no doubt that the Glandelinians will attempt all you say, but there will be no reckless charges on those forts by our armies if I can prevent it. We must war n all the generals who will endeavor to make the invasions."

THE EXCITING CALVERINIAN CAMPAIGN

BY THE OTHER CHRISTIAN ARMIES!

THE SERIES OF BLOODY BATTLES BEGINNING ON

DECEMBER 1TH AND ENDING FEBRUARY TWENTYFTH.....

A PERFECT 80 STORMS OF BATTLES WITH VARYING FORTUNES OF

BOTH SIDES. WHAT ARE THE SERVED GLANDELINIAN VICTORIES BUT MOUNTAINAIN THEIR LOSSES.....

Though of course general Manleys army had been scattered into many parts and driven clean out of Calverinia there remained other great armies of Old Glandelinians under various commanders which were quite as menacing. The worse of these were in western Calverinia, and though they learned the fate of wicked general John Manleys armies, their courage and fury was not cooled or stilled, and these Glandelinian generals decided to show the world that it will take more than any of the worse and strongest christian armies, with all the friends to back them up at that to drive them out of Calverinia. There were a great number of the Glandelinian armies, and twice more of the christian forces.

The majority of the Glandelinians here were Omurian Kurds, the whole swarm of christian armies operating against them were the fierce and dashing dare-devil Calverinians.

For many days the Glandelinian armies in and around Warren, had watched the movements of the Christian armies under general Jimmie Vivian. The Glandelinian army under general William Mc-Gann had received large reinforcements, these being led by the three old time commanders of great reputation: General Germaine Fielding, Rodney Cannon, and Break-in-the-head. The kind readers may judge of the surprise of these old time Glandelinian generals, to find their armies hemmed in by what they termed a bunch of dirty Christian dogs a rustic rout, with calico frocks, and fowling pieces.

The series of Christian armies numbering separately about five million had come passing through the various ruined western towns, in independent divisions, under their own leaders, and well supplied with provisions.

The Abbieannian troops were under general Henry Francis Ward, general Stark Hanson, led the Calverinians/Putnam Johnston commanded the big division of Angelinians and Green Franklin the divisions of Dandobians. The artillery consisting of forty thousand pieces, was under the control of the venerable general Greatheart. Opposed to the well disciplined Christian army was a motley army of about 10,000,000 Glandelinians and only could rely on success through their experienced commanders, the main one who was Germaine Fielding.

It was rumored that the Christian general Jimmie Vivian intended to seize and fortify the hills around Warren the first fortification line around Titanic Fair, and in order to prevent this disaster, some of the Glandelinian generals proposed that they should take possession of the hills themselves, and though the more cautious were opposed to the enterprise, as it was really extremely hazardous, and knew it would provoke a general and bloody action, and that they were deficient in ammunition and guns, the fearless Germaine Fielding felt confident with proper reinforcements, that his men could not fail of success and within twenty four hours all the hills were seized first, and a force of 5,666,000 occupied them with over five thousand big guns.

Early daybreak revealed to the astonished eyes of the Abbieannians the strong redoubt that had sprung up so suddenly on the hill tops but without waiting for orders, the artillery officers let loose their batteries upon them in a general cannonade, and so fierce was the firing that the soldiers in the Abbieannian army were aroused.

THE BATTLE OF WARREN

THE battle now had begun just as it was feared it would. A force of about 10,000,000 Abbieannians with their arms and provisions for twenty four hours started the advance. Pepper Necklace Neck was strongly guarded by the foe but the Abbieannian wave crossed it with ease cutting away the Glandelinian wave that opposed them. The slaughter was cruel but on they went. From the heights the Glandelinians saw and heard the wild bustle of the Abbieannian onslaught, and during a bustle of preparation heard the heaviest firing far to the right, and a sudden salvoes of explosions. The Christian batteries were finding the range and yet their own were not allowed to respond as yet. Repeated messages were sent to general Fielding for the promised reinforcements by reinforcements. General Bladde hurried toward Candridge to urge the demand in person and was killed by the explosion of a Christian shell. Fielding hesitated lest he should weaken the main division, for now it seemed as if the whole Abbieannian line was pressing forward to the attack and the firing now was something awful.

Stark Reed and Body Lice, with their divisions were ordered to the relief of Indigestion Prescott and his hard pressed soldiers, but they could not hold their ground despite the terrific resistance

they offered, and the first line of redoubt at this point was carried and Prescott fell mortally wounded. All the while the main Abbieannian batteries kept up an incessant cannonade to cover the charge of the Abbieannian wave. General Vivian discovering that the Glandelinian positions were stronger than he anticipated sent to general Nansen for reinforcements, though already the Abbieannian wave had sprung forward with a fury and ardor that could not be denied, the indomitable spirit of the men ploughing through the rain of shot and shell, breaking already the first strong line of defenses in the valley, storming their way across the canals, capturing the line of machine guns on the opposite side, and rushing forward like a wave of hunters on a chase. It was a terrific Abbieannian charge indeed.

In the meantime while the Abbieannians were advancing so furiously below the Glandelinians strengthened their works on the hills, and formed series of rustic breastworks, piling post and railfences behind stone fences and breastworks and filling the spaces between with new mown grass.

Those below withstanding the violent attack of the Abbieannians were cheered by the arrival of Breakinew who appeared with over 500,000 men and as he marched he made a rapid movement, a part of his force battling with Putname at the Franklin Ford, and a part joining Greenia behind a fence breastwork. General Warronia who had recently been appointed major general, but had not as yet received his commission arrived with more troops. He came as did Pomeroy Francis, and now all these forces joined in the resistance.

About half an hour after the attack began the Abbieannians had forced aside all opposition below and confident of an easy victory advanced up the hills, one division of 3,456,765 men under general Greatheart, these swarming up the hill under a storm of shot and shell, to assault the main line of redoubts in front, while the other under general Howing, advanced against the breastworks, in order to gain the rear and cut off the retreat of the Glandelinians. The Abbieannians as they advanced gave forth fierce and most terrific yells and kept up an incessant discharge of musketry charging like the Americans did in the battle fields of Europe.

The only sound issuing from the Glandelinians was from their batteries but the hubbub caused by the shells did not daunt the Christian columns. When Greatheart's divisions came within forty paces of the Glandelinians in the redoubt, those retreating having already reached the shelter of the works, the graycoats in the redoubt leveled the ir masks and prepared their line of machine guns and then came the command of the main commander here who was Body Lice: "FIRE AND GIVE THOSE CHRISTIAN DOGS HELL."

The whole line of redoubts streamed with the musketry fire all because hidden in smoke. Then it cleared, it was seen that whole lines were cut down, several mangled Abbieannian columns were falling back, but urged on by their officers the remainder still came on. The Glandelinian troops allowed these to come nearer than before but received them more warily. The carnage was dreadful, but still on came the remainder. Pigott on the side of the foe was killed, a portion of the gray line was retreating, and at the same time Howes division was retreating but Germaine Fielding hurried reinforcements, and these at once stormed with fire, and a fierce conflagration added to the new horrors of the scene.

The Glandelinians poured in their reserve fire with the most deadly effect, and the two divisions that had been retiring was now being rallied. On came the enemy also toward the breastworks firing with the regular fury of men who tried to mow all down in their path, the red coats being so near here that man could be distinguished from man, each by his face, though all the countenances had in common the fierce contorted features of the ferocious Abbieannian veterans.

The enemy were now dangerously near to the Glandelinian breastworks, though nothing now was heard but the fierce roar of musketry and machine guns to the right where the redoubt was, the trobling beat of the Abbieannian guns the crash of cannons and exploding shells, and the singing of the storm of Abbieannian bullets in the air. Then along the whole breastwork there was a flash a thunderous crash of musketry and cannon that shook the earth, there was great gaps in the long scarlet lines, many redecoated soldiers lay on the ground in various positions, many writhing and grimacing, the thousands perfectly still/hundreds pierced and bleeding, many without visible wound. Those still still afoot were however recovering the formation of their lines, and again the still unbroken scarlet lines rolled forward though many fell plunging to earth in the face of the terrific Glandelinian fire.

The Glandelinian troops knew that the Abbieannians were somewhat impeded in their charge by the bodies of dead and wounded comrades they had to step over, that the officers had to do some threatening and sword pricking and striking to persuade the Glandelinians not to leave the works even in the face of such great odds, that a second time a column of Abbieannians was almost driven back by the deadly Glandelinian marksmanship, that to add their attempt the Abbieannians set fire to Warren, the Abbieannian cannon did a little more work this time, and that three divisions of Glandelinians a second time started to retreat leaving the ground covered more thickly covered with dead and wounded, and worse for the Glandelinians the Abbieannians came without knapsacks and their whole movement was concentrated upon the redoubt and breastwork while their light artillery was sent ahead and so placed that the cannon were infiltrating the Glandelinians in the flank.

The main red line were but twenty yards away when the fire of the Glandelinians increased, but not a single Abbieannian column wavered, but with fierce yells sprang forward like hunters with fixed bayonets, though many fired in return gapping the whole gray line horribly. First the Abbieannians surged up to the southern side like a screaming monstrous tidal wave, their front line being lifted by the men behind. The whole first line of redcoats that mounted the parapets was gradually shot down, but the remainder could not be halted, and a scene of confusion ensued as the breastworks was the first carried. The fierce attack was speedily directed against an open space in which the Abbieannian leaders had noticed between the breastwork and open fence.

All along the line the Abbieannians advanced with fixed bayonets, poured in a single volley all along the line, and then assailed the redcoats on three sides. Now followed a most desperate encounter, the Glandelinians fighting with pistol butts, firing muskets and pistols at close range, using daggers and clubbed muskets, stones and bayonets, but before the pressure of such an overwhelming wave of redcoats it was almost impossible to maintain the ground and the survivors commenced an orderly retreat.

General Pomperory clubbed his sabre and retreated with his face to the Abbieannians and then fell severely wounded. Pugnose, Satanian Johnston, and Fields kept their positions at the breastworks against great odds until the remainder had left the redoubt and passed down the hills, and thus prevented the Abbieannians from cutting off the retreat, then they slowly retired.

This part of the conflict had raged two hours, and of the 10,000,000 Abbieannians that charged over 3,456,777 had fallen of which 56,789 were dead, and the rest wounded, while despite the Abbieannians being the assailants, the 280 had lost over 6,789,800 in killed and wounded, 2,344,559 of which were dead, an unusual proportion of whom were general officers, among whom was major general Pit cairn Bodylice, and Warran another general of high rank.

THEFOT AT TEMPT TO RETAKE THE WORK S. . . CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE.....

The strength of the fortifications of the hills was now to be tested. First the Glandelinian commander decided to retake it by having the battle ships fire on the hills. From the results afterwards this battlefield was contemptuously styled the 'SLAUGHTER PEN'. The important hills was threatened by the wicked Glandelinians by land and sea simultaneously by land and sea. Before it lay the Glandelinian fleet of 10,000 ships under Sir Henry Franklin. Germaine Fielding with 20,000,000 men had retreated to Titanic Landing, which lay to the rear of the previously abandoned hills, and here he was erecting new batteries to cover his advance across a small stream to counter assault the fortified hills when the fire of the ships should make a breach. An hour after the lull as the Abbieannians stationed a force under general Thompson on the opposite side of the creek the Glandelinian assault started, general Francis Lee taking his position on a point of the extreme mainland north of the hills, where he stood off the assailants with great gallantry, and sent aid to Thompson and general Moultrie. Simultaneously as the Glandelinian columns started their counter attack the formidable Glandelinian fleet of Franklin advanced and commenced a most furious fire, which was returned with great spirit, not by the batteries on the hills in possession of the Abbieannians but by the Abbieannian batteries as well, and though the firing had considerable effect on the hills, the ships of the enemy were almost torn to pieces.

In the midst of the most terrific roar of artillery, and perfect storm of exploding shells the Abbieannians stood bravely to their guns and positions, many of them remaining at their posts, even after they had lost a limb or arm. Twenty of the ships ran aground, ten others were battered and set on fire with their guns loaded and colors flying and only abandoned when the fire got under headway. The Abbieannians determined to secure a trophy, boarded the burning wooden dreadnaughts, fired their guns at the steel dreadnaughts, took possession of the colors, loaded 100 boats with the stores and departed in safety before they blew up.

Germaine made repeated attempts to breach the christian line, but many times was repulsed by Thompson's batteries. For ten hours the battle raged, the ships continually firing the foe attacking by land simultaneously.

General Feilding during a lull became convinced that the Abbieannians designed to press their advantage by a direct attack, and so he sent further reinforcements among which was Haslet's divisions, Glandelinian troops whose soldierly bearing and discipline had won him special regard. It was true for his fears were immediately realized. On that late afternoon despite the firing of the Glandelinian ships the Abbieannians proceeded to carry out their desperate plan of pressing their attack. General Jimmie Vivian was to march along by paths across to the Titanic Fair roads, to seize the paths in the Saratoga hills, thence proceed onward, and turn the Glandelinian left flank, general Groatheart was to pass along the shore road, and attack them on the main right wing with full force and fury, while general Santa Dania with his Concentinians was to threaten the central wing, where general Double Day Hand was stationed with his field artillery.

As soon as possible Jimmie Vivian commenced his dash toward the Titanic Fair road, general Grants divisions moved in an opposite direction along the western or shore road, and forced the Glandelinians under Atlee from point to point with heavy loss. Again the firing was fearful. As news of Grants approach reached general Feilding he sent Body Knowe with Harle woods divisions and Haslet's batteries to the relief of general Atlee and though the se opposed the christians with might and main, they were desperately assaulted by overwhelming numbers while simultaneously the redoubt was heavily cannonaded, and now the heavy firing attracting the attention of general Feilding he sent more relief and started to advance himself.

After desperate fighting these first columns of Gargolians were scattered widely beyond their main lines, the object of the Abbieannians was in part accomplished, and silently and rapidly the forces of Groatheart were moving on to cut off their retreat. He had forced the eastern pass but not without heavy losses, but nevertheless continued his assault and now the whole Abbieannian line advanced upon the now Glandelinian redoubt. General Grant pushed on along his point, struck the enemy along his point a frightful blow and carried all before him. General Stirlingington and Sullivan Johnston both perceived their danger and after bloody resistance and sanguinary fighting endeavored to retreat but in vain, the enemy having gained their rear, the Glandelinians being completely entrapped and hemmed in, and though a portion of Stirlingington's troops after savage fighting escaped by fording a creek, the remainder most of whom were Smallwoods divisions again took a brave but desperate stand, and more than 50,000 of them were slain within sight of the main Masonic line. Thousands of those were most cruelly and wantonly bayoneted by the merciless Abbieannians who were enraged over the sights of starvation and misery they had witnessed in Calverinia during the time of their entrance.

At length Stirlingington sought Santa Dania and surrendered. Sullivan's divisions of Gargolians were driven back and forth, by the varied divisions of the Abbieannians and treated in a like barbarous manner by the enraged Abbieannians, millions were taken prisoners among whom was the Glandelinian general Sullivan himself others fought their way back to the main lines. The battle thus ended, with a cruel defeat for the Glandelinians under Germaine Fielding. The loss of the Glandelinians was very severe of the remaining 20,000,000 engaged, nearly 5,000,000 more were literally slain or taken prisoners, while out of 56,789,876 the Abbieannians only lost 4,999,876. They made no further assault on Germaine's lines that day but encamped directly in front of them, and prepared to carry them by regular approaches, but during the night the Glandelinian army secretly retreated southward toward the boundary line of Calverinia.

THE BATTLE OF VIRGINIA ZICCHERMANN.

At the same time this occurred the entire Glandelinian fleets of battle ships was within cannon shot of the blockaded city of Virginia, and many of their dreadnaughts had passed up the Mc-Whirther and Aronburg Run rivers. They had landed heavy troops on the islands on at the mouths of the Zimmermann river and there erected a series of batteries, and soon these Glandelinian armies under Clinton and Donop crossed over and started an attack upon General Walter Jennings lines. Jennings heard the terrific cannonading in that quarter and the fearful firing of musketry, and as he was on his way to learn the cause met the first columns who on the first desperate assault of the enemy had fled in the saddest confusion, followed by two brigades of Concentinian troops, who that very morning had been sent to support them.

He strove to rally them, but in vain; neither entreaties or commands had any effect upon these panic-stricken soldiers, and mortified and indignant at their cowardice he dashed his sword upon the ground and cried:

"Are these the cowardly men with whom I am to defend Angelina?"

The enemy in pursuit were now not more than eight yards from him but in his excitement, and despite the firing and bursting shells all around him he forgot his own safety, and had not an attendant seized the bridle of his horse and hurried him from the field he would have fallen into the hands of the Glandelinians. Jennings ordered general Francis Heath to secure Zimmerman heights and sent an express order to Jonnington to evacuate the city and to retire to those heights with all speed, for the enemy was extending his lines across the region and he feared the foe would cut off their retreat. Jonnington retreated along the westside of the region under fire by what is called the Bloomingdale road in Calvernia. His line encumbered with thousands of children and orphans, and many others including hundreds of thousands of women and children fleeing from the city was exposed to the fire of the ships and the advance advancing enemy, but by his extraordinary exertions he saved the children from entire destruction and contr concentrated his heavy artillery on the heights and awaited the charge of the enemy who were now in possession of the city.

The Abbieannians were successful in reaching the heights in time, and with their rifles and artillery opened a severe fire upon the advancing enemy, who returned it vigorously. Almost at the first fire general Hansels' horse was shot under him, and the second general in command fell mortally wounded. The enemy took advantage of the confusion that followed the fall of the two Abbieannian general, and rushed on with the bayonet.

The Abbieannians tried to withstand the pressure of the charge but in vain and were forced to give way, and Hansel now on foot tried to rally them but he was struck down by the enemy, bayoneted, and left on the field apparently dead.

As his men retreated in confusion, a large body of the Abbieannian militia which general Jennings had sent to their aid appeared in sight. Mawhood the Glandelinian commander instantly checked his pursuit of the fugitives and opened upon these fresh troops of Christians a heavy fire of artillery which after three mortal charges brought them to a stand. Convinced by the continued firing that the conflict was serious Jennings spurred on in advance of his main divisions, and just at this crisis had reached a rising ground near by from which he witnessed the scene. He saw Hansels scattered forces, the hesitation of the militia, that everything was at stake and that the foe was raising gain with the main Christian line, and was attacking the batteries with tenfold fury and that the scene had become like a vast inferno.

He dashed forward in the face of Mawhood's artillery fire, exposed both to the fire of the enemy and the random shots of his own soldiers, and waving his hat called upon the broken and faltering armies to follow him. Inspired by his voice and example they rallied at once and counter charged with all their might. At this moment a fresh division emerged from a neighboring wood, and with loud cheers engaged in the conflict, cut the enemy's line all to pieces, while the Abbieannian batteries now within range showered shells and grapeshot upon the enemy tearing many huge avenues in their main line. The fight was desperate, Mawhood was captured, the main commander with great difficulty forced his way back to the main Bloomingdale road and retreated with all haste toward the city. The second division of the enemy was attacked by the brigade under Henrique St. Clare broken and scattered and it fled toward the fields toward Zimmerman creek and across. Alarmed at the general rout a part of the scattered division under Francis fled in the same direction, while another portion took refuge in three children's school buildings. The Abbieannian artillery was soon brought to bear upon it and they soon surrendered. The Abbieannians then attacked the towns on all sides. The Glandelinians after further resistance which cost the Abbieannians four hundred thousand men was driven from the city to the outer lines, and crowded into the shelter of breastworks where though they were able to fight to advantage, were exposed to the shells of the Christian batteries, and as further resistance was impossible the whole army fled southward, two thousand of the Glandelinians having been bayoneted by the merciless Abbieannians. General Porter of the Glandelinians was clearing on his men.

THE LONG RETREAT OF THE FOE.

It was resolved by the Glandelinians to abandon the regions at this point but before it was fully accomplished Germaine Vivian with a force of 16,000,000 men crossed the Zimmerman the object of the Christians being to form a line across the country and between the Glandelinians in both between the city and the rivers. To avoid this the foe retreated and the Glandelinians

secured the bridges over the McWhirther Run, then across the Aronburg Run, to the neighborhood of Wainston. This Glandelinian retreat was made in such haste that nearly all the artillery was abandoned, the tents of the extensive camps left standing and the fires still burning. That night the Abbieannians found shelter in the tents of the deserted city of the enemy. From the Aronburg Run the army moved on across the Raritan-Brunswick to the Princeton, where they left their baggage and sent a general Sterling to check the Abbieannian advance, while the army proceeded to Dredge, and thence beyond the Aronburg Run reaching the great McHollister Run. The Abbieannians pressed so closely upon them, that the advance of Walter Janin Jennings entered the ruins of Pandora at one end as their rear guard passed out the other, and incessantly during this march the Glandelinian rear guard employed in pulling up bridges was within sight and shot of the Abbieannian pioneers sent forward to rebuild them. Thus less than four million men, a mere shadow of a recent Glandelinian army—poorly clad, with a scant supply of blankets, without tents and enfeebled for the want of food, evaded by an orderly retreat, a well appointed Abbieannian force that far outnumbered them, fell fed, well clothed, well disciplined, and flushed with victory. When the Abbieannians reached the McHollister Run they were unable to cross over, not a boat was to be found, the Glandelinian general having taken the precaution to have them all secured for a distance of one hundred fifty miles, and transferred to the north, west and east side. Two miles above this point was the fortifications of North Titanic Fair, and a few miles below them was the Abbieannian lines extending also from river to river.

Simultaneously the Abbieannian general Crew decided to ford over to the mainland and gain the rear of the Glandelinians, and cut off their communications with the main body, whence they received most of their supplies, but though well laid his plans were defeated, for general Dunn was on the alert, and joined by general Prescott Whilliam and others every pass and ford was guarded, and all bridges torn down. Crew with his caution waited several days for reinforcements, and again the Glandelinian army in four divisions commanded by generals Henry Lee, Heath, Sullivan, and Lincoln withdrew across the McHollister Run and gradually concentrated their forces in a fortified camp near White Rose Town.

THE BATTLE OF WHITE ROSE TOWN.

Still hoping to gain the rear of the Glandelinian army, Jennings moved on toward Rehoboth and Rochelle, where he was reinforced by 10,000,000 light horse troops, and mounted Continentals under general Nero and with these he advanced upon the Glandelinian camps. Scarcely had the foe encamped, and entrenched themselves at White Rose Town when a rumor of the approach of the Abbieannians reached them. On the morrow when general Knyphausen the foe commander accompanied by his general officers was reconnoitering the neighboring heights, the alarm was given that the enemy had driven in the pickets, and were within the camp. When he reached the scene he found the whole army in action, the enemy not attacking the main line alone but turning their attention to the fortified heights, which lay a little south of the camp, and was separated from it by the Benbow Run. This height was occupied by 16,000,000 men under general McDougal and the main attack of the battle was made at this point. After thirteen

hours of desperate resistance in which ten desperate charges of the Abbieannians had been repulsed with frightful slaughter, a part of the Abbieannian line broke and fled, but Hazel Smallwoods great divisions made a still braver stand the following day, and repeatedly repulsed the Abbieannians who assaulted in long lines ten deep, rushing to the attack in perfect tidal waves, but at length overpowered by numbers, a part of the line retreated across the fields toward the camp. Reinforcements arrived however and the breach was filled and the Abbieannians were once more repulsed, but the Glandelinian generals Liegins and the brave general Knowlton both fell in this savage encounter. The Glandelinians were still in possession of the hills, but could the worn out and almost disheartened Glandelinian troops hope to repulse another onslaught from a force so well equipped and so powerful. Their redoubts were of hastily constructed stumps of corn, pulled up from neighboring fields, with the earth clinging to the roots. At night the Glandelinian commanders again withdrew their armies, and placed them in a new and stronger position about five miles distant. General Jennings passed from the McWhirther Run down the banks of the McHollister Run, and took possession of the Sandwith Isles, near the McWhirther River.

Tobin's important position commanded the entrance into the Angeline Lake. He then made desperate attempts on St John's Run but finding it more strongly garisoned than had been represented, he decided to besiege it instead of raging a battle, and sent another division under Allan Ebban A la, but this division in attempting to take Montreal Run and another section of the loomingdale road was overpowered without a battle, and taken prisoner with his men. Simultaneously general Baile took the fortifications of Chamblie a few miles down the river without a battle, thus placing strong Abbeonnnian troops between St John's and Calvernia. General Carleton also made exertions but without success, and was repelled at a passage of the Vivian Wikey Run without a battle by general Warner Sathing, while another division going up the Gaudenians on the same errand was also driven back without fighting a battle. The garrison at St John's Run presently surrendered to the Christians, and immediately the energetic Jennings pushed on to Tobin which submitted at the first summons, while Carleton's with his army of Omarians fled toward Angolinia.

In the meantime another force of Glandelinians was marching to the relief and the Glandelinian general proposed to make a desperate attack. So on the morrow after retreating the christian pickets were suddenly surprised to see whole columns of Glandelinians rushing forward to make a desperate attack.

BATTLE OF CAMPHILL.

The battle was of three days duration and as savage an encounter as could ever be imagined. Taken by surprise as they had been the sentries had not fired like comards from the picket but brought down so many of the foe that the survivors were not able to advance and Cal Carleton's the main commander fell shot down by a picket, and then during the rest of the first day the foe made a effective series of charges, and though disheartened at the fall of their main leader, and their frightful losses, the foe still maintained the attack, until their left wing was rolled up by Abbeonnnian reinforcements, Generals Og Campbell, the esmanian, and Mac-Ther's son also being killed. Arnold Johnston on the Glandelinian right flank suffered immensely from a flanking fire, his column was shattered to pieces, and driven into confusion, his two legs were shattered by the explosion of a shell, and he was unable to lead his men against the storming christian batteries. Morgan's assumed the command, and with the support of his main batteries stormed the christian artillery, carried the batteries, and the second one but not without wholesale losses in officers and men, but now the main Abbeonnnians were concentrated at this point, and after a screaming roaring hell of sanguinary fighting the Glandelinian surge was cut to pieces and driven back in shattered and mangled columns for the distance of ten miles in half an hour, while Morgan's and a division of 3,555,000 men were captured with 34,000 pieces of Glandelinian artillery.

The enemy on the first day had made such a hasty retreat so hasty that the main baggage train and artillery and all the sick and wounded were left behind to the mercy of the ferocious Abbeonnnians. Jennings came pressing on like a titan with his force of 13,000,000 men of the first division, the other 34,000,000 coming on far behind, and general Francis Thompson trying to cover the retreat was killed at Three Rivers, and his force annihilated, and those of other divisions who escaped joined Frank Sullivan on the Angeline. The Generals of the Glandelinian center had been as equally as unfortunate, for the positions on Cedar Run had been abandoned after shameful losses had been inflicted by the marvellous Abbeonnnian soldiers, and a big reinforcing division sent to this aid was routed, a fort was surrendered without a blow, and the wreck of the first main Glandelinian division passed out of the region.

The brave An Abbeonnnian generals led forward their men with great spirit. A part of the Glandelinian army had rallied, and when the first grand division of the Glandelinians faltered in the face of the enemy's heavy musketry and artillery, the generals rode to the front and cheered them on. General Francis Whooster fell mortally wounded a man's ball piercing his side he being a Glandelinian commander, and his soldiers now retreated in confusion. General Arnold Ridgfield made a stand two miles beyond the spot where Whooster fell, and while the Abbeonnnians made their tremendous assault, he acted with unusual daring, but after a spirited and bloody resistance, his force was overpowered and driven back, his horse was shot under him, and before he could disengage himself from the struggling animal, he was taken prisoner by the Abbeonnnians.

During the pursuit the Abbeonnnians were greeted continually until night fall with a palling fire from behind trees, rocks, houses and houses, which continued until night put an end to the scene.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE.

General Jennings during the night commanded a series of manoeuvres and made a flight movement toward the right of the main Glandelinian position in the hopes of drawing the Glandelinians from the heights into the open plain, where the Abbeonnnian discipline might prevail better, but the latter was too cautious to be trapped, but Jennings suddenly wheeled his forces and by a rapid movement endeavored to burn the left of the Glandelinian position in order to gain the passes and heights in their rear, but general Biggley saw his object in time to gain his stronghold and was just about to launch a counter assault, when suddenly the whole heavens were lighted up, the city of Mount Tension was on fire, and its light revealed the whole red army advancing to make a tremendous assault.

The assault came the roar of artillery shook the heavens, the christians were repelled after spirited resistance but the assault was assumed again with redoubled fury, abandoned positions taken possession of the day before beset with active christian cannon, shells fairly rained like confetti, St. Clare rushed on with his division of Abbeonnnians, and general Barado Fraser followed with his Bonobianians, and assaulted the enemy's line at every point. The struggle was fearful, merciless, the opposing lines fighting like savage beasts expecting no quarter, the roar of fresh artillery led that a second Abbeonnnian wave was advancing, everything abandoned the previous evening was on fire, Fort St. Anna was also on fire, a stretch of woods was burning, and though both waves of redcoats were held in check, general Edward of the Glandelinians was killed and general St. Clare Schuler and Castleton arriving with reinforcements were wounded and the reinforcements badly cut up. St. Clare on the christian side fell in that deathly inferno, five thousand redcoats went down like an execution but nevertheless the foe was finally compelled to yield to superior numbers, and the left wing made the best retreat they could until morning when relieving reinforcements they rallied and stood their ground once more. Along the left the Glandelinian loss of military stores, artillery, ammunition and prisoners was immense, and consternation was spread through the army over the wildness of the Abbeonnnians night attack.

The reinforcing forces of the enemy was concentrated in front of the Abbeonnnian wave, and Wayne stationed at the centre of this position with his batteries opposed the red force with all his might, a hill overlooking the ford had already been captured by the christians, the right wing there commanded by Logan Sullivan which division extending thirty miles had been driven back, with the loss of 3,555,799 men, the left wing under general Armstrong extending ten miles below was cut to pieces and scattered after all morning's desperate fighting, while general Green with the reserve was unable to advance to the aid. Simultaneously the Abbeonnnians in heavy column charged through the intervening woods, and though several attempts were made here by the christians to cross the fords they were temporarily repulsed. In the meantime the Glandelinian generals threw their main forces on the Abbeonnnians immediately in their front, being determined to hinder them from obtaining assistance from the other divisions marching through the regions of the Mac-Hollister Run, the two main wings co-operated, and though this was a skillful movement Sullivan made a vigorous assault but was forced to fall back to the wooded regions, in which the Abbeonnnians became entangled. These Glandelinians rallied on a hill, and there made a still fiercer resistance for four hours, but were at length compelled to fall back. Green moving forward at this moment to their support was killed, the Abbeonnnians charging forward with such rapidity, that his forces drove the Glandelinians under Green fifteen miles in less than an hour in a headlong rout.

Such a such was the skillful disposition of the Abbeonnnian soldiers that they not only checked the Glandelinian counter charge, but cut open their lines, and passed through, taking the christian line on the flank, while the brave conduct of the reserve saved Warner's division of Concentin from being completely checked, having stubbornly withstood the attack of the foe at the lower fords meeting the enemy in deadly conflict with the bayonet, and forcing them back. General Kales of the christians behaved with great bravery and prudence, but was severely wounded in the leg.

The main right wing of the enemy still held the two armies meeting each other and raging with a storming battle, but the roar of the

Abbasid army had been gained at this position, and their baggage was not off, but when it seemed certain that the region was again falling into the hands of the Ghaznavids, the military stores were removed, but by this time the second wave of Abbasids had come up to this point and the line was restored and a heavy concentration forced the foe to yield, and the whole army was rolled up, with the loss of 4,000 heavy armor. At another point of the line the Ghaznavids had won an advantage only to lose it. A swift attack of Ghaznavid troops had drove the Abbasids on center, the smoke of firing being thick like a dense fog, and though the Abbasids at this point had given way on all sides, abandoning everything, heavy concentration of fresh troops drove the foe into consternation, and into a panic. The complete victory at this point within their grasp was lost, the Abbasids rallied, coming on like a tidal wave and carried all before them.

THE THIRD AND LAST DAY OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

On the third day the foe again tried their luck by making an attack. The army advanced in two parallel columns, the Abbasids received them with a continuous shower of arrows, aided by an overwhelming shower of shafts and projectiles. The Ghaznavids, retreating, came on again and though again completely repulsed a second time with a loss of 100,000 men returned to the attack with redoubled fury. The two forces now met in the dead level conflict. It was one of the most desperate encounters of the war along this section, quarter was neither given or asked. There were instances when all was over when the death grasp still held the combatants and into a neighborhood her heart, and it seemed as if the fight had been decided over by countless arrows. The brave Ghaznavid general Kharkeher was twice mortally wounded, but leaning against a shattered tree he continued to encourage his men till a counter charge of the Abbasids compelled the foe to give way, the attack being made in both rear and front at the same time, Baume of the foe he found his ordered lines with the greatest determination and desperation, and his thousands of field pieces were so well timed that fearful losses were inflicted among the Abbasids but his works were stormed with the greatest violence, the Abbasid army surging rushing up to the very muzzles of the enemy's chain of cannon and though they went down in many thousands for every charge, the Abbasids continued the assault and at length Baume fell mortally wounded, and his men surrendered.

Scarcely did this occur when Francis Preysner appeared with his new forces of Ghaznavids on the one side and Warner Bosto on the other, the fighting being renewed with redoubled violence along this point, and during the first repulse of the army who made a desperate assault a thousand artillery and a million stand of arms were taken, about two hundred officers the enemy were slain, and sixty taken prisoners, while the Abbasids lost only fourteen officers killed, and twenty wounded but their loss in private was exceedingly heavy.

General Arnold Bates of the Ghaznavids being forced back all along the line and continuing hard to hand with almost the entire Abbasid right wing, and his losses were heavy, having had sent to Portland for reinforcements, but the reinforcements could not check the Christian tide, and Arnold Bates with only 13,000 men was left for four hours to sustain the attack of over 40,000 Abbasids. The severest conflict was now on and in the open field, the Ghaznavids being posted on the one side in a dense wood, where few cannon could be used, the Abbasids on the opposite side in a thin pine grove, where they could use their artillery. When the Christian column would advance across the body across fields, the Ghaznavid infantry would drive them back, and when the Ghaznavids would become the pursuers, the Abbasids would sweep thousands of their ranks down with their cannon. A dozen times this field was lost and won. The Ghaznavid infantry repeatedly took possession of the Abbasid artillery, but the roughness of the ground would not permit them to secure the guns, and before they could turn them they themselves were driven off at the point of the bayonet.

By the desperate exertions of the Abbasids the line was broken again and again, but as often the generals would rally their men and divisions and return to the conflict, but presently the Ghaznavid general Frederick fell mortally wounded, the whole assembling line gave way and in spite of a shower of grape and cannon and shafts, and a fearful fire of musketry, the Abbasids rushed headlong to the assault. The Ghaznavid general Arnold rode directly up to the Christian ranks in one of these charges, where his horse was shot under him, and he himself was severely wounded—a shaft fragment had shattered his leg.

His three divisions were in battle, and advanced through and through with shot and shell now fell back in confusion also. A series of numbers of other Ghaznavid divisions were fortunate forced their way clear through the Abbasid intrusions, and maintained their position for three hours against the Abbasids who counterattacked them, using up a large amount of ammunition in the terrific firing before they finally gave way. Simultaneously a division of Ghaznavid Abbasids under general Brown, had seized the position to the left, also a fleet of lance-axe lance-axe men with provisions for the Ghaznavid army, and three hundred thousand priest prisoners. The same division had united with another and laid siege to Ticonderoga divisions. Disasters men and steel had drowned indeed upon the wicked Ghaznavids. The only onslaught of St Ledger and Baume had failed, the Ghaznavids and Tripoligoulian troops were pressing hard upon Ticonderoga troops, and their supplies and intercourse was cut off from the main divisions.

Toward the afternoon the whole Ghaznavid army was drawn up in order of general battle, large advancing forces appearing on the heights in the rear, nearly all the passes by which the Ghaznavid commanders could extract themselves in case of other defeat were in the hands of the Christians, cannon balls, shafts and bullets tore his shagging lines to pieces and damaged his camp ten miles away, and ten hundred and extensive saw million men occupied by the Ghaznavid generals were on fire. Clinton shot himself attached and captured the positions under Montgomery and Clinton's division. Though the Ghaznavids at these positions fought like demons the positions could not be maintained, the fury of the firing setting fire to every house within the battle field and several miles beyond. The Ghaznavid force surrounded the force on the extreme center, and the whole Ghaznavid army resumed its retreat.

THE BATTLE OF CLINTON.

The strong Abbasid army was soon in pursuit. For a December month in University the weather was excessively cold, and the heavily armed Ghaznavids moved very slowly through the deep snow. The Abbasids soon came up as the foe had halted on suddenly being joined by Canadian army. A council of war was held, and the question discussed, whether to attack the enemy and bring on a general engagement again, or merely harass them on their march. Jennings was in favor of the former manner of attack and he sent forward 2,445,000 men to take possession of the hills, and three great divisions off into the plateau and Green Sanders were sent also with two divisions, and when these advanced they found a force of about 10,000,000 Ghaznavids approaching to make an assault on a summit.

This was three days after the recent battle. The two Abbasid commanders made arrangements to cut off this force, and sent word of his movements to Jennings. But when he came upon the divisions he found it much stronger than he anticipated. In truth Jennings had thrown his strong force of Omarbun and the Ghaznavids there for the express purpose of giving the Abbasids a severe check. The battle had scarcely begun, before occurred a misapprehension of orders, the first divisions of Abbasids began to retreat, and in the retreat had passed about into a flight.

The enemy came up in force, other divisions of the Abbasids filled the gap made by the retreating Christians and the battle became extremely fierce. The enemy army assaulted the line at all points, another portion of the Abbasids then started to give way, but the Abbasids passed around a creek across to their rear, and Butler-Henryson seeing this movement ordered his divisions to draw off from the attack, lest they should be surrounded, but the flankers pressed their attack, all the Ghaznavids at this point were thrown into confusion and made a shivering flight, and were pursued all in unrelenting fury. The whole army was ravaged by the terrific fire along the Abbasid ranks. Ghaznavid divisions fell by scores of thousands, perishing by hundreds per minute. Division of horsemen were cut to pieces, and a division of infantry when crying for quarter were butchered with the bayonet without mercy by the Abbasids. The battle was over ending with another Abbasid victory. Simultaneously Clinton and Campbell with 2,000,000 men moved on to press the Ghaznavids at Benue. Savannah (Ghana) Port of the country, and general Howard Roberts who was in command of the Ghaznavids there could not make any resistance and without a battle the foe forces were thrown into confusion and retreated, and the town of Savannah fell into the hands of the Christian victors. B. Jennings simultaneously defeated the enemy passing across the Vivian creek took Barbary and Barbary Creek into his possession, and there Jennings fell and assumed the command.

Since the battle of Gloriana the Glandelinian armies were extensively distributed, in a series of divisions and cantonments, which extended all along the Sothern part of Calvernia, thus effectually opposing the united Abbeoninian forces. The fierce and cruel Abbeoninians were so strong at New Aronburg, and Mo-Wilther, that to attack them with success seemed and was hopeless. The enemy themselves held important places and were watching for opportunities to pillage but could not do so on account of the near approach of the ferocious Abbeoninians. But the recently Glandelinians attempted it, and a body of Abbeoninians taking note of it did not make a direct attack upon this Glandelinian out for revenge, but suddenly dashed down and desolated the whole region of land all around, penetrating the region the Glandelinians were going on making their intended march for the degradation, destroying more than forty villages occupied by the Glandelinian soldiers and officers of all rank, took over one prisoner, routed those intending to make the raid by their very appearance, and pursued them into the Glandelinian creek, laying waste to all the cornfields, gardens and orchards belonging to the enemy. It was a terrible appearance but the only means to prevent the threatened degradation on the helpless towns and settlements in the path of the murderous foe. Seventy five thousand were made prisoners, and condemned to death, and executed too, and no the Glandelinian force at this point under General Asho Lincoln and Brant Grant retreated in haste before the swift Abbeoninian advance, Asho soon rallied his force and stood his ground, but his entire force was dispersed without a battle.

The Abbeoninians themselves sent out plundering expeditions on the foe. Two towns occupied by the foe called Portman and Morfolk in Calvernia were plundered, one hundred and thirty ships were burned, in the stream a little higher up, and all the warships were seized. In the course of a

Few hours more General Vivian's force itself burned more than two hundred and twenty five private small towns held in possession by the enemy, forced the garrison of 100,000 men at Verplankers Point to surrender without a battle, captured two forts, destroyed many barns, farms and stores, took places of worship for the foe, and made off with sixteen thousand stacks of fine swar y horses. Many of the Glandelinians for giving part in caught carrying off children to murder were shot down and bayoneted like dogs, and the recently Glandelinians were unable to commit the barbarities which had rendered the earlier parts of the great war so famous.

The Abbeoninians continued their degrading depredations. They decided to capture a whole camp of the foe. The attempt was made in broad daylight. The sentinels were noticed and gagged, and the other line of guards treated in the same manner, at the third the alarm was given, but the impetuosity of the ferocious Abbeoninians was so great, that in a few minutes the two divisions of Abbeoninians from the opposite side of the camp they attacked met in the center. They took more than 500,000 prisoners. This was one of the most brilliant exploits in the war....

In the south the Abbeoninian armies were also very successful. When Gann arrived at Pandora after the battle of Gloriana, he immediately went north for the purpose of besieging the city of Farnell. General Pemberton made every exertion to fortify the city, but as the aid instances from the nearest army was very small and the garrison numbered only 500,000 men they had no hopes of holding the city against the 100,000,000 Abbeoninians holding it. The only hope of the city of holding out and defying itself in heavy relief operations, then on their march from Glandelinia and from eastern Calvernia. These divisions did finally arrive and increased Pemberton's divisions and army to 1,712,777, only 2,345 of which were the Glandelinian divisions. The Abbeoninians delayed no little time

In their approach that little opportunity was given for the town troops to fortify the harbor, the superior fleets passed the three fortifications raining a storm of shell fire, without receiving any damage while the fortifications were shattered into ruins, troops were landed, a large Glandelinian division of 100,000 men under Glandelinian Tarletonia was pointed upon and scattered, over 30,000 prisoners were captured, with general Washington Hagar and Banberry, and forty hundred wagons laden with provisions and stores. The fortifications surrendered, and soon after another division of Glandelinians all very bravely was annihilated because they would not surrender, and the city was now completely invested before a general battle began. In the defense of the town continued to fall in succession the Glandelinian commanders thought of abandoning the place and forcing their way through the Abbeoninian line, but the superiority of the besiegers in number and position rendered that impossible.

The entire Abbeoninian fleet of three hundred steel dracnoughts was ready to pour ruin upon the devoted town, while the Abbeoninian commander James Quincy Cannon had thrown up long intrenchments across the necks of land and at this crisis general Schloeder arrived from Gloriana with three million more fresh troops of Abbeoninians. Immediately general Cannon sent off three expeditions, one to intercept general Bonafortin, who was approaching with a Glandelinian division to the aid of the besieged city, a second toward St Augustine, and a third toward Mo-Farran. Bonafortine heard of the approach of the Abbeoninians and commenced to retreat, but there was no escaping general Logan who had made a forced march of one hundred and five miles in fifty four hours, and coming upon the Glandelinians scattered them without a conflict, giving them no quarter, but treating them in the most cruel and barbarous manner. The Abbeoninians in the other two divisions was threatened with the most determined opposition at every step, but nevertheless they pressed on, and soon had the whole main besieged line harassed in the flank, and preparation for the bombardment and attack were made.

THE BATTLE OF ELIZABETH.

September 11, 1778

Soon commenced the most terrible bombardment of the war from two million cannons, mostly from the land batteries batteries erected along the necks, and the rest from the ships. All night long bombs and high explosive poured upon the town and positions of the foe, and as the fleets approached nearer the main Glandelinian general Pembertonia proposed a desperate attack on the Christian line. The assault was made in succession of attacks all along the line, and at first so swift did the desperate Glandelinian waves rush on with fixed bayonets against the centre of the Abbeoninian line, that after letting loose a hell of firing for two hours and tearing wave after wave into a thousand people as pieces that the whole centre was forced, the Abbeoninians being crushed in the hand to hand encounter, and the withdrawal became a headlong flight, the Abbeoninians immediately throwing down their arms in the rear. Cannon himself and general Groverner Canevillars both carried off the field by the torrent of fugitives. The batteries thundered and roared in a mad frenzy of firing but a portion of these were also carried, and the second line of Abbeoninian infantry under general Berry who received forty wounds, who stood their ground firmly against the tidal wave of gray were annihilated, and the third line badly torn up also gave way and was completely routed like frightened sheep, and scattered in small parties in all directions. Their loss in slain and prisoners was 10,000,000. Besides all their baggage and artillery, the fields for scores of miles being strewn with the dead and wounded, the work of the Glandelinian savor, cavalry which the hapless Pembertonia urged on in pursuit of the fugitives for twenty eight miles. It was the most disastrous defeat the Abbeoninian nation had ever experienced in a battle before and it seemed as if the siege was raised.

During the battle general Sumner of the Abbeoninians fell upon a convoy of supplies approaching Elizabeth for the Glandelinians, and took two hundred thousand prisoners. Pembertonia learning of it sent Talstonia in pursuit who rode so hard that half his men and horses broke down. When he arrived on the Sande sky run the Glandelinians completely took them by surprise, routing the division of Abbeoninians, and rescuing the prisoners. Thus within thirteen hours two divisions of the Abbeoninians and the main central wing had been defeated and scattered in every direction.

Cannon withdrew from the siege, and retreated toward the north, having now about 120,000 men the remainder having been forced to surrender to the Glandelinians.

CHAPTER THREE. C
THE SERIES OF BATTLES CONTINUE. GLANDE LINIANS ARE
DRIVEN OUT OF CALVERINIA AND TAKE A DESPERATE STAND
IN ANORLINDIA AT BIG GULPHOOL.
DURING THESE SERIES OF BATTLES THERE ARE A NUMBER OF
BRILLIANT VICTORIES OF THE FOE.

Jimie Vivian after his victory recommenced his march toward southern Calverinia with the purpose of driving his enemies further south. His great army was in three great divisions, one of which under general Groatheart, was moving southeastward, while the two other divisions though separate moved toward Torle, through a region in which the Glandelinians were very numerous. Little did the Abbieandian commander and the good son of general Vivian think that at this time when he neither saw nor heard of an enemy for all his expresses was out off, that from the distant hills and valleys of the Mc-Whirther Run, and from the eastern spur of the mountains overwhelming armies were advancing silently through the forests, to make an attack upon him. However rumors stole into his camp of their approach and being astonished at the perseverance of the repeatedly defeated foe who was in pursuit of his now retreating army, he pushed forward for a strong position at Catawba, and threw up strong intrenchments.

THE BATTLE OF CATAWBA RUN.

The Glandelinians arriving prepared for the battle, preparing to attack the Christians in three divisions, in front, and on the right and left flanks. The bloody battle soon commenced, the Glandelinians made ten charges, thinned the Abbieandian line ten times with their deadliest fire and were repulsed ten times. Jimie Vivian on white charger rode back and forth encouraging his men. No impression was made by the assaults by either the Abbieandian cannon, musketry fire or bayonets. Again and again the Abbieandian cavalry charged like a thundering avalanche against the assailants trodding down thousands, shooting and hacking over everywhere and using their long lances to good effect, driving back the left division of the Glandelinians with heavy losses, but the cavalry every time were taken in flank by Glande Linian artillery and cut down in scores of thousands per minute and were then assailed by Glandelinian Gargolian cavalry and driven back, and by this time the second division of Glandelinians had come up and started forward to the support of the first.

The firing on both sides was fearful, losses were inflicted by the wholesale, and though the second division was driven back and torn up by the Abbieandian cavalry, the third division arrived on the plain and the assault was redoubled with tenfold fury. The Abbieandian losses were horrible greater than the enemy's. Thus as it was as often as a division of Glandelinians were forced to retire before the thunderous counter charge of the Abbieandian Cavalry, another gave relief, and once when the first whole line of Abbieandian infantry went forward to make a counter charge they came back in fragments leaving a sea of slain strewn on the plains.

Jimie Vivian though ten horses were shot under him passed from point to point, and cheered and rallied his men, three hundred thousand Glandelinians having been slain by one simultaneous musketry volley, but still still the attack was continued by Benningtons Glandelinians. It was a battle which sent its commanding roars so far reaching in echoes as to be heard for hundreds of miles.

But it was all in vain the Abbieandians continued to hold their ground. They continued to deliver their deadly fire, used their bayonets and drove them back again and again, capturing their colors and many cannons. The whole Glandelinian army was routed beyond recovery, the Abbieandians pursuing them vigorously, the fiery Glandelinian general himself barely escaping escaping capture.

THE BRILLIANT AND LONG RETREAT OF THE FOE...

When General Lema learned of this Glandelinian defeat he at once determined upon his course. He thought that the Glandelinian army though defeated, being encumbered with prisoners and spoils would linger for some time near the scene of their defeat. He therefore destroyed his baggage, converted his whole army into light troops, and with all his force joined Jimie's army and both set out in pursuit.

His object was two fold, to rescue all the prisoners, and crush the Glande Linian army before they could cross the Mc-Whirther Run, and unite their forces with the other Glandelinian forces.

But the wicked Glandelinian general was too watchful to be caught in this manner. Having known that the two Abbieandian generals would pursue him and so he left his wounded under a flag of truce and hurried on to the regions of the Mc-Whirther Run and crossed over. Two hours had scarcely elapsed before the vanguard of the Abbieandians appeared on the opposite bank. At this point another army had joined this retreating force, but they were not as yet able to meet the Abbieandians, and the retreat was continued toward the Mc-Hollister Run, the encumbered Glandelinian army could but move slowly, and just as the rear guard was embarking on the river the rear guard or the vanguard of the Abbieandians came up. A severe skirmish ensued in which the Glandelinians lost a few trains of baggage wagons. The rain and snow was pouring in torrents and the river was so swollen that the Abbieandian army could not cross it nor ford it, and the Glandelinians had secured all the boats on the other side and destroyed all the bridges also. The Glandelinians though here joined by other divisions dared not risk a battle with the unrelenting pursuers, and though the militia in the neighboring neighborhood was called out to check the enemy at the fords the main Glandelinian army had to hurry on and cross the Danner river into southern Calverinia. As soon as pontoon bridges were built general Jimie Vivian crossed the series of streams at one time, if the wicked Glandelinians could get across the Danner they would be safe, and the Abbieandian commanders strained every nerve and effort to cut them off. Jimie Vivian supposed that the Glande Linians could not cross the lower ferries for want of bridges and boats, and that they must go higher up the stream where it could be forded, so with this impression the Abbieandian commanders pushed on for the upper fords, and general Phil Lema of the foe kept up his delusion by maneuvering before him in that direction.

But the judicious Glandelinian generals anticipating the movements had taken measures to collect boats and built pontoon bridges at the lower ferries, and sent forward general Koschnoos to throw up breast works and defend them, and then urged on his weary soldiers, at the rate of fifty miles a day, reached the ferries, and marched over the main body and the baggage while the cavalry forces swam across. Meanwhile when they had sufficiently retraced the Abbieandian pursuers by breaking down the bridges afterwards, and carrying off the boats and provisions, the light troops of Gargolians as for the night kindled their campfires in sight of the Abbieandian Abbieandians, then dashed off, and by a rapid march of forty three miles reached the ferries and passed over. In a few hours the van of the Abbieandian Abbieandian army appeared on the opposite bank, and Jimie Vivian himself in his movements toward the upper fords had gone forty three miles out of his way, and after a chase of more than two hundred and fifty six miles the object of his pursuit lay in sight, but the waters could not be forded nor boats obtained with which to build pontoon bridges.

The half day Glandelinians had toiled for nearly three weeks over roads blistering hot with the heat of the tropical regions of southern Calverinia, through drenching rains and series of severe hurricanes, without tents at night, multitudes being without shoes or stockings, and their way could be traced in bloody footprints. Twice had the waters of the Mc-Whirther run and the Mc-Hollister run through which they had passed of safely risen and become impassable to their pursuers, and again a river swollen by recent rains lay between them.

Jimie Vivian and his officers were so greatly mortified at their want of success, and of the great sacrifices they had made in destroying their stores, that when thus freed from encumbrances they could overtake the Glandelinians and disperse them, that they refused to retreat themselves. But nevertheless almost destitute of supplies they changed their position and moved to further south in an endeavor to get at the foe some way, the Glandelinians cautiously following instead of retreating. Not daring however on such bad ground to risk an engagement with the Abbieandian veterans except when they were in small parties.

THE BATTLE OF CAROLINIA.

As for themselves the Glandelinian generals were so watchful against a surprise, that portions of their great armies never remained in one place, and never communicated to any one before hand where they expected to encamp. Fresh armies in the meantime were rapidly joining this defeated force, and when general Cannonias force amounted to 13,000,000 men, he left his baggage seventy miles in the rear, and approached the Abbieandians to give them another fierce battle. It was in the vicinity of the city of Carolina.

He drew up his army in two grand lines, the militia in whom he had little confidence, as they were apt to give way at the first charge of the fierce Abbeonians he placed behind the strongest breastworks, with sentries in the rear with orders to shoot the first man who should run. The battle was fought in a region covered with thick woods, with cleared fields interspersed. The militia could not withstand the terrific shock of the onslaught made by the Abbeonians, but threw down their arms and fled. The Glandelinian infantry columns stood their ground and put in a destructive fire upon the Abbeonians cutting down their ranks like laves in a forest, but they too were compelled to yield to the bayonet. Now the Abbeonians pressed on in pursuit, but presently the main Glandelinian cavalry came up and made a terrific counter charge covered by a fearful artillery fire of 10,000 guns, and the Abbeonians with their columns torn to shreds gave way and were forced back all along the line.

Then again the Abbeonian artillery opened upon the Glandelinian assaults with all such fury as to threaten them with annihilation, and they in turn were checked. General Green of the Glandelinians depended much upon his Mc-Hollistians, but these were almost annihilated, during the charge of the Abbeonians, and one of the newly raised divisions of London ecians gave way before a force of dragoons led by general Grambrara, but the battalion was presently checked by the Glandelinian cavalry, and the brave Grambrara himself was slain. It was impossible to retrieve what the militia had lost, and the left wing of the foe started a retreat, and it was seen that the wounded of both sides lay scattered over a wide space.

General Gammon's army was so broken by this battle, and weakened by heavier losses in further engagements of the battle, that it numbered but about 11,000,000 men. His left was compelled to abandon its position during the assault of the Abbeonians, and fall back to Wilmington Creek, and here they were exposed to a most severe infiltrating fire of Abbeonian artillery and musketry, and the Abbeonian infantry were about to attack it then in flank, while the Abbeonian horse under general Washington moved to make a treacherous charge in the rear.

Radwonda brought up his Glandelinian reserve to counteract this movement, and during the bloody fencer a division of of Countians, and upon whom Cannonia depended upon very much, unexpectedly gave way, and though divisions were sent to their aid these could not stand their ground either, the Abbeonian fire was too heavy to withstand without annihilation, and the whole line at this point also gave way. A several fortified works and fortifications simultaneously fell into the hands of the Abbeonians, and the losses of the unfortunate Glandelinians was terrible.

At other sections of the battle line the Glandelinians themselves pressed a great attack with the utmost vigor, the Abbeonians withstanding it with utmost bravery, and determined courage, the contest raging most fiercely around the artillery which changed hands a dozen times with frightful wholesale losses to both sides. The Abbeonian left at length gave way, and the Glandelinians pursued, but presently a large column of fugitive Abbeonians took possession of a series of large stone houses, which had once been country schools and orphan asylums, all being surrounded by a picketed garden. From this place they could never be dislodged. Repeated attempts met with great slaughter, and now a large Abbeonian battalion, which had successfully resisted a desperate charge of the wicked Glandelinians, suddenly appeared at the rear of the assailants, and the latter being disconcerted by this movement, was thrown into great confusion, many were cut down or bayoneted without mercy thousands taken prisoners and the rest retreated in headlong flight.

Simultaneously general George of the Glandelinians attacked the rear guard of the Abbeonians, and Jimmie Vivian laid plans to entrap the Glandelinian Marquis. He sent over a large portion of his unengaged troops with cavalry and pack horses, and so arranged them as to make a great display, also making a tremendous attack at the same time, and threw in the way of the Glandelinians two dragoon soldiers, who pretended to be deserters, and who announced that the main body of the Abbeonian army was retreating before Glandelinian reinforcements. George immediately detached Green with a force of infantry and covered with artillery added to them a force of dragoons to deliver a most violent attack, while he himself should advance to his support. Green moved forward under a storm of shell fire, forced a battery, at length he found himself close to the main line of the Abbeonians who were firing furiously upon the other columns of assailants. In a moment he saw that he had been deceived. His daring nature decided his course; he at once ordered a charge to be sounded, his men horse and foot caught his spirit, and with shouts as if surer of victory, they dashed against the Abbeonian line with great impetuosity and violence, broke the Abbeonian line, and then rapidly retreating, resumed the assault, thus enabling George to extricate himself from his dangerous position.

The Glandelinian works on the center was also obstinately defended, in which the Abbeonians lost forty thousand men in a horribly short time, but it was finally abandoned, and though the Glandelinians who were surrounded and could not escape they were massacred by the Abbeonians.

The whole wave of Glandelinians now pressed on, scrambling over the long lines of parapets without regard to order and in the face of a severe withering fire extending suddenly for twenty miles carried the redoubts at the point of the bayonet, but they suffered greater losses than the enemy in their headlong attack. From these captured redoubts a hundred thousand cannon poured in an incessant storm of shells.

The Glandelinians rushed suddenly on and recaptured the redoubts and batteries, but scarcely had they obtained possession of them before the Abbeonians in turn furiously charged, and drove them back to their own intrenchments and from them, driving the whole Glandelinian out of commission and ending the battle in favor of the Christian side.

But again it was resumed the next day, the Glandelinians suddenly attacking the Christian line but failing to break it. For another whole day the contest raged and was very severe. The Glandelinians would attack and storm the Christian lines with great fury and impetuosity, and then retreat, to renew the effort. After almost breaking the Abbeonian line the foe gave it up finally and continued the retreat southward.

In the meantime a serious disaster happened to the wicked Glandelinians. General Miller who had been advancing to repel the Christian advance under general Constantine Aronburg the father of the murdered Aronburg child, rapidly found himself surrounded, by a superior force of the fierce Abbeonians, and soon continuing, the Abbeonians also held possession of Lake Angeline, and had easy communication with her mother country, while between Miller's Glandelinian army and the others, intervened a vast and unbroken forest and jungle for hundreds of miles which were burning fiercely for days. When Miller arrived in the vicinity he had only 1310000

13,000,000 men, of whom the greater part were militia, there he received orders by wireless to break through the circle of Abbeonians immediately or meet serious disaster. By strange blunders, the intelligence of the intentions of the wicked Glandelinians fell into the hands of general Aronburg, who availed himself of the information, and immediately seized the whole stretch of the Mc-Hollister Run in that location, and in a great battle found himself surrounded and enclosed tighter than a coar. The Abbeonian general Proctor sent a column down the coast coast with heavy reinforcements, and these marched toward the Aronburgs Run. To open a road and obtain supplies Miller sent out a large detachment, but it fell into an ambush and to avoid a useless slaughter surrendered without a fight. He now strongly fortified himself, and to open communications to the river banks, sent another detachment under general Mc-Whirther Cass, but they became bewildered by the near approach of the fierce Abbeonians and were forced to find their way back to the camp or be captured. Presently general Richard Logan arrived with millions of Christians with more reinforcements, and now Constantine Aronburg passed over the Mc-Whirther Run River and summoned Miller to surrender, who refused, but Aronburg landed the main bodies of troops, and there threatened with destruction Miller surrendered. He not surrounded his army but all of southern Galverinda at the same time.

Simultaneously other Glandelinian armies tried to force back the vigorous advance of the Christians, attempts being made to obtain possession of the town called The Virgin Queen but owing to a deficiency of boats only about six hundred thousand men mostly regulars passed over the punt river and general Gammon who became separated from his men, failed on account of the rapidity of the current to reach the opposite shore quick enough.

THE BATTLE OF THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

The Glandelinian forces that had landed were suddenly attacked with great vigor by the Abbeonians, and general Gammon's army soon fell wounded, but he ordered general Ogilvie and Woodhead to storm the batteries, which they did in fine style, driving the Abbeonians with great loss into their stone defenses, from which all the attempts to dislodge them was unavailing and the Glandelinian losses was horribly heavy in a few hours. General Constantine Aronburg to whom Miller surrendered a few days before was in command of the Abbeonians, and he led a tremendous onslaught, which though successful cost him the loss of 3,566,999 privates in slain and fairly generals in killed and wounded.....

During this time a large force of the Glandelinian were striving to cross the river under fire of the Abbieannian batteries, about five hundred thousand started across, and only five hundred or six were the remainder that reached the opposite banks, the rest having been blown to air or shot down and then suddenly a band of Concentinians emerged from the woods and joined in the horribly horrible fray; these were soon cut to flight by other streams of Glandelinians crossing the river, but the Glandelinian general Scott Whitfield was slain and his forces were driven back with terrible loss in officers and men.....

The battle raged with horrible violence, and now general Sheaf George advancing with reinforcements for the Abbieannians, and then pressed upon the assailants from all sides and the sight of this overwhelming force of Abbieannians somewhat cooled the ardor of the Glandelinians for some time and they refused without reinforcements to cross the river in aid of their countrymen, and so the result was that all those who had gone over, about 1,500,000 in number were compelled to surrender the selves as prisoners of war or be ruthlessly bayoneted to death by the ferocious Abbieannians who reluctantly received the surrender as they had wished to annihilate them all but their comrades did not allow it.

The armies of Glandelinians under general Detroit Kentucky was reluctant to advance to the aid and so the expedition was abandoned and the Abbieannian troops were allowed possession of all the southern parts of western Galverinia, other Glandelinian armies refused to advance against such overwhelming numbers of Christians, and one failure followed another in rapid succession. Indeed the surrender of general Miller a great disaster indeed aroused the warlike spirit of the wicked Glandelinians to the highest pitch and Glandelinian armies were coming by scores to repel the Abbieannian advances. The Glandelinians were divided into series of great armies. Those of the west, that of central Galverinia, and the rest along the boundary line of Galverinia and Anglinia. The whole of Galverinia was swarming with Abbieannian armies and despite the desperation of the wicked Glandelinians they soon met with a similar shattering disaster. To recover what Miller had lost the Glandelinians under general Walter John Harrison, Detroit Kentucky, and Maidenia, and Winchester advanced with "20,000,000 Glandelinians, and as this large force drew near the Evangeline St. Clare river Winchester learned that a body of Abbieannians and Concentinians was in possession of southern Pandora Run, and sent a detachment but was routed without a battle, and the Abbieannians defiant in the extreme remained and maintained their position until Concentinians Aronburg came up. When Aronburg learned of the approach of the new forces of Glandelinians he hastened on to cut off the Glandelinian army from escape before Harrison could give aid.

THE BATTLE ALONG THE EVANGELINE ST. CLARE.

After a fierce attack was made during the night, and during the confusion of the frightful battle general Detroit and Winchester was killed, two other enormous armies were captured, 3,456,000 Glandelinians were forced to surrender and the whole camp with all the tents, provisions and artillery was captured by the dashing Abbieannians. Fearing the approach of Concentinians Aronburg the remaining general of the wretched army retreated leaving behind the wounded Glandelinians, which fell into the possession of the Abbieannians. Harrison was himself besieged by a large force of Glandelinians, and learning that the Glandelinian general Foolchond was advancing with a large force he secretly telegraphed for half of the force to immediately seize the Abbieannian batteries on the north side of the McWhirther run, and though this was attempted, they were routed with indiscriminate slaughter, and the attempt was abandoned. Two days later Harrison again attempted to take the position after two days of fighting horse and at long range firing, but the Abbieannians defended the line of batteries against overwhelming numbers of Glandelinians until the last man fell. The Abbieannian reinforcements were enraged at the indiscriminate slaughter of their comrades and they dashed with fearful fury to the assault all around; in their battle yell

"Come on comrades, give the dirty Glandelinian stinks no quarter, and again and again they rushed to the assault, and so fierce was the firing of both sides that everything was fogged in smoke. As they crowded among the captured guns, the infantry fire of the Glandelinians let loose with horrifying fury the effect was terrific, the Abbieannian line was torn in shreds, their comrades all of them were down, their flags ripped and torn and soaked in blood of their fallen, and the survivors retreated in the wildest confusion.

To a Glandelinian general pressed on with the same fury that the Abbieannians had under the attack, the Glandelinians were driven back with terrible losses, but general Concentinians Aronburg threw forward the heaviest reinforcements, all of this way of Glandelinian assailants were either taken or slain, general Banderline barely escaped with about two hundred thousand men who fought fouriously all the way during their retreat to the captured guns, and then the batteries opened once more and galled the approaching Abbieannian reinforcements. The Glandelinian forces coming up now from other points the Glandelinian general Bernard punn, led another great assault, but a rain of high explosives was dropped upon the Glandelinians from newly placed batteries which blew up with tremendous force killing and wounded all the Glandelinians who had rushed to the assault, among whom was the gallant general Pikean and now as the main line which still held the batteries prepared for a desperate stand the Abbieannians came on once more with firecrackers and fur firing fiercely as they advanced to the attack. The Glandelinians after a determined resistance repulsed the assailants, but to stand ground further was impossible and in the night they retreated, but before retreating the Glandelinians burned the towns of Hanson, Lewistown, Youngstown, Manchester, the city of Black Rock, and indeed every town in the path of the retreat in an endeavor to check the Abbieannians by means of a thick smoke shroud but in vain they were followed closely.

During the following day the Glandelinians resumed the conflict in terrible earnest, and though defeated in every charge and cut down without mercy in horrible numbers, the Glandelinian divisions penetrated the Abbieannian line a gain and a gain again from different points, and drove back the right and center twelve times with great loss, and though overwhelmed every time and driven back in succession they were not conquered and were determined not to give an inch further of ground no matter how large a force of Abbieannians went against them. But now as the Abbieannians attacked most wildly the Glandelinian left wing after four hours of it could not resist the tremendous attack, but fled leaving the undefended batteries exposed. The small defenders of the batteries charged the advancing Abbieannians, but met annihilation and the batteries were captured. All along the line the strong Abbieannian batteries played fearfully upon the Glandelinian trenches on the center, the loss of the Glandelinians was still greater, yet they maintained their position, and made one tremendous charge after another, and as speedily as they were repulsed they only went at it again.

General Jessup of the foe arriving with big reinforcements drove the main line of Abbieannian militia before him, and gaining the rear of the Abbieannians captured a great number of prisoners among whom was general Great heart himself, who having been wounded was retreating. It was seen that the key of the Abbieannian position was the artillery on the main Abbieannian center.

The Glandelinian general Miller rushed upon the artilleryists, and after a mortal combat of four hours, of which terrible numbers of Glandelinians fell the artillery men were driven from their batteries by the foe who charged with fixed bayonets.

Presently general Drummond punn advanced advanced with overwhelming numbers to recover the guns but all his divisions quailed before the terrible annihilating fire which they encountered, and which reduced them into fragments. He rallied them again and again to the charge, sent reinforcements, spared every man he could, sent the support of new batteries, and added them by covering charges of large bodies of dashing Concentinians cavalry, but again and again these gigantic columns were forced back torn and mangled and with the loss of scores of officers of the highest rank. It was terrible with the energy of furious desperation, and determination, he again rushed them forward, but again they were met with a resistance equally obstinate, the opposing forces closing with them in a mad melee fighting with bayonets, and old clubbed muskets and pistols, or of firing face to face. The Abbieannians stung by the defeat sullenly retired. The Glandelinians had maintained their ground, supplying their own exhausted ammunition from the cartridge boxes of their slain foes. The men were almost perishing with hunger thirst and fatigue, they having marched for fifteen miles

and continued with an overwhelming force of Abbieannians for forty eight hours. Exhausted they sank upon the ground, the silence only being broken by the groans of the hundreds of thousands of wounded and dying, and the roar of the mighty conflict still going on at another quarters, whose crashing thunders was a fit requiem for the dead on that field of blood.

The Glandelinians at last toward midnight retired toward their own lines carrying off every one of the guns they had captured, and all the tents belonging to the Abbieannians which they had captured. The Glandelinians had in the two days lost over 8,756,444 men, and the Abbieannians nearly 83,444,44 23,444,444 an unprecedented loss when compared with the numbers engaged. Concentinians Aronburg and Scott were both wounded, as well as nearly all the regimental officers of his right wing.

The glandelinians proved to be different than when they had been in 1941. It was seen now by the Abbeisannians that the glandelinians when driven to desperation could and would fight. They had met the Abbeisannians time and again during the bloody battle, and repulsed them in the series of desperate encounters. But then unfortunately for the glandelinians the horrible battle was not over. The Abbeisannians were so ashamed to be worsted that they did not give way during the night, and in the night advanced three grand divisions, and in the face of a destructive fire of the greatest in tenacity charged, recoiled, charged, recoiled, and charged again and again, even within a few feet of the glandelinians redoubts, and repulsed every counter assault with indiscriminate slaughter. They were again finally forced to retire at twelve o'clock at noon with a loss of nearly 3,566,666 men, the glandelinians not losing even a hundred thousand. Now garrison determined to take the rest of the Abbeisannian batteries. The time two o'clock was well chosen. Pushing forward his main forces he stormed the batteries with all the fury he could assume, fired the magazines, spiked the guns, captured four hundred thousand prisoners and returned to the lines, resumed the assault against heavy reinforcements captured the batteries for good and sent the whole Abbeisannian army flying in a total rout. It was a second victory for the desperate glandelinians but a very costly one.

THE GREAT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

Simultaneously stirring events occurred on other parts of the theatre of war, for general Camden marching southward with about 80,000,000 Abbeisannians moved forward toward the fortified town of Erminia on the banks of the great Erminia Run, which was the special object of attack planned.

There on the south bank of the great Erminia Run, general general Mc-Gork Mc-Gork was entrenched with an army of 3,000,000 men many of whom were in vilads. The main body of the glandelinian forces under Isreal Izard, was at Mc-Whirther's harbor, and so Mc-Gork called upon the forces for aid thirteen million of whom nobly responded, as did other armies. Mainly the Abbeisannians were moving down the great Erminia with a large fleet of war ships while other forces by land were approaching to take the town by land attacks. The ships numbered 3,456 all armed with three hundred big guns. While the fleets hammered away with their guns, the Abbeisannians prepared batteries of great strength on order to assault Mc-Gork's position. It was found useless to force the positions on the Mc-Whirther, and 10,000,000 paid their lives for the rash attempt on both sides combined.

Admiral Zimmermann had a fleet of eighty fresh ships each carrying over four hundred and thirty seven guns, twenty four great dreadnaughts, one thousand war sloops, each of ninety five guns, and 100,000 sailors and marines. The battle began in earnest. Thirty vessels at once began to be disabled, 100 others were torn to pieces by the deadly fire of the glandelinian batteries, twenty were secured by the foe, while the sloops were battered to splinters and set on fire. All the guns on the three flagships were disabled the great admiral Zimmermann and Mc-Gork were severely wounded, ten other ships were so badly cut up as to become unmanageable, and drifting within reach was also secured, but the remainder of the ships for a while presented a whole side of the ships and sent in broadsides after broad sides, but finally being also torn to pieces, sunk and blown up, with the loss of 45,666 men they struck their flags, and the entire fleet was captured with the exception of the two admirals the surviving men and a few gun boats.

Simultaneously when the fight began on the river Camden advanced to storm Mc-Gork's position, the main attack was made and repulsed with exorbitant losses to the Abbeisannians. The following night after the raging storm of battle in which again nearly five hundred thousand guns had been thundering like at Mc-Whirther, the Abbeisannians stricken with their third failure commenced their retreat abandoning the greater part of their stores and the many sick and wounded.

At other points the Abbeisannians under germanine yivian was still advancing unchecked. But it was impossible for them to reach the scene of action, but nevertheless he continued onward without meeting the least resistance from the militia of the neighborhood, and so he commenced his march toward Bowditchastill in the hands of the foe, moving very swiftly not less than fifty miles a day, and the advanced seemed more like a retreat, while the glandelinians moved very slowly, being enervated from the effects of their serious defeats, and from the excessive cold of the weather.

A few spirited troops could have captured any given number of them without resistance. A division of armed and trained negroes marched in front cautiously exploring the country, and recovering from runaway child slaves information from the glandelinians. The soul of the enterprise was the vicious gonocentian Aronburg who had been for the whole war engaged in many horrible battles. Wounded as he was in the recent battle he had resumed his advance, and the glandelinian planters in gawdina larned for their own safety, for their child slaves more numerous than ever seen elsewhere were threatening to rise in insurrection and join the Abbeisannians as boy scouts, permitted the durstians to retake them and offered themselves up as prisoners but general Barney franklin with his unengaged army of Glandelinians decided to try out his luck. He marched his forces after destroying his stores to join the retreating forces under Cannonia, and halted then on the old time battle ground of Mc-Hollester Run near gordinia and here he placed long lines of heavy batteries, and then a double line, and the divisions of the army were stationed astato stationed in such positions to support each other, in case of an attack by the Abbeisannians and as it was ascertained that the Abbeisannians were moving toward gordinia the positions were extended and made stronger. Rumors had magnified the numbers of the Abbeisannians as 50,000,000 all veterans. The discreet militia began to retreat, some with permission, some without, and on learning this general Cannonia sent orders for them to go back and make a stand and fight, or be shot as cowards. Barney had placed his batteries in a position to sweep all approaches to his lines. About two days later the enemy appeared but so excessive had been the cold that the glandelinians were exhaused and dying by hundreds. When Jimmie yivian reconnoitred the militia stationed on the rising ground, he was somewhat alarmed at their formidable appearance. The neighboring hills, hills were teeming with soldiers, field works and artillery which altogether made the most formidable appearance that the Abbeisannian commanders had ever seen, but they had gone too far to retreat, the order was given to move forward.

ANOTHER BATTLE ON THE GROUNDS OF MC-HOLLESTER RUN.

His alarm was of short continuance. A few charges put the Mc-Hollesterian militia to flight, the artillery men followed after tearing avenues in the Abbeisannian lines ten times, the main line of artillery after firing not more than three times rapidly retreated, then the first line of infantry gave way without resistance, then the Omarians on which some hopes were placed fled also without resistance, carrying with them one of their wounded generals. The Abbeisannians moved on steadily until they were checked by the double line of batteries manned by Barney. Finding it impossible to force this double line of batteries, divisions fled by right and left and passed up ravines. At the head of one was stationed the gargolians who cut down the first line of Abbeisannians at the first fire and then slowly retreated before overwhelming numbers fighting every step of the way. At the head of the other ravine was stationed a stronger force of gargolians with artillery, and they showed their way of discretion by causing the Abbeisannians to get out of the way of harm as quickly as possible.

Two more attempts were made to carry this hornets nest, and only when terrible numbers had fallen did the Abbeisannians succeed. Owing to the vigorous fire of the gargolians the Abbeisannians lost a large number of officers, and they could not for a while press on to force matters some more and it seemed as if the battle was lost. And in the midst of a very hostile country general Jimmie yivian was ill at ease, but in a fresh march of four months he did not meet the least opposition. His fleet was also moving up the Erminia run, and other forces of Abbeisannians eight million strong was landing at the northern fords, and also commenced their march the fleets passing on to bombard the fortifications of yivian and though an advanced party of troops was thrown forward to resume the battle their main general Ross Mc-Henry was killed, the fields and plains were covered with soldiers, teeming with active lines of artillery, and the Abbeisannians under general Samuel Francis Smith were storming the glandelinian works at all points and carrying all before them, the fortifications were bombarded with great success, though the fortifications had been replying with the greatest spirit and vigor, the cannonading at every point, and the roar of musketry extending for scores of miles making a earthenaking din.

The Abbeannian fleets passing on was mashing down every defence within range and fort Donald also fell before the guns of the fleet. Fort Gower was also attacked and invested and the shore batteries were shelled with terrible fury, these being defended by one hundred and thirty thousand men under general Lawrence Equel. The vigorous defence repulsed the fleet for the time being one of whose ships blew up. The battle soon increased with terrible fury and within four days of activity night and day the enemy were driven from point to point, until finally the confused masses found protection behind a long stretch of batteries erected during the previous night and which now were opened upon the Abbeannians with telling effect. Good service was done by the battle ship the Virgin Queen which ran in nearer to the shore and with her guns swept the glandelinian batteries through and through all day long, tossing guns into the air, crowding the works with gigantic explosions and committing incalculable damage until the Abbeannians were finally able to capture them. Another vigorous cannonade lasting seventeen more hours continued with series of infantry and cavalry assaults of both sides but finally the Abbeannians prepared for another desperate assault. The main column was led by goncentinian Aronburg in person, intending to storm the center, one column moving along the river and carrying a redoubt fifteen miles long with the loss of 300,000 in four hours, another led by Jimmie Vivian and Greathart advancing through a small swamp. As the advancing columns came within range the glandelinian artillery opened upon them with deadly effect, yet though thousands were mowed down at every discharge, they filled their shattered ranks and moved steadily on.

Presently the first wing reached the range of the Gargol Ivan infantry who poured in a continuous stream of unerring bullets, and the whole column faltered, there being extensive gaps in their lines. Panberham Johnson of the Abbeannians fell a very superior general, Keen and Gibbs Johnstonia were both dangerously wounded, goncentinia-Aronburg was wounded again, Jacksonia was killed, and generals Pyandlin, Morgan and Thro Thornton were wounded the latter mortally. Jimmie Vivian continued the desperate assault, and lost 2,000,000 in half an hour's time. The struggle was fearful but still it continued.

As the Abbeannians were pressing on successfully general Jimmie Vivian received information that a large force of glandelinian reinforcements was threatening to storm his right which alone was not advancing.

Fearing disaster he sent forces to relieve his right. And just in time. The glandelinians opened with a tremendous cannonade from their main line of batteries, and then launched a fearful assault. The Abbeannians of the right wing defended themselves with the greatest bravery, and not until general Brown fell mortally wounded did they threaten to give way and fire the signal guns.

The right of the Abbeannian army was truly in peril, an overwhelming force of glandelinians three to one, had made a desperate and incessant assault of the most violent character, and Jimmie Vivian had to withdraw one half of his assailants and these he moved on with the determination of cutting through the glandelinian wave assailing his right wing. A general fire of artillery was suddenly opened, but the Abbeannians moved silently and swiftly onward, then their own artillery opened, and displayed great skill in the rapidity, as well as in the accuracy, with which each gun was handled. The Abbeannian guns riddled the big glandelinian wave through and through, while Jimmie Vivian scarcely noticed their artillery, but poured an incessant storm of balls and shells and canister upon their massive line of infantry. During the meanwhile the glandelinian cavalry endeavored to turn the Abbeannian flank, but the infantry, with fixed bayonets stood firm and met the shock, and repulsed them with the aid of the field artillery was reduced the cavalry to half their number.

The glandelinian wave being thus placed between two fires posted themselves in a strong ravine, their right and left being protected by dense brush and their artillery was placed behind a strong breastwork beyond the ravine, and which swept the Abbeannian line into through and through. General Vivian placed his artillery near the region in a long chain and ordered divisions on the right and left to group their way through the chaparral and ferret out with the bayonet the glandelinian sharpshooters, who were swarming in the brush which protected them, but while this was done no order could be observed, officers were shot down by the enemy by scores, men fell in hundreds per second, and each soldier who survived acted for himself as he broke his way through the brush and probed for the wicked glandelinians, and the sharp rattling of the firing of thousands of muskets, the sharp twang of rifle rifles, the dull sound of the bayonet, the deep muttering of thousands of cannon, the shrill devil yell of the glandelinian glandelinians, so in contrast with the vigorous shouts of the millions of Abbeannians produced a tremendous uproar.

The right and left had gradually forced their way through the chaparral almost to the ravine, leaving myriads of comrades behind dead, almost to the ravine, but the glandelinian battery handled with great coolness and execution still swept the Abbeannian line at every discharge, and held them in complete check. That battery, the key of the glandelinian position on the left must be taken, so general Vivian turned to general May of the goncentinian cavalry, and pointing to the battery ordered him to take it at all costs. The general wheeled his horse and shouting to his troops said:

"Men we must take that battery."

The attention of the combatants was arrested, all eyes were turned toward the fields across which dashed the overwhelming force of horsemen at a thunderous charge led by their gallant leader. A cloud of smoke from bursting shells soon hid them from view, the discharge of guns swept away one third of their number, but in a moment more the clashing of sabres and the trampling of men underfoot proclaimed that the battery had been taken. The glandelinian cannoniers were paralyzed at the sudden appearance of the approaching Abbeannian cavalry, and before they could recover the dragons were upon them, May with his own hands capturing the glandelinian general La Vega Stata who was in the act of discharging a gun. The dragons then charged directly through the glandelinian centre, and a shout of triumph arose through the Abbeannian lines as the infantry pressed on under hot fire from the foot infantry and took possession of the guns, from which the dragons had driven the artillery men.

The entire left wing of the wicked glandelinians panic stricken at the sudden onset, broke and fled in confusion to the nearest point of the Mc-Hollister Run, in their haste to pass over which numbers of them were drowned. It was a complete victory along the left but it was temporary. The main general of the glandelinian left Arasta by name fled with what remainder remained of his force, all the glandelinian artillery, two million stand of arms, and sixteen thousand mules and horses, fell into the hands of the Abbeannians. We may well imagine the emotions with which the right wing of general Vivian's force, exhausted by the exertions of the four days battles, and incessant bombardment, listened to the sound of fresh battle caused by the reinforcing force of christians, as it drew nearer and nearer, first was heard the cannon, then the wild incessant crash of musketry, then the smoke could be seen floating above the distant trees, now the glandelinians appeared here and there in flight, presently the victorious Abbeannian cavalry came into sight, and the men mounted the ramparts and shouted a welcome.

At other points of the line the Abbeannians still pressed on a diversion was made against the centre, by batteries erected during the night before, and the impetuous goncentinian Aronburg though wounded as he was by great exertions accomplished his purpose, and after most hard fighting one of the first main line of glandelinian works of great strength was captured. The Abbeannians captured the works in handsome style, as well as a long line of child slave factories in the rear which had been used as fortifications. General Worth and Butler simultaneously succeeded in gaining the Saltillio Run and thus cut off the enemy's communication from the south, while the remainder of his force carried in succession the heights south of the great Mc-Hollister Run, and immediately turned the captured batteries upon the main wing of the glandelinian center. The Abbeannians under a hot withering fire advanced from tree to tree, from house and factory to factory, and from square to square, firing furiously in turn, until they reached the open where the enemy's series of fresh batteries were situated. They obtained these batteries after a desperate assault, then forced the child slave factories on either side after frightful onslaughts, by means of crowbars and cannon tore and blew down the high railments, captured the and drove the enemy from point to point until the whole center was forced.

It is sad to say the carnage was terrible, it being a scene of damnable. The shouts of the combatants, with the wail of suffering child slaves, the thunder of thousands of cannon, the ear-splitting roar of countless muskets and the dead and wounded lying in multitudes everywhere for miles and miles present presented a scene so heartrending that even the demon of war might be supposed to turn from its surpassing horror. The glandelinians had effectually barricaded the open spaces between the child slave factories but these were carried, while the Abbeannians borrowed from house to house, this part of the conflict continuing with horror for four hours in which the glandelinians fought most desperately from behind their barricades, on the factory tops, from the factory windows, breastworks and elsewhere where they did not hesitate to meet the desperate Abbeannian assailants. All the child slaves were rescued, the glandelinian general Ampudia was captured and the whole center was forced back for ten miles from the works.

The main ground chosen by the wicked Glandelinian generals on which to make a general and last stand was the northern parts of the Mc-Hollester Run since so famous for the many battles fought on these grounds during the war, and here it was believed that neither flank could be turned except by large forces of light troops clambering up hills, having numerous ravines or deep gullies, the plateau being somewhat rough, with here and there open and very smooth places as well as clumps of thorny chaparral.

During the slight lull in the battle it being now two thirty o'clock clouds of smoke far to the right of the Abbia Abbieannian line made known that the main part of the glandelinian army had come up, and was in motion against that part of the Abbieannian line, and the long roll of drum drum cannon fire gave them the impression that the glandelinian cavalry had also joined in the assault, and under the support of fresh glandelinian artillery which had come up.

The Abbieannians on account of the new sound of battle halted in their head long advance, they realized they were about to meet a fresh force of the enemy in their numbers nearly five to the one of the forces first engaged. In this great contest their only hopes was in their own bravery and in the skill of their brave commanders. General Washington's batteries were placed to command the lower banks of the Mc-Hollester Run, the key to the position of the Abbieannian army. General Hardings divisions was on a ridge to the left of the artillery, and general Mc-Kee's forces of concentinians intrenched on another ridge in their rear. To the left beyond these was posted the Bombobians, under general Asels, while still further further in the same direction, were stationed generals Yeller, and Humphrey Francis Marshall with the fierce Tripoligonians, and the remainder of the army including Land Lanes divisions, the gormomian riflemen, general Davis Jeffersons two forces of cavalry or flying dragons, and Shermans Bruggards batteries of flying artillery, which were placed in reserve on the rear of the plateau. The main Abbieannian right had a battery of sixteen hundred, sixteen pounders, and 1000 Krupps and 2,444 Centeseters, which rested along the salient of the Mc-Hollester Run, these guns being manned by San Patricios divisions of Concentinians composed of Ovarian and Mc-Hollesterian deserters from the glandelinian army.

Two grand divisions Pachecos and Lombardinis extended in the rear of this battery, new guns twelve and eight pounders, 10,000 in number were posted to the extreme left, and an overwhelming battalion occupied a hill in advance of the main line, directly opposite the Ermine creek running into the great river at this section. Their cavalry and lancers were stationed also to the rear of either flank and to be unnumbered the baggage of the whole army was left many miles in the rear under guard of the second Abbieannian army. All the while the roar in of heavy firing had been observed since the short lull but now Santa Anna noticing that the foe position beyond their own left was unguarded, sent general Ampudia with a force of light troops to take the weak position. This movement was observed by Gannonia and as the christians approached more furious fighting began, the wicked wicked glandelinians keeping up a continuous uproar of musketry, while the Abbieannians lay among the rocks which whence could be heard the roar of their own musketry. The glandelinian batteries threw a shot and shell storm with great intensity, but the Abbieannians on the other fields remained silent as they wished a closer conflict. General Minon in the meantime had passed through the defile, Palomas Andentro coming next and then he prepared to throw forward his numerous forces of cavalry, but here Santa Anna sent his orders to refrain from charging just now, and to be in readiness to fall upon the glandelinian forces, which he promised general Jimmie Vivian would either capture or put to flight the next morning.

The appearance of Minon caused no little anxiety, and to make it worse for the glandelinians Ap Ampudia was reinforced, and he now resumed the recently abandoned attack, and stretched his lines further to the left, but general Marshall maintaining his position and having been repulsed when making an attack on the glandelinian position now found himself pressed by superior numbers.

Soon after toward quarter to three movements in the Abbieannian lines indicated that a grand attack was in contemplation, and they decided to delay and attack first which they did. Their strength was nearly all thrown with fearful force and violence toward the Abbieannian left, where despite the overwhelming numbers of their troops and the extent of the ground the troops were placed in a long but thin line.

San Patricios batteries was immediately brought forward, and placed on the ridge in front of the plateau, to repel the three powerful columns of attack each five million strong, these glandelinian soldiers being composed of the best of the army and led by its most experienced officers.

As the foremost columns advanced, general pande ordered general Lane O'Brien to hold them in check with his guns, and the Concentinian divisions to support him. The shot and shell ploughed through the glandelinian ranks from front to rear, tearing huge avenues in their columns, yet the furious glandelinians crowded on till the head of the columns and then the main columns were literally shot to pieces, and thrown into irreparable confusion and despite the urgent requests of their officers refused to continue the advance. Lane now ordered Lane to move forward fifty yards nearer to the enemy, and as he did so, the concentinians followed, but came within range of a strong glandelinian battery, which they carried and opened upon the flank of the other column of assailants. The first assaulting columns having retreated before, the retreat now became a flight which extended quite beyond the Abbieannian guns, and now as O'Brien's batteries was concentrated the entire fire of Pachecos artillery and infantry column added, but as the enemy resumed the assault and poured in a fierce musketry storm of a million rifles per minute, his horses belonging to the artillery were soon disabled, not a man of the concentinian force escaped from being killed or wounded, but nevertheless the wounded alone struck to their position and fired again and again until unable to do any more, but again before such bravery the glandelinians were forced to fall back. The forces now advanced advanced with wild yells and formed a juncture with the divisions under Lombardini, the entire body then moved against the second and third column of glandelinians; while their supporting batteries opened a heavy and galling fire upon the glandelinian cannon. Four divisions simultaneously volunteered to gain the main plateau, which they reached in the midst of this conflict and the glandelinians after giving fierce resistance were overpowered and became panic-stricken and fled.

The second glandelinian column now unsupported slowly fell back but continued a withering fire all along the line of retreat, and while this was in progress a portion of the Ovarians were also forced back, and Ampudia with his light troops came down the Ermine and completely turned the left of the second column, while the third heavy column of Abbieannians under Mora Villanelli pressed on after the thundering glandelinian battery, and then waiting until his men came within close range, he turned his machine gun battery loose on the glandelinian artillerymen, and though the foe battery poured in the shot and shell with surprising rapidity and most terrible effect, and though the first portion of the column melted away before the storm the rest came on, the whole mass of glandelinian infantry was ravaged by the return fire of the christians and thrown into confusion, and swayed from side to side, and then broke and fled, leaving the plain covered with a multitude of slain and wounded.

Just as the three columns of the wicked enemies of God had failed to force the Abbia Abbieannian left, general Tylor accompanied by fresh troops arrived upon the field, his presence was needed. He brought with him every available man that could be spared, and these were sent forward to support the assault. The natural advantages of the positions had been gained, success had alone depended upon the bravery of the troops, and had been accomplished, though many officers of both sides had fallen fallen, and whole divisions of the glandelinian volunteers, both infantry and horse strewn the fields in dead and wounded, the remainder were in disastrous retreat toward the Ermine, in spite the efforts of their generals, and other officers to restrain them.

So it can be seen how difficult it is to clash with Abbieannia. The Abbieannian infantry supported by their fine cavalry, right and left which made one tremendous shock after another, and then followed again by shock after shock, continued to press on. By great exertions Davis rallied the majority of his glandelinian forces, and a part of the Ovarian force, the Abbieannians advanced at a quick step, but silent until within rifle range, and then again gave the wicked foe of God a destructive fire all along the line for twenty miles all of a sudden.

The glandelinians answered with a as fierce a storm and shredded the christian line, but they did not slacken their pace, until they came to the edge of the first line of works, which lay between them and the enemy, and thus for a while the two forces confronted each other, and making desperate assaults back and forth, and then the Abbieannians with a shout all along the line, dashed over the works, poured in a murderous fire lingers for a moment to reload, and then rose upon the opposite crest in the face of the enemy, and with defiant yells urged how their fire more fearfully than ever and the graycoats fell in myriads for every volley.

The wicked glandelinians apparently astonished at the apparition, which was sending death through their ranks, wavered for a few minutes, tried to rally and make another stand, but as the Abbieannians with savage yells and fury closed with them and bayoneted them in the same barbaric manner, they recoiled in confusion, and rolled back upon the columns, which was advancing to their support. General Davis who had tried to rally his army was assailed by another force of Abbieannians from another direction, and over 10,000,000 lancers who had not as yet been engaged, swept over the plains at a thunderous gallop, being well supported by infantry.

To meet this new army mostly of whom were Concentinians, Davis was aided by the Omarians and Mc-Hollestonians. He extended his lines across the opposite parts of the field in the form of the letter V, the opening toward the approaching lancers.

They came on and on at a wild gallop being bound to charge their way through the centre, and as they gradually drew nearer it was expected that they would slacken their pace, but they did not, they expected the foe to fire but nevertheless they were determined to ride them down before they could reload to fire a second volley. The latter fired not a gun, but awaited their approach. At length the lancers came at a cyclone pace through the opening of the extensive angle. The silence seemed to fill the air with awe, they were within eighty yards of a thousand machine guns and a other artillery, and infantry were marksmen who could take deliberate aim. At the word every rifle, musket and cannon was aimed and poised, a moment intervened then went forth the storm of death and destruction.

The entire front columns of the lancers were riddled, not a ball or shell appeared to have failed on its errand, which was added by a hurricane of grape and canister. The dead and wounded men and horses made a barricade of struggling life, but over passed the remainder, and they broke through the line and gained the rear of the field, sabred and lanced a 1 the gunners and almost changed the fortunes of the day right there. The wicked glandelinians were appalled at the destruction of their companions, and the whole mass fled headlong from the field, but the glandelinians only reformed here for another stand.

In the meantime a great squadron of Abbieannian cavalry under general Torrejon skirted the glandelinian centre to the left, and penetrated to the Erminde a distance of ten miles, whence the commands of Tell and Marshall had also penetrated at another quarter. General Taylor sent all the cavalry he could spare, under general May, to reinforce the assailants at that point. Torrejon advanced with greater enthusiasm at the approach of these reinforcements, the glandelinians still holding firm received him with a scattering withering fire, but the Abbieannians confident in man horse rode on rapidly, there they were checked by two battalions for some time, and here it was that general Teller as he made a tremendous charge was killed at the head of his troops. Torrejon himself was wounded, and general May making his appearance again, with two batteries separated his forces, and forced the glandelinians to retreat still further.

On the plateau the battle had raged in one long continuous cannonade, the glandelinians having on the ridge in front, a battery of 18,654 cannon, yet they could not silence the Abbieannian guns under San Patriello, but now at no point was there any lull in the battle storm. Along the left grand divisions a severe conflict was in progress. One of the Glandelinian divisions retreating toward the Erminde had united with a large force sent by Cannonia against Santa Anna to make its way on the extreme right round to the Abbieannian rear.

General May with his dragoons, infantry and a portion of the Concentinians, and Dandobians was engaged in the bloody contest. General Taylor sent to his aid a portion of the main battery of artillery, and the main division of dragoons, with some of the volunteer cavalry. They soon accomplished the object by cutting off the retreat of the Glandelinians, who had passed so far beyond the Abbieannian left. They were shelled, and driven back to their own lines of works and thrown into inextricable confusion, Braggs advanced within close canister range, and with their wonted rapidity his guns played upon them, the shot tore through, and crashed through the bewildered multitude, and those nearest the hills endeavored to escape by clambering up its sides. The whole force about five million became utterly hopeless, while the wounded and lying, was increased at a fearful rate, the horses frantic with pain and terror added to the confusion. A few minutes more and they laid down their arms at this crisis, as if to stay the arm of death, a white flag was seen approaching, but it was fired upon by the Abbieannians, who seen it as a trick, the hill was carried and the survivors captured.

Santa Anna had in the meantime extricated his soldiers and had also learned from his spies--the Abbieannian officers--the size of the glandelinian army--only three grand divisions of infantry and guns, and their main portion was far to the left, whether they had almost driven the Abbieannian right wing an hour before. Shielding his own men from sight by ravines and a ure of the mountains he had been for four hours concentrating his main strength for a final assault upon the central position of the glandelinian army. At several points already he had met with partial success, but in the main his plans had been frustrated by the indomitable courage, rapid movements, and hard fighting of the wicked glandelinians.

Having concentrated his forces, he now brought his reserve into fierce action, aided by the large force of troops of the right wing, which had just been rescued from peril by the assault of the left on the glandelinian position. The whole force of attack 12,000,000 strong, the front divisions composed of veterans, with general Perese at their head, moved up the ascent from the valleys. The scattered divisions of glandelinians, composed of marians and Mc-Hollestonians in advance of the line were taken by surprise at the sudden appearance of the Abbieannians in such numbers, the Abbieannians which an hour or two before, had driven the other columns into utter confusion, retreating from the field. The multitudes of Abbieannians pouring in a volley after volley of musketry pressed on and compelled these divisions to retire toward the lines. General Ladstone was left almost entirely alone with his artillery, yet for a time he maintained his place, his broadsides of shells burying themselves in the columns of the approaching Abbieannians, but the mass closed up the gaps and steadily came nearer and nearer. For round shot, and shells he substituted canister and grape, and they were checked for a time appalled at their horrible losses, but it was their last struggle to secure the field, and trusting to numbers and heedless of death, the mass again moved on. Presently there was not an infantry soldier to defend or support the guns, nor a horse to draw them, still the desperate gunners stood to their places, and retreated only as their places recoiled. At length overtaken every officer or gunner either killed or wounded, Abbieannians a himself among the latter, they abandoned them to the Abbieannians.

Meanwhile the series of scattered divisions took refuge in a deep ravine to the right of the battle field. The glandelinians lined its crest, and kept upon the Abbieannians a continuous volley of musketry, to which they could scarcely reply, while their cavalry dashed forward to the mouth of the ravine to cut off their retreat. Fortunately the rout of the cavalry brought them within range of Washington's battery at the Plateau, whose guns were immediately brought to bear upon them, they recoiled, relinquished their object, and began to retreat from the ravine, while by throwing shots over the heads of the volunteers who were now moving out he harassed the glandelinians exceedingly. The glandelinian infantry now unopposed descended into the ravine once more, but was driven back with murderous loss, and it was in this encounter that the glandelinian generals Logan Hardinia, Henry Mc-Kee, and Henry Francis Clay Johnston and great numbers of brave and generous glandelinian officers were slain. The first crisis of the conflict was near. The whole glandelinian center being overcome there was no one to oppose the Abbieannians, and encouraged by their sweeping success the Abbieannians pushed on with unusual vigor, and at the commencement of the new attack the glandelinians were more or less scattered in a headlong rout over the plateau and on the extremes of the field, and now the heavy roar of the battle at other quarters made known that the issue of the day was about to be determined, and reinforcements hastened of their own accord to the point of danger. It was an hour of intense anxiety to Cannonia it now being half past three, as he saw this unexpected host advance in such order and with such determination. The battle during the fourth hour day had already lasted eight hours, the toll of so many rapid movements over the rough fields had wearied his men, while the approaching Abbieannian force was fresh, and in numbers four to one of his own. Was it possible to hold them in check till his second reserves could come up. He sent messenger after messenger to urge them on. In one division could be seen Nelson and in another Fitzpatrickson, driving with whip and spur the faded horses attached to their batteries, while in the distance to the left of the line could be seen the Concentinians and Trojogonillians under their officers Davis Danner and Lane rapidly advancing, now in sight, and moving toward the broken glandelinian center. Bragg was the first to continue to go forward, and as he started on the attack he sent for more infantry to support the guns which were to cover his charge, and then as these came he sent his columns forward with the order:

"Fight the glandelinians to the death."

The Abbieannians now rushed on and before the glandolinian cannons could unlumber their guns, the christians were within a few yards of their muzzles so swift they came on, but the glandolinians seemed to be inspired with an energy bey and human, and with a readiness greater than ever discharge followed discharge in endless succession and a whole line of Abbieannians were mowed down. The surviving columns faltered, as if waiting for them to cease, but for a moment that they might rush forward and capture them. No such moment was granted, they still hesitated, and were thrown into confusion. By this time ghorrans Abbieannians came up, and charged with his wonted effect, in a few moments more wash Washington's batteries moved forward and did the same. Davis and Jane then closed with the enemys right flank, commenced to pour in their fire, the hesitating columns took heart, and with wild yells that was heard for miles dashed forward, and over the works, and among the guns, and closed with the glandolinians who after desperate fighting hand to hand were forced again to recoil from all sides, they could not hold the new battery, hope seemed to desert every breast, and again pell mell they rushed from the field with the Abbieannians in pursuit.

This part of the battle was indeed a series of encounters in different parts of the field, each one severe in its self, but indecisive in its result. Never before had cannonias army contended with such odds and under disadvantages so great as contesting with the horrible Abbieannians the dread of all the foes of god. It was won by the super superior handling of the Abbieannian flying artillery, which continually thinned shattered, mangled, and broken all the ranks and columns of the enemies of god, before they could bring their second main force to bear.

When repulsed the Abbieannians invariably fell back out of danger to be again reformed for another attack, while the glandolinians for want of cavalry and sufficient numbers, could not pursue and disperse them beyond the power of rallying. On the part of the latter morning was one of unrelenting toil, their fewness of numbers, the extent of the shell torn field, the roughness of the ground, and the numerous attacks, forced them to be continually in rapid and laborous motion. General cannonia was in the midst of flying battle and exploding shells forelight hours, only one ball of which passed through his coat, and none one of his officers swarmed from their post of danger nor neglected a duty—especially this could be said of the fami us general Neldon, who was ever at every point where he was especially needed, and the almost superior skill in which the glandolinian batteries were handled was due to the exertions of the officers, who spared no effort to infuse into the ranks their own spirit and discipline, who cheerfully submitted to the requisite drudgery of the drill. They had also hoped to win the battle by musketry and charges of cavalry, their main heavy guns they did not as yet bring upon the field, but placed them in battery formations on the crest of hills. The foe had taken every precaution to repel the attack of the Abbieannians, and endeavors had been made to prevent the Abbieannians from passing round to the right or left.

The troops having been supplied with their rations, remained on the field despite the fury of the Abbieannian assault, fresh divisions were brought from the rear to supply the places of those who took charge of the sea of wounded, who were carried southward in series of long freight or passenger trains to glandolinia. The glandolinian army was indeed in a truly deplorable condition, they being without hospital supplies, and almost literally without food, and no means to obtain it, a watery waste of series of dangerous and treacherous rivers before them and a apparently victorious enemy all around. The defeated columns continued their retreat under cover of the reserves which were forcing to resume the battle on a forlorn hope indeed, and indeed losses had reduced the center of the glandolinian army to a mere remnant, and that discouraged by defeat confidence in the generalship of cannonia was almost gone, many of the wounded had been left to their fate, and the sea of dead was unnumbered. More than 23,678,554 of his men including many officers of high rank lay scattered over the field, and trains were loaded with the wounded who were rescued.

At four o'clock the great struggle was renewed, and amid a din of shouts the fierce glandolinian reserves fell upon the advancing Abbieannians with fearful force, but the Abbieannians threw away scarcely a shot, the whole lines of the foe were shot down, the survivors broke and fled, but general Herredia made a desperate stand with a force of four million men, protected by intrenchments across the fields, and on the neighboring fields and hills, but to no avail. Doniphan forced his way in that inferno to the flank of the glandolinian column, and before the enemies of god could bring their guns to bear, he was in full play upon them with his own artillery. Their cavalry as well as artillery fell back and retired across the fields but firing incessantly as they retreated.

Now the intrenchments were to be forced, this was done in true backwoods style by the fierce Abbieannians. Each man rushed on and fought on his own responsibility, some rode along the intrenchments seeking a place to enter, while others rushed up close to pick off the defenders. The glandolinians fled from the presence of their desperate assailants, who leaped over the works and secured every place within reach. Meanwhile a party of horse men crossed the field to storm on horseback a battery which crowned the hill on the opposite side. The enemy again completely routed abandoned everything the officers fled toward the south, and the common cannon soldiers to the mountains.

Despite this success of the Abbieannians the Abbieannian general cannonia had been duped, for though beaten this and again during the fearful battle cannonia devoted all his energies to arouse the war spirit of his soldiers, called upon them again and again to rally under his banner, and save their nationality, issued flaming manifestos expressing the most intense hatred of all christian nations, and his indignations at the wrongs imposed on his country by the 'perfidious Angelinians and Abbieannians. Within an hour more cannonia had a new force of 23,000,000 concentrated along his broken centre. Meanwhile general Wool had marched San Antonio's forces to resume the attack, his indefatigable labors, having converted the soldiers under his care into well drilled soldiers. The slight cessation of hostilities ceased at four thirty o'clock, and now the battle was resumed with mightier violence. General Wooler took possession of gaitillio's works after desperation of charges, and general Tyler himself attacked Tampico's immense battery but was repulsed. The cannonading from the fierce glandolinian batteries was more incessant than before, the glandolinians firing every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear on the Abbieannian positions.

Some of the christian fleets steamed down the Mc-Holleston Run river, and with their own heavy guns added to the frightful uproar, other christian batteries were brought and batteries erected within a thousand yards of the glandolinian position and who can imagine how terrific was this artillery storm. Twenty one thousand heavy guns poured forth an incessant storm of high explosives and shrapnell, the heavy explosive explosions tore gaps in the Abbieannian intrenchments, and crashed through the lines of infantry terrible hundreds of big gaps, while the rattling storm of shells explosions still more terrible scattered ruin and death everywhere, and burned everything thing that would burn. With out any intermission this horrid work continued, and all this while Santa Anna had been very active and he was already pressing forward with 30,000,000 Abbieannians sending forward Cerro Cordos great cavalry squadron, the whole position of the glandolinians was first reconnoitred, and the first general attack commenced by three grand divisions, sent to turn their position. The scene was now a roaring inferno of artillery and musketry. The battle was horrible. The whole front was smothered, the Abbieannians were killed by the foe, driving the foe from it, general El Telegrafo was killed but up the sides then they had rushed in a the face of a withering fire that threatened to sweep all before it, they even dragged up the heavy pieces of their own artillery during the assault and placed them upon the foe who retreated they threw shells like confetti. The glandolinian batteries played with greater vigor, but during this mortal cannonade general Harney now led his three new divisions rapidly down into the valley, between the hills also under a storm of shot and shell, and began to ascend the slopes toward the strong defenses on the top. The declivity was steep and rugged, and soon the entire fire of the battery was directed against these new assailants, but despite the havoc they kept on, without wavering, pressing up doggedly, until they presented themselves at last the strongest on the summit. General Yaquez was killed, but undaunted the Abbieannians poured in a stream of balls, forced their way through the breastworks, and then charged with the bayonet, the glandolinians fleeing down the slope in the direction of cannonia's main line.

This glandolinian division was annihilated and scattered in all directions, this division had lost more than 1,000,000 men killed and wounded, 3,456,678 prisoners, five generals all their artillery and military stores. This was not obtained without a severe loss to the Abbieannians who in their rash and headlong charges in the face of overwhelming batteries, and well protected musketeers had lost four hundred and thirty one officers, and 8,745,333 in killed and wounded, of whom thirty three were great generals.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE.

The main and strongest position of the glandolinian right wing assaulted all that day long was along the main section of the Mc-Holleston Run stream, to a capture which the Abbieannians of gineers stated would further cost the loss of three million lives.

General K Jimmie Vivian was indeed proverbially careful if the lives of his soldiers, the horrible sacrifice must be avoided. The vicinity of the army storming batteries of the enemy was reconnoitred in the most daring manner; and it was discovered that their defenses south and west were more strongly fortified than expected. The general diverted his course to the right and turned El Penon's forces on the south side, and under the direction of skillful engineers crossed chasms and ravines in the face of a withering deadly impasse; and therefore but imperfectly unguarded. General Twigg led the advance, worth followed took the lead, and with his divisions halted the glandelinian counter charge of San Augustin's glandelinians, where he found that a strong force of glandelinians were on the march round to the north side of the main christian line. Not so far away was the fortified camp under general Contreras, which contained sixteen million glandelinians, in the rear between the camp and the main line, were placed twelve million men in reserve, the whole number of glandelinians at the right wing being about 35,456,000, with nearly one hundred thousand pieces of artillery of various sizes. General Persifer Smithsonia proposed to attack Contreras camp, which was personally under the command of general Valencia. At five o'clock the assault started, the glandelinians were at paralyzing surprise still the furious attack effectually routed the first grand divisions, three million, three hundred thousand and sixty four of their number were made prisoners, eighty generals and three hundred and thirty five pieces of artillery, and among the latter were twenty two pieces taken by the foe at the early part of the battle, now recaptured by a portion of a regg regiments to which they originally belonged. Thus commenced the eventful part of the battle along the remaining glandelinian wing still standing its ground. --several conflicts were yet to rage. General Shields and Pierce threw their divisions between the captured positions, and with the help of Santa Anna drove back the main forces of Contreras, captured Churur booco, drove back fresh troops arriving to his assistance, and then attacked the remainder of the line which made a most desperate defense.

Ten convents were also defended at this point, these being very strong stone buildings well fortified, and pierced for muskets and cannon, also the bridges of over the river were well defended.

The shell fire of the christian batteries had flooded the region with smoke clouds, the fortifications masked by trees and corn were shelled, and the enemy's gun so arranged to sweep them perfectly were hammered at most vigorously. The first main line of the Abbeannians pressed the attack, the Abbeannian officers in the face of these batteries advancing to reconnoitre the ground, the men were rushing up on all points, the officers would again advance, and the same process was repeated, and during all this time, huge avenues were torn in the Abbeannian columns, can cannon balls and high explosives from the unseen enemy, and from the fire along the twenty mile long trenches, crashed through column after column spreading horrible destruction everywhere, officers fell by the score, yet as if impelled by some powerful influence, they moved steadily on until Churubusco works were in their hands. General Santa Anna sent Scott and Pillow round to the other side, these forces waded through the mud and blood in some instances waist deep, before they could reach the convents. Several divisions were entirely broken up by the artillery fire of the foe, general Taylor's artillery men were cut up, all of his thousands of horses were killed, the region was a blasting inferno, the glandelinians made a terrific counter charge, and were repulsed with murderous loss. The ground to the buildings was intercrossed and intersected by causeways, and so fierce was the enemy's fire that it was impossible to preserve military order, also owing to their ignorance of the position of the wicked wicked enemy, as well as their own, and the Abbeannians were in constant danger of being fired upon from every point. The battle raged furiously in every direction, and thousands upon thousands were dropping. General Worthington carried San Antonio's works but both generals fell dead at the same time as both sides suddenly opened a murderous withering fire, and generals Twigg and McPollester carrying another portion of the breastworks like fortresses were also killed and hundreds of thousands of their men shot down. The glandelinians fought bravely, obstinate, and with the utmost fury of determination and desperation, the Abbeannians were more than three to their one, and they met every effort to repel them, and what was before a scene like a inferno was now tenfold worse. The smoke completely enshrouded the positions of the enemy, the roar of their thirty million muskets, hundreds of thousands of cannon seemed to drown the roar of the distant christian artillery, and to render the din peculiarly terrific.

The Abbeannians could but feel their way through the corn, and across causeways and ditches, ignorant at what moment they would come upon a concealed battery. At length a division was enabled to cross the river, and presented themselves in the rear of the

At the present

Worthington's divisions emerged through the cornfields in their front, those in the rear rushed across ditches, and over the parapets and carried the works, while the glandelinians at the head of the bridges did not abandon them until threatened with annihilation, their guns were immediately seized and turned upon them, both the other divisions of Abbeannians pressing forward with the bayonet, the glandelinians recoiled in confusion, and finally fled, the dragons pursuing them to the very main line of works. The advantage was again won, but it had again cost the poor Abbeannians dear, another two million had fallen or had been disabled, among these were seventy six general officers. The coolness the indomitable courage and perseverance of both men and officers were never bettered in display. The ground was unknown, and they were thrown upon their own resources, there was no wavering, each one performed his part, and adapted himself to the emergency. In no battle did the glandelinians fight better; they struggled hard, and the number of their slain, wounded, and dying, and mission--nearly 7,899,999--testifies that they were brave and still still had hopes of conquering the christians at no matter what the forlorn costs.

Indignant at the continued violent resistance and treachery of the wicked glandelinians, general Vivian now ordered the army to press on and crush the foe at all costs. The other positions were immensely strong, and fortified, under general Molino Del Rey and another under Chapultepec which it was believed could not be turned, but must be taken, before the main line of the foe could be reached. It was resolved to capture general Molino Del Rey's position and so the attack was launched forward with redoubled fury against it, two thousand twenty four pounders, opening at the same time and sending their balls through the glandelinian columns, and then the foe guns opened in reply a poor pouring grape and shot, and shells upon the flank of the advancing Abbeannians. The effect of the glandelinian guns were indeed terrible, for in a few minutes the front of the whole Abbeannian advance was cut down, of fourteen fresh generals eleven were either killed or wounded, and a horrible proportion of the men. The first grand division was forced to fall back, and the glandelinians as usual with savage ferocity hurled themselves forward in a counter charge but they were massacred with savage ferocity. Santa Anna ordered forward other great divisions, and these were seconded by another grand division, who vigorously attacked the glandelinian flank. Though exposed to a cross fire, which did fearful execution, these all fought desperately, it would seem seen the idea of retreating from the face of such overwhelming odds never occurred to the glandelinians, they held on to their positions, while the Abbeannians steadily advanced. Simultaneously general Leon led a strong assault upon Molino Del Rey's line, but it was driven back with frightful and destruction, Leon was mortally wounded, and three generals of other high rank were slain. The attack was continued in a fearful manner, the assailants sought in various ways to gain access to the enemy, they crept along the ground and fired upon the works, climbed to the top of the parapet in the face of the desperate defenders, and tore down the glandelinian infantry columns with their galling musketry fire, ripped up the works, with their hands or pried into the columns with their thumb of bayonets, and at length broke through the glandelinian front on the left of the main wing, and engaged in close combat the slaughter now being fearful. The glandelinians did not yield but continued to fire with utmost deliberation, the Abbeannians burst through column after column, meeting the enemy hand to hand with the bayonet, or firing face to face. In a few minutes the northwest portion of the works was in like manner forced, but the foe did not give way at any point, and so horrible was the fighting that it resembled a great massacre. The Abbeannians were in numbers three to one against the glandelinians who nevertheless held a very strong position, the Abbeannians had scarcely any aid from their heavy cannons at this point, and were forced to depend solely upon their rifles and muskets. Still they carried portions of the works, captured eight hundred thousand of the prisoners, and lost themselves over 7,777,995 more men in killed and wounded, of whom fifty nine were officers nearly one fourth of all the officers engaged in the battle at this point. The loss of so many men shed a cloud over the whole nation.

Soon however the full force of all the captured cannon was concentrated upon the remainder of the strong glandelinian position, storming parties while pouring in a withering fire of musketry all the while were anxiously waiting for a breach to be made, by which they might carry it by assault, grouping their way from tree to tree, and rock to rock, driving the glandelinians steadily before them, but suddenly on the crest of the remaining works, the remaining force of the foe frowned the position with cannon and musketry. The Abbeannians approached cautiously, but still drawing nearer and nearer, the positions were taken in succession, presently an ensign bearing the standard of God's Holy Church rushed forward to the rampart

a tremendous shout arose along the whole Abbieannian line, the whole christ
 inn forces bounded over, the battle was over. The glandelinians overhauled
 stood but a few minutes more, then scrambled from the works and retreated
 in amazing confusion. The provocations of the Abbieannians had been great
 for at the beginning of the war for themselves they had seen their wounded
 companions found on the battle field barbarously murdered by the foe, the
 reason why they ruthlessly slaughtered the glandelinians with their bayonets,
 when again disarmed or helplessly wounded. The whole battle field was a mass
 of bodies, ruin desolation, so effective had been the extensive storm of
 shot shell and high explosives, that the whole Mc-Pollister gun region within
 the space of the battle field was battered to pieces. The foe had been fairly
 scattered and were in rout for the boundary line of Angolinia, for now all
 the northern parts, southeastern, and western parts of Galverinia were entire
 ly free from the foe, and general Gormaine, Vivian, and his brother were
 bound to drive all the glandelinians out as soon as possible.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ANNIE
 ARONBURG... January 28

From the very beginning of the horrible war the long line of fortifications
 called by the name of the murdered child in honor of her heroism during the
 child slave rebellion was the subject of much anxiety of the whole entire
 world, for they knew that if these fortifications in the hands of the foe
 could not be taken, the war would be won on the side of the foe and all the
 lost ground in Galverinia gained once more. At the necks of the rivers of
 Fortonia and Belmont-Belmontie general Gormaine unopposed by the Abbiean
 nians there had been for weeks fortifying points all along the line in front
 of these fortifications, and these prepared to attack Annie Aronburg if not
 surrendered, though also it was the purpose of the Abbieannian commander not
 to give any quarter. General Manley further away a o along the Angolinian and
 Calvinian boundary line had sent a messenger to inform general Pivkness
 of his intentions of sending provisions and reinforcements to the storming
 fortifications, and thus alarmed the Abbieannians and made them impatient
 to bombard the fortifications before the reinforcements arrived.

Mansonia then demanded the surrender of the for
 tifications, and the glandelinian commander harshly and insultingly
 refused to surrender his thrust, incidentally remarking to those who demand
 ed the surrender that God himself could not force him to surrender the fort
 ifications and told the Abbieannian commander "To go to Hell."

This insult enraged the Abbieannian general, he ordered the bombard
 ment to begin right away and on the following evening five batteries
 each consisting of a thousand guns were already throwing a rain of shot and
 shell upon the fortifications, but so vigorous were the discharges from
 these fortifications, that the Abbieannians thought the fortifications must
 have been reinforced. All of the glandelinians were inspired with their
 patriotic zeal, even some common laborers joined in with their native
 ardor for a fight. The firing was indeed terrific, red hot balls were even
 added which set the barracks on fire, blew up one magazine and en
 dangered another, so to avoid further damage and danger many hundreds of
 barrels of powder were rolled into the sea. The heat and smoke began to become
 stifling, yet the brave glandelinians fought on breathing through wet cloths.

In the meantime a powerful fleet of battle ships
 were steaming down the river, this flotilla joining the fleets of the
 mouth passes of the Eminia gun. Admiral Zimmerman who though wounded still
 remained commander took charge of the whole armament, and Mc-Pollister under
 him had control of the motor boats. The whole fleet and transports soon passed
 within the passes, and gunboats acted as pickets up the river, seized rams
 and other ironclads, and fire rafts--large barges three hundred sixty yars
 yards long laden with split pine over which had been poured melted pitch
 rendering them highly inflammable. One of the piggy Abbieannian
 ships carried Angolinian rifled guns. They had also a peculiar iron clad
 float floating battery, besides eighteen hundred armed steamers, many of which
 were protected by an armor of iron. The naval commander Francis Hollinger
 announced that he would annihilate the glandelinian fleet, and surprisingly
 did worse. An exceedingly strong chain was stretched on floats across the
 channel from one part of the Aronburg fortifications on the opposite shore,
 to the other side, near to another glandelinian fort called Belmont.

These series of fortifications, were very strong structures built by the
 A Abbieannian government before the war of eighteen fourteen one, just like
 those of Mc-Whie Mc-Whirther, but still stronger, and each portion of the
 fortifications being divided into five quarters was armed with 23,456 guns
 and fort Belmont had almost twice as many. In addition the enemy had flank
 ing batteries commanding the two rivers for ten miles, and also the approach
 to Lake Angeline.

Hearing the bombardment of the Abbieannians from the land side, and knowing
 what was going on Zimmerman anxious to do something, and still smarting from
 the humiliation he had received from the wicked glandelinian govern
 ment which caused him to turn traitor, moved to join in the attack.
 Then occurred one of the most terrible cannon battles on record.

Over a space of rolling surface for the distance of nearly a
 score of miles high explosives tore everything in to a mad chase, fourteen
 hundred Abbieannian dreadnaughts, threw immense shells from the western shores
 , and sixteen hundred of others on the eastern bank of the river
 in the swamp passages, and so covered by green bushes as to be well masked,
 , sixteen hundred other ships of war, and thousands of gunboats, and steam
 submarines, and torpedo boat destroyers up and down the stream and even
 steamers took part in the thunderous fray, while the fortifications repelled
 with the greatest vigor. The bombardment was fearful lasting four days,
 glandelinian fleets steamed with to oppose and smash the Abbieannian warships
 and poured broadsides by the score per minute every ship taking part, greater
 fires broke out than any ever seen during the bombardment of the Mc-
 Wi Whirther fortifications, the guns in the embrasures of the fortifications
 of Belmont were silenced, and also the last line of guns on the rear rear
 of the Annie Aronburg fortifications. Meanwhile Hollinger sent down scores
 upon scores of the fire rafts in the midst of the battle, and though many of
 these were destroyed by the shells of the forts or towed out of the way
 by glandelinian ships they set fire to the fortifications of Belmont and the
 woods near by and the scene became terrific.

All of the ships now hammered with redoubled fury, throwing a perfect
 rattling storm of scores of thousands of shells into the Annie Aronburg
 fortifications, which interfered materially with their firing, the whole
 entire fleets passing back and forth continually pouring their most fearful
 broadsides. All the while the glandelinian ships trying again and again
 to stop the attack on the forts found themselves in the midst of the hostile
 iron clads and rams, the latter butting in every direction, ships went down
 by tens, and though the glandelinian gunboats were able to dodge them and
 pay them the compliment of a series of broadsides they were overtaken and
 sunk one by one. The Abbieannian battleship the Queen a swift
 vessel passing through compelled twenty glandelinian ships single handed
 to strike their flags, after being torn to pieces for a spirited resistance.
 The rams under admiral Mansassie, were running round butting at every ship
 in the way, ten glandelinian ships ran afoul of these rams and though they
 gave broadsides they finally were sunk by the rams. All around the glande
 linian fleet found itself in a nest of Abbieannian warships and armored
 steamers, which fired broadsides after broadsides right and left, the first
 broadside of forty Abbieannian ships went into thirty glandelinian ships
 crowded with marines and sailors, exploded their boilers, torn the bulwarks
 and sending cabin after cabin flying into the air, broad every mast down by
 the board, and were driven ashore on fire, simultaneously three glandelinian
 dreadnaughts were driven ashore in a mass of flames and blown up. The glande
 linian ship the Varuna was attacked by an Abbieannian iron clad ram
 which raked her with terrible carnage, and battered her on the quarter,
 but this glandelinian ship in the meantime managed to plant thirty eight
 inch shells in the armor of her foe, and a rifle shot, but for revenge
 the ram with prow under water, struck the Varuna in the port gangway, doing
 terrible damage, then her enemy drew off and made another plunge, and struck
 again in the same place, crushing in her sides, now the Varuna gave her
 ferocious antagonist five eight inch shells, these settled her, and this one
 Abbieannian ship floated ashore in flames. The Varuna herself in a sinking
 condition was towed ashore, and all along the river banks were stranded
 glandelinian warships, and armored steamers and rams, nearly all on fire
 from Abbieannian shots and shells, none of the ships had ever escaped while
 only three Abbieannian ships had been only damaged.

There was only one glandelinian ship left to oppose the
 Abbieannians and she was a giant. This ship had a heavy armament of many
 hundreds of 10 inch guns, and she poured in her broadsides with precision
 , but these heavy balls and shells did small damage to her assailant
 , while from the Abbieannian ship the shells and balls tore through the
 glandelinian ship committing horrible damage.

The immense crew of the glandolinian ship fought desperately, warping round their vessel to give effective broadsides, but presently the ram which assailed it, rushed in full speed upon the glandolinian ship and peirc'd her hull below the water line, making a hole forty feet in diameter, and crush'ing in the battleships upper decks, still pouring in shells, sh solid shot and adding it by canister making a horrible slaughter on the crowded decks. Of the 10,000 men on board not a man wavered in this presence of death their vessel was fast filling, in five minutes the water reached the berth decks, where lay the wounded and dying, and though more than 3,456 of these brave persons perished, the remains kept on fighting until the ship gave a lurch and disappeared under the water. The remainder who were not drowned were picked up by boats which put off from shore. After the four weeks bombardment, it was seen that the main way to force the Annie Aaronburg fortifications was by land assaults. General confederate of the foe anticipating the movements of the Abbieannians during the thr third week of the bombardment by sending 1,000,000 troops in three divisions to seize the heights around the fortifications, and fortify them. The Mo-Holleston and Panroas railroad was seized and on it a train having on board 3,000 Abbieannians was captured, but not the Abbieannians who fought with such devilish fury and savagery that they all escaped without the loss of a man in killed or wounded, and fully slew 45,000 glandolinians out of the 50,000 who made the attack. Again this showed the fury of the Abbieannians Alexandria was also occupied by the foe but retaken by the menance of an overwhelming force of Abbieannians.

General Hansonia resolved by a night movement to surprise and capture two positions during the bombardment by attacking with infantry, and the plan being well arranged the troops set out on the march in order to attack the positions by daylight. But at night two divisions of Abbieannians and three divisions of glandolinians came into collision and though both sides fought with the savage fury the Abbieannians did at the train, the glandolinians escaped with small loss, and this firing giving information of the approach of the Abbieannian attack against their redoubts hastily retreated to the larger position. Meantime the other portion of the glandolinian force hearing the firing fell back lest they should be taken in the flank. In the morning the Abbieannians came together, a conference was held, and it was determined to attack the fortified position on the hill whose guns commanded the approach. The attack was a tremendous one, and though the result was a repulse, the soldiers stood the fire well, and resumed the assault with redoubled fur' fury, and here fell two of the most accomplished men in the command of the Abbieannians, general ganta Grebelio, and Theodore Wentreia both of whom were killed.

The attack was so violent however that the glandolinians after a defence for a whole day retreated, while at the same time, general Hansonia made a strong demonstration in front, while a large force of his men by a flank movement grouped their way through the jungle and to the top of the hill, and with a daring shout rushed on the enemy, captured twenty of the enemys guns and carried all before them. General garnett pilfiman of the enemy behaved with great bravery but presently fell pierced by a shell fragment, and his men panic stricken fell in the wildest confusion and reaching the big column of reserves in the rear, the panic failed to be communicated to the rear, and they having it taken a strong position refused to retreat and poured in a fearful withering fire.

Phillips line was forced however, his division being scattered after a spirited fight by the Abbieannians, they leaving all their ammunition, but however they made a sternious but unsuccessful attempt to recover their lost ground. Already in the assault upon y this position the glandolinian losses in those conflicts was about 1,500,000 killed wounded and prisoners, while the Abbieannian loss was only 200,000 thousand in killed and 600,000 wounded. Now the next day while the bombardments were again in progress preparations by the main Abbieannian armies were made to advance, and these under Pattersonia, and those under Mo-Gelliania, the extreme right, and the forces under Bendonia extending along the river, all were to advance, and gradually contract their lines around the fortifications. General Bendonia was to move direct upon the north wing of the fortifications on the railway twenty miles from Alexandria, an important strategic position held by the enemy. General Pattersonia had already moved upon Chambersburg lines in gray, and passed over the position, general Chambersburg having fallen back after serious resistance. At another point Chambersburg had a force of 15,000,000 Glandolinians well supplied with field artillery stationed in front of the fortifications. He a general Pattersonia attempted to press Chambersburg, and prevent him from reinforcing the other portion of the recently defeated forces on the hill, but in vain his assault after being waged four hours was horribly crushed and driven back for two miles. Bendonia determined to turn the enemys position at the fortifi-

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and reach the Mo-Whirther railway, and thus intercept reinforcements from Winchester divisions, and though now Pattersonia was holding Chambersburg in check he could not advance and was urgently calling for reinforcements, and artillery support. So Bendonia made his arrangements to flank the enemy by crossing the region to the left wing of the fortifications, and these various divisions were soon crossing the fords, and now the contest became general, but desultory in the extreme. In different parts of the extensive fortifications the Glandolinians were driven from time to time, and would recover, batteries of cannon changed hands more than ten times, and the fortifications were riddled by a storm of bullets and on fire in many places. Finally the Abbieannians drove the enemy nearly two miles, but they were surprised and suddenly attacked by about 5,678,777 fresh troops fresh from Winchester army. At this crisis the other glandolinians and the garrison of the fortifications thus encouraged renewed the conflict with vigor, but division after division of Abbieannians were continually thrown upon them, again the glandolinian forces were thrown into confusion and though one division stood in the way and fought the Abbieannians gallantly, retarding the advance of the Abbieannians until those defending the works could retreat into the fort the could not hold long and after suffering the loss of 482,999 in killed, and 1,915,876 in wounded, they also retired, the first forces retreating having suffered the loss of 296,666 in killed and 1,533,222 wounded. This success of the Abbieannians made known to the insurgents against god that the Abbieannians could never be checked by the hardest fighting.

The assaults on the fortifications now started. A force of the enemy defended the line of barracks with the utmost determination, but after a few hours they fled to the fortifications, the Abbieannians scattering their rain of shells upon the fortifications in all directions. About 45,000 more of the desperate glandolinians were killed, the barracks were all on fire, and a great number were taken prisoners. Jacksonia Price fled toward the centre fortifications and now the Abbieannians pressed against the fortifications in a general assault. The garthage fortifications were the first assaulted, the garrison here numbering 5, 5,500,000 and a fa battery of 5,000 guns, and the Abbieannian force of 10,500,000 men and eighty thousand guns, twl twelve hundred of which were centenneters reduced the fortifications of garthage into ruins: the centre guns of the enemy were soon silenced, but for a time the Glandolinians held the Abbieannians in check pouring in shells and canister, while the glandolinian cavali began to outflank the concentric ians, and the insurgents being reinforced with 5,678,666 more men tried their best to drive back the assault entirely but met with terrible slaughter.

In the meantime the entire Abbieannian force was moving forward to the attack, and thus now one of the fiercest battles in the war for the possession of fortifications began, and after excruciating losses the enemy were driven from the fortifications of garthage. General padonia greatly exposed himself and was wounded three times but he retained his command. The enemy rallied and made a most desperate effort to regain what they had lost but were most severely repulsed by the cool determination of the Abbieannians, who lying close on the brow of the mound of extensive ruins in the rear of the fortifications let their foe come within forty three feet of them and tearing their line down with a murderous fire. The survivors recoiled in utmost confusion, but they made another severe attempt with redoubled fury, the enemy reached the position, and fired furiously before their second bloody repulse and in this die discharge padonia was kil'd killed, and the fortifications was once again captured.

263,721 more of the foe had been killed, and 2,345,678 wounded, while of the Abbieannians, 421,789 were slain, and more than 3,456,000 wounded. Meantime General Sigel was successful in driving the enemy before him and capturing the Sigel fortifications, but was at length greatly outnumbered by encountering a large force in his front, and compelled to retreat, but the enemy lost five thousand cannons, twenty of wnt which the soldiers spiked, and general Lexingtonia Mulligania of the glandolinian brigade, being surrounded by 10,000,000 Abbieannians and def after defending his position in most heroic manner with his 2,640,000 men was compelled to surrender, and though orders had been passed that no glandolinians were to be spared, they were nevertheless not massacred, but held as criminals and sentenced as prisoners for life.

Simultaneously the Abbieannians endeavored to gain the virginian fortifications, sending the forces under Henry A. Wiser, but the latter was defeated, his men leaving all their munitions except what they could carry. General Lee Robertson also made a desperate attempt with 9,876,555 men but after several conflicts was also defeated. At the same time the Glandolinians under general Evans made a flight of evacuating the Leesburg fortifications, in order to draw a force of Abbieannians into an ambushade.

But not so, a force of glandelinians under general Bakerson itself fell into a trap. Then occurred a most terrific part of that day's battle for the fortifications, and slaughter compared with the numbers engaged, and this disaster to the glandelinians was the saddest of the war. The force of 3,456,665 glandelinians with ten of their generals met annihilation, those surrendering were shot or cut down, and prisoners taken, were annihilated without mercy. It was a fearful disaster indeed, and simultaneously, the Hattassor fortifications were opened on by the fleets of warships, the fortifications replying wildly, and with spirit, the cannonading making a rolling drum drum crash that was incessant, the ships pouring in their storm of shot and shell, le literally tearing this part of the main fortifications to pieces, the land forces having already occupying the fortifications of Clark, more than 6000 - 600,000 prisoners were taken, while at this point of the battle as yet not a Abbeannian soldier was injured.

The vessels in assaulting the fortifications had moved in an ellipse, pouring in a deadly fire of shells and explosives, mingled with solid shot simultaneously paying their respects to the fortifications on the other side, the glandelinians could not stand the storm on the fortifications of Logan, and leaving everything fled to the woods. The Abbeannians here captured about forty thousand pieces of ordnance, mostly of the heaviest calibre of and of the most approved patterns and an immense quantity of munition ammunition. After the capture of these part of the fortifications the enemy began to burn the abandoned property, lest it should fall into the hands of the Abbeannians, and that night the whole heavy heavens were lighted up for scores of miles by the biggest of fires raging at this part of galverinia.

Indeed the battle for the possession of these fortifications was the most tremendous ever witnessed especially for any capture of any given fort....

While all the other assaults had been going on general Belmont with about 33,567,666 Abbeannians aboard steamers, and escorted by gunboats and warships which were shelling the fortifications by water, the christian soldiers landed about four miles above the fortifications, and at once took up their march to join in the fray, and soon falling in with a force of the enemy which had been advancing to reinforce the besieged garrison at the fortifications and drove them foot by foot, and from the tree to tree back to their encampment on the river edge, a distance of over three miles, as they drew nearer, suddenly was heard severer firing and cheers on the rear of the enemy. The D goncentinians under general

Napoleon, had made a rapid detour, and were now closing in, a combined movement was made upon three sides of the enemy's camps and works, which were soon in possession of the Abbeannian forces, the wicked enemies of god passing over the river banks, and into their transports in quick time. The Abbeannians destroyed all the munition and property of the camp, then the glandelinians under Joseph and Jimmie Daniels sent fresh troops to attack the Abbeannians and recapture the camp but without success and after a hard fought battle for the rest of the day were repulsed at all points, with a loss of 7,500,888. The Abbeannians in this part of the engagement lost 84,000 killed, and 298,654 wounded, and the total loss of the enemy in the entire battle was never intirely known.

The Abbeannians during the following night and while the bombardment was still raging, had taken possession of the Grinnin Run Gap, to prevent the glandelinian forces from being aided by fresh troops from any other glandelinian army that might be approaching.

General Franklina had now assumed command of the whole army besieging the fortifications, and he threw his main grand division toward the eastern portion of the fortifications, an important and strategic point, and it was his intention to move forward the next morning, and by a strenuous effort, it was expected to drive the foe from the fortifications the next day. During the whole night hundreds of severe skirmishes had taken place, in which the Abbeannians had been worsted every time, and driven from point to point, but finally in the morning general powling Greenia and Franklina made a tremendous attack upon the eastern fortifications, driving in the glandelinian pickets. Resistance however was horribly terrific and word was speedily given that the enemy were defending the fortifications in great force, and in less than an hour the whole grand division was making an attack though the desperate fire of the glandelinian continually held them in check. The conflict was now terribly severe, and the two immense opposing lines wavered back and forth for hours. The glandelinians had protected themselves by an exten orized bulwarks of palisades and fence rails in front of the eastern line of fortifications, and while between them and the woods where the Abbeannian soldiers were was a large open field.

General Jimmie Vivian determined to capture these defenses and the eastern line of fortifications, and he ordered the first line of the grand division all Goncentinians to fix bayonets, and then moving along the front he shouted;

"My invincible Goncentinians, charge."

A few minutes afterwards the whole line was in the open field, and with shouts rushed upon the enemy, who lingered for a moment as if bet bewildered, and then fled. The Abbeannian troops with cheers advanced w the whole line, and the glandelinian defeat was complete, nor did the Abbeannians stop until they reached the fortifications, eight miles distant. Then after a slight halt the Abbeannians pushed on, and late in the morning commenced a heavier cannonade upon the fortifications, then after desperate fighting the ramparts were scaled, the enemy fleeing, leaving everything in the fort, their commander general J Zollicoffer Francis was killed, and the glandelinian camps completely demoralized abandoned the east eastern fortifications, the way was now open for the bombardment and capture of the remainder of the fortifications, and so the battle resumed with greater fury.

The total number of the glandelinian army defending the fortifications was, infantry, 23,568,393, cavalry, 4,559,398; artillery, 24,586, rifles and sharpshooters, 88,395; engineers, 107,000, while in the aggregate, 660,971 were captured out of those in the camp sent to reinforce the garrison, of which, 23,334 had been of the regular army. The entire Abbeannian army besieging these fortifications numbered about 56,350,000 men.

Another force of Abbeannians was also coming 30,000,000 strong, and reinforcements which had sorely distracted the enemy, by both land and water, ascertained the positions of their forces.

The entire line of woods to the rear of the fortifications and along side were also searched and shelled by the Abbeannian warships, and now general Jimmie Vivian growing impatient at the long resistance of the foe, moved to throw his main divisions on the fields and roads leading to the remaining portions of the fortifications still in the hands of the enemy.

General Root and Greathart also moved at the same time, the warships simultaneously took their positions closer, and threw a hurricane of shells, and high explosives, into the fortifications, and then approached nearer and nearer, and now so terrible was the storm that earthworks crumpled away, the barracks were shattered to splinters, and nearly one half of the guns of the western line of fortifications were dismounted, and after hellish resistance the infantry supports of the artillery fled, the glandelinian flag was hauled down, and this portion of the fortifications surrendered unconditionally. Only 130,000 prisoners were secured, the remainder escaped, as the Abbeannian forces were not as yet in position to capture them, for true to his expectation Jimmie Vivian had subdued this portion of the fortifications in one hour and fifteen minutes. A The astonishment at the simultaneous success of the warships was as great among the army and the officers, as the whole scale dread, which they had inspired the glandelinians. Unfortunately the magazine of the St Annie was struck by a shell, and the explosion of both the shell and magazine annihilated the whole crew of the ship all of whom were killed instantly, but otherwise no other boats were injured.

General Vivian sent warships in pursuit of the glandelinian warships, which they overtook and captured or destroyed, and also transports laden with supplies for the enemy, ascending the entire river for one hundred miles in one day making clean work of all war material on the river.

The glandelinians in the meantime deemed it of the greatest importance to hold firmly the centre portions of the fortifications not yet abandoned. Thither general John Manley though in glandelinia had sent troops under Floyd Jucker, and Guckner, the former having chief command. This main portion of the fortifications stood on a gradually rising line of small hills, or plateau, and contained about forty thousand acres. The crest of these series of plateaus contained or was encircled by cannons, and rifle pits, and all kinds of artillery commanded every approach, and so it was deemed impregnable by the wicked enemy of god.

West and south of the centre fortifications were hills densely wooded, and filled with ravines, which the foe had fired to prevent the christians from assailing them from that quarter, and the burning woods made a tremendous display for a conflagration.

The day before the last of the engagement were the fiercest artillery duels of the long four weeks conflict. Even sharpshooters by millions on both sides were busy, desperate sorties, and general assaults by the enemy were shattered, and repulsed, and an equally desperate attempt to capture a strong battery that annoyed the Abbeannian army, was made by Jimmie Vivian's order, but after a heroic effort lasting all that day with bloody losses to both sides failed.

The a main bombardment of the fortifications on the center commenced on the last day, and for more than an hour the battle had raged already with the greatest savagery. Soon only two of the enemy's guns were able to reply, which when a chance shot out the tiller chain of the Abbeannian ship called the Virgin Mary. The ship veered round and exposed her side, and another another shot broke the rudder post, and she was carried helplessly down the stream. Encouraged by this mishap the enemy directed all their fire on the fleet, a heavy battery on the hill joining in. Two other ships were soon as helpless as the Virgin Mary, their side wheels being broken by a shell and they too floated down the stream having been struck four hundred and fifty times.

Meantime the enemy became alarmed lest they should be so hemmed in that they could not escape, and they resolved to cut their way by dislodging their besiegers. According at noon on the last day of the fight, they moved out in the three divisions, intending to converge to one point of attack on the Abbeannian right next to the river, but they unexpectedly found the Abbeannian army prepared in front of their own earthworks, and before they were formed in line of battle, they were severely attacked and held in check, but only to make another desperate attempt, and thus on the south side of the fortifications the conflict raged with bloody fury for five hours.

Division after division of these experienced Abbeannian soldiers, took their places and remained till their ammunition was exhausted, and they were relieved by fresh troops. Many of these when their cartridges failed, begged to be led in a bayonet charge against the enemy, such being the spirit of the army. The battle for the most part was fought in a forest with a dense undergrowth, which much impeded rapid movements. The glandelinians thus far had made desperate aggressive attempts, and now General Vivian ordered his forces to carry the glandelinian positions by a final assault. This was most handsomely done, the enemy being driven at the point of the bayonet to the inner works and from them, while simultaneously, on the other portion of the Abbeannian line, a similar assault was made with the same result. The Abbeannian army then held all their advanced positions during the night, and were preparing to renew the attack in the morning. The gloomy night was passed in bringing within the Abbeannian lines, the wounded scattered over a space of a score of miles. There was evidently commotion in the enemy's camp. In the morning when the Abbeannian forces advanced in the daylight to the assault, numerous muskets were held up along their ramparts, displaying white flags. The advance halted, many red flags were displayed by the Abbeannians as signs of no quarter, but the generals decided to spare the prisoners, and General Tucker desired to negotiate. He was left in command, the other glandelinian generals with their armies had slipped off up the river with some of their divisions, on board transports, and left Tucker to bear the stigma of surrendering.

He wished for an armistice and terms of capitulation, but General Vivian refused the request, wishing only an immediate and unconditional surrender, as he was proposed to move immediately on the works. Tucker at once surrendered, the number of prisoners being nearly 14,000,000, and their killed and wounded found within the centre fortifications being about 1,300,000, and all weapons and military stores an immense amount was captured, and to add to it all the glandelinian fugitives on the transports were overtaken and captured none escaping. This tremendous Abbeannian victory sent dismay into the glandelinians, while the rejoicings in Calverinia, Abbeannian, and Angolina was great.

THE RESULTS OF FIVE OTHER DESPERATE BATTLES.....

On the Calverinian coast, a naval and land expedition under Williams Burger Zimmermann, and general A.E. Vivian was fitted and started out against the positions of Logan Richardson on the close scene of the Organ of the River Run battle-- and to make a demonstration on the coast of Angolina, to encourage the Angolinians, and also create a diversion south of the city of Angoline and Aronburg. In approaching the St Lawrence sound, the glandelinian fleet and an earthwork known as fort parton were encountered, the enemy's fleet after three days battles and a cannonading that surprised the world and fairly shook the coast for a thousand miles, finally retired torn in pieces, and Zimmermann opened his guns upon the fortifications, but was not able to reduce it despite a bombardment of three more days. During the night after the third day after however the Abbeannian troops landed, and in the morning under general Osterline, moved to the attack over a swampy and difficult way. On the march they came upon a strong battery, protected by a swamp on either side, Osterline flanked the battery right and left, and when the Abbeannian soldiers came out 300 their rear flanks, the enemy after desperate fighting threw down their arms and fled....

This success was followed up, and their entire force--about 3,000,000--on the island of Calverinia was captured. Another most important battle and capture on the Brimble Run River was the capture of St Tracina which was also accomplished by a combined land and naval force. The troops landed 13 miles below the town, and marched up the roads and through the fields along the river banks, and a railway line from garnardson, the warships by their rain of shells keeping the enemy at a very respectful distance. About three miles below the small town was found a formidable field work which promised to offer much resistance. This fortification was also flanked by a swamp, and general Jacob Baldwin sent a large force round, while he pressed the enemy heavily in front, the detachments appeared on the flank, but the glandelinians held their ground with utmost determination, untill a constant caviary force, followed by infantry on the gallop and run, charged with irresistible fury and changed the tide of battle, other Abbeannian troops pressed on, and the rout became complete. A portion of the fleeing enemy reached a train of cars, gave fierce resistance here, while some others carried the news to the main camp, burning a bridge and all the stores and furniture, and the steamers at the wharf, two of which were saved by the Abbeannian gunboats. The enemy had vainly set the town on fire, but the citizens with the aid of the Abbeannian marines succeeded in putting it out, though not untill the best hotels, and the large courthouse, and many private residences, and great churches were consumed. Three other places were captured, such as Meldon, and the fortifications on the Washontonia and Pacific River but without a battle as the enemy fled at the approach of the Christians. Fort Maconia a strong fortification built by the Abbeannian government, and now in the hands of the foe and which protected the harbor of La Lake Angoline, was reduced after a bombardment of eleven hours and a half. This secured the blockading Abbeannian fleet one of the finest and safest harbors on the Calverinian coast. Simultaneously generals Curtiss, and Halleck-Pice, and Rains were directed by General Vivian to drive Shoemuckers glandelinians out of Calverinia. Curtiss was soon on the march toward Bondinia, where Shoemucker and his army had been for some time. The latter took the alarm, and hastily retreated, south, Curtiss pursuing, and the enemy retreating, untill at length they reached the Imporia Mountains. Curtiss learned that the glandelinians were concentrating against him under general Dornier Van, who whose army numbered 34,000,000 men, of these Mc-Cullough Bonnie had 13,000,000--outnumbering the Abbeannian army four to one. These made attacks of great violence on the various Abbeannian positions as they came up, but were always repulsed. At length the next day they concentrated at Nelly plige, and again the enemy advanced to give battle, which raged all day on the right of the Abbeannian right and left without a cessation. The ground was hilly and covered with thick underbrush, and broken up by ravines. These ravines later were filled with the dead and wounded of both sides. On the left wing and center the struggle was equally stubborn, but more varied in result. Mc-Cullough Bonnie made a most desperate assault upon general Ostermauser, but Curtiss ordered up Davids forces to the generals aid, and the combined force drove the enemy headlong from the field, they leaving their dead commanding general Mc-Intimotor, and Mc-Cullough Bonnie, the latter the master spirit of their army. Success had also crowned the left wing. The center had been unengaged. During the night both armies lay on their arms, the Abbeannians soldiers resting for the first time in thirty days marching. At sunrise the battle was renewed, and raged most of the day along the whole line with the greatest violence, nearly thirty miles, general pandorbedine handling his artillery with wonderful rapidity and effect. Every desperate attempt to break the Abbeannian line was foiled. For more than two hours this continued when Single began to advance his part of the line into the enemy sought shelter in the woods, which they diverted into an inferno by their firing, but the Abbeannians in the face of this withering fire charged through the enemy's shelter, and drove them with the bayonet to an open field beyond, when they broke and fled in all directions. Thus ended the three days battle at Imporia Mountains. Never before had the joys of God suffered such a disastrous defeat. All this while the Abbeannian government never lost sight of the importance of the control of the Brimble River and to that end Admiral Zimmermann directed his attention in connection with a land force under general Mc-Hollister Pope. The enemy made the most strenuous efforts to retain their hold of this great Calverinian river as a most important source of supplies both beyond it and on its tributaries. The remaining positions on the northern portions of the Brimble river were designed by numbers. The glandelinians had chosen available points on the great river to fortify, such as the island of Blengigloemenan, opposite island number eighty four, Blenginia, and number eighty four itself all four within supporting distances. To this main island they had directed special attention, center their best engineer superintending the works and promoting its gunnery.

In consequence here were collected vast military stores and provisions as for a long siege. Admiral von Ziemer was to bombard the eighty four, and at the same time Pope to capture the other places. The latter found the town fortified by earthworks, and defended by three hundred dromedaries, added by a long chain of shore batteries on opposite sides, the riverbank swarmed with mines, and submarines, and it was seen that in the face of all these guns it was impossible to capture the town by direct assault. He therefore sent for siege guns. These soon came, and during the night they were placed within position within eight hundred yards of the enemy's main fortifications, and in the morning opened upon the astonished enemy, every shot telling with fine effect, dismounting a number of their heavy guns. The shots also reached their battle ships, submarines, and mines in the river, destroying the mines, and compelling the ships after a spirited cannonading of thirteen hours to hasten out of range, many badly battered and disabled. A night of storming infantry charges, and artillery duels came on with redoubled violence, but the glandolinians proved to be the masters and held firm repulsing every assault the Abissinians made with frightful decimation. For twenty days the island was bombarded, and assaults were numbered by the hundred, but each assault was decimated, and there was no break effected by the shell or storm on any of the works. But the heavy shelling had silenced all the glandolinian batteries along the river below, and by midnight of the same day Pope's army was across the river and pushing for Gondokoro to intercept the enemy fleeing from island eighty four, which place it was rumored they were evacuating. Early the next morning the island of eighty four surrendered to Admiral von Ziemer with 1,789 officers, 34,356,555 soldiers, 56,799 heavy cannons, ranging from 32 to 100 heavy pounders, and centerpieces and krupps guns, the latter rifled, and an immense amount of other military stores, twenty four steamers and three floating batteries.

Meanwhile Pope had intercepted the fleeing foe, who laid down their arms surrendering unconditionally as prisoners of war in all nearly 17,000,000. The three other points had also been taken without even a fight, and this defeat and loss, so many of which were abandoned even without a fight was a source of great mortification to the glandolinian authorities, and was equally a gratification to the loyal states of Alvorina which soon would be free from glandolinian invasion.

THE BATTLE OF FRAM.

Simultaneously to these happenings, Gannon who had recently been defeated at Elisabeth town had captured the place after a dash without a battle, and leaving the town marched for the Erindia river, which he reached about two hundred miles from the mouth of the Mc-Hollister gun running into the Erindia, at an obscure place of ten or eleven houses known as the village of Fram, but now famous in the annals of war, as it was the first bloodiest battle of the western theatre of war with these forces.

General Gannon soon after began the march, for two months the enemy under Mc-Hollister Pemberton had been concentrating here, and fortifying the hills in the immediate vicinity. General Christie Wilson was first in command, and Mc-Hollister second. At once the most strenuous efforts were made to resist the Abissinian army, Mawussasassa and St Vincent De Paul once occupied by the enemy were evacuated after desperate fighting of three days duration, the Abissinian lines drew up in heavier numbers, and in order to secure troops in this emergency general Pemberton Braggard, came up with well drilled Gargolians, and artillery, and Columbus evacuated before was retaken after frightful carnage, and general Polkerson bishop of the glandolinians trying to retake the other places suffered the shattering loss of 100,000 glandolinian troops, was himself killed, and general orner Van Spootle bringing up 15,000,000 glandolinians made a headlong assault upon the Christian right but was repulsed with indiscriminate slaughter in men and officers. The enemy then advanced in greater force, and under fury from their stronghold to meet Gannon's army at the crossing, and if possible to crush him before Hannson could bring up his Dowdorian forces. But the Abissinian army had crossed over, and was stationed in a semi-circle, the center in the front of the road to Beldon, the left extending round to the Erindia river, at Hamburger, fourteen miles distant.

The main glandolinian assault came with terrible violence, but all the most wildest fury of ravaging demons in the attack, the firing of musketry and cannons was terrific, and attacking the center the glandolinians extended their line by an oblique movement, and threw an overwhelming force upon the left, driving the Abissinian back through the rear and capturing general Godkinow, and his division almost entire.

They pressed on in the face of a withering fire extending for ten miles from the other line of Abissinians, turning to the left, but were held in check by three Conquistadorian divisions, till they were overpowered and forced to retire losing thirty three guns. General phormon Galtman, still in held of his line by the Erindia, until the enemy passed around his rear, when he fell back, took up a new position and devastated the glandolinian surge and drove back ten desperate assaults, but the enemy by main force drove the Abissinians left through their camp toward the river, but were at length held at bay for four hours by the pluck of general Aronburg and his troops. The glandolinians had planned not to attack, but in overwhelming numbers thus when they attacked the center they deployed their main force against the left. They well knew that if at all they must crush this advanced Abissinian force before Hannson could come up, or troops under general Wintonian and Thomas later could reach the field of battle. At ten p.m. o'clock there was a brief lull in the tremendous firing. The enemy fell back, apparently worsted, and then suddenly as if to take the Abissinians by surprise threw forward their whole force for the second time, with such fierceness and desperation that the Abissinian army was compelled to fall back. The Abissinian batteries had already taken in their own positions and sent with great rapidity their storm of shot and shell, the latter bursting amid the columns of the desperate glandolinians, hurrying death and destruction through the scrub-oak jungles, under whose cover they fought so bravely. In less than thirty minutes they had silenced a glandolinian battery. Just before these batteries opened fire Hannson's advanced division, appeared on the Abissinian right, and they successfully resisted the charge of the enemy, finding the advantage of his superior numbers, and continually reinforcements arrived for the Abissinian army, the remainder of Hannson's forces, Wintonian and Morris divisions, came on foot and came on steamers, ten batteries of the regular army, and Mc-Cook's divisions by a forced march, reaching the battle field by ten thirty. At quarter to eleven, about 38,000,000 Abissinians was advancing simultaneously against a glandolinian force of 45,000,000 men under their best generals, Mc-Hollister Pemberton, and others, and the best fighting material they had in the field, and in the face of the worse fire they had ever encountered, moved forward steadily steadily and forced the enemy step by step, from point to point, and though occasionally checked the Abissinian army moved steadily forward, their worse fire was as regular as clock-work, and the divisions though suffering wholesale losses sustained each other admirably. At length the enemy after repeated attempts to break through the Abissinian lines and failing, seemed to desist pair of success. For seven long hours they had fought most valiantly. General Hannson made the most strenuous exertions and exposed himself in his efforts to prevent his army falling back, and was successful, though the battle had ended with an Abissinian victory. The Abissinians lost in killed, 1,785,789; wounded 7,883,399, the glandolinians killed, 1,723,999; and wounded 12,012,736. The enemy for the most part were better protected by the dense woods, as they fought on ground of their own choosing and still their losses were heavier than the Christians. At night they fell back to their intrenchments at Beldon, which they also abandoned.

THE BATTLE OF DAVIS.....

During this time Admiral Aronburg and general Wintonian were working their way down the great Erindia river with their entire fleet of warships, capturing fortified places one after another with without a single battle, was delayed a few days at Fort Viviana and Chikadee bluffs. Here general Wintonian was ordered to join general Pemberton at Gorthin and Admiral Aronburg proceeded on his advance. Soon reaching the fortified town of Little Davis he was resisted, but defeated a glandolinian fleet of warships and iron clad, and armed steamers under Admiral Gannon, in a savage and desperate conflict of thirty minutes, in which ten ships were disabled and sunk on the side of the enemy, Fort Wrighter and Pillbox were abandoned by the enemy after a thunderous cannonading of forty hours, and this opened the way down to the town proper. The Abissinian fleet was joined by Admiral Abissinian Angolindian rafts of unique construction made out of powerful steamers and tug boats.

The whole fleet then swept forward to resume the attack, the battle resumed at long range, but the Angelinian rams passed rapidly by the Abbeamian ships and rained with great impetuosity into the midst of the glandelinian ships firing broadsides of heavy shot and shell right and left, and when opportunity offered they served playing the enemy with hot water by means of a hose of great power. Then came on the Abbeamian warships, and the result of this singular contest, was that only one of the glandelinian warships escaped, the others being sunk or blown up. In consequence of this destruction of their whole fleet, the town of Davis surrendered unconditionally.

The glandelinian then deemed it important to secure an important strategic point, being at the junction of the Mc-Hollister, Pandora, and the Benton Railroad, but that importance was gone as soon as the entire roads were cut, and little Davis in the hands of the Abbeamian forces. General Pemberton then moved on after the battle of Davis, and advanced into the vicinity of Gornithia, and though the enemy were at first leisurely carrying away their war material, and about to evacuate their stronghold they were taken by surprise, by general Pandora sent in pursuit, and about 2,345,478 were captured, out of 3,000,000 men.

The rest can not see how it is for the glandelinians to show fight against the Abbeamians, who were gaining battle after battle, and in no instance except three failing to accomplish their ultimate objects.

ENDING OF OTHER BATTLES. TEN OF THEM.

They had simultaneously met the sorted glandelinian armies, at P-Pon gidges, and drove them out of the region in a desperate conflict of three days duration, they captured the five forts, of Mc-Henryson, Donaldson, Aurantia, Meifort, Baum, and Henry Bargerlinia, in five sanguinary battles, opened up the Evangelina St. glars rivers in one desperate battle at Franklin, won the bloody battle of Angelina Aronburg, and then compelled the enemy to retire to Gornithia, which in turn they were made to abandon after four days horrible battle. Along the south galvulinian coast two other desperate battles had been fought, one at Gornithia, and another at Olsen, when after some had been captured and held on the glandelinian coast without any fighting there whatever, and an expedition against Calverton (Glandelinia) had been successful without a battle, the whole length of the Calverton river was held from northern to Angelinian ports still held in the possession of the foe, and from the mouth of the Ebnathia down to Angelina gun still in the possession of the foe also.

The twenty smaller battles.

In the meantime the glandelinian commander Jackson Meldon made a desperate dash at Ester, where general Everett True was in command, but after a few days skirmishing and fighting retired in the night up the Ebnathia valley destroying all the bridges on the route. General Lawler, Francis had been wounded on the Christian side during this slight engagement where the losses on both sides was only 14,000, but would not retire, though urged by his physician, and consequently his great exertions led to his death. The enemy had been for some time leisurely evacuating the regions of the Mc-Whirther Run, and transporting their war material by railway, to the southern Mc-Hollister gun without interference from the Angelinian or Abbeamian armies.

The glandelinian general Francis Mc-Hollister Johnston had over 44,000,000 men at Mc-Hollister Run, and Frannassan, and Jacksonia his aid had 6,000,000 in the Ebnathia Valley. John Johnston finally fell back behind the Ebnathia, leaving a more defensive position than the Mc-Hollister Run of which it is a branch.

Time passed on the enemy soon on, making a very bold front to declare the Abbeamian commander Everett True, and when he was ready to open with his siege guns upon Gornithia, it was discovered that the enemy was gone, their rear guard even far on its way toward the south. The Abbeamian warships passed up the river, conveying their transports, carrying Francis divisions to West St Ann twenty five miles above Gornithia where it arrived the next day.

The glandelinians in the meantime retired as best as they could on account of the rainy roads and fields, made so by pouring rain, which continued for thirty six hours, and halted to retard the pursuit at Kensington, twelve miles above Bunkonia, at which place extensive earthworks and positions had been thrown from time to time mostly by the labor of child slaves. About morning the next day the Abbeamian cavalry and dragoons overtook the glandelinian army, and ascertained their position, but imperfectly. Then Francis moved with his divisions, Francis Smith and Hooker Smith divisions soon after. The latter commenced the battle at 7 one half am. The struggle was desperate and at 10 A.M. the enemy endeavored to turn the Abbeamian left, but Hooker Smith persistently held his place, and for six hours the battle raged with the fury of desperation at this point, the mire being so deep that artillery could scarcely be handled. There was soon a lamentable loss in Christian officers, so terrific was the fire of the enemy, and general Summer Pentamerog who was nominally in command was disastrously wounded. Early in the afternoon ammunition began to fail Hooker Francis men. Messenger after messenger had been sent to urge on Mc-Hollister's divisions, which was retarded beyond precedent by the enemy's assaults upon his divisions from another portion of the field. Francis Smith and his brother Hooker Smith held their position by desperate bayonet charges alone, but it seemed to threaten a wholesale carnage too horrible to think of, to stand any longer owing to the lack of ammunition.

Shall we retire brother? said Francis to Hooker.
"No sir," said the latter. "If we must fall, I'll have some responsibility for it be made to answer, we cannot and will not leave this post."
"Just my view," said his brother.

Presently a hurrah was heard above the din, Mc-Hollister's forces having dispersed their assailants were coming headlong through the forest. Francis Smith moved his wounded arm, and shouted a welcome, and called to the new music band.

"Give us 'Onward Christian soldiers' boys," and a cheer of triumph rose along the whole line as these brave men moved to the conflict.
"On to the front," shouted Hooker Smith, and he knowing the ground led forward the divisions without a moment's delay. The enemy after heavy firing for a half hour fell back to their breastworks.

"Now for the charge boys," was shouted, and they rushed forward, and carried the rifle pits, and over ran the point of the bayonet, driving the foe back in confusion. Later on the enemy tried most desperately again and again, and still again to recover the position but were as often repulsed. In another part of the field were found two redoubts and a line of breastworks unoccupied, of these the Abbeamians under Everett True now setting up took possession. Soon the glandelinians discovered their loss, and made a determined effort to recover them. Hand Hooker began to retreat, and the foe rushed on to make a desperate assault. The Abbeamians at the proper moment, wheeled, and rapidly delivered forty eight deadly volleys, and then charged upon the surprised, enemy secured 500,000 prisoners, and scattered the remainder. Night came on, the Abbeamian soldiers remained on the field, sleeping for the most part on the muddy ground, without shelter or food. The main forces of Everett True arrived just as the battle was closed. During the night general Johnston withdrew from his defenses, and moved over to the south side of the Mc-Henry Run, leaving on the field his dead and wounded—about 567,909. General Averil pursued with a severely force, and captured a large number of prisoners. The Abbeamian army lost 14,435 killed, and 111,400, wounded the main glandelinian loss was smaller.

In the meantime general Fisher was destroying all the war material and ships to the amount of more than \$10,000,000 and then retreated. But the Abbeamian ships in pursuit passed up the Mc-Whirther gun captured the batteries without the fight, and overtaking the fugitives seized ships and the whole army, though in retreat, several Christian soldiers, general Fisher was killed. The other battles were fought at St Ann, St. John, Michaelson, Frannassan, Delaney, Mattingale, St Thomas, St Martin, Shifter, Abbeamian, Mc-Hollister-Frannassan, Banks, Bunker, Frannassan, Shields, Johnston town, Mc-Gellan royal front, and warring Willow gun. These all were Christian victories, and the losses on both sides in all these latter battles were about 1,000,000.

During this process general Everett True was in the Ebnathia valley, his troops not exceeding 55,000,000, as he had been stripped of two divisions and one that of general Shields, sent to general a genuine Vivian at Bowling, the other John Brown to Virginia gun. General Johnston was sent and ordered by Manley with 47,000,000 men to pounce upon Everett True drive him out of the valley, make a demonstration upon Calverton, and delay the movements of the other approaching Christian armies.

General Everette True had a large force stationed at Royal Gorden to protect the people from roving glandelinian marauding. This force Gannonia prepared to attack, but warned by a contrahand, the glandelinian fell back without any action, withdrawing all the way toward Whiterock, where Everette True waited. The latter made his arrangements and at two o'clock, his troops, troops of artillery and baggage and hospital stores were on their march to the main Erminie. This retreat was one continued story of straggling, and some severe fighting. Everette True deserved credit, that with his limited force, he brought nearly all his train and men safely across the river, and then halted to dispute the passage. The glandelinian general Gannonia could not do confident and encouraged by this slight victory did not, however, for he heard that general Shields and Aberdeen, and even Gannonia's own army were coming to fall upon his rear, but escaped by great skill and joined Johnstonia, leaving accomplished nothing of importance, but lost by death general Ashby unquestionably the most important commander of all the glandelinian cavalry. In a few days Everette True was back again at his old post.

The advance of the Abbeannian army was slow, it did not reach the Erminie until the 15th of January, when the left wing somewhat in constant action passed the river at Mc-Hollester's Ferry to the south side, and the right wing remained on the north side, the whole line extending thirty miles to Mc-Hollester's run, and Johnnie's Harbor, the extreme right. To the army supply came on steamers. General Gannonia who had his division at pondina joined Everette True, the river itself being one of the most formidable obstacles that could be opposed to the march of an army, and the Abbeannian army lay in an exposed position from January 1st to 31st, the left wing south of this dangerous river, and the right wing, the bridges and pontoons were ready, and the entire right wing passed a portion of the river. A storm arised in the form of a heavy storm and hurricane, the river swamp became impassable for either and for this very storm the enemy had waited, and now they prepared a general storm of their own.

THE BATTLE OF SWAMPY RUN.

It came and for two days they attacked the left wing furiously. This battle is known as Swampy run or Grunnie run, one of the most bloody contests of the entire war raging on this section of Alvorina. Both armies displayed heroic bravery and obstinate fury. After repeated attempts the enemy were compelled to retire, and the right and center not as yet engaged yet wondered what the great noise had been for the last two days. Everette True seeing the peril of having the army divided by that dangerous river had given warning days before, of what the enemy evidently intended, and general Gannonia of his own responsibility passed the river from the north side on a temporary bridge, and by the presence of his troops the fortunes of the first day of the battle were saved, just when the enemy were almost successful in their most desperate assaults. These two generals handled their forces independently of each other, there was no supreme authority on the field, as Everette True was seven miles away. On the first day of the conflict the glandelinian loss was about 8,000,000, that of the Abbeannians 5,000,000. In this battle Mc-Hollester Johnstonia was severely wounded, and general Gannonia had to be appointed in his place to the command of the glandelinian army.

On the second day while the conflict had again been in progress the Abbeannian army despite the violence of the attack by the foe remained in its original position. The danger of the separating the two wings by the river was still the same, and general Gannonia did not fail to take advantage of the blunder. Everette True ignorant of the battle that was raging did not advance, and the enemy hurled 20,000,000 men to the assault with the most horrible violence, and the terrible banging of artillery, and crashing of musketry ever where on the battle field was so loud that if Everette True did not hear it he certainly must have been deaf. The glandelinians lost 100,000 men in killed at the start of the assault, the right wing of the Abbeannian army lay isolated on the north side of the Erminie, a tempting bait which general Gannonia was trying to secure. The glandelinian surge extending from the little Erminie rock, where its extreme right commenced to the big Erminie beyond pondina, on which its extreme left awaited swept forward making a most tremendous assault, that startled the Abbeannian leaders, and compelled them to send to Everette True for aid, and so fierce was the resistance that general Logan, after commanding the right of this big tidal wave of assault was killed, general Magruder Francis commanding the center was fatally wounded, and general A.P. Schloeder commanding the left was disabled, the divisions under

Mc-Hollester Longstreet, and D.H. Till drawn up behind the first wave, and beyond the left, covered the tremendous charge, covering the movement, and aiding the turning movement of general Francis Logan. General Francis Logan had to make a long detour to attack the rear of the exposed right wing, and in the attack his army was almost decimated by the fire of artillery and musketry it encountered. Gannonia's own army seeing the large force of the enemy, and knowing the violence of the assault had himself fallen back to a strong position at a crossing of Grunnie Creek to which the enemy soon came up and endeavored to cross by the two bridges, but were severely repulsed from both one after the other, the enemy losing between three or four million, the Abbeannians much less. The way was open, and now two more glandelinian divisions under Porter moved around the Abbeannian right to unite with Jacksonia the next day, but they were attacked by the Christiania's, the perilous line having been abandoned, and a new one taken, extending from near and beyond Gums Mills, and to Fowd swamp thus covering the approaches to the bridges over the Grunnie Creek, which had to be made in order to change the base. During the inactivity along the centre heavy guns were put in position on the south side to protect the bridges, and numerous wagons were passed over. General Gannonia joined the army on an hour after, and he ordered a general assault on the right wing of the Abbeannian line. The greatest bravery was now displayed on both sides, but at half past ten, Jacksonia came upon the strong Abbeannian lines, the Abbeannians in the meanwhile rushed and charged D.H. Till's divisions driving him back with indiscriminate slaughter, and to aid him general Gannonia ordered general Johnstonia to make an attack on the center and left of the Abbeannian line. But the latter seeing the strength of the position found it made a most desperate attack if he would add Till's troops, and his divisions rushed to the assault in double time, but were repulsed by the terrible that every division was shattered to fragments, and the rest recoiled covered. It was just after this that Jacksonia's troops came upon the ground. General Gannonia asked for aid, and general Logan's divisions crossed the creek to his aid, and also other troops were sent over. All this while the enemy had made series of desperate attempts to break the Abbeannian line but failed. An hour later they made a still more fiercer attack, and by a headlong rush gained the woods held by the left of the right wing of the Christiania line, and the Abbeannian soldiers fell back to a hill in the rear and poured a storming fire upon the assault ants decimating their columns by the wholesale.

In this part of the engagement the losses of the foe were great,--from 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 on the glandelinian side, and from 6,000,000, to 7,000,000 on that of the Abbeannians.

During the time the frightful battle was in progress on the north side of the Erminie, the enemy were making considerable assaults on the south side, in front of Greathearts, and Gums Mills. According to the severity of the Christiania artillery and musketry fire the number of glandelinians thus shot down at this point numbered about 7,000,000, and to make matters worse Everette True now a prisoner of the battle going on massed his whole force in column, and advanced it against the Gannonia line in grand array, and for a time a horrible disaster threatened the glandelinians their assaulting waves were annihilated, and the glandelinian works on the south side of the Erminie were occupied, and though the glandelinians withdrew, and though all the bridges were blown up to prevent the Christians from crossing, the Abbeannians made a flank movement to the Grunnie creek and forced Gannonia's main extreme left to abandon strong fortifications on which they had spent twenty four weeks of hard labor, which had a depressing effect on the glandelinian soldiers, yet they bore up manfully under the disappointment and disasters, and manifesting marvellous courage and endurance, they held ground elsewhere as yet. Then toward the afternoon the whole glandelinian centre withdrew, slowly and deliberately, the Abbeannians followed after, but were repulsed from time to time, when they made desperate attacks, and in no instance did they in the main delay the withdrawal, for all the glandelinian generals mangled under general orders, to take turns in repelling the Abbeannians, and held them in check until portions of the army in motion moved to a certain point then those that held the opposing force in check passed on, while fresh troops awaited in well chosen positions the approaching Abbeannians. A part of the Abbeannian army made detours by taking country roads, but when they came upon the line of march of the glandelinian armies they found it prepared to meet any assault. In this withdrawal the glandelinians lost fewer soldiers than the Abbeannians. Finally the advanced reached Grunnie hills on which the whole force of the foe arranged to make another stand. General Franklin Gandiford held Gannonia in check for two hours, and then without orders but with wisdom withdrew, general Gannonia of his own accord soon followed, and then Mc-Hollester's command, and then Hookerine, taking their position in the wooded stretches of the Erminie creek.

Along this creek was a long elevated plateau, and on this the Glandelinian army was concentrating, center, left and right, extending to cover the passage to Aronburgs landing, and on the position 60,000 pieces of artillery were placed into position, and also ten-thousand siege guns. This decision to make a stand here probably saved the Glandelinian army from destruction. Everett True resolved to envelope the position of the Glandelinian army but delayed the attack until four P.M. as he seemed not to have had his preparations made, meanwhile the Glandelinian soldiers of their own accord had been throwing up numerous breastworks to defend certain positions. But the attack was made of the Glandelinian by left, the Abbieannians opening and advancing their batteries through an open field, in front of woods where lay the men to storm the Glandelinian position, when their batteries had silenced the Glandelinian guns. But their own batteries were soon disabled, by the well directed fire of the Glandelinian artillery, and the storming party as yet had no opportunity to carry out their orders.

Battery after battery was ordered up to play of the Glandelinians but every battery brought up was knocked out to pieces, one or two others more shared the same fate, and an attempted assault was annihilated.

General Sumner at six o'clock declared by what he thought to be the signal for attack charged with all his divisions, and with all his might, but finding himself unsupported, although Germaine Vivian might have hastened to his aid, he was obliged to retire with great loss. Magruder on the right also made an attempt which ended the same way. The gunboats, and fleets of battle ships joined in the fray, and made great havoc among the Glandelinian columns but could not oust them from their strong position. The Abbieannian loss in killed and wounded was already 15,349,349, the Glandelinians 19,533,245.

In the meantime detachments of cavalry reconnoitred and reported the wicked enemy of God in great force on the Graines creek, and also at Mc-Hollester Federal. The movements of other Glandelinian forces puzzled the Abbieannian generals, their presence being made known by a desperate attack on general Bankers army. They had arranged their forces in such a manner as to amount almost to an ambush into which the Abbieannians fell. The battle was indeed general all along the line, and simply terrific in the extreme. At 6 thirty Popery came upon the field with the rest of Everett True's army and made some change of position, which the enemy mistook for a retreat and pressed on, and came into an open field, and exposed themselves to a very destructive fire of artillery, which drove them back to their covert of scrub oak.

Nevertheless the Glandelinian generals were bound to win the desperate battle at all costs, sending a force of 100,000 under general Jackson to crush general Lees army before it could be reinforced, either by the new levies or my general Jimmie Vivians army..... A general cannonade sent for warca forward all the troops that could be spared from the Glandelinian right wing, the battle was now more violent, but nevertheless general Everett True learning of the numbers of the enemy in his front, withdrew the Abbieannian forces hard pressed at all the fords, and prepared to throw his main forces forward to give the Glandelinians hell. Soon the greatness of Glandelinian soldiers appeared, Jackson was making an unusual detour to reach the Erminie valley, and come up in the rear of Everett Trues army. The latter divined the movement, and threw all his artillery in the way, checked them with some great loss, and then at this moment general Jimmie Vivian came up his army amounting to more than 54,000,000 men and not more than 500,000 effective cavalry, Lees army to 70,000,000 effective men.

The problem of the Abbieannian situation was that the foe had a well chosen position behind the embankments of a railroad as well as the other portions of the battlefield, but nevertheless the Abbieannian arrangements were equally as well made. The struggle was now very severe, though for a time the wicked Glandelinians were driven back, and the Abbieannians occupied the field. There was want of concert in the attack, and movement of the Abbieannian divisions, some of them did not carry out their orders fully, as for instance general Fritz Johnston porters forces took no part whatever in the action, but were suffered by him to lie idle on their arms, within sight and sound of the battle during the entire whole day. He had come into it with his 10,000,000 fresh troops, and had he struggled with the rest no doubt the victory would have been won. This had been the second time during the war that general Porterson had delayed or refused to obey general Jimmie Vivian, and he was afterwards tried by court-martial for this conduct, severely censured, and his command lost.

The conflict no doubt was extremely fierce and terrific along a battle line of nearly forty five miles in extent, and portersons divisions not having taken part were surprised by the foe who were advancing in that region, taken in the flank, and though fighting bravely, were driven back for twenty miles

in a scattered condition, the foolish general narrowly escaped capture though he was severely wounded, and other divisions maintaining their old reputation for persistent bravery and endurance, was also driven back but managed to stand his ground elsewhere. The contest extended all along the whole line and raged for several hours in the night even, the Glandelinians bringing up heavy reserves, and hurling mass after mass of troops upon the whole Abbieannian line. These persistent efforts forced the Christian left back one half or three fourths of a mile, but at dark they made a stand firm and unbroken. General Everett True fell back to the trenches at Centrelline, and within a day or two retired to the defenses of the city of pondinia on the way to which it was the severe battle of CHANTILLY RUN in which two of the most excellent Abbieannian generals were killed, Stevens Mc-Hollester, and Kearney pragin. Both sides lost at this latter battle 15,000,000 the Glandelinians winning a sweeping victory.

General Everett True was so enraged that he asked to be either relieved from command or that general Porterson the fault of this to be punished. The latter occurred as stated before. The whole Abbieannian losses in these two severe conflicts combined was about 56,799,999 killed wounded and missing while the Glandelinians lost only 10,000,000 killed wounded, and 15,000,000 wounded. These two sudden disasters caused the most intense excitement in the Calvinian country, they were altogether so uncalled-for, and so unexpected that the whole world was taken by surprise. In the Glandelinian-Abbieannian war the Abbieannians had not lost a single battle, though the Glandelinians had fought like demons, the loss of battles for the Abbieannians in this war was numerous disastrous and severe.

But the effect in stead of discouraging the Abbieannians roused them to greater exertions and sacrifices than ever before.

A party in the Glandelinian cause had urged that Cannonia should now take the offensive than the defensive, but he decided to take the offensive before the Abbieannians recovered from their two bitter defeats, and the withdrawal of Everett Trues army insured him of his own accord to push on his greatly reinforced army, his vanguard crossing the Erminie Run at the mouth of the Erminie and Mc-Hollester creeks, and three days after the advance was at Pembertonia (Calvernia).

While the Glandelinians were thus moving great confusion reigned at the city of Calvernia and vicinity. General Everett True in virtue of his position in his army and by the direction of Jimmie Vivian, took command of all the forces thus demoralized, in and around the capitol, and in his place played his remarkable talents as an organizer, by soon bringing order out of confusion. The Abbieannian army now 100,000,000 strong was prepared to place itself between the invading foe of God, and the capitol which was threatened, and also to guard the old time battle ground of Aronburgs Run. The great army moved in the direction of the enemy, Jimmie Vivian led the left, Sumner, the center, and Germaine Vivian the right. At Beldonia ferry was general miles with 11,500,000 men; he had been assured that aid would be sent to him. But general Cannonia was unwilling to leave this force in his rear, and says he to Manley;

"The advance of the Abbieannian army was so infernal swift as to justify the belief that the war in Glandelinia cause was lost, and our troops were unable to concentrate in time to meet it."

Accordingly he sent Jackson who moved rapidly seized the heights that commanded the ferry, and compelled the surrender of the garrison of and of the 11,500,000 men, the aid coming just thirty hours too late. Another disaster for the Abbieannians—just think of it. The Abbieannian cavalry however escaped, and on its way to join the Abbieannian army captured an important train of wagons belonging to the enemy and ruthlessly massacred a division of Glandelinians whom they surprised and surrounded, refusing surrender, and butchering the wounded, in the height of their mauling fury.

The Abbieannian forces entered the city of Fredricksonia in which place was found an order of general Cannonias, dated the 10th to his subordinate generals, fully explaining his future movements. Everett True availed himself of this information, and ordered his entire force to certain points. There were two passes of or gaps through the Vivian hills hills ---name given to the Vivian ridge, north of the Erminie, ---Gramptonia and Grametion ridge, within five miles of each other. The former of these Germaine Vivian decided to seize, which he did after a sharp conflict and passed through into Beldonia valley to find the enemy full in force. A battle was already raging in the valley below, and general Sumner also reaching turners gap found it held by Neldon with a strong force, and the crest of the mountain for ten miles.

The battle increased, added by a cannonading lasting all day in one of the most terrific artillery duels on the land in the entire war. The enemy with drew during the night under a clattering storm of hundreds of thousands of shells and high explosives which threatened to blow all the ridges down and destroy the whole battle field, having lost in the artillery duel alone almost 25,500,000 men. They next appeared drawn up on the west side of Sunbeam river professing to have gained their point despite the artillery fire of the christians and in holding the gaps until Jacksonia could return from Beldonia ferry. In this starting point of the battle was killed the Abbieannian general Reno Nemo a great loss to the christian army.

THE FULL PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE OF VIVIAN RIDGE.

General Cannoniasoppositi n was extremely strong, with the treacherous river in his front, plandons village one mile in his rear on the way to the Erminia, over which in case of disaster he could retreat. Over the river were one hundred strong stone bridges in a distance of nearly forty miles. Cannonias army faced east, and on his right he placed Neldon on edge to the southern bridges. Here was placed general Germaine Vivian's corps, then came porters in the centre, then hookerines, and a portion of gunners on the left. The main commander was Everett True.

The bridge on the extreme Abbieannian right also a ford were heavily guarded, but hookerines obedient of all orders crossed the bridge and fords after severe opposition, but general Cannonia had placed two of Fritzepatriks divisions under cover of the woods, to receive the Abbieannians as they moved southwestward toward their line, and here the combat commenced in severe violence. Hood's troops annihilated, caused a gap to appear in the glandelinian divisions, but the shattered force was relieved by a large portion of Jacksonias forces, and general Mansfield Francis crossing the Sunbeam river and joining hookerine, the conflict began in earnest, hookerine taking the initiative.

The assault was made by his entire division, the attack being so furious that after two four hours fighting of the most savage character, with the aid of the Abbieannian batteries on the east side of the creek, the enemy heavily out up were forced to retire and retreat across an open field, beyond which were woods, and which they so took shelter after being almost annihilated by the terrific Abbieannian fire.

Also the losses of the Abbieannians was terrific. Hookerine advanced his centre, and left over the open field under a storming artillery fire from the glandelinian batteries, his left was badly cut up, but the survivors continued on, and made a horrible attack, but after two desperate assaults driven far into the inferno of the woods, the enemy formed, and being heavily reinforced, drove back the christians and met them fiercely out in the open plain, with the most determined vigor, and settled the dispute like two giant prize fighters on the ring. Both equally brave this was really one of the most terrific conflicts in the war next to Logan Zoo Rae gun, and continued until both sides exhausted, by exertions and losses retired as if by mutual consent.

The glandelinians had suffered horribly, Neldon was wounded, Jacksonia was killed, and two hundred other excellent officers had been killed. or mortally wounded. Hookerines divisions had been terribly broken up and cut to pieces, he called for Mansfield's divisions, which came on the ground about eleven o'clock, but by this time the glandelinians had again been heavily reinforced, by Cannonias right grand division, which had been resting in the Sunbeam woods. No commenced another bitter conflict. Hookerines broken divisions and Mansfield's were forced back across the open fields to the woods of their own position with still heavier losses, and there the Abbieannian line held their ground until threatened with annihilation, and then they were forced to withdraw as the terrific fire of the enemy became unendurable.

The brave Abbieannian general Mansfield was killed, as he went to the front to rally his division, hookerine was severely wounded, and carried from the field, Everett True was disabled and Germaine Vivian dangerously wounded. At this time general gunner brought up his corps into that fierce conflagration of battle, and drove one portion of the enemy back into the woods, and another portion was withdrawn. A sea of dead and wounded strewn the battle field for forty eight miles.....

These again reinforced made an attack upon gunners right, which was much advanced, and drove it back crushed and mangled, then the glandelinians retired to a safe position in the rear at Twelve o'clock. Thus between the glandelinian left, and the Abbieannian right was the conflict into which were sent reinforcements, but by both general Everett True and Cannonia. Little was done by either the glandelinian right or center of the foes army until one thirty. An attempt by Jimmie Vivian had been made to force the lower bridge and occupy the heights, but not until two P.M. was the bridge after mortal fighting carried, and not until an hour afterwards was the heights captured, and not without much loss in officers and men. The guns of the enemy had fully commanded the west end of the bridge, Jimmie Vivian held the heights for a few minutes, and then was forced back to the bridge by a charge made by the foe with the force of an avalanche.

Jimmie Vivian the main commander of the whole army was reinforced by two divisions, and now Cannonia made the most desperate efforts to hold his position and the battle became doubly terrific. During this great activity Cannonia sent Franklin on a raid, with nearly 2,000,000 cavalry, which made a complete sweep around the Abbieannian army, passing through Meltonburg, Chamberlaine, Rosa, Copsy, and Ophelia and several other places, only to find all in ruins, but finally recrossed the Erminia safely without losing a single man.

In the meantime general Jimmie Vivian moved his main centre toward the Vivian heights, and the whole army moved for that point under heavy fire and was twice repulsed with heavy loss. The Abbieannian venture made a series of assaults upon the enemy entrenched line, nearly forty five miles long and crowned with all kinds of heaviest artillery. The artillery storm was horrible but nothing stopped the assault. The heavy Abbieannian batteries reached this entrenched line of the enemy, and the Sunbeam creek itself was an open space within range of many rows of rifle pits and a very strong force of infantry concealed right and left. Against these the Abbieannian soldiers were led, it is marvellous that all of them were not killed, the fire of the enemy was so terrific, and though assault after assault was made and the glandelinian soldiers rushed heroically into this arena of death the foes redoubts could not be forced. In no other instance in this war were Abbieannian soldiers led so recklessly. Night came on and closed the conflict. Only 90,000,000 of Cannonias troops were engaged and they all the time behind strong intrenchments. The glandelinians lost in killed and wounded, 44,101,000, and the Abbieannian army 34,678,888 in killed and wounded, while they captured 10,233,456 glandelinian wounded. The battle was a draw with a slight success to the enemy. Though the Abbieannians had met these checks, it was now found that not a glandelinian army was in Calverinia. All had been driven out, and who can imagine the rejoicing of the whole country.

SECOND BATTLE OF BIG GIRLMOOL.

April 10th.

We now return to the recommencement of the war in the Angolinian soil. The Abbieannian army had taken possession of Corinth (Angolinia without a battle, on the McPollester and Pandora railway. The same day general Monarch had sent an Abbieannian army under general Joseph Haley toward Angeline, an important strategic position on the same road in East Angelinia two hundred miles east of Corinth, he also ordered general Cranlin to protect west Angelinia, and to operate a from Memphis and move against Big-girlmool. Haley was to pass along the road, put it in repair, and by that route relieve his repairs. General Bobo Mitchell had previously held a portion of the same road, and had advanced into north Angelinia first, occupying Decatur and Florence and general Win Windrow, organ had also seized the Angeline gun gap, the gate of east Angelinia.

These commands when united with Haley's force amounted to about 40,000,000 men not half enough to accomplish what was required, but in truth they did and showed the foe that their inferior numbers were able to accomplish anything against wicked enemies of God.

Meanwhile the wicked glandelinians alarmed at the steady concentration of the Abbieannians planned to cause Haley's withdrawal from his position, being determined to pass his rear, in vain Calverinia again, threatening both Calverine and Angelinia, and force him to return for the latter's protection. This movement as we will soon see caused a great disaster to the glandelinians. And general Black Brooks who had superseded Cannonia, and general Smith Kerby, with about 56,000,000 men invaded the southern parts of Calverinia, and advanced toward the Erminia pillaging as they went, while Johnston Morgan and Forrester each having about 11,000,500 cavalry were riding and driving in every direction, plunging and plundering villages and towns in every direction, defeating small parties

of Abbeisannians, and destroying bridges. Haley was ordered by general Jimmie Vivian to cross the border line and meet these forces, and drive them out of Calverinia. He moved from the north Angeline gun river as quick as possible and came into the state three days behind Gek Brooks, who had made a desperate push from Glasgow toward Angeline to find general Hanson prepared to meet him and he prudently fell back out of Calverinia toward Big-girlknool to unite with the glandelinian forces there 100,000,000 strong. Last Haley with a force of 90,000,000 now having been heavily reinforced should overtake him. The latter arrived at Big-girlknool, and as soon as possible went in pursuit, thus interfering very much with the enemy's plans of carrying off plunder, for which they had impregned all the wagons, mules, horses, and child slaves of the country. The glandelinians being hard pressed found they must be standing their ground, and so they made a stand at Big-girlknool the scene of the first two great conflicts early in the war in which the Christians had been so disastrously beaten. Haley came up and a severe battle was fought, and for an hour there was varying successes, but at the close of the hour the glandelinians had a decided advantage and hurled their big cavalry force upon the whole Christian line. The glandelinian cavalry 11,000,000 strong came sweeping forward, and made a tremendous onslaught it indeed being a vast squadron of Arabian cavalry as veritable glandelinian Escaadrille. The tremendous onslaught struck the large and mighty columns of Abbeisannian shock troops, and in the tremendous melee the Abbeisannian columns were shattered, thousands were trodden under the hooves of the foe who charged like an avalanche, and the survivors were sent in a scattered rout across the regions and fields and plains of Big-girlknool.

Supported by a prodigious cannonade of many hundreds of thousands of guns the cavalry swept on with overwhelming force and fury toward the very heart of the left wing of the Abbeisannians, and for a while finding their advance checked by a terrific fire along the Abbeisannian line, a portion of the cavalry force wheeled about, under the cover of a furious fire of 30,000 guns and then on coming to the Abbeisannian rear swept forward like a torrent or swollen flood from a bursted dam, but by this time general Haley realizing the danger had massed his batteries, which tore the cavalry columns to pieces, there was a conglomeration of falling horses and men, and to make matters worse Abbeisannian cavalry swept upon the glandelinian cavalry, and during the bloody massacre hand to hand, with sabres, lances, and carbines the few glandelinian survivors retired in confusion. The cavalry was pursued by Abbeisannian and Mosconian dragoons and even infantry, Price Sterlings works were then carried by the Christians, who captured about 1,000,000 prisoners, and treated the fresh cavalry force of the glandelinians who then charged still more severely. In this second cavalry fight the enemy under general John Van, Price Sterlington, Lovelace Francis, and Rustingmiller, had about 38,654,456 cavalry men all the fierce Gargolians, and in the clash the glandelinian cavalry of the two combined, suffered the loss of 1,423,456 wounded, 3,692,654 dead and prisoners, 2,248,999, while the Abbeisannian loss was only 315,555 killed, and 1,812,222 wounded.

THE

THE DESPERATE ASSAULT ON THE ABBEISANNIAN CENTER.

There was a lull of about an hour and then general Jackbrooks sent forward a heavy column of infantry, all Gargolians, Mosconian guards, and Moscollestinians to storm the Christian center, this he hoped would be a force sufficient to crush and drive the Christians back from the field. So after an hours lull these masses of the enemy rushed upon the center, Mos-Gooks positions, and general Jimmie Vivian who was advancing his reinforcements with the intention to fall upon the enemy's right, was arrested by the noise of a severe fight along Haley's center, and soon came a messenger from Mos-Gok that he had been attacked by an overwhelming force, was pressed hard and needed assistance. Jimmie Vivian answered: "Tell him to contest every inch of ground and I'll assist him as soon as I can bring up my forces. If he holds them at bay, we will swing into Big-girlknool with our left and cut them off." Soon however it was evident to Jimmie Vivian that he must change his original plan and hasten to sustain Haley's own center, which had already been driven though sullenly some distance. The main forces of the center of the Jimmie's satisfaction however withstood the tremendous buffeting of the enemy's headlong onslaughts in their mortal combat with the mighty screeching wave

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of glandelinians, that for four hours had swept against their lines with relentless fury. The supporting Abbeisannian forces having been badly cut up, had been forced back sullenly when Jimmie Vivian arrived, and the furious foe who had drove them back had almost entirely surrounded the remaining defenders, yet boldly in that furnace of slaughter they defied the wicked Glandelinian onrush, and presented a most inspirational picture of adamant resistance, as they broke and cut to pieces the assaults of the great succeeding glandelinian waves, that rushed with great fury against the main defenses. Enduring, inflexible they continued to hold, which the center of the main wing had yielded ground inch by inch by the time of Jimmie Vivian's arrival. No Ten thousand Immortals, no Guard Regiments, no Macedonian Phalanx ever stood their ground more nobly than nobly than the surrounded Abbeisannians did during this battle. Simultaneously the glandelinians in one perfect wave came upon the troops under Sheridan Logan. Here he displayed the remarkable promptness and skill which he afterwards so often showed.

The enemy advanced across the open fields and plains in compact mass twenty miles long. Upon them he trained three batteries of fifty thousand guns each with terrific and murderous effect, yet though horribly gapped and torn the glandelinians closed their shattered line and pressed on to within fifty yards or so of the woods, in which a portion of Jimmie Vivian's troops lay under cover, when suddenly the Abbeisannians with a terrific ear-splitting yell arose to their feet, and poured in such destructive volleys that after ten desperate attempts to force the red line the survivors of the glandelinians broke and fled. General Mills charged with his Abbeisannians and drove the glandelinians across the field, rescued those surrounded by the foe and drove the foe clean beyond their intrenchments. In this charge the gallant general Mills was killed. Other divisions moved against the Christian center, but Jimmie Vivian undauntedly changed his front and repelled them furiously. In an hours time came three other desperate assaults for which he was prepared by planting his main batteries which swept down the advancing columns. It was now six hours since the bloody battle began and general Germaine Vivian despite his wounds relieved in the last battle in the month of February came on the field with his forces.

New dispositions were made by both armies and severe fighting continued along the center at many different points. Finally the glandelinians made their last assault, to find themselves so subjected to so destructive an artillery fire, that when within three hundred yards, they broke and hastily retired to their intrenchments. The influence of this battle was indeed very discouraging to the leaders of the glandelinian armies and even more to their people. It was seen now for truth that the war was lost. The Abbeisannian army engaged on the center amounted to 43,000,000 and the foe about 50,000,000. The Abbeisannian loss on the center in killed and wounded was about 8,778,999, the glandelinians lost more than 10,000,000, killed and wounded, and 11,700,000 prisoners.

Along the left of the Christian line after the desperate cavalry melee the battle raged with equal fury, here the left wing withstood the onrush of glandelinian waves with such undaunted and unconquerable strength and courage, that smash, as they would, hammer as they did, the glandelinians retreated after their attack, powerless to entirely reduce the defenses, and shatter the Christian line. During another tremendous assault, though the flanks held, the center of the right yielded of the main left wing, but a reinforcing line some forty miles long, had been thrown forward to repel these apparently successful glandelinians, and the whole glandelinian wave pounding against this new Abbeisannian line, in its maddest fury, encountered a murderous fire that was unindurable, mostly of masonry and artillery, followed by a tremendous counter charge, that threw the glandelinian or surge at this section of the battle line back in the wildest confusion, a helpless and exhausted foe. Then the Abbeisannians of the right wing made a new and heavier concentration and the left staged a second counter attack of particular fury broke down the succeeding glandelinian waves, and drove the survivors in a headlong rout for thirty five miles. Now along the center the Abbeisannians also rushed forward to make a counter charge, in series waves. Each wave was at a length of twenty to thirty miles or more, and these striking from four to six majestic blows of tremendous force and irresistible fury in two hours, against which the wildest glandelinian waves in their maddest moment counter charged, and counter charged in vain finally broke up the entire glandelinian center, and tearing their columns to pieces carried all before them, and scattered the glandelinian divisions so widely that they were not able to rally.

Late in the afternoon Black Brooks seeing his center and right driven from the field, had hurried up reinforcements, and decided to storm the Christian right but met with an unexpected resistance. General Germaine, having determined at all hazards, to hold the position until General Everett True, with his forces could come to his assistance, which he did at two o'clock. Everett True had no orders to bring on a general engagement at all, but there was no alternative; the Glandelinians were attacking, and putting himself at the head of the division he hastened on, and sent back orders for the Third and Seventh corps to come forward with all haste. He took position on the hills in front of the town, lest it should be destroyed by shells. The artillery was under General Doubleday Johnston. General Everett True when directing the position of the last division and two brigades on the extreme right was killed by an explosion of a shell, a sad loss to the Abbeismannian army and the country. General Doubleday Johnston then directed the storming battle which now began in great earnest.

An entire Glandelinian wave forty million strong crossed with the fury of an avalanche the Sunbeam Run, and drove General Germaine back, but were in turn themselves, decimated, repulsed and then captured. With their commander General Sanford Archer. Simultaneously an Gargolian division of the same number of men was coming in on the right flank, and nearly captured an Abbeismannian battery, when the Abbeismannians after pouring in a most destructive fire all along the line, at once changed front and charged with fixed bayonets. The Gargolians thus suddenly counter attacked, were cut down in the most frightful wholesale numbers, thrown into confusion, and driven on to the uncut of an unfinished railway where they sought refuge, and here they were forced to surrender after a desperate resistance. Just thinking of it. That few hours in the afternoon 80,000,000 Glandelinians captured.

Black Brooks orders had in the meantime been so admirably obeyed that Earl Johnston crowing with garlands, and reinforced by Early Yorklin and Hill Chambersburg, all reached the scene just as this terrible disaster to the Glandelinian army happened.

Hill Chambersburg, put in line of battle 14,000,000 men besides his advance, Methus division. Earl Johnston who heard the tremendous roar of conflict thirty miles distant hurried forward and came upon the field just as the two forces were captured. He at once prepared to assault, the Abbeismannian left flank, and Hill to renew the fight in front. After the bloody fight had recommenced, suddenly Early Yorklin appeared on the other side, and made an impetuous charge on the eleventh corps, which had come up an hour before. These accessions of the foe gave it the superiority of numbers, and thus pushed on three sides, and thrown into confusion, the Glandelinian left from necessity too much extended, were driven back through the village.

General Howard Franklin when he reached the battle field at Three P.M. with his corps the Eleventh assumed command. In coming up he prudently stationed all of his divisions in reserve on the heights, a commanding position south of Big-girlknool. This division pouring in as fierce a fire as the enemy met at the Carnation ridge at Gloria soon checked the Glandelinians, and enabled the other troops to come up, to relieve the attack of in the exultant Glandelinians. The wounded Glandelinian soldiers were sent during the day to the village and immediate vicinity, and of course they fell into the hands of the Abbeismannians when they obtained possession. General Black Brooks had not yet arrived, but sent orders to Earl Johnston to press the attack to the utmost. Early Yorklin assaulted the heights immediately, but Earl Johnston seeing the position strong and the Abbeismannian soldiers well prepared, thought it more prudent to wait for reinforcements, and when Black Brooks arrived he found that Early was the only one assaulting the heights. News of the death of General Everett True had been sent to General Jimmie Vivian, who directed his brother to take command, who arrived with his main forces and did all possible to restore order and place his own troops in a position almost impregnable.

About four P.M. without sending forward skirmishers, lest they should give notice of his coming, General Cannon with his entire force made a tremendous assault on the advanced position of Germaine Vivians, extending his lines to overlap the other, and by a rush forward seized the heights the key to the whole position. Just at that moment Skyles corps which had been held in reserve were moving by order of Jimmie Vivian to occupy the same key. They had scarcely reached their line of the top, when the Glandelinians having passed round Germaine left, which had been turned which had been turned, came rushing up the slope to find themselves confronted with the most determined courage, and after a desperate hand to hand struggle the assailants were repulsed with the most frightful losses.

Cannon attacks on Germaine's corps was more successful, the Abbeismannian soldiers fought well but their faulty position gave the advantage to their adversaries, and though Germaine did hold his position he had only less than one quarter of his whole division when the battle was over. Germaine himself was severely wounded, and carried from the field, and General Pirney taking the command fell pierced through the heart. Worse of all a gap nearly twenty miles long was made in the Abbeismannian line by the sending of reinforcements, and the Glandelinians made attempts in fearful numbers, and with the fury of desperation to secure this opening, but were beaten off by the Abbeismannians sent off to occupy the same place. Then the Glandelinians made a long detour and came out in the rear of the heights, with the hope of suddenly securing that important point, but its crest was crowned with soldiers and cannons, and though an attempt was made, an attack on the rear of this position was madness, and as no one could reach the summit as they were shot down by the whole wholesale, the enemy fell back disappointed.

On the Abbeismannian left was stationed Earl Johnston who only made demonstrations, which Jimmie Vivian soon detected, but about Five P.M. he made a real assault against a portion of the ridge, and captured and held a breastwork partially manned, while three of Early's brigades attacked another portion of the same and succeeded in driving back the unfortunate Eleventh corps, though the artillery made sad havoc in their approaching lines. Their triumph was short, for the second corps fell upon them with the most determined vigor, and drove them off faster, than they had drove the Eleventh. Simultaneously General Jimmie Vivian attacked the foe in the breastworks in they had secured, though they had been reinforced by four divisions and after a severe contest, drove them out with great loss. All this while, there raged the most terrible artillery combat of field artillery. The Glandelinian guns had accomplished but little though they kept up an unceasing fire for all the time of the duration of the battle, and now the foe came on to make a last desperate attack in overwhelming numbers. As they advanced like a sweeping cyclone, the supports right and left began to waver, the left falling back, and the right not keeping up, finally melted away. Still the main column moved on, closing up the line as the men fell, its flanks exposed to an oblique fire from right and left, and the head of the columns torn by bombshells and grape shot, also melted away but nothing could arrest the survivors. The incessant fire caused the divisions to swerve to the left instead of direct upon the point intended, presently they came within musket shot range, the Abbeismannians reserving their fire for more deadly effect and then shot down line after line. The survivors of the columns pressed on steadily without taking time to turn the fire, which had been delivered upon their left when they came within two hundred yards, they were received by a most severe fire from ten divisions this they returned and rushed on only to melt away, but soon a portion of the remaining column broke into disorder, fifteen hundred of its colors were captured, and nearly 2,000,000 prisoners, another portion swerved to the right and took possession of a stone wall a little way in advance of the main line of breastworks, this wall having been hastily constructed and used temporarily, on this they placed their torn and tattered battleflags, but they became a centre of fire---front right and left---in a few minutes few were left, the survivors threw down their arms, and fell upon the earth to escape to the leaden hail, twelve more standards of colors were captured, and about 2,500,000 more prisoners were taken. This virtually ended the battle of Big-girlknool when the Glandelinian cause received a stinging blow from which it never recovered. The surviving Glandelinian soldiers returned in a screaming howling mob, pursued by the growling of howling cannon which swept all the valley and the slopes of the hills, with balls, shells and high explosives. Both armies remained in their respective positions until Jimmie Vivian rushed upon him at six P.M. and the foe were forced to retreat in general leaving their dead on the field, and their wounded uncared for, though Earls divisions remained to cover the retreat. The pursuit general Jimmie Vivian captured a great number of prisoners, many of whom were wounded, and cruelly left by the roadside to lighten the trains. Black Brooks fell back and finally after retreating for ten days at the rate of fifty miles a day or more finally took up position on the south side of the Angolinian boundary line, and Jimmie Vivian in his old homestead on the outskirts of Angoline.

This virtually ended all Glandelinian invasion, both Galverinia and Angolinian and Angolinian were freed from all Glandelinian armies, and only when the word was to be given, would the Christians rush into the foe's country to make an invasion themselves. In this battle the Abbeismannians lost 22,864,789 in killed, in wounded 33,790,000, they buried 44,500,000 of the enemy dead, and 26,500,889 wounded fell into their hands, while 13,621,999 of the remaining Glandelinian wounded escaped. Unwounded prisoners amounted to 90,000,000 men.

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 the village of...
 JOHN MANLEY'S ARMY IS CRUSHED AT PHELANTONBURG.....

When general John Manley heard of the series of christian victories at or on the Galverinian soil, and how the glandelinian armies had been repeatedly banged about, and thrown back clean out of galverinia, and not only that but out of Angolia too, and that general Vivian had a purpose to reduced Titanio Fair. The Gibraltar of the glandelinia, he was worried in the extreme, and decided despite all the protest of the generals under him to make an invasion himself once more and strike against the city of phelantonburg near the Angolinian and glandelinian boundary line.....

In the latter part of January, he set out with a large army to take the christian army at phelantonburg in the rear, by capturing Jackson army of gon centinians, while Heldman was to mass down the great Mc-Hollester Mo-Hollester river running into the Mc-Hollester gun, from pavidiprin trans ports, fleets of battle ships and steamers, convoyed by admiral Porters gunboats and submarines, then up the Erminia to a certain point and there land and make a junction with other forces that would be sent to follow him. The latter moved by way of Holy springs which place the Abbeismannians evacuated on his approach, then passing on he found them drawn up for battle on the other side of the Sunbr sunbeam creek. He flanked them, and after some desperate and dusty fighting a portion of the Abbeismannian line fell back to Phelanton and Chesapeake town out of which they were driven, the glandelinian column moving on toward phelantonburg. There the first force of the enemy under Sanders halted for an accumulation of supplies at Holy Springs, but general Van Francis with his great cavalry force of 10,000, men surprised the regiment guarding these supplies captured them and secured the supplies for their own use. The capture of these stores necessitated Manley to fall back for some time and give up that plan of attack. But Black Brooks following and not aware of this disastrous mishap passed twelve miles up the Sunbeam and found the Angolinians themselves in great force at Villanaw Bluffs a strongly fortified place, and commanding the river and any approach to land. Instead of the cooperation of Manley, Black Brooks from the enemy's native force free to oppose him on the Sunbeam creek. He made a vigorous attack but so simply were they prepared to repel any force that he was compelled to withdraw sustaining a loss of over 2,000,000 men retreating down to the Erminia, and opposite the mouth of the Mc-Hollester River, and the Milky Band the army being concentrated in force twelve miles above Phelantonburg. Manley took his forces from Pandora and went down the river to the same place while waiting for Manley and his forces general Heldman who was in command captured the fortifications of Chesetown, at Graham's lanes fifty miles further up. The dangerous expedition was well planned the troops mostly being on board steamers and battle ships Porter conveying them with his gunboats, rams and submarines. The troops landed three miles below the fortifications and invested it as soon as possible while Porter passed up to closer range the conflict was sharp and decisively, soon a white flag appeared, the fortifications were surrendered and with it and all the war material but though the fortifications were surrendered the Abbeismannian soldiers would not surrender themselves as prisoners, and butchering all the glandelinians who tried to nab them they escaped from the abandoned fortifications through a secret passage way. General Manley arrived at Younke Point with a part of his forces at about ten o'clock in the morning after the first two conflicts and assumed command, and in due time procured his designs against Phelantonburg. General Steadman sent a force from Pandora Angolia to recover and occupy the fortifications at Chesetown. The glandelinian garrison attacked heavily withdrew up the river to Port Manley soon to become fortified to such a degree as to be seconded only by Titanio Fair. The Abbeismannians made an attack by land and by water, with thirty powerful rams and a large force of infantry. A position was recaptured, the glandelinian general prairie right being killed. The Westfield fortifications abandoned by the enemy was mined and the explosion blew the wreckage a thousand feet into the air. Within a few hours more after severe desultory fighting, the battle became extremely sanguinary the first advanced forces of the foe being surprised and driven back toward the main portion of Manley's right wing, and now concentrated up on him was about 47,000,000 men, while simultaneously the main Abbeismannian commander sent general Boldonto guard the main approaches toward Phelantonburg, while 12,000,000 others were sent to try and take Manley on his left flank, while the 120,000,000 others were held in reserve.

3007.

An extreme advanced portion of great importance, and shot to pieces, in regulars, and thus far that day all the Abbeismannian left in their movements, other divisions were signalled to the Phelantonburg rivers on pontoons with but little opposition, and the Phelantonburgs. General Sedwick's division had according to orders crossed below Phelantonburg, and made demonstration on the extreme right of the glandelinian army under Black Brooks. Black Brooks perceiving this latter to be a firmer left 6,000,000 men to guard the recently captured fortifications and hastened all the force he could muster to phelantonburg.

On the march he met Kenneth Casey who was making a long detour with the purpose to come in on the extreme right of the christian army. He was advancing with about 22,000,000 veterans in a direction, that induced the Abbeismannian scouts to think he was falling back toward the south. General Manley in the meantime with only 13,000,000 men kept the attention of the Abbeismannian commander by making desperate assaults of violent character at many different points, while Kenneth Casey was moving rapidly around to the rear of the big Abbeismannian army. There was certainly no chance however for general Logan of the Abbeismannians and his officers to be thus deceived by this unusual maneuver of Kenneth Casey, but his glandelinian forces fell with such unexampled fury upon the eleventh corps and 344th infantry, that despite fierce resistance for four hours, it could not hold and was finally driven back upon the Twelfth corps. The struggle was terrific the Twelfth corps letting loose with all their terrible cannons tearing down the glandelinian waves as if they were corn, general Kenneth Casey was mortally wounded, and general Black Brooks who took his place, and was appointed commander of the division also fell severely wounded. Worse of all for the foe the Twelfth corps were in a position that rendered their superiority of numbers unassailable, and though fighting continued at certain points in the most savage manner indescribable, Manley with four divisions managed to force Sedwick back, though his troops suffered horribly from the Abbeismannian artillery which was persistent.

Though Sedwick was compelled to recross the river, he could not be driven back any further, though the most violent assaults were directed against his lines. For three hours and half there was hardly any responsible head to the immense Abbeismannian army as general Richard Logan when on the scouting tour was stupefied by the concussion of a shell from a hostile battery. Indeed no matter how matters fared, or no matter how strong the Abbeismannian army, Manley would surely have won this battle, and renewed the invasion with great success, and finally win the war in spite of all if it had not been for a number of inexcusable blunders which made this battle more of a terrible disaster than a defeat.

During this first day of the battle the Abbeismannians had lost in killed and wounded about 11,000,000, and the wicked glandelinians about 10,000,000.

NIGHT

NIGHT OPERATIONS!!!!.....

General Manley finding it impossible to take Phelantonburg from his present position, determined to pass a portion of his army on the west side of the river from Milky band to a point below, and then by running the gauntlet of the hundreds of Abbeismannian batteries, obtain gunboats and ferries which were in possession of the christians. A portion of the army during the night commenced the laborious march most of the way over an inundated and spongy soil, the soldiers often times halting to construct roads. Meantime Admiral Porterson ran past the Phelantonburg batteries, with his ships and both sides opened up at once in the most terrifying cannonading of the war and the heavens were racked by the din of exploding shells. Ships were disabled by the score but during the heaviest of all cannonading the fleets passed down continually bombarding the grand Abbeismannian batteries, and though successful in driving the Abbeismannians from the Grand Gulf, admiral Porterson was killed, all on his ship was wounded or dead, and the dead and wounded littered his other ships like swarms of massacred flies. Pemberton ordered his fresh columns of Abbeismannians to retake the place, united all his troops and began the troops coming to assault him by land back, under the very fire of the glandelinian warships and all that was abandoned was recovered.

Manley in the meantime was moving toward Jackson's force throwing out long parallel divisions, bewildering Pemberton as to his real object. As the army advancing during the night did all the bombardment of the fleets on Abbeismannian batteries, the glandelinians came in contact with the Abbeismannians from time to time, and mingled in severe conflicts.

One for the village of the old land, strongly posted in a long stretch of woods near the river, and after a contest of three hours the glandelinians drove the christians from their position, but general McNeill coming up with a division about 11,000,000 strong engaged the main body of the assailants, and Sherman passed round flanking the enemy, and driving the back out of the woods with terrible loss. General parley who was now on the ground wished to delay a general battle until the Thirteenth corps came up, but ere he arrived the Abbeannians began the battle, and after a short and decisive struggle, all the glandelinians in possession of the christian works at the Grand Gulf were driven back with great loss in killed and wounded. They fell back to Erminio river railroad bridge, where they made a desperate stand, but their soldiers were sadly demoralized and when an Abbeannian brigade charged their right in order to obtain a better position, they fled in disorder.

"All is lost," he cried from the glandelinians ranks, and the panic stricken soldiers crowded upon the embankment far from the main army and mine explosions occurring blew fortifications thousands of feet into the air. These fugitives finding all escape cut off surrendered, there being about 32,000,000 of them.

In this twenty four of forces fighting the whole glandelinian army under general John Manley was crushed in pieces and discouraged, Manley was forced to fall back to the boundary line, and now he saw that all hopes for the cause being won was out of the question!.....

THE SERIES OF BATTLES ALONG THE BOUNDARY LINE.....

From the battle of Aronburgs Run or what is called more so the battle of Glorinda, till January 25th, general Evans remained in his camp recruiting, especially his cavalry, and it was surprising to all that he remained inactive so long.... Meanwhile general Ottoman Hamish, retired with his own forces to the south bank of Cranberry river a deep narrow stream, whose fords he fortified with the greatest care, and waited for general Evans to come and attack him in his well chosen position. The latter advanced not in the way marked out by his new adversary, but by a series of skillfully devised flanking movements, and compelled Ottoman Hamish to abandon all his well laid plans, and to escape, being taken at a great disadvantage in the rear. He fell back toward the boundary line and continued his retreat eastward, there on the old time battle ground of Easter Starring he made a stand, having been largely reinforced from Manley's army by Crawford's division, and from Johnnie Mac Gowan's force, and paroled prisoners from Virginia run who had not been exchanged. He fortified that famous railroad center, and at various points on the Easter Starring river threw up defensive works. Evans was much retarded in his pursuit by rains of heavy explosions occurring everywhere, on his line of march by mines set recently by the retreating foe under the three Manleys, by checked up fields and streams, and the want of bridges which had been destroyed by the wicked enemies of God.

Easter Starring is on the very river by its name, between Aronburgs Run, A(Angelina) and the Pandelionia ridges. On Evans approach Ottoman Hamish evacuated the west western regions of Easter Starring, which Evans occupied himself, also a portion of the hills by Winstons divisions and the valley of the Easter starring. Ottoman Hamish advanced his forces over the creek, to get between Onion city, and Pitane riar.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF EASTER STARRING. FRIGHTFUL STORIES OF CARNAGE.

Other movements were also made, which Violet and her sisters had detected, and they frequently gave warning to all the christian commanders, who made counter movements, resulting in squabbles, which brought on a serious and general engagement.

About ten P.M. the glandelinians made a heavy assault upon the left flank of the christian line, the attack though at first desultory was severe, and though repulsed, the foe attacked again with redoubled fury, and with their whole strength, and forced it back crushed and shattered after a most obstinate resistance of four hours duration. The whole glandelinian surge

however during this terrific onslaught was horribly torn and shot to pieces, and unable to hold the advantage they had gained, for the Abbeannian left being reinforced in turn, took the offensive, made three desperate onslaughts and by 4 P.M. recovered all the ground lost, and shattered the whole glandelinian army at this portion. The glandelinians left their sea of dead and wounded on the field. Meanwhile generals Frankin Pope ishop, and Crawford assaulted the Abbeannian center with the same violence, which being shattered wavered for a short time, but being reformed, recovered, and held the enemy in check under a storming fore fire for the length of sixty three miles, then the glandelinian assault was made again in stronger force, and though three hundred glandelinian divisions were crushed and mangled the force of the onset compelled the christian center to give way. Shoemuckers divisions soon came up, and presently others sent by Winstons, and after three spirited charges, regained the entire ground.

Again the enemy made a most desperate attempt on the christian center, raging the assault so wildly, and so insanely that general Jack Evans himself was indeed indescribably astonished, but he made such a heavy concentration of troops and artillery, that the glandelinians who had captured a line of positions being recaptured so vigorously abandoned the works, and recoiled. The attack was made simultaneously against the christian right. The Abbeannians here held their ground for a time, and then overwhelmed by an assault of thirty three glandelinian divisions fell back in order, tearing the Mason line to pieces with their terrific withering fire. Then being reinforced, they made series of fierce and spirited counter charges, and checked the enemy seriously. Two hours after they threw a tremendous force upon the christian left, where general Winstons commanded. During the night before his men had extemporized a barrier of logs and fence rails, from behind which their long lines of artillery and musketry told very severely on the enemy, making the most severe havoc had havoc in the ranks of the Glandelinians ever witnessed by Ottoman Hamish in the war.

But nevertheless the surviving glandelinians came on with the most frantic devil yells, never staggered under the well directed fire, the right was weakened by overwhelming losses, the disordered portions falling back toward Easter Starring, and Evans was carried along with the crowd. Winstons then moved to a position on the slope of the hills, and there massed all the artillery he had, which played most effectively on the enemy. The glandelinians were urged against this new position by Crawford and Ottoman Hamish with a disregard of human life scarcely known. As they came up they were slaughtered at a terrible rate by well directed discharges of musketry and artillery, and though making a well directed flanking movement, they were simultaneously repulsed by Abbeannian and Winstons' cavalry. Evans retired his forces on the right toward the railroad lines, and after a short lull the enemy suddenly rushed out of their intrenchments and fell with great fury upon a portion of Winstons' main reserve forces and a portion of Winstons' forces, each series glandelinian force striking with the violence of great tidal waves of men. The battle was terrific, but after two hours of it the assailants were forced to retire to their intrenchments having lost more than 4,000,000 killed, and accomplished nothing except to teach the Abbeannian army to be on its guard with more unusual alertness. The other portion of the right wing in contracting their lines and cutting casual communications seized a line of low hills near the Easter starring railway, from which elevation cannon balls and shells were thrown upon the assailant assailing columns at a most terrific rate, and despite all the storm of shell fire the glandelinians made ten of the most desperate and rash attempts to recover the hills, but were repulsed each time with the most exorbitating losses, and general Crawford, was killed.

The Abbeannian army still contracting the lines carefully, when about three o'clock the vivid girls reported the enemy in motion and massing on the main left of the right wing, and that an unusual cannonading was going on that shook the hills as if to throw them down. On they came with mad violence, and the battle raged with redoubled violence, cannons by the score of thousands volley and thundered, line after line was gapped and torn to pieces, and though in the main the desperate massed assailants were repulsed with fearful loss, they made seven assaults of the wildest character in quick succession, and in this battle fell Winstons the most promising of the corp commanders, but fortunately he was only wounded.

Again and again the enemy assaulted, on they came and still on they came the scene was a roaring hell of devastation, the foe in the face of the line of inferno came on in the most reckless manner, with his men crowded together upon the Abbeannians, who deliberately taking better aim swept away line after line of the best men of the glandelinian officers. Six more successive charges were made, which were six times gallantly repulsed, each time with more fearful loss of life.

All the while during the terrible battle the numerous forces of inactive christian cavalry were continually breaking the enemy's lines of communications, and a great force of glandelinian infantry made a tremendous assault upon the christian cavalry, but was severely repulsed, and still the battle was general all along the line of the christian right. Evans with a force of cavalry which he led in person drove the foe out of the Easter starring valley, and throwing forces forward in greater numbers made a tremendous counter charge at six P.M. on Ottoman Hamish right to divert his attention of crushing the assaults of the christian right, but sending a large force with much ostentation, and taking a good position in sight of the inactive portions of the enemy, the foe rifle pits one by one were taken, the enemy at this point took to flight and the christian troops under John Evans rushed on in pursuit, clouds of powder smoke rolled everywhere, and now as the right was relieved of the assault from the foe the whole christian line got the orders to advance, and now the reserve forces of Abbieamians rushed headlong for the centre of the enemy literally running over the series upon series of rifle pits and breastworks and saillents in their front, burst out of the woods like an overwhelming torrent carrying all before them, the panic stricken glandelinians on the center fleeing in every direction and scattered in unmitigated rout the glandelinian center being disastrously defeated. It was a most striking scene to behold the floating signal flags along the battle lines telegraphing to one another, and to hear the cheers that arose along the lines for sixty three miles.

The battle was over the losses of the glandelinians being enormous as they had been so much exposed in their assaults. Ottoman Hamish admitted a loss of 32,000,000. The christian loss was 2,544,544 killed, and 9,252,752 in woe wounded a total of 10,706,912.

The vigorous pursuit was commenced the next morning, but was soon discontinued. The authorities at Glandelinia censured Ottoman Hamish for his disastrous misfortune, alleging that his position was so impregnable that he should not have been defeated, even by the fierce fighter Jack Ambrose Evans, and general Lee Heller Johnston was sent to supersede him in command.

Simultaneously general Jack Dane was sent from Pandora to occupy, Helions station, to which he went, repairing to Pandora and assuming command, then to Clarence Hogan, on the Salablainian river, and then across the country driving all the glandelinians before him with a battle. The glandelinians under general Ashes finally made a stand three miles below Little Helen but were defeated not by fighting but by man evers of the christians, and pursued so vigorously that they were unable to set fire to the town. The glandelinian power at this portion of the boundary line of Angolonia was effectually broken, though only squads of glandelinians Glandelinian guerrillas prowled for some time about the country, robbing the houses, granaries, and cellars of the christian citizens, and under an outlaw named Guintrillion a band of these marauders dashed into Lawrence (Angolonia) at half past three in the afternoon and murdered in cold blood every man and woman and child they could find. Simultaneously to this expedition of Glandelinian troops occupied Coppos Christi on the Angolonian coast, and Brownsia on the Aberdeen in G/a glandelinia, simultaneously an expedition was sent up the McWhirther River against Federalport an important point.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FEDERALPORT.....

After much preparations general Jack Brown was ready to move. Admiral Adverses with fifteen hundred battle ships, passed up the great McWhirther Run River, freeing it of obstructions and its banks from the presence of the christians by a vigorous shelling of thirteen days. Passing the gunboats and fleets of warships reached Alexandria and the glandelinian troops after making ten vigorous assaults losing thirteen million for their success obtained possession of the town, and the Abbieamians scattered all over the town and country, burned all the cotton they could find, destroyed all the farms, and burned down thousands of farm houses, and set the woods on fire as well. The army then from necessity and suffering from bloody losses sustained from Abbieamian counter attacks, and from the fire of many scores of Abbieamian batteries, left by the river, the advance carelessly fell into an ambuscade, was annihilated, the force occupying the town was surrounded and captured, and finally the remaining forces abandoning the region and their trains pushed on till they reached the main army.....

The next day the Abbieamians much elated made a tremendous and general assault of fourteen hours duration upon the glandelinian forces but were frightfully repulsed with the severest losses. The fleets itself bombarded the town of Federalport for fourteen days, and after a terrible cannonading three quarters of the ships were wrecked, with their decks smashed in the terrible numbers of dead and wounded, and the whole fleet was almost torn to pieces. It was thought best to give up the bloody interprise, since the river was falling fast, and the ships surviving the battle would be useless. When the fleets reached the rapids near Alexandria it was found it could not pass down, the ships of the christians were converging on all points, and finally the glandelinians surrendered. Thus ended this fruitless expedition.

THREE OTHER BATTLES.....

Simultaneously the glandelinian general wick "Keykey" carried on an irregular warfare in western Angolonia always treating the christian inhabitants with the greatest cruelty. He captured the Angolonia city with its Garrison of 456,731 men after a bombardment of five weeks, he also made a desperate three days attack upon Francis paducah but was repulsed with the loss of 4,567,992, while those of the christians who had fallen was 10,000,000. The same gasey and his band of ardues carried the fortifications of Pillow by series of desperate assaults lasting five days, about three weeks later, and after the fortifications surrendered, the garrison to the number of 300,000 were all slaughtered in cold blood, because a portion were Abbieamians. Gasey from his statement of the case seems to have been at least not altogether responsible for these outrages.

As a survey of the position of affairs at this time it may be stated;

There were sixteen main army armies of the confederacy of glandelinia six under the direction of the Hanleys and their assistance, and the others defending the glandelinian capitol, the great strategic point, and railroad center of the whole world, the many great rivers was patrolled by the fleets of the christians to their mouths, the line of the Frainia was held, and all west and north of that great stream, all the points north of the McWhirther Run were held by the Abbieamians, at the mouth of the Easter starring was a strong Garrison, along the Calverinian and Angolonian coast, in addition to the strong blockade any important places were held, all of Calverinia and Angolonia was now in possession of the Angolians and Abbieamians once more, and even the city of Giviana on the glandelinian boundary line which had been captured by the christian general by that name.

Such was the position when through the Angolonian governments general Jack Evans assumed supreme command with Hanson. His design was to keep the three Hanleys so hard pressed that they would not be able to hereafter to join one another. His designs was the cause of the wars short duration that following year.

THE BLOODY BATTLE OF GILMORE.

April 30th

Richardson Halsted was now ready to move with his fresh armies. At Pattonia thirty miles southeast of Phalanterburg was the glandelinian army 30,000,000 strong under general Lee Heller Johnston. And by its well chosen position it could have been equal to twice that number. Here the glandelinian general Johnston was waiting to be attacked, and though the attack of the christians was made on the point near Gilmore, it happened that a portion of the christian army by a rapid march through passes and gorges, had flanked him upon his left, and was threatening the railroads in his rear, while another portion was moving upon his front, and still another on his right was marching round his heavily attacked army, he was therefore after a days hard fighting compelled to give up his stronghold, and fall back eighteen miles to Gilmore itself, another strong position behind Daytonia creek, its whole line well fortified on steep hills. Richardson Halsted during the early morning reconnoitered, and making a fearful assault again flanked his adversary.

Heller Johnston at one time thinking he had discovered a weak point in the strong christian line, made a desperate counter attack upon the twentieth or corps, Fredrickson Parsons, but was repulsed at all points, and driven from several strong holds with great loss.

Failed at every attempt to force his forces against the Abbeoannian, left and at 7 P.M. the glandelinians came in tremendous force and fury, and overwhelming numbers upon that point. The Abbeoannians after sanguinary fighting for four hours were forced back eighteen miles. Suddenly a tremendous cheer was heard from hundreds of thousands of voices, and Frederickson Parsons came up and the first intimation they gave the enemy was the cheer, which was followed by a headlong rush over the bodies of their fallen comrades. They broke a portion of the enemy's line beyond recovery and drove them more than a mile. At two o'clock in the next morning the foe evacuated Gilmore passing over the Easter Starling River, and breaching down all the bridges behind them, and moved on until they reached the Chickadee River over which they crossed and took position on the Atleonia hills, where on the crest were arranged batteries to sweep every approach and here Johnston resolved to fight the decisive part of the battle. The Abbeoannian army came up, but Richardson Halsted had no idea of sacrificing too many of his men by assaulting so strong a position, and though he made some tremendous assaults he managed to flank Johnston again to compel him to fall back. It soon however again became a battle severely contested, but at length the whole glandelinian force was driven back to where three important roads met. The Abbeoannian soldiers threw up intrenchments during the night, which Johnston assaulted fifteen times and was repulsed with horrible loss. The Abbeoannians afterwards made a gallant assault upon what was deemed a weak point of the enemy's line, and they too were repulsed with the wounding of Frederickson Parsons.

The glandelinian commander then remained quiet for the remainder of the night and Halsted ordered a movement to his rear, and Johnston thought best to fall back once more to a new position to the right of Gilmore, fortifying and extending his lines about thirty miles, his centre being much advanced. On the centre the enemy had signal stations, but Halsted's sign-corpse learned their sign codes and revealed their secrets. During a tremendous assault lasting four hours and made by the foe with terrible vehemence general Oyester pocket-feller with his staff came out to lead a charge a battery was fired at the group of officer officers by the Christians and all the officers including the glandelinian generals were killed. Halsted decided to break the enemy's line at the advanced center, and a rapid artillery fire was opened upon it. The assault was repulsed, and then the glandelinians made an assault upon Halsted's advanced line, driving back the whole force, and came upon the main line behind extemporized breastworks. The assailants were repulsed with fearful slaughter, leaving the field covered with their dead. Sixteen times they returned to the assault, but by flanking his adversary right and left, and while Thomas Fair weather was pressing back the assailants in front the Christians were enabled to break the Mason line once more, and the foe fled in the greatest confusion.

The losses of the glandelinians was 4,567,000. Christian loss was 8,990,765. That night strange noises like earthquakes and explosions were heard in the direction of the retreating enemy. Johnston was blowing up all his munition stores and evacuating the whole region. H. Johnston's scattered forces were afterwards more or less scarcely less united, and he made many attempts to annoy the Christian army by cutting railroads and attacking places garrisoned, but in all these he totally failed.

Halsted's army marched in two columns with spreading wings, extending over 265 miles, so thoroughly bewildering the enemy of God, that for a while the glandelinians were unable to make much opposition. For McAllister was next taken without a battle, the defenses of Bloomingdale was also taken, and general Hardison in consequence evacuated the city without a fight, which was immediately occupied by Christian soldiers.

We now return to the armies under general Viviania and Mr Nero and Nero. Arrangements were made for the preparation of the final struggles along the Angelinian-Glandelinian boundary line. General Viviania was assigned to the general supervision of the Christian forces designed to follow up the Erwinite to Gibbie Fair, and to make a strong diversion toward Aronburg Federal. He had about 33,000,897 men under the main commands of generals Concentinian Aronburg, and Everette True, the latter being recalled from Calverinia with 10,000,000 men. General Cannon the friend of the Vivian girls was in command in that famous battle field of the war now about to be fought, in connecting with general Jacob Baldwin on the Cainsbury, general Zimmermann the hero of Glorinda with the main army on the north bank of the Mc-Hollister Run.

Hebaun Manley's army lay on the south side of the Mc-Hollister Run, virtually intrenched in an extensive wilderness, a barren region covered with all kinds of tripoal growth, and palm trees, where even a thousand soldiers

could keep fourteen times their number at bay for any length of time. This was intersected by scores of broad and narrow cross roads, bounded on either side by a perfect jungle. The whole district and every road was through outly known to the glandelinian generals, and general Hebaun Manley from his position and knowledge of the ground was able to throw as he wished a strong force on any particular point. The Christian and Abbeoannian army crossed the Mc-Hollister Run at Germainia Viviania's forces unopposed but purposely by the foe in order to secure a battle in this wilderness. Viviania had intended to pass rapidly through this Angelinian jungle with as little fighting as possible and force his adversary back across the boundary line, because in that jungle he could not deploy his men and could use only twenty out of his three hundred thousand pieces of artillery. He neither could he use his cavalry.

BATTLE IN THE ANGELINIAN WILDERNESS.

May 1

Early the next morning the Christian armies began their onward march to get beyond this labyrinth of trees, when it was met at two points by three big glandelinian armies, each 10,000,000 strong, brought up by parallel roads. This was at first thought to be a feint but at 11 A.M. the battle began in earnest, by the Christian soldiers assaulting the enemy. The battle had only continued for four hours, when the scene was like the most vast inferno ever imagined. It was as if the whole wilderness was on fire, the soldiers grouping for each other through the thicket, firing like blazes at the enemy, and with various successes at different parts of the woods. The fallen lay as thick as leaves blown down by the hurricane. The first part of the conflict, ending with a lull at two o'clock was a draw, but at three o'clock general Nero fell furiously on the center of the glandelinian army, the inferno was intensified ten fold, and after raging the horrible conflict for four more hours the glandelinians were driven back for three miles and a half, with the loss of many prisoners.

Trees were by the million were pierced by bullets. The glandelinians soon outnumbered Nero, and in turn forced him back over the same ground repeating the inferno scene, but at seven P.M. he made a desperate stand from which the enemy failed to move him though assaults were made till ten o'clock in the night without intermission. Here fell general Nero a general and gentleman of excellent worth, and high social position, and here also fell the glandelinian generals, Jones Parkerson, Guy Jenkins, and Standford, and staffed very efficient officers.

There was a lull for some hours when the enemy at eleven P.M. that night made a more desperate assault upon Viviania and partially forced him from his position after a horrible conflict which almost terminated into a general massacre, so fierce was the firing, but now being reinforced by the Twentieth corps of Concentinians Viviania drove the assailants, back then Everette True charged, engaged the enemy for four hours in a paroxysm of horror and was in turn driven back with horrible slaughter in generals and privates. Here the glandelinian general Cannonia was severely wounded, and carried from the field, and Manley himself took immediate command.

He restored order, but all his desperate attempts to retrieve the field were in vain. When the Christian center advanced during a headlong assault the next morning, Manley after desperate resistance for five hours, was forced to fall back to a second position more strongly intrenched. This new line of battle was sixty miles long, along which raged one of the most terrific conflicts in southern Angelinia. Manley toward noon was forced to fall back again, and afterwards fought only behind long lines of breastworks so except where it could not be avoided. So many losses were sustained during the battle, and so many his bitter disasters and defeats that the glandelinians were evidently discouraged, and when a portion of the Christian army moved by night toward the right grand division of Manley's army, he fell back lest he be taken in the rear. Now recommenced another series of horrible conflicts in one of which general Viviania one of the main leaders of the Christian generals was killed. General Everette True had to take command of the armies, and the fighting went on in the most savage manner. Everette True made a dash at an advanced position of the enemy, stormed it for four hours, rushed over the long line of breastworks, and captured the two glandelinian generals, Henry son Federal, and Hendon Camillia, and nearly 4,500,000 prisoners and thirty thousand guns. Everette True then moved on

and after more desperate fighting yet of the battle captured a second line of rifle pits, this brought on another general action of the battle which lasted three more days, the latter in the midst of a violent rainstorm.

Everette True now delayed to move on several days, in order that the millions of wounded could be sent to the hospitals..... A large number of surgeons arrived from the north, from the Angolindian cities, and members of both the Sanitary and Christian commissions, to take care of these wounded, also reinforcements and supplies came up. General Magdalena Lee Evans during this great battle had set out with a large force of cavaliers, moving toward Pheasantonburg to a decisive battle, then eastward along the right wing of the Landolinians, reached the railroad in their rear, and destroyed fifty miles of it, locomotives, innumerable trains of cars, and immense quantities of ammunition, and provisions, and released about 12,456,789 prisoners. He pursued his way, burning depots and breaking railroads. At length he fell in with that valiant Glandolinian raider and child butcher, Hubbard Mc-Hollester; they came to tremendous blows, and the Landolinians were defeated, leaving their commander Mc-Hollester mortally wounded. Pushing on Evans came upon the outer defenses of Titanic Fair itself. There he took but found the outer defenses too strong, and so he retired rapidly to and across the Easter Starring, and after a raid of twenty four hours returned to the main Christian army. This raid in its effects was one of the most important in the whole war. General Glandolinian simultaneously after severe fighting destroyed a railroad bridge and a portion of the track seventeen miles north of the wilderness, the force capturing some intrenchments at the railroad.

The Landolinian general Henry Starring was in command at this point, and he made a tremendous assault on the Christians at this point who were compelled to fall back with the loss of general Juncus who was killed. But another portion of the Abissinian army by a flank movement came upon the north bank of the Easter Starring, for three more days Everette True made fierce assaults, and then in the night commenced flanking his adversary, and Juncus was again compelled to abandon his position and fall back, but at the new point the Landolinians made a sudden attack in great force, and though repulsed with heavy loss, returned to the attack until their commander Henonida Baldwin was killed then they abandoned the assault. Then Everette True to test their works ordered a general assault along the whole line. This was vigorously done, and after bloody fighting the enemy were driven out of their first defenses, and took shelter behind their second second line, which were too strongly fortified to be easily taken. Finally the Landolinians resumed the offensive and made many wild and insane charges during the day against the Christian lines, but in every instance were repulsed with heavier loss. Juncus ordered series of attacks of the most violent character on three more successive nights and days on the strong Christian lines. Every one failed, and his army sustained unaccountable losses. These attacks raging so incessantly night and day for already ten to eleven days showed the desperation of the enemy, and the watchfulness of the Christians, who were never surprised.

General Everette True finding after all that the fortifications were very strong in front, determined to unite with Mc-Maurice Bel Benligan and move on Titanic Fair by way of the Easter Starring, and general Juncus deeming Titanic Fair more assailable from this direction than from the north was worried in the extreme. Indeed this movement took the enemy by surprise as it was accomplished with so much celerity, and with scarcely any difficulty though fighting of the most savage fury continued day after day. A portion of the Christian troops passed by water, down the Easter Starring and up the Mc-Hollester Run, and the remainder by land, crossing these two rivers on pontoon bridges.

Meantime an important Cavalry raid, by the Christians under generals B. B. Davidson and Callum was conducted north of Titanic Fair, destroying a portion of the Mc-Hollester and Pandora railroad, in the wilderness, the Evangelina St. Lare, and the northwestern, in all about 170 miles, with immense amounts of rolling stocks and depots, and then after severe fighting returned to the army having lost their light artillery. The damage done to the enemy in this battle and two or three expeditions more than compensated for the losses sustained.

BATTLE OF BROCKENRIDGE. SPRING OF OTHER BATTLES. THREE OF THEM IN ORDER.

Meanwhile general John Picknell who was in command at Brockenridge with too small a force---3,000,000 men--- was defeated at that place by Sherman's army, general Crocker in west Angolindia failing to cooperate with John Picknell who was killed in the engagement and lost 2,456,789 men in the three hours

battle. General Edwin Hunterson was appointed in Picknell's place, and he was ordered to move up the valley, and destroy the railroads in the vicinity of Stauntonia and G. Orgonville, and general Crocker was to come in from the East. Hunterson hastened on, and met the enemy within eight miles of Stauntonia, and after a desperate conflict of ten hours routed them beyond recovery, capturing 1,500,000 prisoners; the Glandolinian commander Dandel Jones being killed. Their loss in killed and wounded was 9,876,988. Hunter lost only 678,987 men. Three days later he occupied Stauntonia and now joined by Crocker's troops he marched toward Lackberry Run to which place general John Manley had sent a large force by railway. Hunterson's ammunition had given out, and he skimming and fighting desperately on the way with the enemy fell back not toward Evans' army as was expected, and from which Germaine Givian made a raid in order to meet him but toward Western Angolindia. This retreat left the region once more open to the Glandolinians who under general Mc-Hollester, pushed on in force to make a raid into Angolindia and obtain forage and supplies, and as usual make a demonstration against Pandora, and induce Juncus Givian to sent reinforcements from his inactive army. The latter promptly sent troops from the Angolindian run, and ordered others to follow, who had just arrived in Hamptonia roads from Angolindia. Mc-Hollester with about 20,000,000 men moved rapidly down the fields and valleys to St. Martin, where general Pan was in command with a strong force. The latter however without an engagement retreated across the Angolindian run. The enemy of God followed rapidly, and crowding over arrived at the town of Sandfort, the citizens saving the town by paying to the Glandolinians a ransom of \$20,000,000. General Wallace Lee attacked the new invaders so vigorously in ten severe battles at that very town as to retard them until mere troops arrived and then he being still outnumbered fell back, and the Glandolinians moved toward the city of Pandora but being met by the bold attacks of general August Auger at that place retired across the Angolindian run, and were in turn pursued by general Juncus with 10,000,000 cavaliers who overtook their rear guard at Godfrey and captured 500,000 prisoners.

THE SANBUDINARY BATTLE OF GODFREY.

May 13

By this time general Hunterson had arrived from the western parts of Angolindia and Angolindia with two armies, and was ordered to maintain his position but general Mc-Hollester was heavily reinforced, and again began to move into Angolindia, forcing the Christian troops out by outflanking the. At the same time another Glandolinian raid was made into Angolindia under general Cedornine Jennings, he suddenly appeared before the village of Cedornine, then defensible and demanded \$500,000 ransom. The Christian citizens were unable to raise a sum, and the soldiers deliberately set the village on fire, and not only burned two thirds of it but carried off all the Angolindian children and massacred them in the most shocking manner. This Glandolinian raider was pursued but he escaped and joined Mc-Hollester who had concentrated his forces near the town of Godfrey..... General Henry King Baggot moved against Mc-Hollester with his army of Angolindians, and early in the next morning, attacked Mc-Hollester, and after obstinate fighting all day carried his entire position, and drove him through Godfrey. Mc-Hollester lost 3,500,000 killed and 5,678,999 wounded, general Cedornine Jennings being mortally wounded, and his entire command cut to pieces, with the survivors taken prisoners and butchered for revenge over the murder of helpless children. General Mc-Hollester in his retreat did not dare to stop until he reached Millers Creek thirty miles south of Godfrey, and scarcely had he halted his men when the indomitable Baggot pounced upon him, driving his forces with greater loss through Millfordburg, and scattering them across the Millery Run. But in the meantime general Mc-Hollester having rallied his forces, at the arrival of heavy reinforcements, waited for the arrival of morning, and moving rapidly and secretly he early in the morning fell suddenly upon the sleeping Christian soldiers, who though completely taken by surprise, recovered themselves, and suddenly fell back to their second line position from which they tore up the assaulting lines of the foe with a terrific terrific fire of cannon and musketry. The Angolindian cavaliers in the meantime moved around and attacked the foe in the flank, while the infantry after pouring in a terrific fire for four hours, charged the foe in front, completely routing and driving them clear from the field and back to their own works.

During the retreat a terrific explosion of munition works occurred among the enemy's redoubts, tearing it all to pieces and

annihilating three quarters of the division at that section. In Mc-Hollesters came it was found nevertheless that the defenses were so well arranged that it was madness to throw away human life in assaulting them, as one man within each intrenchment was at least overwhelming to fifteen outside. But nevertheless the christian army was not idle. A strong detachment seized the Pampa Pandora Meldon railway and held it in spite of the most strenuous efforts to dislodge them. Several other bloody movements were made but without any success.

Baggot decided to have his fleets bombard Mc-Hollesters positions from the Easter Starring river, and so the expedition of ships arrived, and arrangements were made on board the flag ship the Margret Ford, with general Cannery. The river side of Mc-Hollesters position was defended by redoubts and batteries and strong as a thousand forts in that one section, and in the river were floating the main reliance of the glandelinians their own rams and battle ships, besides numerous dangerous submarines. Reinforcing troops were landed on the west side of the hostile position, to operate against Mc-Hollester from that quarter. After three days of land fighting with Mc-Hollester and King Baggot, the christian fleets steamed in between the two Glandelinian fortified positions and gave their broadsides at short distances.

After a most gallant bombardment the iron clads were withdrawn as it was discovered that to take the position the land forces must act simultaneously. Ten of the christian battle ships were so badly damaged that they blew up destroying every fighter on board. A continuous bombardment of thirteen hours however had crumbled the eastern redoubts to pieces. Twenty other christian ships had run foul of the glandelinian submarines which let loose their torpedoes sinking the ships, but the christian shore batteries hammered at these submarines sinking them also, while the remaining Abbeaunian battle ships now poured in a general fire that was incessant broadside following broadside in quick succession of about 375 shots per second, eighty glandelinian ships were down upon the christian fleet, the fury of the cannonading increased, but the foe's ships torn to pieces surrendered, but without the simultaneous action of the christian troops on the land side the fleet could not bring the defenders of the redoubts into submission and signals came to Baggot to make a tremendous assault right away or the fleets would have to retire. General Antoine Hardee was ordered by Baggot to charge, he made a charge that was our rising to the christian commander himself, the whole right wing of Mc-Hollesters force was crushed, and the survivors fled, Hardee pursued, the right wing again made a stand and was again disastrously defeated, losing all their guns, 1,000,000 in prisoners, and in generals Costello, Montrose, Granger, Cresco, Conroy, Concoe, Cornscoe, Callaboonia, Cassels, Carladeor, Costello, Costello, Cannonia, Crawford, Crew, Costelloe and Carlisle Liebermann who were all mortally wounded.

So fierce was the Abbeaunian advance and pursuit at this point that the whole cavarly force rode one hundred two miles in thirty six hours, and driving the right wing beyond recovery. General Baggot assaulted the left and center many times and though often repulsed with great loss he managed at last to drive the foe out of the first line of works with the loss of 1,750,000 killed and 3,800,000 wounded. The main glandelinian center fell back in accordance with orders, the left still held firmly, but a heavy movement was made against Mc-Hollesters left by general Aronburg Stedman by which movement Mc-Hollester was deceived, and sent reinforcements from the last of his reserves. Then at the proper moment, general Caldwell and Burns swung around and attacked the weakest point, and carried every thing before them, in one instant the christian cavarly 10,000,000 strong dismounted, and carried a heavily redoubt single handed sabre in hand cutting wanton slaughter, then the second redoubt which the fleets had been unable to subdue the same cavarly troops carried in the same manner a slaughter, all its defenders because they would not yield. Then Fairbanks carried general Mc-Hollesters main position, the foe being driven out of their original line, and was forced back along the base of Maria Heights a new position, which was also forced after a storming assault the foe losing 1,200,000 more in prisoners, and sixteen hundred pieces of artillery, arms and wagons. The christian army bivouacked on the field and prepared to continue driving the enemy on the morrow. At 6 P.M. an assault was delivered with horrible violence against the whole christian line just as they were resting, and though taken by surprise, the main line held firmly till nine o'clock though the left and center was driven back two miles, and general Baggot, viewing the tremendous assault sent reinforcements from his right and center, and as more glandelinian columns moved to the assault they thoughtfully drew the heaviest Abbeaunian musketry and artillery fire they had ever encountered, and were compelled to fall back to be reformed. The signal was given, and then upon the glandelinian right and center,

like a mighty storm were rushed the christian forces under generals Caldwell and ganderly countercharging the foe as they were reforming, and in that heading onrush carried all before them with the greatest impetuosity.

Meanwhile the other assaulting glandelinian columns having been reformed for the second time moved against the christian line, drove back the columns that made the furious counter charge, and carried a good portion of the christian position by a most desperate assault..... The whole Abbeaunian line it seemed was broken beyond recovery but not so. In these terrible onslaughts the enemy had lost about 24,000,000 men in killed and wounded, and though capturing 53,000 pieces of artillery could not even hold them long enough to fire one discharge, and while most of the christian line was badly broken up general Owens arrived with a column of 7,000,000 cavarly, added by a force of 7,000,000 dragoons or lancers, 8,000,000 consen tinians, and over 10,000,000 Abyssinians, while quickly after him came general Vanderbilt with a force of 38,000,000 infantry, and 3,000,000 cavarly, and these assaulted the works captured by the enemy carried them with one simultaneous bold dash and recaptured all the guns while the enemy were trying furiously but in vain to fire the first discharge. Again the christians secured 17,500,000 prisoners. A vigorous attack of maddened violence was made by the foe to retake these works, an overwhelming force of Arabian Curdes and Kurds furiously assaulting the works and positions, again the christian force was overpowered and driven back with great loss, and with the death of general Baggot the main commander General Crawford took his place and by making a heavy concentration from the right and left, caused the triumph of the enemy to be short, and though the glandelinians managed to use the captured artillery this time, and pour in their shots so incessantly as to tear line after line of christians to pieces, the whole force of glandelinians who had captured the works fought themselves surrounded, and out of 10,000,000 of them only two 2,345,678 surrendered, the rest having fought to the last. General Meade Francis seized the well intrenched right line of the glandelinians, securing a large number of prisoners, but he himself was killed, and by a prompt counter assault of greater violence the whole christian line was again shattered, but all efforts to regain the once captured position was repulsed with fearful loss. On the extreme christian left a similar assault of great violence was made, but resulting the same.

The battle had now raged until nine o'clock but now instead of waiting till the morrow as King Baggot had proposed Crawford at once resolved to resume the attack on the enemy, and cut off their retreat by the Easter Starring. In preparation he secretly sent troops to his extreme left, and gave orders to Antoine to move on the right flank close to the foe's center. General Mc-Hollester learned of these movements and suspecting the design threw 17,000,000 of his best men to the support of his right, and these made a heavier assault than ever, and amidst the fierce storm of christian fire, the assailants gained a greater advantage than before during the battle, crushing the Abbeaunian left to pieces, and annihilating Antoine Hardee's whole division, but Crawford threw his reserves upon the assailants, the reserves were beaten back, with three quarters of their number shot down, then troops and artillery were sent from the right, and these after horrible fighting finally beat off the glandelinian assailants, and finally the christians carried the very earth works from which the enemy issued, and obtained possession. But this at once led to fighting of more horrible fur and violence. The glandelinians came on wildly once again, driving the reinforced christian left and center back, but presently a fresh division by a gallant counter assault, checked the furious glandelinian advance for a time.

Crawford dismounted his great cavarly forces, and managed them so skillfully as to repel the fiercest attack at every point. The christian forces under Mangoline drove the glandelinians in front of them, to the skirmish lines, then by impetuous attacks the glandelinians were driven to Ten P.M. within their main lines. Mangoline in his report said;

"The enemy after the most desperate assaults by my men were driven from their strong line of works, and completely routed, the fifth corps doubling up their shattered flanks in confusion capturing many prisoners, besides officers, and the cavarly under general Penigan dashing over the position captured the foe's artillery, and turning it upon them, and riding into their disorganized ranks, carrying all before them, and so demoralized were the glandelinians that they made no further serious stand or charges after their line was carried, but took to uttermost flight in disorder."

The glandelinians were pursued for sixteen miles in three hours, and lost besides the 25,000,000 more killed and wounded, between five and six million prisoners. The following day and night was made hellish by a vigorous and constant bombardment along the whole christian line, and at 4 A.M. the next following morning the most tremendous assault of the battle was made by the entire christian line which after all days desperate fighting was successful, and the glandelinians were driven on their left by canonry, and by Crawford on their right, were broken and in great confusion rushed in a panic-stricken mass westward by the main Mc-Hollister and Pandora railroad along the bank of the river by the latter name.

Violet and her sisters, were overwhelmed over the great success won by the various christian armies in calverinia, and calverinia, or the total breaking up of the worse glandelinian invasion of the war and in the world, and of such many headlong victories won in quick succession, Manley himself saw that all his plans were frustrated, for now all was lost, and his own country was threatened by a great invasion to be made by the christian armies, themselves. Violet and her sisters indeed were overjoyed, and Evans winning his latter victory itself was more to add to it all, and the whole world itself was apt to be surprised.

All depended on general Hanson, how quickly the invasion was to be accomplished. There were several armies in Angelinia as yet belonging to the foe, but they made no move whatever to check any advance on the part of the christians, and so all was now still for a while, and the war had again lulled. Evans during his rounds into the ruined cities caused by the frightful carnage at glorinia had checked in all the losses which he showed to little violet and her sisters, which ran as follows,;

THE LOSSES OF THE RUINED CITIES, IN KILLED AND INJURED COMBINED IS AS FOLLOWS:

CITIES:

Homeless

Glorinia: dead and wounded 2,900,000. Property loss \$ 79,400,789. I, 900,000
Angelina: dead and wounded; I, 060,000 property loss \$ 400,000. I, 000,000.
Angelina Agathia, dead and wounded, I, 500,000. Property loss \$ 3,700,000.
Calvernia: dead and wounded; 59,000,000. Property loss \$ 100,000,000.
Homeless in the city of calvernia; 93,000,000.
Aronburg; dead and wounded; 56,000,000. Property loss \$ 80,000,000. Homeless; 20,000,000 people including women and children.
Jennie Wren town; dead and wounded, 3,600,000; property loss \$ 65,000,000; homeless; 30,000,000.
Chamberlaine; dead and wounded; 3,200,000; property loss \$ 80,000,000; homeless in Chamberlaine, 33,000,000.
Marocellian; dead and wounded; 980,000; \$ 600,000 property loss; homeless considered at about 600,000.
Aundacellia; dead and wounded; I, 044,944; Property loss \$ 1,240,432; Homeless; 3,000,000.
Marocellia dead and wounded; 1,091,000. Property loss \$ 62,000,000; homeless in Marocellia; 33,948,000.
Mc-Hollister dead and wounded; 6,620,543. Property loss \$ II,000,000; homeless in Mc-Hollister; 61,999,936.
Pouncee-Oee-goloolia dead and wounded; 406,422; Property loss \$ 299,222; homeless IO,000,202.
ULLAWAY dead and wounded; I, 100,640; Property loss \$ II,299,444; homeless in Ullaway; II,500,922.
Kauffmann dead and wounded, I, 399,666; Property loss \$ 2,999,000; homeless in Kauffmann; 7,644,000.
Pandora dead and wounded, 6,642,666; Property loss \$ 82,922,999; Homeless in Pandora; 2,266,222.
Derophia dead and wounded; 3,932,000; Property loss \$ 2,222,268; homeless; IOI IO,299,000.
Zimmermann dead and wounded; 7,599,000; Property loss \$ IO,000,000. Homeless in Zimmermann; I, 212,213; Property loss \$

Connolly dead and wounded; 450,140 dead and wounded, Property loss \$ 229,000; Homeless in Connolly 20,000.
Jennie-Elchee dead and wounded; 2,601,000; Property loss \$ 12,012,020.
Homeless in Jennie-Elchee; I, 222,998.
Joan; no dead, but wounded also scarce/ Property loss however is \$ 13,012,000 and homeless I, 200,642.
St Catharine, wounded only---no dead, 201,962. Property loss \$ 439,012,000.
Homeless, 99,400,000.
Mc-Hollister dead and wounded; 342,954. Property loss \$ 344,444; Homeless; in Mc-Hollister; 500,000.
Vivian dead and wounded 3,964; Property loss \$ 954,999; Homeless 9,000,000.
Zoe Rae; dead and wounded; 8,954; Property loss \$ 342,954; Homeless; in 4,952,444.
Evangelina. St. Glare; dead and wounded; 42,991. Property loss \$ 983,937.
Homeless; 3,248,000.
Franklin dead and wounded; I, 400. Property loss \$ 336,444; Homeless in the city I, 300,000.
Rena dead and wounded, 188. Property loss \$ 968,999; Homeless; 4,000,000.
Topsy dead and wounded, 290; Property loss \$ 100,000. Homeless; 3,400,000.
Eva-St. Glare; dead and wounded; no wounded, but 6,220 dead; Property loss is \$ 214,336. Homeless 3,640,000.
True dead and wounded; 93; property loss \$ 648,982. Homeless; 20,000.
Legree wounded only---no dead; 4,643,444; Property loss \$ 848,336; Homeless in Legree 30,000.
Francis Manley; dead and wounded; 9,483,444; Property loss \$ 3,844,999.
Homeless 410,000.
Little no dead---wounded 290; Property loss \$ 8,940,999; Homeless; 18,000.
Francis-goldsmith; dead and wounded I, 300. Property loss \$ 9,999,999. Homeless 80,000,000.
Total in dead and wounded of all the cities wrecked by the fearful battle of Aronburg run or glorinia; 303,915,714. Total in property destruction; \$ 649,568,065. Total in all the homeless; 45,360,016.
Total in dead and wounded in the thirty eight cities wrecked by the fearful battle of Jennie Wren " 215,988,910. Property loss \$ 379,786,579.
Homeless; I, 215,336,844. The cities are as follows;
Jennie Turner, Angelina, Confection, Heda, St Rosa, or Angos, Rodia, Angelina Beldon, Melfort, Agathia, Wickey Jansin, Catherine Stanek, Phelantonburg, Chamberlaine, Feradral, Aronburg, Mc-Whirther, Oceanna, Gocillia, St dde St Virginia, Jennie Burns, Angelina Wren, Evangelista, Catherine Peck, Yoma Catherine, Maney, Gretn, Grothos, Jennie Tom, Angelina Ford, Marcusian, Vivian Wickey, Sacramento, Corinth, Wren, Sunbeam Creeklin, v Attilia, Angelina-tine, and Furness.
It was the purpose of general Jack Evans of keeping these lists, of cities destroyed by the enemy during these battles, in order to know how much damage had been done, and to which the enemy would be compelled to repay. Hilde man's Glandelinian army still confronted Evans christian force, but nevertheless had remained a engagement, though Evans had tried to force him to fight once. So two lines of armies were facing each other, scowling, and growling but not striking at each other as yet. The vivian girls had done wonders in securing the plans and important papers which they had succeeded in getting during their spying exploit, and were marvelled at by all the christian officers in the Abbeaunian and Angelinian armies.
It was seen by all now that the war for the side of the foe was lost, and during all the excitement over these effects it was seen nevertheless that it would take a great invasion for the foe to be forced into submission.

A NEW FISHY WAR OF THE WORLDS. JOHN MANLEY'S ARMY IS CRUSHED AT PHELANTONBURG.

Though defeated once at Phelantonburg general John Manley had been reinforced by general Gadlin power to the strength of 100,000,000, and having 500,000 of the biggest cannon, besides 345,678 of smaller ones, he was confident of capturing that place and establishing a new invasion, in which he hoped he could hold. General Evans had learned of this intended invasion, and as the sorted armies were moving toward that direction to make a junction with Manley, and as all the other christian armies were too far away from the threatened region, Evans decided to stop Manley, and march for Phelantonburg right away. He notified general Hanson, and the christian governments of the threatening danger, and then leaving a large force to watch the movements of general Hilde man he started his advance as soon as possible.

It was already the month of march and it seemed as if the war was going to rage four years. As Evans sent orders for his army to advance swiftly for the north, Violet and her sisters apprehensive that was something was wrong, rode up to Evans head quarters and finding him asked the reason of his orders:

"Oh it's that gosh-darn skunk of a general John Manley!" Was his snappy answer. "He is taking the advantage of the absence of the other christian armies, and having received new divisions from glandelinia is advancing to make a new invasion and capture phelantonburg. He must be stopped, and as I'm nearer to that city than any of the others I'm going to make the race for the place and hold him off. He's got 150,000,000 men, but I have 300,000,000 and can beat him I'm sure!"

He notified generals Wionstien to come and join him, and telegraphing to general Vivian at Titanic Fair of his intention, and advising him not to allow any more foe armies cross the glandelinian border, and giving instructions of a similar character to all the other christian generals on the border Evans started his advance northward, Violet and her sisters with their boy scouts going on far ahead under a severely sent to watch the movements of the advancing army of glandelinians...

The people in Angolintia hearing the news of the threatening invasion fled from the vicinity of phelantonburg, and from other towns, towns and sent messengers begging the Angolintian and calverinian governments to send armies to stop Manley's advance.

The main problem of the whole situation, was that three glandelinian armies under general Woldemann was moving to make a union, and this Evans knew must be prevented at all hazards. If he did join John Manley there was no telling then of what would happen. Having too big an army any way Eva decided to sent three big divisions to oppose these three glandelinian forces, and so he ordered generals Henry and August pargor with Gustor Shoeman, to move their divisions separately to oppose these advancing glandelinian reinforcements.

Manley finally learned of these movements of the christians and so hastened his advance, and later on March 31st general Evans got this document secured by a spy written by Manley. It was an order written to general "Woldemann":

"Your excellency is it is dangerous to proceed in your direction as these fierce pargers and Shoeman are moving their forces to prevent your junction with me. Change your course and do not oppose them unnecessarily as it is fatal.

General John Manley

It was good information for general Evans and he immediately warned August pargor in main command of the information he found, and ordering him to intercept any movement on the part of Woldemann, and force him into an engagement. Then he resumed his own advance, but was startled later on to learn that Manley's forces had reached phelantonburg first, and was concentrating in their strongest to oppose him.

Evans was furious. He had strongly desired to get to phelantonburg first and his bitterest enemy had outwitted him. It was the heaviest blow that general Evans had ever suffered, and he vowed for revenge. He ordered that no quarter should be given for the glandelinians if they encountered any christians in the vicinity, and threatened severe punishment to the officers who disobeyed any command on that line.

"It is probable that the glandelinian slavers will massacre children!" He said and "And if they do and I hear of it I'll allow no quarter to be given to the glandelinians, even their wounded shall be sent to death and bayoneted." He even sent these warnings to general Manley himself, who replied that there were no inhabitants in which to massacre.

Evans decided to move against Manley immediately, as delay was disaster. And there is no telling, either, whether Woldemann would not outwit the other three christian generals either, and so Manley must be driven off before they come.

Three days later he arrived within sight of the enemy lines, and began to prepare for the struggle that was bound to come. He telegraphed for word of the other three commanders, and got answer quickly that despite all their efforts, Woldemann had outwitted them and was moving from the west to make a junction with Manley, and that these three glandelinian divisions had reached the town of Gardula.

Evans at this news, extended his right wing toward that town, and enclosed the region forming that wing in the shape of a giant V, or triangle, and decided to have these held back at all cost. Violet and her sisters knowing the location of the foe in that direction had no sooner reported strange movements among the enemy lines, when general Wionstien commander of the right startled Evans with this report:

"Your excellency general Evans;

My whole line of a is heavily assailed by the glandelinians under Woldemann, who is throwing his entire force against the right simultaneously. Vivian girls have told me it was his intention to force back my lines in order to get around and join Manley. The battle is horrible and my line is hard pressed. Hurry up aid. Need artillery more than anything else."

Wionstien.

At once there was excitement, and Evans Evans sitting up all his officers, told them what was wrong, and detailed three artillery officers to run up to the right with all their batteries, and not to stop one moment. Then he went out scouting and saw also suspicious movements among Manley's lines and decided not to wait to be attacked, sent wave after wave of Abbaamians forward to strike Manley's right and center, and soon Wionstien was startled by a tremendous uproar in that location. Manley seeing his two wings assaulted by too overwhelming numbers was apprehensive and ordered all his batteries upon the columns, whose fire tore the whole line like a tornado down the corn, but early in the engagement, Andreas Miller commander of the glandelinian center was dangerously wounded, and his men thrown into horrible confusion. Over the ranks swept the Abbaamians making one treasonous dash, driving all before them, and in the rout, the foe abandoned everything, for the moment, Manley's headquarters and outposts was captured, with all the generals in the building, Manley barely escaping as the roaring tidal wave of christians came up. And by God such yelling that the retreating Abbaamians set up as they were stormed with fire, rushing on and carrying all before them.

Ten glandelinian generals trying to rally their panic stricken troops fell mortally wounded, General Kenneth Gassey of the foe was killed, back Brooks coming up with reinforcements, was downed by a shell and terribly wounded, and his army cut to pieces.

The entire glandelinian center was broken to pieces, and the surviving glandelinians driven back from their two lines of positions for the distance of thirty six hundred miles in two hours time.

Wionstien from telegraph learned of this sudden turn in events, and within that time the three divisions of batteries arrived to his support with reinforcing columns of infantry, and he was able to hold out against twenty desperate onslaughts of Woldemann's army, mauling one entire division of those glandelinians, cutting to pieces the second division and capturing the third. General Woldemann was killed, and fourteen of his aiding generals severely and mortally wounded. Closed in and no chance of escape and as more christians came up and surrounded them the surviving glandelinians discouraged at the death of their leader surrendered.

Manley being notified of this tremendous disaster, and seeing his whole center threatened with annihilation, and worse of all learning that the two pargers who had surrounded Woldemann was now moving to surround his own right wing, made preparations to withdraw that wing out of the dangerous position and succeeded after fourteen hours of the most savage fighting at that section of the battle field. The commanders of the foe right, had been hurried to see division after division of their best men torn to pieces by the deadly christian artillery fire, and were not sorry when they managed to pull out of the threatened trap and get away with the blood covered survivors.

Leaving an uncountable number of their slain and wounded in the hands of the christians. Pargor and his brother in the main force, captured about 10,000,000 glandelinians as prisoners, and many officers of the highest rank. All day long Manley had tried to stem the tide of disaster at his center, but all his reserve forces were not able to stop the mighty christian tidal wave, and by toward night Manley withdrew his badly shattered army further south, but prepared to make a desperate stand on the morrow.

It had been a fearful and terrible battle, his losses were so heavy that he refused to report them openly though the christians after the battle buried 10,897,866 glandelinian dead, and captured 34,567,999 wounded.

Gardonia the beautiful town was battered to splinters during the battle by the horrible fire of the christian artillery itself, but this disaster could not be avoided. Winterton in receiving the surrender of the surviving forces of the glendalians army had reported the number of prisoners taken as 34,567,777 including over 11,937,354 wounded which also fell into his hands. On the narrow the enemy under general Manley resumed the terrific conflict with the most resolute fury ever imagined, and his onslaughts were shilly as crazy in their nature as crazy could be, and in the fury of their violence the christian line had been broken again and again. The artillery on both sides made the most tremendous din ever imagined, fiercer than even the cannonading at McWhirther and Glordina combined, and shook the ground for 10,000 miles and leveled another hundred score of cities and towns to the ground in Ange lina itself.

One bit ways after another of the glendalians swept forward, returning the christian artillery fire as violently as the christians themselves, both sides yelled their loudest, and the whole world seemed raked and havoiced by the fearful storm of bursting shells, which roared and fell like a million severe thunderstorms raging in one big storm.

Evans took note of the fearful assaults, tugging all along the line, which gave his troops no respite, was fairly torn at tormented by the hundreds of reports he received, concerning the addition of portions of the christian line, but nevertheless, he had again and again sent orders that they must stand ground to the last.

"He had all his field pieces in action against the assaults, while the bigger guns stormed with fire at the glendalian batteries, and so spirited was the battle that people from any not near by towns flooding from failing horses, being excited nevertheless came way out there on the fastest trains running in that location just to see the tremendous conflict.

Evans extending his right, massed his biggest columns and threw these fier ely upon the glendalian assaults, almost reducing three quarters of the glendalian wave at that portion of the field.

A great rushing wave of glendalians poured through the dense Graham's lanes, and through Choosotown, but coming upon the flank of general Evans left wing, fell into a bloody massacre and all were either cut or shot too down and taken prisoners, with the loss of all their commanders.

It was the most fearful battle in the war in southern Angolinda, both sides trying out each other with the greatest ferocity, and a no terrific was the artillery fire that it made a clamor as if a million planets were dash "dash" themselves against one another in a fiery war of the worlds. Three times general Manley gained the christian position on the main center and three times the christians had recaptured the works and poured in a fire that told most severely on the enemy.

All the while during the battle violet and her sisters, with their troop of boy scouts kept up signaling every situation they observed, told where the enemy assault was the strongest, where reinforcements, and more artillery was needed, and of the hottest part of the conflict. But they met disaster. The fire of the enemy in this location was terrific, and their boy friends, Starring, and Fredrick and Parger were severely wounded, Powell was killed, and Penrod mortally wounded, and three hundred of the brave lads killed and 2,345 wounded.

At this point the foe had made one tremendous onslaught, that if predicted for truth, would have startled this world. The glendalians came on in three divisions, under the main command of Federal Francis Johnston.

The christian columns here concentrating was under the command of Gallahan and they reserved their fire for the greatest emergency and then when the foe having crossing a mile in ten minutes so swift was their rush came to within three hundred yards, these christians let loose a fire with the roar of hell, violet and her sisters actually counted seventeen hundred great gaps in the enemy's lines, which closed not, a part of the wave, recoiled the left, halted and stormed with a return fire, and then with one accord rallied and came on once more, reached the christian works and swarmed over amid terrific yells that made the little girls ears ring, then there was a lively mixup a tumult of bayonets, and snare, and shots at close quarters, this lasted three minutes, and then they saw what was left of the gray line recoil and retreat in confusion, say men at all drop like flies then all as if in a dream became a fading view all being a shot from usketr msketry.

They felt the loss of their friends, but then these brave lads had done their duty, and none of the little girls could even say that they did not have wounds either. Violet had a bandaged leg, and handu jocks had been cut slightly by three bullets, and her sisters had been slightly wounded in many various ways. The fearful battle centered madly toward Phelantonburg

where Manley threw his heaviest forces, and though he had great armies in reserve he did not use these as yet, though his officers had a n advised him that only these reserves thrown in at the sure time could insure success for him. But he did not take the advice, and held them back, a when if he had thrown these in at the proper moment as advised, he could have swept general Evans completely from the field, and won a battle that would have decided the cause right then and there.

But then the enemies of God never triumphs, and God saw to it that he would not throw in these reserves. Forces in at the proper moment.

So many was the losses among their force of boy scouts becoming that general Evans riding up to the scene begged the little girls pleadingly to leave the dangerous d g region for their own safety as the enemy were putting in a fire so severe at this point that it was a miracle that any one survived. After much coaxing the little girls withdrew their remnants of boy scouts the soldiers and red cross taking care of the many wounded, and dressing the slight injuries of the little girls.

"Evans" but this is certainly terrible." Said Gertrude Angeline to find what they withdrew to a safer place. "I never saw anything like this in the whole war itself. Why its worse or seems to be worse than anything except the glendalian onslaught at Glordina. Can't you throw in all your reserves and end this horrible battle? If you don't you'll have to report staggering losses."

"It seems the only thing that can be done," said Evans. "I'll have to crush Manley to do it though."

It was already noon, and despite all his maddest, and insane efforts Manley had not gained an inch of ground though he had broken the christian line at certain locations. He was nevertheless driven to desperation to finally decided to throw forward all his reserves and take the christian line in the rear at the same time. So without a full in the battle, he reloaded the terrific cannonading and sent these a perfectly overwhelming column to reinforce those already assaulting the christian line, while he occupied an entire section near by for his headquarters, and from there directed the battle. His officers were opposed to the effects of sending the reserves at this time when they seemed it too late, but Manley answered:

"That christian dog general Jack McWhirther Evans had carried all of my works and fortified positions yesterday and if I do not retake those positions, and drive him back all will be lost for sure. He it is true has a stronger force than I, but my artillery will reduce his army in a great deal, and then I'll have a chance of taking him."

"Yes," said the major from general Adolus Adolus-garbo. "But it seems very much to me as if in reducing our position the land. I'm telling you, especially your excellency, we'll never win this battle. For as in particular I refuse to sacrifice your forces further. So let me out for the remainder of the day."

Manley did not say anything to the effect, but reflected bitterly upon the situation. He knew the consequences of failure, and so was desperate enough to make the attempt at all hazards. His defensive artillery was brought up disabled guns were drawn out of the ditch and trench guns placed and now a whole line of thundering cannon was covering the most desperate glendalian charge in the whole battle.

The assault came with an unspontable violence, a storm of battle raging all along the line, but nevertheless the christian line held fire everywhere, and Manley seeing the reserves being horribly cut up and thrown out fruitlessly tore all his artillery upon the christian line while he sent orders for those detailed for the flank attack to hurry and strike. The messenger going off got lost and ran plump into a horse of on confusion surely shot at the down without mercy as he tried to convey the second the order which ran as follows:

"General Graydon!

My reserve forces are being andly depleted, and cannot force the christian line sidway at any point. Hurry and flank the christian rear before it is too late. A'll then take them as possible, a all to depend upon your quickness.

CRITICAL JOHN
MAINZ.

"Good but we'll have to be quick," said the leader of the christian cavalry. Ad and off they raced for the nearest christian signal station, and quickly gave the warning. Graydon found the christian line flung on its guard but nevertheless he also made a general assault in double line, his men swept sweeping forward like a glacial flood. The aspect of the scene here was terrific, the glendalians went down like lawns, but nevertheless for a time they were successful and drove the christians into confusion.

As the battle began, growing stronger in violence, Violet and her sisters began to feel the peril. They did not wait for the gladiolus line to appear upon the flank of general Evans left wing, and maintaining the situation, and observing that the gladiolus was successful, they all came back for general Evans. It took them an hour to find. He was disheartened a little, but he had just arrived, and taking up the situation of the battle, he said to the gladiolus. "Thank goodness that the little girls have told me that." He said. "The little girls are a wonder. Violet and her sisters are very quick. Notify general Winston of the danger and he'll stop the assault on his left flank. All among them." "But he is so far," said Violet. "We could not reach him in time to give him the order. It is better that we could telegraph it to him."

"Good idea," said Evans. "And off they raced. Winston got the message, but he answered back:

"Good idea," said Evans. "And off they raced. Winston got the message, but he answered back:

"I have seen the flankers, and want to remark that they are now in successful. Tell general Evans not to worry. Battle is almost won. I have crushed the gladiolus left, and am in possession of his main line of works. A portion of my line is moving on the rear of Manley's center, and will strike a blow any minute now."

T

This very thing occurred just as the little girls received this message. The assault was still in confusion, the whole christian line was sweeping forward, Evans center was already clearing the gladiolus lines, were in possession of the center and were ready to turn Manley's right wing. To Manley the battle was lost. His army was already frightfully shattered, crushed and tangled, his second headquarters was in possession of the christian line, and a second time all the officers there had been captured, and he had a desperate two hours fight to get away, and after shooting down three hundred Angellians himself single handed, he had managed to escape, and was pursued for ten miles before he was rescued by a rallying column of gladiolusians.

Evans however said that to assault the army with two of position at this time with his army so disorganized, was madness, and so he recalled those sweeping forward, and strengthened his lines, and reformed his armies. Manley was obliged to the quick over his two bitter failures, but now the second main division of Hildebrand's army had arrived from the east, the third was well on the way and Manley had hopes of securing an advantage yet.

During the evening general Evans summoned the two generals before him and when they arrived, he said:

"Though you two have been also defeated by Hildebrand and just the same you have been able to recover. I'll detail you to carry Manley's central line of works to recover. Do you think you can do it?"

"If we can't who can?" was a just answer and answer. We ordered Hildebrand's first main division, yesterday, and Winston sent out his right wing, and cutting down the center, and capturing the left captured us christian generals to force the survivors to surrender or to be massacred. We got revenge alright. But then there the other two big divisions and they are relieving general Manley to night."

In the meantime, general Hildebrand had learned from his signal corps a capture of his two bitter defeats, and was enraged beyond words. When as he learned the Vivian girls who had caused his defeat, and he was bound to have them destroyed once and for good, and do it at once. What the cost. He held a council, and then sent out scouts to locate their whereabouts, or at least at which part of the christian line they were in, and then come back to report the matter to him. So Evans concentrated his main line of batteries to his center, learned toward eight o'clock that night, that the foe were either making a demonstration or throwing out heavy columns of scouts, for some reason that was not known, that nevertheless it looked very suspicious and menacing. Evans planned at this point out reconnoitering parties to watch these movements, and see what the trouble was. The christian scouts finally fell in with a party of these gladiolusians, capturing 34, of them and bringing them within the lines as a loss of war. They were brought before general Evans who forced out of them the truth of the whole affair.....

When it was withdrawn the Vivian girls out of the point of danger, and threatened terrible punishment on any of the soldiers who would desert them in case of arising danger. It was evident that it was Manley's purpose to locate the portion of the christian line where Violet and her sisters were located, and then to try and capture them by making a sudden and heavy assault upon that point of the christian line. Evans dreaded to leave the little girls within the danger zone, and after some short deliberation placed them under the guardianship of the big gladiolusian foreman who were instructed to guard them as they would their own children, in case they were in danger.... It was not known where or when the attack was expected to be at its fiercest in case it came, but nevertheless, Evans decided to have his whole army well guarded, and receive the gladiolusians with a hotter fury than before.

He did not know whether the enemy if they had learned about the Vivian girls and their position would attack immediately at that night, or wait until morning, but nevertheless Evans did not want to take any chances and so he saw to it that his lines were well prepared...

Evans then also decided to have the Vivian girls moved from point to point, during the night to baffle the enemy of god, which he did, transferring them to various parts of the central wing, and indeed this kept the gladiolusian scouts so baffled, and flabbergasted that they did not at least know what to say, but they finally held the opinion that the little Vivian girls were kept mainly in the christian center, though transferred from point to point, and decided to inform Manley of it, and report that his intentions are discovered.

So they returned, all with different reports, but nevertheless Manley realized that general Evans his adversary was tricking him, and decided upon a more desperate purpose. Not to try and capture the Vivian girls, but to make a most treacherous onslaught against the whole christian center simultaneously as well as the right and left, but to direct the main force of the assault in the location of Evans headquarters, and try with light and main to capture him instead.

But again God intervened. Christian spies had overheard this plot, and informed Evans as quickly as possible to look out for Manley as he was the chief object and not Violet and her sisters!... "So it's his purpose to capture me oh!" said Evans. "Well he'd better get a strong net first, and not a torn one to buy a lion like me. I'll guard against his surprises never fear."

It happened to be a dark pitchy night, the weather was hot and close, and the sky overcast with heavy storm clouds, while in the distant horizon lightning was visible. Manley had decided to take advantage of the darkness, and assault the christian line while it was off its guard, but again he was frustrated, for his spies informed him that Evans learned all of his intentions and that to attack the christian line in such darkness was like throwing himself into a mass of fire.

Discouraged at being outwitted so many times general Manley decided to retreat and abandon the invasion, and defend the boundary line, but this his officers would not hear of. He had fresh forces at hand and these they advised him would win the contest for him the next day. Nevertheless general Manley was apprehensive. He knew the strength of his adversary, the fury of such a christian general, and did not like the idea of assaulting such a christian line again. He held a council during the night, turning over plan after plan of how to smite the christian army, but none of these was agreed to, and finally he decided to retreat and do so no matter what his officers said or protested.

His losses had been so appalling that he desired most for a retreat, and did not want to sacrifice his two new divisions. He felt too that the whole war was lost, for the christian armies were now too numerous, and that a terrific invasion was expected at any moment. Finally at eleven o'clock he notified all of his officers that he intended to retreat, and that they must obey his orders, when during a wild thunderstorm, he was surprised to learn that the christians had come on in a heavy assault against his whole right wing and was driving it back from its whole position in the wildest confusion, and that all the artillery, and munitions, besides materials, wagon train and artillery was captured by the christian soldiers.

This indeed was terrible news, and not anything exaggerated either. Learning that it was all too true Manley withdrew his center and left, and started a retreat as fast as possible, and learning of the retreat Evans sent his forces forward, and pressed Manley so hard, that early in the morning he was forced to halt a portion of his army and make a desperate stand. He blamed his officers for his failures in getting off without another bloody engagement, but nevertheless there was nothing else to do, so he stood his ground, and waited for the christian onslaught that was sure to come.

Evans seeing that general Manley prepared to take a stand, halted his own army, and at six o'clock in the morning opened on Manleys line a terrific artillery fire. Manleys batteries quickly responded, but could not silence the christian fire, and two assaults already had broken in his lines so terribly that if he stood his ground all that day his army would meet complete destruction.

It was indeed a disastrous invasion for Manley. His whole army was crushed to fragments, cut to pieces, and still standing its ground on the third day of the battle was threatened with annihilation. After desperate fighting all that morning, Manley seeing it in vain to check the christian onslaught decided to retreat, and so at two thirty, while the battle raged for a while he started the retreat, leaving a great force to make a show front so as to deceive Evans and hold him from advancing too soon. Evans discovered the ruse however, and advanced as soon as Manley started his retreat, and so in the afternoon at about four o'clock Manley again was compelled to stand his ground, but this time enraged over his failures he himself made a tremendous assault on the christian line, and in the frightful storm of battle Evans received reports that violet and her sisters had been captured by the glandelinians and cruelly murdered. Searching for evidence so as he found them safe and sound in the midst of the strong cavalry escort, at which location however the assault of the enemy was the heaviest. All the rest of the day the battle raged with frightful fury, the enemy making in quick succession over sixteen onslaughts, of the most terrible violence, the firing on both sides roared like thrills of cannon, and though time and again the christian line was driven and broken up, it could not be forced at any point and toward night fall the enemy withdrew from the assault and retired to the high hills, which they deemed impregnable.

Fortunately for violet and her sisters starring and his two companions had only been wounded during the battle, and they had received reports of great and encouraging reinforcements, and soon as the slaughter again began ceased and all was quiet violet and her sisters went to see their wounded friends. They were lying in cots in the army tent hastily as erected during the general halt, and were indeed glad to see violet and her sisters.

"You three little boys are indeed heroes," said violet. "So have we nevertheless come off safer than many hundreds of other poor unfortunate boys and girls. But I'm afraid you boys did too much. I may have been for our sake but then it was needless to have exposed yourselves so recklessly." "We forgot ourselves in the excitement," said Fredrick. "And we tried to rescue so many of our wounded comrades. But how did the battle turn out to day?"

"The same as the first two days," said violet. "But I hope it is really over and that Manley will retreat. It seems to be winning battle that's all but there is no sign of the most desirable occurrence coming yet. And that is the end."

"It's looking bad at that," said Marger. "When the invasion starts, there is no doubt that the wicked glandelinian nation will not rise like ten million armies, and we'll receive the greatest resistance ever imagined. All is lost for glandelinian it is true, but I fear the war will last another year or so yet before we'll gain the end of it. It's looking that way anyhow."

"We believe it," said violet and her sisters. "And what we think more of is about the strong positions of Titanic pair. There are so many forts and it'll take a long time to capture them all, even if a long christian line would act simultaneously against all the fortifications."

"We have the plans of these fortifications, and though we gave them to Evans we do not believe it will do much good just now," said Jennie. "There is no telling that when we begin the invasion, that the biggest armies of the for will flock to these fortifications, to defend them at all costs. Nevertheless we are glad to see all this excitement, but then oh what a terrible number of men it'll cost us and then combined."

"The best way we can reduce the fortifications is to blow them up with our cannons," said general Winstien who was with them. "I for one would not lead an assault against any of those fortifications for any reason as it would be a mad sacrifice of troops and officers combined, and a fearful cost in money too. What an assault will not accomplish a cowardly of the greatest force will accomplish....."

"Maybe so," said Jennie. "But then those fortifications are also teeming with the worst kind of cannon, and can return a fire that would let the world know what it sounds like. It's best to use stratagem or besiege the fortifications, and starve them out. It's the only way that we can see."

"Who is the main commander of the glandelinian armies?" asked the fortifications at Titanic pair. "Asked in Winstien." "I do not know," said the little girls. "And the commanders have changed several times, as some had not been in favor of the war, and have either received their fair share or resigned their commands....."

".... Do you think that general Manley will resume the battle tomorrow morning general?" asked Angeline. "...."

"It is hard to say," answered general Winstien. "But I do not think he will."

"But he does not seem to have the desire to retreat since he took position on those high hills," said Gertrude Angeline. "I'm sure he'll resume the fighting again."

"Well if he does it'll cost him his army," said Winstien. "His army is crushed badly now as it is and if he expects success just because he is in possession of those hills well then he will soon find out that he is in the wrong."

A AN EXPERIMENT FOR VO VIOLET AND HER SISTERS!!....

During the night violet and her sisters had desires to go out and see what was doing, which they could not resist. So notifying general Evans of their intentions, they set off with their friend general starring and several other men, and some of their boy scouts. They had been advised by starring that it was a risky undertaking, but nevertheless violet and her sisters, were undaunted and decided to penetrate the very lines of the enemy and learn all the information they could. As Manleys lines were on the hills, this gave to

the little girls reasons of for greater caution but nevertheless they reached their destination without any adventure, and soon were within the enemy's lines.

As soon as we reach general Manleys headquarters, I want you three little boys and girls to hid among the trees nearest to the building, and we'll signal to you what we have learned," said violet to the three boy scouts. "Starring will proceed with us and help us in all that is needed. We'll show Manley and his glandelinians, that we still are in the way, and not only that but are not afraid of him and never intend to be either."

The boys took the hint, and soon the spies were crouching before general Manleys headquarters. However violet and her sisters had forgotten to disguise themselves, but nevertheless hiding in the shrubbery, they saw eight glandelinian boy scouts approaching, and as soon as they were near enough the little girls themselves pounced on them and then with the help of starring, quickly overpowered them, taking off their outer clothing and hats, and then try tying them hand and foot, and gagging them hid them in the shrubbery and called forth.

Starring was instructed to remain in his hiding in the shrubbery, and he did so but he warned them for God's sakes to be careful for they were going into a hornets nest..... Not recognized by the guards at the main entrance, violet and her sisters were admitted into the building, the little girls having shown the flag fine passes.

As soon as they were inside the building, they saw the three main leaders in one of the larger rooms, with Manley at their head sitting at a table with a large sheet of paper laid out on the table. To get these plans by their old time means the little girls realized was utterly impossible. The only way to seize them was to force the generals to give it up so in they went to the surprise of Manley having discarded their disguises in defiance.

The glandelinian generals were about to draw their guns when violet said: "If you do so your comrades will find you dead in the morning. Don't look at us so. We are children it is true, but only in size and not in ways. We want your plans and if you know what is good for you you'll hand them over to us."

"Why you impudent little--" "Butted in one of the little girls. "We are not in a hurry, and that is in shooting you down general Manley. There was a time when we felt for you like we would our father but now we have changed you unrepentant enemy of God. Hand over those plans I tell you or we'll shoot you down right where you stand. And give us your weapons too." These generals were indeed desperate fellows, but then they realized it was suicide to resist the vivid girls children though they be, and they complied with their every demand.

"How what do you want us to do?" Asked Manley with an surly an expression as he could assume.

"To insure our ready escape, we wish to tie you up and leave you here till we get away." Said violet. "We want to hinder as much pursuit as possible. My sisters will do the tying with your waist bands."

The glandelinian generals stared to protest but violet and her sisters became more threatening and the generals sullenly submitted though they looked like if they would like to eat the little girls at one meal. As soon as all the generals were all fasted to the table the little girls put their disguises back on and immediately left the building. As soon as violet and her sisters were gone one of the guards having passed the room saw the three generals tied up and immediately released them.

"WHY IN THE HELL DID YOU FOOLS LET IN THOSE LITTLE DEVILS FOR?" He demanded in a rage.

"Let in who?" Asked the guard. "We had nothing to do with the intrance. I'm one of the hall guards."

"Well the vivian girls have stolen my plans and have tied us up this way." Growled Manley. "And they must be taken. Hurry sound the alarm for they have not gone far as yet."

The sentry went out to do so and soon the alarm was sounded, and the little girls hiding in the shrubbery, saw the glandelinians swimming out of the tents and start looking every where for the little girls.

We have to watch out now." Said starring as he observed the glandelinians swimming about, many with lanterns. "They are searching for you little girls and they are bound to get you."

They waited until the first of the columns of the pursuers were gone and then they sailed forth from their hiding places, and were unfortunately detected. Starring however created a commotion, by seizing one of the rifles of the glandelinian soldiers and striking down ten of them in a minutes time and creating such confusion that violet and her sisters were quite a distance before pursuit could begin.

The glandelinians yelling like demons rushed upon the little girls with braided muskets, but starring shot a number of them down, the little girls also opened opening fire and it seemed as if a battle was raging right then and there, the surviving glandelinians were thrown into confusion and edged away from their desperate fig fugitives.

In the hall the little girls with starring, and the boyscouts reached a small bridge over which they went, and then starring with swinging blows of the musket butt crashed in the floor of the bridge in order to hinder the pursuit.

"Quick now before it is too late." Cried starring, when a shot hit him in the shoulder.

"Good god I'm wounded by those skunks." He cried. He was however able to follow them, and on they went. The enemy were trying to mend the bridge, while now it was seen that the cavally was preparing to cross the stream at another point near a ford, in order to intercept the pursuers.

It happened to be a bright moonlight night, in which fugitives and pursuers could see plainly, and the little girls saw that the leader of the cavally was general poobhead. They felt sure he did not know when he was pursuing and so did not make anything of it. The cavally was rapidly gaining on the little girls, but starring opened fire first, bringing down poobheads horse and ten or other glandelinian soldiers fell. The little girls at once awaited the opportunity and jumped on the horses as they came upon their hiding place, and poobhead seeing them shouted:

"It's the vivian girls." After the man and the three boys fellows, but harm not the little girls or I'll shoot down every one of you in cold blood."

But to catch the man and three boys was out of the question, and as the little girls were mainly the fugitives poobhead refused to continue the chase, and later on resigned his command for reloading cian from Mal Manley.

The other pursuers continued on after the fugitives, and a squad of fleet glandelinian infantry men opened such a vigorous fire that every one of the fugitives horses were brought down, and before the little girls could rise to their feet, the glandelinians were upon them with fixed bayonet bayonets intending to run them through right there.

Starring and the three boyscouts alone had escaped the enemys withering fire and came suddenly upon the squad of glandelinians opening fire, shooting down three of them and disabling the rest.

Three of the little girls managed to get on starring's horse when a shot entered the horses flank, and he reared and plunged to the ground, throwing the four riders headlong. The glandelinians thought sure they had the fugitive christians that time but starring and the little girls having recovered took defense on a ledge of rocks, and opening a vigorous fire for several minutes checked their pursuers, with great loss and then resumed their flight across the plateau and soon started down the side of the hill, leaping from tree to tree.

They saw that glandelinians were swarming everywhere, but nevertheless the fugitives were soon out of range of the pursuers, and hurried toward the christians line.

It was the most exciting time violet and her sisters had in their lives, and as they were proceeding on three glandelinian soldiers rushed them, but starring brought them down with blows from his musket, breaking it over a mans skull. Again a score of glandelinians rushed him, and the little girls, but while starring struck right and left with his fist downing them like ten line, violet and her sisters shot many of the others down and got away.

They then proceeded on their flight, and no sooner had reached a thick line of bushes when in upon them rushed a glandelinian squad.

Starring handled these in good old style and took all their era cartridge bolts and a munition, and took their clothes all off and hung them on a scarecrow standing in a cornfield near by.

Seeing no more glandelinians in sight the fugitives proceeded on their way and after an hours traveling, they were startled by a sharp challenge "HALT WHO GOES THERE."

Suddenly again gray uniforms appeared, and starring grabbing three of the little girls and the rest following dived into a steep ravine, and ascended to the other side, with a swarm of yelling gray demons after them and firing volleys after volley, in an effort to bring down the three boys and violet and her sisters.

One of the boys received a bullet in the eye and dropped dead, but the rest just now were untouched. But the glandelinians were speedily gaining on them, and one of them rushing up ran to the second boy through the body with his bayonet, and tore him open alive. Starring enraged struggled frantically with him grasped the gun and ran the bayonet through him leaving the glandelinian soldier in the same condition he left the dying boy. Three other glandelinians rushed up, and straddled one of them had the other boy in his grasp strangling him till he was dead, but starring had shot down these glandelinians and then by creating confusion by the wildest firing they had ever put in violet and her sisters with starring got further away from their desperate pursuers.

Violet then recloved a bull in the leg and fell.

Damn those glandelinians." Hissed starring as he kicked her up in his arms and carried her with him. "He had seen the man who fired the shot and dropped him dead right on the spot."

"We are not far from the christian lines now, and can arouse them by keeping up a spirited fire for several minutes." Said starring. "We can hold our ground behind those ledge of rocks at the top of this ravine, and it is my purpose to shoot to kill."

They took shelter behind these rocks and awaited for the glandelinians to make the assault. But they did not do so. They knew violet and her sisters as well as they knew their A.B. and C. and so did not make an attack but instead started to make a maneuver firing heavily at the same time to prevent the little girls and their guardian from rising or from getting a chance to return their fire. Realizing that the pursuers were endeavoring to flank them starring and the little girls deserted their post cautiously and went to another section where it was evident they could surprise their flankers instead.

"We'll have to fight for it now." Said starring. "If those glandelinians succeed in capturing you little girls they'll murder you in the cruelest way possible to think of."

"They'll not get us alive." Said violet and her sisters

with great determination. "We have plenty of ammunition and I can hold off any great number of assailants at this point."

"How many of them are there?" Asked violet who was reloading her pistols while alone had been on duty.

"There seems to be about a hundred of the glandelinians." Said starring. "And they are the fiercest glandelinian soldiers that I have ever seen in my life. Now they are children get ready and receive them."

The glandelinian soldiers unconscious that their fugitives had discovered their ruse, and changed their place were coming on cautiously but at leaps and rushes. Violet and her sisters kept cool and waited until the nearest squad was almost upon them, then opened fire bringing them all down at one volley.

The other glandelinians coming on behind were demoralized at this unexpected resistance, and retired as fast as they could, then after a lull of several minutes a man was seen looking around and he bore a white flag.

"Fire on him too if he comes too near," growled Starring.

"No-no let's see what he has to say," exclaimed violet. "We'd like to know just for curiosity."

The man came within hailing distance and Starring demanded;

"What do you want you dirty glandelinian skin skunk?"

"We demand you and the children to surrender," came back the answer.

"You have shown great resistance, but we have your escape cut off, and though you may have enough ammunition to down all of us, the rest of our comrades

will hear the firing and come to our aid. So there is no escape for you spies and it's better to surrender immediately, than to have to pay the serious penalty for the loss you may inflict upon us glandelinians."

"You can go plumb to hell with your surrender demand," shouted Starring furiously. "It's fortunately you are not within range, or we would have fired on you in spite of your darn white flag."

"But you are fools," shouted the man in answer. "The vivian girls have held up Manley and robbed him of the most important plans, and are wanted as spies. There is no escape and you know it."

Starring realized this, but he also saw what the Glandelinians did not, a swarm of black objects approaching from the direction of the christian lines.

"I repeat that you can go to hell," shouted Starring. "You may overcome us and you may not. Bring on your whole army if you want to but we'll fight to the last and never surrender to an enemy of God. Go back to your dirty snakes and tell them I said so."

The flag bearer is retired and the firing was again resumed.

Desperate assaults were made, but without success, and it was realized that without reinforcements nothing could be done.

"Send for reinforcements," cried the Glandelinian leader.

"More reinforcements would do no good," said a sergeant. "Bring artillery and shell them out of their position."

"They will surely shell us," said Jennie. "If y those christian soldiers do not reach o us in time we are done for."

Starring calculated the distance and laughed.

"They'll be here before the reinforcements arrive," he said. "Just a keep on firing whether you hit a man or not." The more we fire, the more our situation will seem to be desperate and it will hasten them on."

As one of the glandelinians went off to get the reinforcements and artillery the glandelinians decided to make a desperate assault in force, and soon they came up swarming everywhere. Violet and her sisters kept up an incessant fire, bringing down man after man, but on came the survivors, leaping from tree to tree, from rock to rock, firing heavily in return, and though repulsed twice they went at it again, and indeed so furious was the firing that Starring was surprised to see indeed a large swarm of black objects drawing nearer and nearer, and still kept on coming, while a swarm was already near the besieged position.

During the next repulse or repulse there was a considerable lull and now the reinforcements arrived quicker than Starring thought, with six field pieces.

These guns were quickly primed and aimed, and then fired. Six shells exploded above the defense but the fugitives were unhurt. The glandelinians added by the reinforcements, then started another assault, while the artillery opened again, and this time the shells exploded dangerously near.

But this was the last. Below there started a wild pandemonium of firing, the Glandelinians retreated in haste, and up the hill swam a division of Abbeannians.

"By God its Starring and the vivian girls," gasped the Abbeannian leader.

"We thought it was a force of our men trapped by those glandelinians.

How came you to be trapped this way?"

Starring told the whole truth. He had also learned information and declared that it was Manley's purpose to hold the ridge as long as possible, and by putting in an imposing appearance make Evans believe his position was unassailable.

"But said Starring; 'An assault would in no time free those

hills of Manley's whole glandelinian army. He has for fact receiving heavy reinforcements during the night, more troops are still coming to night and he expects more artillery. But a good hard attack would quickly displace his whole army. Violet and her sisters have also held up Manley and three of his chief generals and forced them to give up an important plan.'"

"You little vivian girls are certainly a marvel," said the Abbeannian general whose name was Francis Hendrie. "We Abbeannians have heard a great deal about your experiences and know what you can do. Would you allow me to see the plans or is it for Evans alone?"

"It's for Evans himself," said violet. "But we'll let you see it. Here it is." And she produced the plans.

The general and Starring looked at it by means of a strong flash light.

"Good God," cried Starring. "It's the worse plot that I have seen during the war: Violet and her sisters if it had not been for you this plans would have went into effect alright. You little girls have saved us from a defeat."

Violet and her sisters themselves had not soon the contents of the plans, and at their request they got it back and glanced over it."

As they studied it their faces almost blanched.

"Why it is lucky that we did this," said Jennie. "If we had not got this we could not have warned Evans. Starring will take it to him right away. We'll follow as soon as possible."

"Starring took the sheet of paper and started off, while violet and her sisters followed the Abbeannians back toward the lines. Starring reached general Evans headquarters in the pickiest time and was ushered into his presence, and immediately showed him the plans that the little girls had captured."

Evans examined it. It was a mad plan indeed indeed though in a code, and though he did not understand it, the Abbeannian general and Starring and the little girls had picked it out at the first glimpse, and Starring revealed the facts of the plans.

"Your excellency it was Manley's purpose as it is revealed on this map to hold these hills, and make a harassing front to deceive you so that you thinking the hills were impregnable would not attack. In the delay he could receive heavy reinforcements, under Pittens Riecherts, and then he would deceler by the rear way and made an assault upon your flank that would cause destruction to your army. General those positions are not one half as strong as they look, and if you don't get ahead of him you'll wish you had. He will I know attempt it no matter whether you discovered it or not, for he believes he'll never fail under any conditions."

"I see," said Evans. "I'll attack him to-morrow morning, and either make the fool retreat or destroy his whole army. I'd give anything thing to capture him anyway."

Fifteen minutes later violet and her sisters arrived, and were ushered before the great general.

"You little girls are certainly great children," said Evans taking three of them into his arms and hugging them tight. "It's too bad you little girls are not men. I'd have you promoted as generals for this night's deed. You have saved my army from being surprised."

"Yes and be my attempt it anyway," said violet. "He can succeed too Evans dear uncle as you attack him first. It's foolish to wait until it is too narrow too, for it may come too soon."

Evans held a short deliberation, examined the map and codeplans more carefully, and all his officers felt sure that the little girls were right. A desperate night attack on those hills and fortified positions would prevent the threatened disaster.

"There are lots of ravines for your men to take defense in in case of a repulse," said Hettie. "One of these saved us from capture, and she told of th her experience, and that of her sisters."

"I'll do it," said Evans. "Get the divisions formed for the attack." He added to his officers. "We'll make an attack on every possible position simultaneously."

Indeed Manley was so terribly furious over the capture of his important plans but nevertheless he was confident that the vivian girls could not get away and so decided to hold onto his position. But believing also that they would probably escape at that, he would at least expect an attack, and so massed his artillery on the crests of the hills, in their strongest numbers, and when the christian troops started forward, it was discovered that the hill crest teemed with cannons.

Word of this sudden discovery was sent back to general Evans who was then discovering the fact himself. To attack these batteries, without an artillery support was complete insanity, and so he ordered them not to attack until he could see further what could be done. He examined the positions with his field glasses, the situation of the enemy's position, and his own. He could not train any guns at these batteries, because his army was on low plains and the enemy had possession of hills.

Evans realized that Manley was wiser than it was supposed, that he had been outwitted again, and at first did not know what to do. Finally he hit upon a plan. Why not make a strong demonstration in front, and in the meanwhile send a large force around to the rear of the hills and take Manley in the flank? This he proposed to do. General Johnston was detailed to move to the rear of the hills under cover of the darkness, while Evans instructed the other officers to make a demonstration against the front of the batteries.

These commands were soon put in order, and unseen by the enemy Johnston was marching around the hills, to take him in flank.

Manley really had an impregnable position, and this made him overconfident that he could stop the mightiest armies with the fire of his parks of artillery. He boasted to his officers, that God himself with all the hosts in heaven could never drive him from his positions on the hills, and let alone the christian army under general Jack Evans.

Evans finally learning further orders, started the demonstration and this drew the attention of the enemy, and they depressed their artillery and started some incessant but disillory cannonading. Three hours passed and he was surprised, for no direct attack came from any point. In the meanwhile Johnston's army was marching nearer and nearer, and toward midnight had gone entirely around the hills, and were reforming into lines for the surprise attack they were to make. It took two hours for this formation, but finally they swept forward quietly, and crept like quiet mice up the hills. Up and up they went, and soon reached the crest.

"Johnston issued the command 'Charge' all the officers signalling it among their men, and in one big wave, and with terrific yells loud enough to arouse the dead the Abbleannians swept upon the rear of the infantry lines defending the batteries pouring in a murderous fire, that galled the whole line.

All at once there ensued a scene of lively confusion, another minute the Angolindians themselves were in possession of the guns, and within an hour's time the whole of Manley's army was driven from the hills, again his headquarters was captured, but no officers this time. So complete had been the surprise that Manley was bewildered. But learning that it was only Johnston's men who had taken possession of the hills, and that Evans was a mile off yet he decided to risk retake the hills.

He reformed his panic stricken army, and then as the expected reinforcements came up deployed his columns into three divisions and led them in person to the charge.

Johnston saw them coming and massed the captured artillery upon them while the infantry took position in the rear.

"Wait until they come within close range," was the order all along the line to the infantry men. The light artillery was also under the same instructions, but now the bigger guns opened up and tore gaps in the enemy's lines. But on and on came the survivors, and though they were galled, with their columns ripped to pieces, they reached the very summit.

The light artillery then let loose, followed by a terrific fire from the infantry. This was the finish. The first portion of the gray line melted away completely, the remainder, torn and tattered, recoiled and fled down in the greatest confusion. Manley deemed it proper to try another assault, but by the time he prepared fresh divisions for the attack the whole of Evans' army had reached the crest, and now it was already daylight. But in desperation Manley decided to recapture the position, and soon greater columns than before came sweeping up the hill firing furiously as they advanced. But it was in vain. Evans' whole line was unalike, ten charges the glandolindians made, but the whole line was swept with the most terrible carnage, for every charge, and finally Manley desisted the following evening, and the battle was over entirely.

Manley under cover of the darkness, and leaving a force to

cover his retreat, started away toward the south. Such resistance did the covering party give that Evans was delayed for some time in his advance but by the next morning, he was able to follow, and the whole christian army started after Manley.

This battle had indeed been a desperate one raging four days, in five serious conflicts, with the enemy disastrously beaten in every battle. Manley's whole army had been crushed five times, and now with what he had of his army he was compelled to retreat. He saw that it was folly to attempt to invade the christian country, that he must do all in his power to repel the coming invasion of his own country. So southward he recoiled, and Evans followed hard after him.

The entire total losses of both sides in this battle was never less than horrible numbers of slain glandolindians had been left unburied by the Angolindians who deemed it an insult to bury such child like

The glandolindian invasion now was broken forever, the whole two countries were under submission, all glandolindian armies were fast being driven out and the world was rejoicing over the fact, that soon the whole storm of war will soon be put down, and the glandolindians placed completely under submission. Violet and her sisters felt happier over the results of the battle and were glad to know that once again the attempts of the enemy had been frustrated.

THE BATTLE OF DROPHIA.....

Simultaneously to this a fearful battle raged at Drophia between the Manley's armies, who were attacking general Hanson's army went along the boundary line. Throughout the phase of the battle fighting went on with various successes all along the line, from the Drophia end to the McWhirther

Rain. The McWhirther wood near the city of Drophia itself was the scene of many violent engagements. The sixth division of Abbleannians, and the ninth corps were constantly at deadly grips with the enemy who made the most violent onslaughts that they could muster. All along the line the enemy was incessantly active, hurling one tremendous onslaught after another with all their might and main, and what at first worried the christian li generals was the gap made between the 1th Abbleannian, and the 16th goncentinian and Angolindian corps at the creek to the north of Drophia where the firing made a scene like some terrific inferno. It is not too much to say that only by the display of the greatest gallantry, and endurance on the part of the three divisions of Angolindians and other christian troops engaged at that point against uneven odds, was the enemy prevented from getting dangerously near Hanson's communications, and that they were prevented from carrying the christian line at that point.

During one of the greatest phases of the battle came the arrest of the frightful glandolindian onslaught on the chiall gun, and the brilliant repulse of the enemy along the extreme right, by the cowardly under Jennings and artillery and infantry under Good Heart. The greatest features of this part of the battle was the desperate assaults made against the main christian center, in which the flower of the glandolindian army participated, having received Manley's command to make certain of finally breaking the christian line. An attack on a great scale had been in duration, on the part of Hanson's center had been heavily pressed and was losing ground, that the position was heavily swelled and that a most powerful attack was going on all along the line.

In short during this battle Abraham Manley had delivered his final desperate blow, which Hanson met with the same grim determination, steadfast courage and skillful forethought, which had characterized his handlings of the operations throughout the war. A volume could be written to describe this battle in all its detail.

During the afternoon of the battle and upon the christian left came the first main tremendous onslaught, and at the first clash of arms the glandolindians pierced the christian lines with a headlong rush, but finally this position was splendidly disputed by the Abbleannians under Hanson's devoted and gallant leader who was killed, while the division was almost annihilated. Reserves however quickly came up, desperate counter attacks were made in full force, and the line was reestablished. About three o'clock the critical point changed to the right of the christian wing, where a portion of the Abbleannian force after most desperate fighting were driven out of their trenches, and fell back to the north.

General Pillow, called on the first corps for support which arrived. The heavy fighting all along this point had used up most of his reserves and the enemy were still clinging to the woods in that a part of the christian line, and directing renewed successes during their continued attacks, but in spite of this general Hanson was able to render the Abbleannians sufficient to enable them to make a little headway, though for a time the situation at this point of the line, was doubtful and caused anxiety all day.

About half past three in the afternoon the attacks had subsided to great violence, and though it was thrown back mainly by the artillery and cavalry fire of the Christians, the severe fighting went on until midnight and then through portions of the Christian line was broken. It held, and finally the army, who had been heavily killed with million men.

In this battle the Christian losses were about 5,078,733. The Christian losses were, 7,234,567.

THE DRAFT AND ROUT.

In the month the address of general Evans army was very swift and with the greatest energy. It was Evans for good to press Stanley down across the boundary line of Glandelinian and Antheidia, and begin the invasion himself, and to be the first one to do so. Stanley was the purpose of Evans however, and resisted him in series of skirmishes all the time of the retreat but all his desperate efforts could not stop Evans. Then he sent out troops may arrest the Christian race to the Antheidia side, but it did not and even when during a Glandelinian raid, one of Evans' men was captured, it was taken during a great skirmish. Stanley was a Glandelinian and did not know what to do. He nevertheless sent word by notes and telegraph to the Glandelinian king that the army had lost that the Christians were pressing him hard, and that Evans was closer to the boundary line than any of the other Christian armies.

Then King Glandelin heard this unfortunate news, he decided to start a draft of men to fill the vacant ranks of the army. The king indeed found it necessary to pass a law authorizing the government to recruit the army from a draft of all able-bodied adult citizens, of all ages outside of children. In consequence of this order, a frightful number of men did not await the draft, but because many of them were refused in enlistment, out on account of defects started the worst kind of a riot in the Glandelinian history, which lasted three days in every city of Glandelinia, but which was finally put down by the police and with the aid of armed citizens and soldiers, but after it was quieted, about 234,578 persons were killed in the country, mostly among the rioters. The latter began by burning the houses where the provincial marshals had their offices. The fire often extended much further. Great numbers of rioters were arrested, tried and sentenced to years of imprisonment.

The king had a famous proclamation ordering into the field all men between the ages of seventeen to any old age as long as they could fight, to serve if the king ordered that four years, and if they refused to report the lawless they were to be treated as traitors and deserters, from the Glandelinian army, and to suffer the penalty of being shot, according to military law, and was the contents of the papers as in that when willing to go they were collected for night defense, and then the cause of the rioting.

Evans had heard of the rioting on account of the relations from the draft and at first was worried, for this indeed showed the serious disposition of the Glandelinians to rise in for fearfully and he felt all the Christian armies should on invasion start. He knew of all the Christian generals with their various armies heard of the middle of draft law, and the number of the army of Evans stayed at home all this time looking against the Christian invasion which was threatening, and that he decided to obtain information of how many were Glandelinian.

Violent and her sisters volunteered for this dangerous duty. But Evans would not allow them to do so under any conditions, and sent the best selected an secret army to the Glandelinian coast, where the Glandelinians were also watching every movement of the Christian army, ready to predict a warning to the king or the first Glandelinian armies as soon as the Christian army started across the boundary line. The Angolitan coast service saw many of the navy returned, but there were none of them successful in obtaining the information desired, and these came back a week after the rioting in Glandelinia had been suppressed, and gave Jack Evans all the information they had learned. It was known that millions of men from every city and town, no matter what their age as long as they could fight, had either volunteered themselves to the draft, or had enlisted, and that the French army numbered about 500,000,000. These armies of numbers though not yet completely in their full were already organized in many separate units, the majority going to the defense of the fortifications of Tlanta Fair, and the former garrison was numbered 31,567,777 now numbered 100,000,000.

Evans received more information than expected, and finally learned that general Federal of the Florida Battle, with black troops were withdrawn from their command of the field armies, and put in command of the garrison of the Tlanta Fair fortifications. Evans at once forwarded the warning by wireless telegraph to all the Christian generals in those areas in the location, and then sent in his final warning to general Hanson, himself, and requested advice about the movements of all the Christian divisions under his personal command.

Evans then turned general King Cannon of the uprising of Glandelinia stating this:

"It is the purpose your excellency of the Glandelinian king to throw to all the men he can to suppress the intended invasion, even draft the men of any age as long as they are able to fight, from the ages of twelve, to men of ninety years old if able to fight. His call was for an army of five hundred million, but it seems from reports that I have received that it will be three times that number of a few months. Even fools as they are Glandelinians would be sacrificing the nation as well by cutting off their hair and joining the Glandelinian ranks as soldiers, and there is a cloud of bloody resistance starting up in the face. The garrison of Tlanta Fair was over 30,000,000 now it is increasing from 100,000,000 to 234,567,666 men and additional artillery of long range guns, and series upon series of batteries of every make. The whole Glandelinian navy is also concentrating at the place too. It is my purpose at Hanson's desire to start the invasion only after our divisional armies are reinforced. The Angolitan congress must issue a call for more additional reinforcements, and if the inhabitants are not drawing troops quick enough we'll pass a draft law ourselves.

Yours truly, General Jack
Ambrose Evans."

THE BATTLE OF TIENTIA

In the month while Evans was sending in these reports, a strong force of Glandelinians under general Bruno Angle had arrived within his long distance of general Evans army which had halted at Tientia after pursuing Stanley's broken army for over a week, and after contracting his lines the Glandelinian general surprised Evans' army completely by making a desperate assault upon his whole line. Violent and her sisters had observed the advances of these fiercest of Glandelinians, the Zibner brothers, and have had warned the nearest Christian generals just before the storm broke. Evans who had been been sending the report to King Cannon was surprised first by hearing queer whistle like noises, and then the loud prolonged roar of cannon and the crash of musketry, and within a few minutes he realized that a fearful assault was made upon his lines.

However so fearful was the driving onslaught of the fierce Zibner brothers that the left grand division of Evans right wing was rolled up for ten miles in two hours, and the foe were about to carry the work and position of the entire wing, when he became apprised of the disaster. He had been warning all of the Christian generals to watch out that new forces of Glandelinians did not strike them a sudden blow, and he was struck suddenly himself and without warning.

Howe however he was not unprepared and learning where Glandelinians, they were not a new force, but a division of Evans' army that had been separated by the Florida disaster he decided to show Bruno Angle something of the line of fighting. Evans had heavy reserve forces at hand and these were thrown upon the assailant Glandelinians who after marvellous fighting of four hours was finally driven back but general Winnetta in this horrible slaughter was killed dangerously wounded, and ten of his best generals were killed. The Zibner brothers left a horrible number of their slain within and outside the Christian works after they were pressed back into an open and distant.

In the months along the Christian Center the assault still went on with the most frightful fury that I could never relate and only to imagine it or realize it would be to witness it. The gladiolians came on like a howling warrending mob, moving in a terrific fire of musketry as they advanced, but in that and charge, they exacted a fearful toll of officers and men, and only when their lines were almost torn to shreds did a portion of it give way. At the first sign of the enemy fire receding, the Christian line swept forward, under cover of the fire of their cannons, and pressed to the charge with the fury of an avalanche almost destroying the gladiolian center before the firing ceased.

The left wing of general Evans line was more heavily assaulted, and though repulsed with the heaviest losses, the glandairians returned to the attack ten times with night and rain, and though their whole line was torn ripped up and ploughed through and through with the heaviest storm of shells bullets and canister, they carried the whole position and drove the christians back for the distance of thirty miles.

On the left wing. The battle on that day ended with the advantage of the enemy. On the next morning the enemy concentrated three quarters of his reserve forces again against those excellent gladiators. "The battle here that full morning was frightful. Both sides, charged back and forth, tearing each other fairly to pieces with their merciless fire of artillery, but finally toward noon the enemy were forced back all along the line to their own works which was assaulted, and resulted in the bloody remnant of the Christians.

At the other two wings there was no engagement as yet.

Evans now edgewise Hanson of the affair at Messina decided to strike a final blow and at two o'clock he sent forward the greatest waves of men to storm the whole Albanian line. The battle was renewed with the most terrific terrific fury, the reinforced glandellian center was again almost destroyed, and the whole line badly jeopardized. But for a time it seemed to Evans as if the works could not be forced.

3 But he saw a way to do it. By concentrating attack after attack along the three wings without cessation, Evans sent a large force around to the rear of the enemy who struck str ck their flank at about half past five in the eve evening.

The battle now was over. The whole gladiolinian army was fairly cut to pieces and scattered in all directions Bruno Anglemas killed, and thirty three generals with him with fairly eight were wounded many mortally. Evans knew it had been the purpose of Bruno Angle to cover the retreat of general general John Manley thus the reason of the attack. General Mendro, a civilian who took Bruno's place rallied the scattered forces at night, and commenced an orderly retreat. The battle was a christian victory, but nevertheless it did not benefit Evans any as the delay had enabled general John Manley to escape and enraged Evans decided to destroy Bruno's army and so pressed the gladiolinians hard, the christian cavalry racing in three directions and covering two hundred miles in a days time, that noon Mendro, a civilian army was surrounded, and three days after the battle he decided the best thing of all was to surrender of the maddened christians would annihilate his armies.

As Evans prepared to attack, he saw a white flag approaching, and finding out the cause, inquired the reason of the concentration of Glandelinian troops. He was told by the flag bearer that Hendrovirian wishes to surrender his army to save the remainder of the troops. As these glandelinians had taken a great share in the horrible gintergarden massacre, Evans was on the point of refusing a surrender as it had been his purpose of destroying the army, but the little girls who were with him begged him not to massacre the survivors, and so he did not, and there surrendered to him over 14,000,000 glandelinians, while the same number had fallen in the two days battle itself. The other 56,000,000 had gotten away, during the night and was safely across the Glandelinian boundary, having deserted Hendro before he got surrounded. But they were in a jeopardized condition as they were leaderless and so were sought by the advance of general John Pantagon army so they could join him. he whole glandelinian loss thus in fallen and prisoners was 34,719,999 while the christina loss in killed and wounded and prisoners was 10,000,000.

Yuma knew of the violation of the glandelinian arm which had encamp-
ed and as such as possible, furnished his delar orders, located a group
after the night capturing the all, and as without number, to the surprise
of the glandelinian command, he was across the border in full pursuit.
Violat and her advisors realized him of his previous and orders, but he
said:

"It's good of you little girls to have told me of our date, but now to
 me you would mean disaster. I'll sent to orders for 'a luncheon to begin
 and before Henry of ... later to me."

In the month of the conquest of Angaitza, Abidennaba, and galvarita had issued a call for more troops, and within a week after the battle of "Guanajuato" in a Mexican restored word that no draft was needed, and that he could start the formation any time he wished. He had not as yet restored from his rest but soon he did which was as follows:

"Your excellency" general Dumont

I have had a struggle of democratic character with Bruno Augier, "landlordism" at Maudslayi, and defeated the foe with the loss of their main leader, and the surrender of general Mervin vladim with over 10,000,000 men. The remainder of the gladiolitus army must have occupied by deserting Mervin, and crossing the border, and though I gave orders that the invasion must be delayed for reinforcements, and no have forgotten myself and desiring to emphasize this force before it began (must have started) the invasion without short notice. To return back now is disastrous and so I have signalled all the generals of the various other christian armies to follow as fast as they can. If it is probable I would like you to make a function with me at Kinet, and we will begin a move on Twa Tawakirango. The invasion now is on and the names we wish the instruments of gladiolitus the better.

General Jack Ambrose Evans. " " " " "

Evans is deeply impressed on his advance and invasion heading in particular for the town of Elkhart but not out to general Evans' large glacially-borne force under general Theodore VanLueven was always to intercept him. Evans soon however learned of the threatening atom in that location and as soon as he reached the town he concentrated his whole army and admitted the approach of this new force of glacially-borne guns.

They came on the day of ~~the~~^{the} sixteenth, and even
drawing a detachment as well all along the line prepared to meet it.
"Farrington Vanhooker" made the idea of the Christian army under General
Jack Ashmore "You all not dare attack" but, but even grow impatient of
waiting and decided to attack the Christians himself.

THE FOLLOWING, CARRIAGE AT KIDNEY.
PAVING TO BEHOLD.

Ferns started the battle by throwing his colonial forces forward in a tremendous onslaught against the left wing of the Lundinlinian army, and though he could once be viewed as finally throwing the Lundinlinian troops into the wildest confusion by taking a vigorous turn about. A serious disaster occurred to the Lundinlinian along this section despite the arrival of Hunsdon's Lundinlinian division, which tried frantically to halt the Christian advance in this direction, but this Lundinlinian division after the most savage fighting of four hours was thrown back crushed to pieces, and with the death of their commander Hunsdon.

When their concentration his heaviest forces made fourteen desperate attacks on the gladiolusian center, and seventeen forces under Jiminas attacked the right, throwing their Abideamun forces forward, in one column a far smaller one immediately on the storm waves of the sea behind the broken breakwaters.

As the gladiolians concentrated in the front numbers the battle became very very severe all along the line, and panasonic gladiolians clashing against the christians under panasonic federal suffered such terrible loss that they had to give way and in the end as the christians rushed over the works, the commanders of both sides fell dead simultaneously.

The left grand center of the glandelinian right wing was radically cut up and thrown into a pandemonium of confusion, the Angolinites sweeping forward like a tidal wave, and hundreds of generals in that end charge on the christian side fell dead and wounded, while the glandelinian generals the soldiers fell in great numbers, wounded and bleeding, in their efforts to rally their panic-stricken columns. Van Duron sent large columns under Federal Johnston, to the rescue, and these after serious resistance managed to check a portion of the christian line, but where the christians were halted their whole front dissolved into flame and smoke the christians pouring upon the glandelinians a simultaneous barrage fire of musketry, and thus they continued steadily for four hours, and though Johnston's force was torn to pieces, their shattered columns rallied again and again, and would have won the field and recovered their lost position had not Johnston fallen mortally wounded, his horse being blown to atoms by three shell explosion simultaneously at the same spot, and as the Angolinites reforming their line made a tremendous rush yelling like demons toward the salvage, the whole of Johnston's line, with the loss of all their general officers, was cut to pieces and routed in the worse confusion ever, and scattered very widely, and hundreds of thousands of these glandelinians fell into the hands of the christians as prisoners.....

Horrible was the firing on both sides along the left of the glandelinian army which being reinforced by Van Duron gave the fiercest resistance Evans ever witnessed. The battle had now extended over a front of four hundred miles, and the firing of cannons within an hour had spread worse desolation over a space of four hundred miles, than the firing had committed during the great battle of Francis-Atlanta.

Whole columns of Angolinites and Angolinites were laid low by the curtain storm of glandelinian artillery and shell fire, and the din could be heard throughout the whole country of Angolinites, the battle being fought fifty miles away from the boundary line of Angolinites and glandelinians, and Hanson who was advancing with his army hearing it wondered what was going on.

After a short lull in the frightful strife, the Abbieannians entered for the desperate effort on the left, which had repulsed them, and again went to it with might and main, the desperate christian onslaught this time being covered by all of the available christian batteries, to which the enemy replied with titan threes, making a third fiery world of ammunition, and half of the glandelinian batteries were mowed with horrible effect upon the christian assailants.

Incappable damage was done by the glandelinian cannon fire division after division of the christians being fairly shot to pieces, and columns after columns were torn into flying fragments, and even mangled whole armies thrown against the left. Finally as the firing was added by musketry the whole assaulting christian line was torn through and through, and as the christians returned a musketry fire of the greatest intensity of a battle before, the glandelinians screaming, and raising their "Devil Yell" came rushing forward with the most tremendous fury to make a terrible counter charge.

On they came with fearful violence, the left grand division of the christian right being banded and buckled back, but it held, and Evans concentrating heavier columns, cut the glandelinian wave to pieces, threw the surviving columns into confusion, and resulting the desperate dash in which millions were shot down, the christians were in possession of the glandelinian works and artillery, and general Van Duron's headquarters.

Evans center however on account of the smashing up of general Granthorpe and Francis Johnston's armies of christians had failed to continue their advance the enemy line all along the line at this point had held as firm as a rock, the right and center of the extreme christian center was soon turned and exposed to a blasting artillery and musketry inflame inflame, and the two wings threatened with annihilation were compelled to withdraw from the assault, the glandelinians followed in a terrific charge, and rolled them back to their own works in the greatest confusion.

This charge of the glandelinians was the maddest of all, and took four hours of heavy shelling, and musketry firing to even check it and then two hours more to haul the survivors back.

Then to make it worse the glandelinians came on once more with redoubled fury, the christian center was forced from the works with great loss, and Stanley's main division came up with a part of Evans reserves all in his power to star this second glandelinian onslaught which was more silder than the first, but in the seething storm of carnage he fell mortally wounded all of his officers were dead or wounded, and his depleted forces after standing ground and repulsing thirteen savage onslaughts, a million glandelinians being killed and wounded in each onslaught, this christian

force finally donep compelled the enemy to give way, and only managed to press them back slowly. It took another four hours to repulse this most tremendous onslaught of any battle in the war. It was more violent than any one of the worse onslaughts at Glorinda. The uproar of firing during this part of the struggle had been something terrible, sounding like thrills of cannon all that time, the glandelinian and Angolinites on country vibrating with the din and concussion for the distance of two thousand miles.

In the meantime the battle had lulled along the glandelinian center after a repulse suffered by the christians, and then again the Abbieannians yelling their loudest came sweeping forward with a speed of men racers on the track. This charge was covered by artillery fire of greater fury than ever, the shell shells bounding seemingly everything to pieces, but the glandelinians concentrated at their works kept side by side in the greatest masses, hurling back the christian onslaught with stupendous loss, shattering their columns by the score, but though men died by thousands per minute the remainder of the christian assaulting wave continued to rush on, the glandelinians at this point fighting to the last in this fiery storm of battle, but finally their line was swept and torn to pieces, and the christians carried the war whole position and drove them back. The glandelinians then swept forward in a desperate counter assault only to be swept back and vanquished with the most terrific slaughter. Millions of glandelinian horsemen rode against the glandelinian assailants, the christian cannon mowing down soldiers in the most frightful numbers, and they lay in monstrous windrows. The whole glandelinian right wing was compelled to give way before the tremendous christian onslaught the very heavens appearing to burst into flames, from the fury of the firing. As the glandelinians returned to the assault with redoubled fury, and fighting with all their might, the christian infantry was galled beyond repairs and thrown back, but the christians who had the artillery in their possession poured a storm of death and destruction upon the assailants as they came within range, the firing went on to be ablaze the whole christian line was hidden in clouds of smoke, the woods seemed to be on fire, the explosions tearing the living garments into the air, seeming to whither everything, and so terrific became the din that many of the soldiers lost their hearing for life.

Again and again, and still again, the glandelinians pressed forward to the counter charge like a series of shattering storm waves, but the Angolinites were reinforced by other portions of the main body, and these not the assailants bravely, the Abbieannian horsemen making a tremendous dash in which within four hours they had captured and killed and injured over 10,000,000 glandelinians, horrible losses indeed. The main body of the glandelinians however still remained firm, headless of the storm of christian artillery which cut down multitudes of their comrades as the harvester would the wheat, and despite their repulses returned to the charge with such fury that it was evident to the christian commanders that they would not be able to hold the captured positions under any conditions.

General Van Duron being bound to force back the christian troops started a general concentration which was in full swing late in the afternoon. But this gigantic attack though it drove the christians from the works, and rolled them up back to their own positions was useless in the efforts to force the main christian line. Fourteen onslaughts were made in quick succession only to be cut down, and the foe were compelled to withdraw.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE TERRIBLE BATTLE.

It seemed as if the next great glandelinian onslaught had the power of the oceanic fury after lashed by a million hurricanes, sweeping on like a gigantic surging tide. The main right wing of Evans extreme center was wiped out, by the torrent of glandelinian onslaughts, Stanley Smith who came up with fresh divisions was killed, and his army disorganized, Granthorpe the main commander fell mortally wounded, McWhirther Hanson was killed and a hundred other generals were killed or wounded. A great portion of the right wing was also shattered and swept back in confusion.

General Evans having the remainder of his reserve forces close at hand ordered them forward, and crashed the right of this great tidal wave of glandelinians after being in titan threes with it for four hours. At seven other points of the christian line during the frightful onslaught the glandelinians about 70,000,000 in number crushed themselves badly against Evans whole line the result of a horrible maelstrom of men down, and general generals Gallitide, McWhirther Hanson, Colledge and Stanley, on the side of

3040....

Christianians were mortally wounded, the Glandelinians killed were soon swept into a sea of death and destruction, and were only rescued with the last frightful losses after the onslaught which was fiercer than that of the greatest tidal wave, and swept the Christian line like the wind does in tearing up a town in a tornado-storm. Another man standing Christian general Sedwick Hanson was killed, for a time the field had been in the possession of the enemy, and it was all that general Evans could do to restore the line of battle, where these series of terrible tragedies occurred. It was the coolness of general Evans and his commanders that enabled the Christians to hold their ground against such great odds, until the reserves came to the support and repulsed the assailants at every point toward nightfall.

It had been a terrible punishment to general Evans, for he had expected to vanquish general Tamerline Van Guren with difficulty and the battle had really ended as a draw with a slight advantage to the enemy. To risk another engagement with such a strong force of the old time Glandelinians would be fatal and in the night Evans withdrew his army from Kibbet and retreated to the ridges of Santa Anna plains, where he threw up such an impenetrable position that the enemy did not dare to attack on the morrow. They made some destruction, and that was all.

General Van Guren in his reports to King Glandelin stated thus:

"Your excellency;

Have had a severe engagement with the Christians under Evans at Kibbet and won some advantage than checking his headlong advance into Glawie. Many losses are heavy but I dare not predict them though I lost over 30,755,000 men in prisoners. Have hope as I'm sure to beat him again.

General Tamerline Van Guren."

The Christian losses in killed and wounded during this one days engagement was 13,755,999 in killed and wounded, and 13,375,594 in prisoners. Evans was bitterly disappointed over his failure in crushing the enemy, and so was Violet and her sisters who had not expected this at all. This was however only a forewarning how seriously the Christian invasion was going to be resisted. Any battles would have to be forced yet before even Titanic Fair could be reached.

Later on Evans had learned that Van Guren having been reinforced by a new army twice his size, and that these were being sent to intercept Hanson immediately sent him a warning by this report:

"Your excellency, general Hanson given;

"I have had a very serious engagement at Kibbet and have been worsted. Tamerline Van Guren is sending heavy forces to intercept you. Do not proceed toward my location as yet and be on your guard. We expect the fiercest resistance for our invasion as the battle at Kibbet testified. I lost very heavy, and the enemy are ever increasing in force. So be on your guard. I will notify the other Christian armies to hurry on and not delay a minute.

General Jack Ambrose Evans."

This he did, and Evans daily strengthened by his position on the hills and the developments. But the enemy made no move toward him, but kept his distance and Evans was worried that some traitor or treacherous was at hand. Violet and her sisters were given the best place in his headquarters on the highest and most elevated of the hills, and heavy guards placed all around, to prevent any surprises. Fortunately however, Violet and her sisters had not witnessed any of the battle, but they had heard a good deal about its horrible horror, and for the enemy it had almost become another grandis-Atlanta in their losses. His losses were heavier than the Glandelinian losses at Logan Zoo Race, being 30,756,998 in total in killed wounded alone. The Christian losses were trifling to this indeed.

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In accounts about the battle to the Christian generals of the other armies which he warned Evans layed the blame of his defeat to the terrible loss of so many Christian generals whose fall every the three large divisions of Christian troops into such confusion that they could not be rallied in time to prevent a disaster which occurred so many times.

The despair of all the enemy did not do them it prudent to retreat and so they kept themselves strongly entrenched in front of the fortified ridges expecting in vain for Evans to renew the fighting. General Evans did not do so it wise to do so, and he wondered what was to do to be done anyhow.... Violet and her sisters had proposed to go and spy on the Glandelinians, and find out their full intentions, but general Evans knew the character of the Glandelinian general whose name was Tamerline, Van Guren and did not allow them to do anything of the kind....

They begged and intreated but in vain he refused. However Evans realized that something must be done to find out the intentions of the enemy and so after much argument, he decided to send the little girls in the most perfect disguise possible, and did so.... As soon as the little girls started out, he warned them to be especially careful telling them to avoid capture under any conditions, for Tamerline was worse than any of the three Tanleys, and would be glad to bear them in pieces.

Violet and her sisters were escorted down the hill by a large troop of boy scout soldiers, and then they started off in the direction of the enemy lines. Violet and her sisters proposed to have a fake prisoner with them, and so as one of the soldiers volunteered to act as one, they accepted him, and after an hours riding they reached the first entry line of the large Glandelinian camp. They were challenged by the sentries but as they had a purple coat with them, it was believed that the children were Glandelinian boy scouts who had captured an Angelindian and so they were admitted into the lines.

Some of the soldiers had proposed to take some of the first prisoner with them but Violet and her sisters refused saying that they had captured him, and that it was their purpose to bring him to general Van Guren himself. As soon as the coast was clear Violet said to the prisoner or supposed prisoner:

"Did you bring some wire along with you for a wireless signal station which I intended to have you make."

"I have just the very thing little girls." Whispered the man spy. "I will climb this nearest tree, and what you learn you can signal to me and I'll send it to the general by wireless."

The little girls gave him some directions as to where he would see their signal, and then they proceeded toward the headquarters of this ferocious Glandelinian general.

They were not known by the guards fortunately, and were readily admitted, but now they had to make sure that the Glandelinian general did not know or see them for he had read the cleverest disguises of any spy, and may betray them also. They crept from room to room, and soon reached a large dining room, where they saw the general with his staff grouped among other officers, and all standing or sitting, and smoking cigarettes....

After some difficulty they managed to crawl under the table and prepared to listen to the information, which they knew must have been in conversation for some time.

"This is what they heard first from Tamerline;

"I tell you all I was indeed surprised by the way I won that tremendous battle at Kibbet. I did not know that I could have done it, and don't see how I could have done it. It was my main purpose to stand in the way of the Christian army and general Jack Ambrose A Evans and check its advance so that John Tanley could get entirely away, and be joined by the forces which had been leaderless. But I would a smart victory at that. But the question is how to remove him out of his strong position on those Santa Anna plains hills. It seems impossible."

"It is impossible and the only way to do it would be by besieging him." Answered general Wellington. "We could do it by assault probably but all depends on the advance of Hanson, and as it would take a weeks fight to force him out of the position we could not do it in time before Hanson arrived."

"But you're mistaken in that line." A glad general Van Guren. "My spy secured the code of telegraphing which told that Evans had told Hanson not to advance his way. Why boys it's easy as Hanson will never come and we would have a fine chance to break up Evans who whole time and drive him out of Glandelinia or force him to surrender."

And he went into long details of how he captured the code. Thus Hanson unfortunately to the Glandelinians did not receive Evans message at all and was advancing for Kibbet at full double time, and was already within three miles of Evans army.

"If we could capture the two children called Violet and her sisters or what?" Said general Gandonom....

"But it's pretty difficult to capture them," said general Garnet. "They are perfect wildcats when cornered, and know how to shoot like the devil. They can shoot down every man they aim at and never miss a hit."

"But if we could draw them into an ambush it would be all right," said Van Buren. "Then we could shoot them all down. If the Yvian girls are done away with Evans would be so heart broken that he would abandon the invasion."

"We'd receive no quarter you mean," said general Frank Percy. "It would make Evans so furious that in case he surrounded us he'd butcher us all. We indeed for my part I'll not molest the children no matter what reason. Not for pity or mercy but for our own safety. It's as dangerous as diving into a lake of molten lava."

Violet and her sisters deciding that they had heard enough of the plot crept out of their hiding places, and leaving the room unobserved, managed also to leave the building undiscovered, and finally reaching the tree nearest to the one the man had ascended, signalled to him what they had learned, and he finally got within communication with the Christian line, and reported the whole thing to Evans. Then the little girls and the man descended the trees and the soldier having disguised himself as a lieutenant proceeded to leave the lines, having a fake pass with him.

It was the most daring interprise, and they effected it without discovery or discovery; and even left the lines without questioning, and crept it and safely reached the Christian lines. Evans having received the warning at once started to sin la to Hanson not to delay but to come to his aid right away, telling of his order which had been discovered by the enemy. Evans soon was surprised by this answer:

"My loving Friend Jack Evans.

Have received no advice from you or any report of any battle at Kibnet and so have not continued my advance and am still in the hills of your own lines and have double tried my army hourly the full march. It's fortunate for you Dear Evans that your report at that time did not reach me as I would have forthwith delayed in my advance, and you probably would have been or shed and driven out of Glandolain. Will reach you tomorrow morning."

GENERAL HANSON.

Ele. Evans was indeed surprised at this news, and advised Hanson to join him as soon as possible giving full directions to where he was entrenched, and that the little girls were expecting him. Little Francis Smith and Lillian had been with Evans when he received the surprising news, and hastened themselves to tell Violet and her sisters.

"It is good of you two little girls to tell us," said Violet. "And we are very thankful but in fact we forgot to tell Evans ourselves. We learned this first when spying on the enemy. We had intentions to go and meet him but were warned by the Christian generals not to do so as it is dangerous to leave the lines for a great distance while in the enemy's country. So we expect him tomorrow. But how did you two little girls learn of this?"

"From Evans," said Lillian. "Hanson stated that he expects to join him tomorrow and is already three miles away, having halted to rest his weary troops. If not needing to tell he could have reached us sooner."

If he is that near we'll take the chance to go and see him," said Violet defiantly. "We will not leave just for no dirty Glandolain butcher."

Violet and her sisters readily told Evans of their purpose, requesting a strong cavalry escort. Evans readily granted the request sending with them 23,456 cavalry men armed to the teeth.

At nine o'clock at night the little girls and themselves started out with the strong escort. They learned at where the new Christian force was but were not so headed in that direction. However nothing serious happened and after while for several miles, Violet and her sisters and the very cavalry troops were surrounded by a considerable force of men in strange and forms and demanded to surrender.

"You will never take an Angelinian alive with those little girls," said the Christian leader. "You draw your swords and prepare to fight."

"Oh excuse me," said Van Buren with sudden interjection. "We thought you were Glandolians as you are wearing their uniforms. We thought you had captured the Yvian girls." "We are sure of Hanson now. You have literally passed the sentries and rode right into the heart of the Christian lines. Did you not encounter any action on the way?"

It was realized now as the moon came out that the words he captured were Abdonianians in criminal uniforms and soon there was a hearty conversation among them all while Violet and her sisters were led toward general Hanson's headquarters tent.

One of the men going in and saluting said: "Your excellency we have captured a large swarm of prisoners, eight of whom are the prettiest children seen. Come out and see them." Hanson not knowing what the joke was came out. There stood before him his best of friends.

"Why they are my nation," he cried. "You men made a mistake." "Yes at first we did," said the spokesman as Hanson folded them one by one in his strong arms. "We mistook their escorts for Glandolians who had captured them, and surrounding them had decided their surrender when they revealed who they really were. No doubt they intended to bring the children to Kibnet and having to pass through a treacherous region disguised themselves as Glandolians. So we have loved them so."

Violet and her sisters told general Hanson of Evans' great fight at Kibnet and how it turned out.

"Van Buren is a fierce fighter," said Hanson. "I'll have you little girls to telegraph to Evans that he is to descend from the hills tomorrow and take Tuerline. Van Buren enjoys his furiously. And I'll in the meantime join in with a part of my forces and strike Tuerline in the rear with the rest."

Violet and her sisters telegraphed this order, and receiving an answer told Hanson that the order would be carried out.

THE BATTLE OF SANTA ANA CLAUSE RIDGE.....

Evans decided to follow out Hanson's advice and orders as soon as possible but in the meantime general Tuerline Van Buren did not know of Hanson's near approach and decided to attack Evans right away. So as soon as the first dawn of day appeared he sent his forces forward, and for four long hours Evans' whole line had been heavily assaulted, but without success and then when a general repulse came Evans moved on to assault the enemy himself when Hanson sent him a warning that on account of the enemy attacking him he did not see it wise to take a move of that sort as yet as he was not able to cross into the enemy's country quick enough on account of bad roads. So Evans had been fighting the enemy himself all day long, a portion of his line was once almost driven from the hill, and Evans had suffered the capture of and burning of his grand headquarters. During the wild onrush of the enemy, Violet and her sisters who had remained Evans had been at the headquarters at the time and narrowly escaped assassination.

At the moment the enemy swarmed over the Christian works at this section Violet and her sisters had observed the wild approach of the Glandolain storm and fled but as they reached a wood the enemy gaining nearer had opened a withering fire and the little girls had darted behind the trees just in time and after the repulse Violet and her sisters counted three hundred holes of mine in each of three trees stood behind. What a narrow escape indeed. Indeed they had witnessed the burning of Evans' headquarters, and had watched the battles fury with awestruck eyes, but were exultant when it turned out finally with a repulse of the enemy. Toward eight o'clock the enemy renewed the assault in greater numbers. It was a perfect war storm indeed. The fire along the Abdonian line was so terrific that the Glandolians could not reach the summit this time, column after column being mangled and driven back.

It was expected that night time would put an end to the scene but at nine thirty o'clock a new assault came with tremendous fury, and raged five hours in succession of bloody onslaughts, that raged an hours duration and in which a frightful number fell on both sides. The ridges blazed like infernos and looked like hell itself. So terrific was the roar of cannon and musketry that it seemed as if the ridges were on a great rampage the scene reminding one

forcibly to a foreboding of Dante's Inferno, and the shrieking punishments of the wicked on the side or far side of the Styx. The night scene of the conflict seemed to the little girls a certain awful majestic fear, and they could scarcely suppress the desire to scream with terror, as they would see the enemy surge over the works and a million crash like roar of masonry, they experienced every thrill known to human awe, terror, ecstasy, dread, and a thousand other poignant sensations would tumble over themselves to find expression on their trembling lips.

After five hours of incessant a savage fighting the gladiolindians were finally repulsed at all points, and finally the whole gray line gave way once more and again started another desperate failure. Nevertheless general Tamerline was confident that any charges would win the ridge. So during the night he concentrated his long range guns on the neighboring hills and then after two hours quiet started a vigorous artillery duel, to which the christian battle batteries quickly replied and the rest of the night was made hellish by a tremendous cannonade of the greatest intensity. Shells burst in the air in perfect salutes, and a long the opposing lines creating horrible havoc, and Hanson now realized that the gladiolindian generals meant business and having already reached within half a mile of the region after getting over the difficult country finally started forward his reinforcements, and artillery, the artillery being sent on ahead, and toward morning was reinforced by fresh cannon increased the fire of artillery to the surprise of the enemy. Finally driven to desperation the enemy came on in a fearful tearing assault. As it was the wildest raging assault that was ever witnessed by pyans fiercer than any of the assaults during the battle of Kilmet, and lasted five hours from three in the morning till seven. Various advantages were gained by the enemy, and lost, but at one point the foe had gained possession of the main line of christian trenches, and held them firmly against thirteen great and desperate counter assaults.

Finally pyans concentrated a new battery of 1,000 machine guns at that threatened point, and this committed such terrific havoc among the enemy that the position became untenable and another desperate assault made by the christians sent them out of the works and down the hill with the loss of three great quarters of their numbers.

After this great repulse the assault was renewed with greater violence, but notwithstanding all the difficulty of it all the christians held their positions with more utter determination and gave the enemy such a furious resistance, that they could never carry the position. General Tamerline learned of the arrival of general Hanson and was worried. Seeing the repeated repulses and learning that Hanson was sending a force around his rear the gladiolindian commander determined to abandon the attack and commence a retreat southward. This he wisely did having lost 10,000,000 in killed and wounded during this battle to that of the christians, 3,455,000. As soon as he started to retreat Evans heard a decided ridge with his forces and in one tremendous charge scattered the enemy and carried all before him ending the conflict entirely.

With the arrival of jansons army it was safe for pyans to proceed once again, and two days later the advance was resumed without any further opposition.

So after all the gladiolindian victory at Kilmet did not benefit them any as they met a great defeat at the battle of Sta Santa Anna plains ridge and which proved that nothing now could stop the intended christian invasion.

Violet and her sisters had no sleep during all of the battle, as their peril during the strife had been great but now during the christian march they slept in one of the army wagons undisturbed by the motion of the vehicle.

Hanson superintended his own divisions and pyans his and soon a christian army of many scores of miles in extent was advancing into the christian gladiolindian country. It was Hansons evident purpose to start devastating the enemys country, but as yet Evans wished to delay until they got further from the northern boundary line for fear that fires made would spread too far and cause more havoc in Angolinda.

Just now only before Evans and Hanson were gladiolindian armies retreating, and that was those under Tamerline, and John Manley. The series of other armies though confronted by the same number of christian armies were held in ground, though yet inactive.

The march continued incessantly for three days, and then a halt was made when they reached a portion of the great Angolinda river which also ran through gladiolinda. It was impossible to cross it at many points without pontoon bridges, the enemy having wrecked the great railroad bridges and others crossing the river with high explosive explosives, bridges of their own too each singly worth \$45,578,000.

During the halt, and while the pontoon bridges were in construction, violet and her sisters, as usual amused themselves by watching the men at work, and also watched the men who were cutting down hundreds of trees, construction roads, and filling in others. Mostly all the christian generals in pyans army were now strangers to violet and her sisters, but nevertheless they spoke kindly to the children, answered all their questions, told them what the purpose of some construction board roads, and the reason of felling so many or a myriad myriads of trees. It was the purpose of making abatis and so forth for new intrusions in case the enemy should try to appear too suddenly and make a headlong attack.

The defeated gladiolindian armies though being reinforced were quite a distance off now, and though violet and her sisters had climbed high hills in order to view the country, they could not see any signs of the enemy even when fifty miles of country was in view of them. They saw fires here and there probably set by the enemy during their retreat, and the christian engineers and others at work at many locations and wooded country stretching to great distances, but that was all. It was a relief to them too that the foe was so far off, and they felt so silent that they could leave the christian lines every day and then hear then something within the lines warned them that it was dangerous to do so and so they did not do it.

So quiet was it at this time that it seemed as if there was only a great silence instead of a war, the scenery was beautiful, the weather hot but pleasant, and the air clear, and any birds of all colors flew here and there, and still a calm with their singing. Indeed so affected were violet and her sisters that they felt like singing the selves and so they started down the ridge, they wondered how it would be when the whole army would be over the ridge.

And violet and her sisters were really considering adventure at this time. They had experienced of danger before, and they almost enjoyed the war now, that their worse perils seemed to be over. But they wished it could have been fought before the killing and wounding of so many soldiers. They remembered their rear and their harrowing experiences during the frightful campaign at Santa Vitoria or Santa Cruz, and wondered if they would see any more such adventures.

all was still and....

CHAPTER FIVE...
THE ROUT OF THE GLANDELINIAN ARMIES.

Violet and her sisters a about a week later heard that all the various Glandelinian armies were retreating in a panic stricken rout, abandoning all the positions along the boundary line, and that the cause of the rout and headlong retreating was not known, and that no christian army had forced them back in such a panic, and that also for a while there had been any more battles..... Violet and her sisters were the first to receive this report from some friendly christian generals who knew them and they decided to give the news to general Evans or Hanson, the first they met. As they were heading toward the headquarters of general Evans, they saw soldiers with papers telling of the same thing, papers written in Glandelinia, but which had been seized by the christians during a raid. Violet and her sisters, asked for a look at one of the papers, which was handed to them. The report which the little children, that is Violet and her sisters read ran as follows:..:

GLANDELINIAN ARMIES ARE RETREATING IN THE GREATEST CONFUSION.... CAUSE OF RETREAT UNKNOWN.....

Twenty six Glandelinian armies under the generals known as: Aut Auction, Anfá Angelio Angelonica, Agoncillio, Alexander, Angelic Angelonia, August Broke, Accountontine, Aronburg Nummer, Agollia, Aronburg, another by the name of Alexander, Aron, Alex-los-gox, Apyloonia, Apyloonia, Angelonia, Ao Antonio Costellio, Alá Alackthander, Adele-de-gardinia, Accountinia, Accountants Manley, Aldelede-gardinia, Antone, Allenberger, and Antonio Gogaminia, are retreating southward, with the greatest speed in fact it is a conglomerate of routs, and the cause is unknown. There has not as far as known any battles fought in these quarters, but it is believed that it is and has been brought on by the overwhelming concentration of the various christian armies along the boundary line. The Glandelinian armies are flying fairly in all directions, as if all the demons of hell were after them, and that they saw no other chance to escape than fleeing wildly for their lives. The only Glandelinian armies not retreating just now is those under the Manleys and general Tamerline van Uren. If the King does not reinforce our armies with the drafted men sooner than it is proposed the war is lost for invasion is already beginning.....

Violet and her sisters followed out the news, and then taking the paper went straight for general Evans headquarters. Evans indeed was surprised at this news and at first believed that some cause like the appearance of the Abbeaunians had something to do with it. But it was not so. There had been a blunder in orders from general "ohn" Manley to the various commanders of the Glandelinian armies. He had sent orders to these commanders, to them in order to advise them to hold their ground against the christian invaders with the fiercest determination, but through some mishap the note never reached any of these commanders, and as rumors came that they had been ordered to retreat, that some unseen danger terrible in its consequences threatened them, and so thus this wildest of Glandelinian retreats began.

It terrorized the whole entire Glandelinian nation and aroused the government, to hurry up the draft, and enlistments.

All of the christian generals were astonished at this news, and looking into the matter saw the cause as well, and considered it as the greatest blunder that ever struck the Glandelinian armies in the entire war itself. General Vivian not knowing it sent the news to general Hanson and Evans who already realized the facts, and Evans told general Vivian that truly he was the first one to have discovered it among the generals at least, and through the Vivian girls at that.

"You little girls are certainly wonders at that." He said to Violet and her sisters after he had received the reports from general Vivian. "And this is also a sign that the war to the Glandelinian cause is really lost."

"But us little girls were not the first ones that knew of it." said Jennie. "We heard the rumors ourselves, among your troops, and taking one of the newspapers read the facts and brought it to you. That's how we came to know about it."

"Yes but you little girls brought it to me so quickly." said general Evans "And I praise you all the more for it too."

Violet and her sisters were flabbergasted and at first were paralyzed with amaze amazement but finally Violet said:

"It is d evidently that what you said is true. We seem to be too great in the eyes of the world, and yet through some reason we make nothing of our doings. Are we really as dangerous to the foe as the Manley's declare?"

"Yes." said Evans. "But then that makes no difference to us. Your wonderful ways, and great bravery is what counts."

"But that is not what we were thinking of." said Jennie. "You misunderstood us. We mean about our periling the Glandelinians. Are there not any better and more dangerous christian spies than us? How about the Geminian Secret Service Societies?"

"They are terrorizing to the enemy alright I must admit it." said Evans. "But they themselves admit that you have them beat a thousand times. Many of their exploits had met with rushing failures, you little girls have failed never. You children have admitted to us in confessions that your stunts are so hazardous that you made that demons would not dare perform, you have leaped chasms thousands of feet in depth to escape your pursuers, and did many things of great bravery when pursued with me that I myself thought suicide to attempt. So all this proves to us and the Glandelinians as well that you eight little girls are the most dangerous of all the Angelinian spies combined. You we held responsible for the loss or winning of the cause, and all your brave work has placed us Abbeaunians and Angelinians where we are to day. So where can you say that you were and are not wonderful children. There are many Glandelinian prisoners among us who can testify what you little girls did when pursued, as many of them with us now were your pursuers."

Violet and her sisters were thunderstruck indeed. They gasped at Evans words and did not find means to speak.

"It is all too true and we cannot deny it." said Evangeline Vivian. "We have done more than we thought we could do. We do not know what to make of it but just the same we believe what the Manleys think. We know that two of us did a deed that aroused the whole world as we saw it in the papers ourselves. We killed general Raymond Richardson federal, and the doers got the names of themselves in the papers. We were then so flabbergasted that we felt like flying to pieces. But the tragedy to federal ought to be a good lesson to all of the rascals and make them leave us alone in the future."

"And what it is doing." said Evans smiling. "I witnessed a scene that you did not to this morning. They did the batch of prisoners rush away from their guards, and seek shelter behind the largest pen house when you little girls approached them."

"We don't know anything about it." said Angeline. "We did not see them or see them running away."

"But they did not at your approach. Having learned the fate of federal and as they were some of your pursuers at that sametime, they feared you would recognize them and shoot them down like dogs also."

"But they were greatly mistaken, and were cowards to act so." said Nettie. "We shoot no body down in death unless we absolutely have to for our own personal safty. They were indeed cowards and I would tell them so."

Evans said no more for a few minutes and looked over the paper. It was a Glandelinian newspaper paper, giving details of the situation of the war as it was now, blaming violet and her sisters all for it, and raising Cain with many of the generals for their hasty retreats from Angelinia and Calverinia. It also reported that P. Pugatorian had lost his command for allowing himself to be beaten at Julo Callio and at Norma, McAllister also for his defeat during the long struggle at Crowley, and Richardson Tamerline had resigned his command, and when asked to resume command had left Glandelinia for unknown parts, stating that he is a Glandelinian, but a christian in heart, does not believe in warring for a cause that god himself condemns and would sooner turn traitor than be compelled to fight against God again. It was indeed surprising news, for adding to it was that the good picknell, Shoemannia, himself, the good Adele-de-Carbo and several others, besides smash-in-the-head had all resigned their commands, but because they could not lead their armies the way they knew best, and that the remaining wicked Tamerlines had been placed in their respective commands.

"The whole nation is wild in confusion, both over these disasters, and on account of the threatening christian invasion. It is also rumored that Tamerline Van Buren shall be relieved of his command for his defeat at Santa Anna Claus ridge, and Phillineia Tamerline to succeed him. Indeed so many generals of course have resigned their respective commands that no wonder the dirty christian dogs have progressed as far as that d they did in their many successes. And many important generals have been ruthlessly slain by those vivian children, called violet and her sisters..... It has been the offerings of many of our generals a great reward for their capture dead or alive, or their total destruction whatever it may be termed, but now it is seeming to the world whole world that these dangerous christian spies, the most greatest peril of glandelinia cannot even be killed, and all attempts fair or even dastardly have utterly failed, and now many of the generals are planning to leave them alone in the future from any sheer terror and nothing else.

future from high sneer terror and nothing else.

All the "Lamelandin" officers who fear these little devils are God-lo God-favored cowards, and ought to be punished with the loss of their commands. Other reasons we find is treachery among many of the men and even officers who had secretly favored these spies, and dep defended them when captured. Bicknell was one of these, and added to the insult w by resigning his respective command when he was needed most. Francis McHollister Johnston will have to succeed him and other officers succeed those who have been relieved of their commands.

As soon as the dfrated men are prepared entirely we'll show the christian dogs what it is to invade a country unknown to them!

Had this been intirely too true of the latter statement it would be evident despited all things that the Angelinians and Abbiearnins would have never crusied down the war for over ten years at that. But the last statement was a mistake. King Gannon, general Ivian and his brother, general ivians to two faithful sons, general Jack Evans and many of the other christian generals, even the new ones in command of the Abbiearnian armies knew the whole country of glandolinia as we know the A.B.A and G's. Evans indeed laughed at the last statement of the news for he knew what fools they were to make this saun sauney remark.

How far the series of glandelinian armies were retreating, or how far they were going to retreat, was not known and yet no orders from general Hannon had reached the christ ian generals commanding their own armies to follow the retreating glandelinian soldiers, and so when a unbridled pursuit would have caused a severe serious disaster to glandelinia and shortened the war, there was an imprudent delay, just because the orders sent by Hannon never reached them on account of the secret service of the wicked glandelinian spies.....!!!!

spies.....
 "Among the Abbeccannans the christian spies who founded the 19011111
 1911 C luster of the black Brothers spies lodges called the Gemini4 had chosen
 from twenty one possible candidates, in particular all who had in mind the
 possibility of becoming wearers of the Pin of the Twins of the black Brot o
 Brothers who had decided to enter the lodge, to be sent to find out if the
 special direction of the retreating glandelinian armies and find out what
 the main purpose of their retreat was. As in the case many of these dangerous
 Abbeccannan spies represented some of the most prodigious families in the
 world. Eventually every one of them would and did come into enough of this
 great warpe perdition as to place them as the greatest of solder spies.
 With two exceptions the Persons were Easterners, and the generals of the
 society whose names appeared in the book of Personality, written in the order
 of their initiations were as follows;

General Vyvian Marshall, Aldrich pond, Henry Rich Littleton,, putler Noble Martindale, Simeon;;; Simeon Binckney Woodring,, Wm Henry Walker Yeaman Gerard Chambers, and HENRY JOSEPH DANGER.

By virtue of precedent chiefly Darger and Johnstona Fox, the first two to be clothed with Personality were elected Supreme persons, with general Darger as the main Supreme Person. Monday the third Person to be initiated is known as the Third Person, and so on down to Gerard Chambers,, who is officially designated at the twentieth Person. This is known as the Cluster Geminiid of the Abbeccianian place Brothers Spying Togie Lodge. On the day of the news of the surprising retreat and rout of the glandelinian armies the Supreme Person with Solemn formality notice notified the other persons that on the following night a meeting will be held in the darkness of the chamber of the Chamber. No details was necessary to convey the purpose of the main gathering.

A few minutes before the time set for the Destiny meeting, as the final Convention of the Chamber had come to be called---"Ti! 30 o-o-o o'clock the Sup some Person entered the Chamber. For a long time he is alone, the poetic doctrine of general Rodney Graves and Concordian Aronburg the main founder ordained that he should be alone--- and make the main r preparations.

From the vault he took the Constitutions and the laws of the Confederacy and the Black Sack of Destiny. These he placed on a long black table which stood at the side of the first chair. After donning his official regalia, a long black robe with hood attached, he turned off the gas, and lighted a stub of candle, which he placed on the table. Precisely at 11 o'clock he opened the door leading to the room of rest, and standing on the threshold in the full and solemn dignity of his office, spoke in subdued tones, slowly and impressively;

"Persons of the Gemini it is the command of the Supreme person that ye enter into the Chamber. There ye shall know more."

In measured threads he reached the first chair. The others so slowly filed to their allotted seats, arranged in a semi-circle around the first chair. For a moment there was a long silence, then the leader slowly lifting his shrouded head until the dim candle-touched it said:

"Ye Believers in the Catholic doctrines of the Geminii, yethat are clothed with the "Personality, inspired by our beloved Brother Rodney Graves, ye are here for a very grave pur pose.

ness of this Sacred Chamber ye shall take into hand that which the mighty and beloved Supreme Person in general Mansons army consentina Aronburg has deemed wise that ye should have. Thus far your Brothers ye have during this whole bloody war borne your honors well and ye all deserve in fullest measures the approval of your Main supreme Person of all and that is in general parger. It is the night of destiny. Who among us shall be the first of all Geminiid Persons to be branded publicly as an unworthy wearer of the Pin of the Twins, as a weakling in character, as a coward, a traitor to our beloved and honourable, fraternity and to the most loved of all God!!

With an earnest expression of con confidence in the course that each would follow he arose to your feet and took the black sack of destiny into his hand and cotn continued;

low he tore away the seal and opened the sack--

low he tore away the seal and opened the sack--
"Now before your eyes, you will see something new, but just
now we must wait."

"The eyes of all turned to the candle. The tallow was now but little more than a smudge, and the light was beginning to sputter. Gradually it burned away, until it was only a dying spark of wick. When the room was in total darkness, the supreme person in more solemn tones went on:

"On account of dangerous 'landelindan spies it is the command of all gemmini that I your main supreme person now place my hand into the Black Sack of Destiny and take out an envelope, fo for my own separte eyes alone'"

Slowly and impressively he followed and drew out his instructions."

"Mine is drawn." He adds. "And may the Spirit of good God inspire me to do all that is true and worthy a Person should do."

The Sack was then passed to the second person, who after drawing out an envelope handed it to the third person. There was one envelope left when the sack reached the steady hand of hen general gerard chambers the last person.

"The line is drawn," said Gerard. "Any man, God and the spirit of Rodney Graves guide me well."

"Now let light be given," said the ruler. "Let each know what destiny be his right away."

The gas was lighted, and a big black screen was placed directly behind the first chair. A lamp is hooked on the wall behind the screen above the portrait of general Rodney Graves. The supreme person, now the first person devoted of his official regalia, was the first to go behind the screen, there to read the contents of his envelope. He is gone less than a minute and when he came into view of the wondering persons, there is a soft sinister smile on his lips, and an expression of mystery in his eyes.

In turn the others read their instructions behind the screen. The twentieth person is out of view for fully five minutes. His long absence from the Semi-cis semi-circle created unusual wonder in the minds of the others when he finally reached his chair, subjecting him to most searching glances. There is just a suggestion of uncertainty in his eyes tempered no doubt by the gaze of others.

Then Darger said:

"As we all know our Gemini is a synonym for courage, loyalty, and firmness. It has no place for the weakling. The faithfulness of a member can never be doubted, not even by the bitterest rivals, and enemies of God. The Constitution of the Gemini never has been subjected to the slightest change or amendment from the time of its framing by Rodney Graves, and the sixty hundred other men who with him composed the Original Cluster. Safe in the Vault of the chamber it rests being destroyed only once a year. Laws essential to the purpose of the Gemini are as follows:

"A possible Person must be born under the full influence of the Sign of the Gemini of the black Brothers Zodiac, that is between May 31st and June the 21st. His Father must have been born under the full influence of this sign, that is between May 11th and June 21st. His mother must have been born under the full influence of the sign of the great Aquarius Planet, that is between January 20th and February 19th. The Gemini of one separate lodge are sixty, they will never be more than sixty. There are the more dangerous spies, called the Spades, another called the Greeks, and Thirteen and the innumerable other fraternities, whose looks but few keys fits, but they I always remain in the shadow cast by the Gemini. Should the possible candidates exceed the number of Persons allowed by law the active Persons shall exercise their discretion and best judgement in selecting new leaders in activity, and form new congregations from the extra Persons. At the beginning of this Gemini society the Persons elected one of their numbers to the office of supreme Person, and the incumbent of that office, shall be the only one with that authority. His word shall be law; none shall question it; none shall deny it's Majesty. The foremost purpose of the Gemini is to test the strength of its members. In view of this no one could become a member without the consent of the Main Supreme Persons, without knowledge of the Secret Service work spy duties, the duties of a soldier, and without being a catholic, and none could be invited to be a wearer of the Pin of the Twins without first being apprised of the possibilities of membership. And only commissioned officers could belong to the membership. Every member is expected to perform any mission that might be terminated, even which tests his strength and loyalty and it is a rule that at the end of the year the supreme Person should put a basis of tests, to which the new members of the following year should be put. These instructions are placed in sealed black envelopes uniform in size and shape, and then into a black cloth bag- the black pack of tests from which they are drawn by the new members in the order of their initiation and admittance. For instance the Person first ordained, makes the initial selection, the next to put the T Pin of the Twins is the second to take out the envelope, and so on down to the last person. The law ordains the instructions shall not be made known to the other member, than the individual holder until they had been carried out in their entirety on account of the facts being learned by Glandelinian spies. This is the last article as drawn by Rodney Graves, and the others who had formed the original cluster. The Persons shall be placed wholly upon their honor at all times. They shall be granted four and twenty four hours in which to decide whether or not they will attempt to the best of their ability to carry out the instructions making known their decisions within that time to the supreme Person. Should a Person decline to following the instructions, it shall be the unalterable duty of the supreme Person to devast him rudely of his Personality, and caused to be placed carded in all public places of the great christian camps and towns all around in possession of the christians sheets of paper, branding him as a coward, weakling in character and purpose and as a traitor to the black Brothers Gemini and to his beloved God. And further more if the offense be extremely serious he shall forthwith be sentenced to death. An agreement to submit to the test, based upon an oath of honor shall be received with warm encouragement, and ever thereafter his name shall suggest a flawless honour, loyalty, and never drying grace, and will receive promotion from time to time in the ranks of the armies, by the orders of the supreme christian generals."

While he was giving instructions it was discovered indeed that a sneaking spy was in their midst, and he was seized within short notice, and quite a number of letters found on him. These were examined and the first ran as follows:;;;;

"It was the will of the Supreme Person and therefore the pleasure of all Gemini that your strength and loyalty and love be subjected to seven tests. As a disciple of our beloved Rodney Graves and as a believer in the

Catholic doctrine of the Gemini, ye cannot, be ye faithful and true, fail to establish beyond all question and doubt your enduring right to the honor and glory of your Priceless Personality. That ye may always wear the pin of the Twins, that ye always may merit the trust of your brothers, that you may always carry your head high in the knowledge of duty well performed ye have acted as follows dear general, concentina, Ironburg

For four years or almost almost from the last day of the influence of the sign of the Gemini of the Gemini in the year 1911 ye have been absent from Lincoln Ill. and at one time within that period had ye communicated by letter or telegraph, with members of your Lincoln friends or with any body else of blood relationship. The first three months of the first year of your absence had been spent as a trap in spying on the Glandelinians at Easter starring with evident success bringing in all information desired..... When the period had begun you had on your person not exceeding fifty cents, or one dollar, as it was the will of the supreme Person whom ye love, that you pretended that you were earning your way as a Glandelinian subject and earning your living and sustenance. After being a tramp of pretending to be one for three months ye pretended to find work in the city of St. Easter starring having choosed any city at that or in what capacity ye may have elected so long as ye depended solely upon the influence and fruits of your own ability. Within three months after ye had pretended to go to farm work in the vicinity of Glandelinian camps having learned great information conveyed it to the christian armies as we requested and then placed your feet on Glandelinian hospital floors for further information.

At all times thereafter ye had nothing more than that which ye have earned by your own hand and mind bringing great honor upon yourself. So promptly at three thirty on the last day of your four years of absence that is on August 2, 1916 ye appeared at the office of Thomas Wentworth Evanston Angelina. There ye required for an envelope bearing the name of general Rodney Graves. The contents of this letter was to be read within forty eight hours after ye received it giving ye further instructions. Well ye Person of the Gemini ye have performed well, it was a plan of the enemy captured by him which you took to general Hanson, the spirit of Rodney Graves knows that ye have performed well and saved the christians from defeat that threatened them, and when victory trembled in the balance for them during the battle of Sunbeam Creek. Ye have earned an enduring right to your full Personality. Ye have also been told to show your self in other towns in Angelina, for one year be beginning at Lincoln Ill, and ending from Binghampton to Chicago Abbieanna.

That ye may know that the spirit of Rodney Graves and your beloved Gemini to be magnificent, ye may have with ye one companion, whom ever you may choose, but who whatever may arise, shall not know the true purpose of your mission. Ye make the trips to these towns in order to prove your ability to stand the spying tests, but no railroading outside of Chicago Abbieanna can be done on account of the Abbieannian governments stopping the running of all their trains to prevent damage to the handsome coaches by the ravaging war and the enemy. Ye must keep inviolably secret these instructions, and all instructions to follow from any one not a Gemini or for any one not known as he or she may be a Glandelinian spy. May the spirit of Rodney Graves guide ye well. And the wishes of all Gemini give ye unbound courage.

May the spirit of Rodney Graves and the love, trust and confidence of all Gemini in spirit ye and one day may ye say with hand uplifted;

"By my manhood, by all that I love and honor, by all that honour and love me, I have earned the enduring right to my Priceless Personality, and the priceless glories that it contains.

GENERAL THOMAS
FRANCIS NEWSOME.

This is important indeed "Said general Darger looking at the prisoner furiously and who astonishing them all was a Glandelinian woman. This proves indeed that she is a spy, and man or woman they are punished alike. The penalty is death. What have you to say to your self mad'am. Speak up."

"Nothing was the sarcastic answer.
Darger looked over the second letter which was a shorter.

Darger looked through each letter he had not understanding at all, however that these important letters ever got into press session of this glandelinian spy. And a woman too. Think of it. He looked over the smaller letter which ran as follows::

With love
Yours in our Lord.
Sister Camilla.

MARTIN LUTHER STUART
NOTHMAN ABBEY, ILL.

There were four letters altogether which had been addressed to little Annie Aroburg by her friends, two of which had been predicted already, and which had been in the possession of the woman spy. What good these were to her is or was now known just then but the leader of the Geminiis was suspicious that she knew something about the little girl who had been so cruelly murdered by her assassin and decided to hold her for a rigid investigation and force any information out of her that was possible. He said to her:

"Do you know anything about this little girl called Annie Aroburg who was murdered by her three assassins."

"I do know the child, but you'll never get any information out of me about her if you shot me down right here in this room." She answered with

as much sarcasm as she could assume. "We glandelinians are free masons and it is the death penalty for us to reveal the intentions of the cause."

June 19th 1911.
My Dear Friend Annie Aronburg,

Your friend:
F. J. P. Perry.

"The little Heroine who lost her life during the frightful carnage at Erwinia run is not the original Annie Aronburg child as first believed but a little girls girl with the proper name of Gertrude Angelina, though she being a spy assumed the name of Angelina Aronburg. The real dead body of the murdered Aronburg child was found in Albans Ravi Ravine at Aronburgs run by general Starring, and violet and her sisters.

Yours truly general denation.
344TH division.
Army of Abbeannians.
At Franklin Pierce..''

The woman saw that she was in a trap, but stated that her first words was true would not change the subject. She was sent off under strong guard to general Jack Evans who would deal with her accordingly with his own will.

As Darger was giving further instructions to the members of his personality an orderly came in handing him a letter. Darger took it and dismissing the order he went into a secret room and proceeded to read the contents of the letter which he had just received. It was a long one and ran as follows:!!!!

344th Infantry Army of Abbeonania.....

March 10th 1915.....

Your excellency general Henry Darger.....

I received your last note, and glad to know that you are looking for Glandelinia with your armies to morrow to begin an invasion of the country of the enemy of God. So general Vivian told me. That will be a fine trip for you and I hope you will have the pleasure of crossing the whole country, in helping to conquer the enemy for our grand Abbeonania, and Angelinia, and of coming back again soon with a wreath of victory on your brow, after squelching the Manley's and the Glandelinian cause..... Every true Abbeonanian and Angelinian, or Galvordinian is working faithfully for the holy cause of our nation and working hard for this victory. Our country was at stake fourteen months ago, our lives and homes were at stake, and even now God help us if the war would change and go against us, now.

But I hope it won't. If our invasion is broken now all is lost, as this is our last chance to crush Glandelinia. We are in the right however and we don't believe we'll be chased out now. God is with us as he always was. Our great Cardinals, Archbishops, and Clergy are with us. We must and shall be victorious.

Our four fathers in the great Glandico-Abbeonanian war of 1841 have set us a good example. Each and every one of us should place his hand on his heart, and cry with that great Abbeonanian Patriot Johnstonia Hero in eighteen eighteen forty one during that war in his great speech before the Abbeonanian Congress:

"Over the child assassination on our picnic ship let others choose to say and think what they will, as for me give me revenge or give me death." Again and again I say to you "Stand by your colors" "Uphold the flag".

It has been your word that your assistant general August Darger wanted to resign his command and return home. Don't let him disgrace himself by doing any such thing at this critical time, tell him to be a man. General Hanson Vivian and even his brother, and general Jack Evans had also ordered and advised him to stay where he is and "Uphold the flag".

"Look at the great General Jack Evans, what he is doing to uphold it. If it was not for him the Christian armies would not be where they are to day. Look at your great gr general Hanson Vivian in this great war, who when wounded in the battle of Pig-girl-moel cried out:

"For God's sake damn me, lay me down and save the flag. I'm only slightly wounded."

These words are written in gold and placecared all over the world. Look at the many wealthy young men your brother has in the army with him, all his staff general officers, General Cordery, Field Marshallton, and a host of others who had not only done their share, and leaving all behind most dear to them but have proved themselves a terror to the enemies of God. This ought to inspire general August Darger with more courage, and he is getting a nice salary of 1,567 dollars a month for his self services, and when at the end of the war or his time expires he will come home from this war with an honour beyond description, and will be welcomed by his friends with exclamations of joy and praises. And let him remember that he was just as dashing an Abbeonanian general as you or Evans, and had never lost a fight in all his service of the war.

I am sending you some paper clippings, and pictures, of the Vivian Iris, and of their heroic doings which I would like you to give to your brother when you meet him again. I know when you come home after the war if you do you will be also hailed with exclamations of joy as a true citizen a Christian far Patriot of Abbeonanian countries, and will have a nice big bank account placed to your credit. And tell your officers to put up with the few inconveniences which they complained about, like the other generals that you have at present, they will soon disappear. As I said before, our three great Cardinals and Archbishops, and Bishops are backing up our cause and governments, heart and soul, in this great war, and you know yourself three of them are staff generals of yours.

Were the Christian generals to lose courage now, and beat a retreat when the invasion in just freshly started the three Manley's and the King of Glandelinia, would soon be over here again with his wild hordes, a great storm of child massacres would begin again, and pick out any of you generals to black his boots.

I had been sorry also to have seen the little Vivian girls who are so dear to us all, so often but I hope they won't be injured further by the wicked Glandelinians and that their persecutions are over. Their friend Sister Camilla told me that general Evans intended to keep them as his little step sisters, and be a step son of their father. This she learned from a cousin here who has a brother in the same division with you and who is general plantation Aronburg. I was glad to hear this, and I now say to you by all means for their sake have your brother August Darger strike it out, he will be doing something more for his country, and for them as well. In invading Glandelinia, he will see more of life, he will be earning new wages for every promotion, and when this bloody war is over, you and he will come home with Honor and also have a great bank account. So tell him your self to strike it out no matter how fierce the work will be in attacking the foe nor no matter how fierce the battles rage and roar. I sent you a pair of socks captured during the battle of Clinton from Manley's headquarters, no doubt belonging to him, and a Whistle from general Ambrose Fuller. Did you get them? They are great spoils as those are worth \$45,678. Single pair. If you have a loose \$1 about you you might slip it into the next letter you send me to pay for those Scauplers, Badge of the Sacred Heart and for your Dues in the League of the Sacred Heart.

I had also learned that general plantation in Evans' army was severely wounded recently and so had desired to come home for a while on a furlough or visit, and I hope they will let him come. He has done his duty and service to God and country for a long time and is as great a general as his friend Jack Evans who told me without plantation he would be jeopardized indeed. There is also good news from Glandelinia for us. On four of their battle ships in the north portion of the Angelinian seas the sailors through some unknown reason mutinied, threw their captains overboard, and surrendered their ships to the Abbeonanian fleet guarding Wickey Bay for revenge. This may be the beginning of the end, and will be hailed by us all with Thanksgiving.

Your friend general
Thomas Phelan.
Commander of army in Glandelinia.
Under Hanson Vivian.

A week later just before Evans' great engagement at Pegasus, Darger had received back all his Members who had went on the dangerous mission to find out the cause of the rout of the foe, and came back indeed with stunning reports. They declared the foe armies were rallying on receiving reinforcements but that the sudden approach of the Abbeonanians had unnerved their general commanders who had been panic stricken themselves and ordered the retreat which had become a rout indeed. Evans is confronted by John Manley at Pegasus or Pegasus, while the armies recently panic stricken are rallying with preparations to make a stand, at Polydeoties, Pickford and Germaine Fielding. Hubert Manley who alone did not retreat and who received reinforcements is in strong force at Marousian on the Angelinian and Glandelinian boundary line. He above all means must be watched as no one likes his actions. Darger was surprised at these reports, and notified general August Darger by wireless who sent back the answer:

"It's best for me, to take my army and maneuver him away from Marousian until general Vivian who will be notified in the meantime can come and bring on a battle that will put him where he belongs. I have changed my mind about resigning and will not do so until the close of war. My threat of resignation was way before the invasion began. To resign now would be my death of mortification, as it would be the greatest delight to the enemy. They believe without me the Christian armies can do nothing. The foe can expect me to resign in command in vain as now I'll not do so until the war closes.

AUGUST DARGER.

Henry Darger reported Manley's action to general Vivian who immediately reported to Darger that he will follow his brother as fast as possible and

strike Menley a blow before he can start a new invasion. All these rumors which were too true at that was exciting enough for Violet and her sisters and they realized that instead of moderating the fury of the war was growing stronger, for with an invasion started the glandelinians was preparing for a pugna and terrible resistance, that would cause the spilling of oceans of blood, before the war would be ended. They wished that something could be done that would avert it. Reports had also come in that a great crush of christian crusades under general Jimmie Jivian their brother had been made against the northern fortifications of Atlands Fair and which was a terrific contest, and in which the christians were beaten. The battle had indeed raged and was known as the battle of Wrigley's Run. The report ran as follows:

THE BATTLE OF WRIGLEY'S RUN!!

June 19,

General Jimmie army began the battle with a terrific cannonading of 500,000 cannon. And neither Cholera nor any horrible Pestilence, or earthquake and typhoon combined into one had more reason to be dreaded, than one of those wild sudden glandelinian onslaughts that struck against Viviana christian line without warning, and which during the hand to hand fight hurled immense multitudes of human beings out of the world. The cannon fire of both sides was so unpeppably terrific that it demolished the most massive and fairest buildings in the air city of Union. This was one of the most terrific storms of battle ever raging in glandelinia yet. Even reports that three thousand five hundred glandelinian ships big or small all armed with better guns than the christian land batteries, steamed up the Easter Starring river to join in the fray and not a ship returned, all being set on fire and torn to pieces by a hurricane of shell fire. The battle had started only like a ten days skirmishing and on the eleventh day the foe had come on in a charge like a hell ocean of human beings gone mad, and so terrific was the christian fire that the whole battle field was torn up by the explosions of shells. It is reported that the biggest and longest waves of glandelinians assaulting the christian line was three hundred ninety deep in mass and extended three miles in succession of waves, and these series of waves made an assault that was without an intermission of a moment a duration of a whole day, and the roaring of the musketry of both sides drowned out the crash of the greatest artillery duel in glandelinia. Never before had any glandelinian army assaulted the christian line on such a maddened screaming fury, and general Aronburgs central christian line had been torn to pieces by the wildest of the glandelinian assaults, where the firing all that live long day had been reported to have roared and crashed like a hundred trillion cannon.

The very Glandelinian surges also swept southwest of the main christian line in weltering tidal waves, but had encountered a fire along the christian line so furious that over 500,000 lives had been destroyed in the attack. The glandelinian columns under generals Boy King, Mc-Hollister, and Aronburg were fairly cannonaded by the christian artillery, and the frightful gaps appalled these divisions whose men were so fast being swept away.... Along the left wing of the christian line under B. Kauffmann waves of glandelinians considered too long to be observed their full length almost carried all before them during the attack, before they were finally crushed and driven back.

There were however scenes of a wild and more horrible description during the next day when the christians made assaults upon the fortifications scenes so wild which neither pen nor imagination could ever adequately depict. General Mc-Hollister on his private ship had not been far from the region and as he had landed troops troops and joined in the strife his experiences of the most terrible of battles on glandelinian soil was described by him as thus:

"My army was launched in one of the most terrific charges than ever known or what I have ever seen or heard of in the whole Glandoo-Angelinian war. Say I'll never forget those sixty minutes during that charge. As my men went forward, the glandelinians with terrific yells heard above the firing charged as wildly as they knew how, fairly screeching their horrible Devil Yell and for an hour my troops was almost in the midst of a deluge of perfect

surges of yelling cursing and screaming men maddened by rage fury, and hatred and as these wild assailant fairly buried themselves into my confined lines I feared that the Angelinians would be overwhelmed, but my reserves came in time and made one tremendous roaring charge, and soon the field was swept clean of every glandelinian, and my own fresh wave of men that seemed to be as long as the longest dragon in a fairy story threatened to engulf the retreating glandelinians who firmly stood their ground and after most desperate fighting for five hours repulsed my men and drove them back under cover. I cannot conceive how the christian line survived the disastrous storm of glandelinian musketry and artillery fire, but our whole line held firmly against all further sea assaults made by the enemy that day though divisions of men had been swept back time and again and the works were fairly buried under their own dead and wounded. I can now witnessing the horrible suffering of the wounded of both sides in the ruined battle fields where nothing has escaped destruction."

After the battle though the last assault was repulsed general Jimmie Jivian had realized that it was too soon to make any attempt on these fortifications and so later on he abandoned the enterprise for a while being too appalled at his frightful losses. The battle was equal in fury as Logan Zoo Rae Run for the losses on both sides in killed wounded and prisoners combined was 160,000,000.

Violet and her sisters told general Evans of this great battle and also of the great work of the Glandoo-Angelinian and he was surprised. You little girls will soon see great and stirring times. He said that evening when he troops reached Paganus, and we'll know why too beyond by. The foe is preparing for sterner resistance than ever, greater armies are gathering, and the defeat of the christians at the battle of Wrigley's Run proves it too. We are invading glandelinia a third time now, our invasion is more serious and threatening, and the whole of glandelinia is aroused as she never had been aroused before. So now as we are in the enemy's country, you little girls had better stay more within the christian lines, and do not go strolling around around without guardians. You may fall into an ambush and be shot down. You know how treacherous the glandelinians are when they are aroused."

Violet and her sisters admitted that they knew and also that they would obey this advice as they had no desire to run into any such danger as they had heretofore done recently in the war.

"We have also heard that a great army of glandelinians all drafted men are concentrating in very heavy forces at Fountain of Pireni-De-la-Croce under general Mc-Allister Stanok. Said Joice. "Many of the glandelinian armies who had been retreating in such a rout are also joining him. It seems that that place is our first goal."

"It is," said Evans. "And if we do not force the foe back from there we'll never progress any further, and so serious would be our check that the enemy would gain time to gather stronger, and stronger in force and fury and not break up the invasion we are making, but destroy so many of us that when we reach the Angelinian boarder there would only be remnants left. We must avoid such disaster and be mighty careful that we know the positions there well also before we make any serious attack on them. You little girls I will depend on to find out about them when we reach there." "And we will," said little Jennie vehemently. "We are not afraid of those new Glandelinian either, though drafted men are worse sometimes than inflated men."

During the night Violet and her sisters with a party of men, mostly all officers went a little beyond the christian lines to scout a little and observed strange flashes in the direction of the south, like a grand display of fireworks, and series of queer and strange noises. Violet and her sisters were puzzled and even felt a little creep, for no matter where the far distant noise came from it sounded like millions of mad dogs barking howling and moaning. Violet placed her poor powerful field glasses to her eyes in the hopes in observing what it was, but the darkness was too intense for anything to be revealed at that great direction and it seemed also that the peculiar noises, and flashes was not far from where the enemy lines were situated. Violet and her sisters had an idea that something was wrong, and wished to reconnoitre closer to the scene but the soldiers' fearsome of some coming dreaded event did not like the idea of doing so and hung back.

"What are you fellows afraid of?" Asked violet. "We don't intend to go right into them. There is no danger of just going a mile further or so. We are too many anyhow for the foe if they did lay ambushes. We are all crack shots and can shoot down ten of them for our one if they are even in hiding. Move on."

"The party then slowly and cautiously rode on and violet saw suddenly a bush move cautiously.

"Wait boys" She whispered. The soldiers had also observed the movements of the bushes further on and realized a trap. But they had went into it and were immediately surrounded. But fortunately for them it was a mistake. They were Angolians who had been lying in wait, having at first suspected that the approaching party were some of the enemy, and so instead of anything serious they only added to the number of the party.

"You need not fear of a glandelinian ambush," said the leader of the new party. "We have cleared the way of the glandelinians for several miles down. We were wondering what that queer noise was and came out here to observe it. We had several skirmishes with scouting parties of the enemy, and cleared a well formed ambush routing the would be trappers and shot many down. We also set fire to a village where the inhabitants started to snip our soldiers. So now the space it is clear of foes for several miles."

"We were on observing the strange noise also," said violet. "We are wondering what it can be."

"That's what we were trying to locate," answered the officer. "It was a like so many mad dogs in an uproar, and saw all those peculiar white flashes. It may be the enemy or something."

They continued for some distance and soon reached a large glen. As they were passing through, a man in purple stepped out suddenly and cried: "Advance any further you fellows and all of you will be captured. A large force of glandelinians under general Pollywolly are advancing. There are 10,000 of them."

"Wait lay in ambush," cried the leader in answer. "All of you dash off to hide. Violet and your sisters come and hide with me. If you wish you can join in the fighting or what?"

"We do not care to join frays," said violet. "So we'll just stay in hiding and watch the conflict between the trees and at a safe location."

All of the soldiers were in hiding in no time, and the officer scouting a certain distance saw that the man had been of one of another party of christians also in hiding. He saw that a large force of Gargolian cavarly were approaching at a gallop, and straining his eyes, he saw to his horror that they had five hundred little girls and boys with them all child slaves being led to a place no doubt where the christians could get rescue the poor children. They could be heard weeping and imploring the glandelinians not to take them away.

"Then he said when he returned. "They have a large number of child slaves with them. So when you open fire don't hit the children if you possibly can help it, and as there is a bright moon shining you can see them plainly. And the children are on separate horses."

The soldiers receiving these instructions from their officers after he conveyed this order watched and waited. Soon they heard the wails of the children and the galloping of horses. The glandelinians indeed were riding fast into the waiting ambush. There were fully ten thousand of the glandelinians and five hundred and fifty children on separate horses, but there was no chance of their getting away. And worse of all neither boy or girl had a stitch of clothes on, and such cruelty and immodesty infuriated the Abbie women who whispered among themselves:

"We'll not give those brutal slunks in gray no quarter. We'll shoot a 1 of the dogs down and kill the pris prisoners. We'll show them what we do to such."

Soon the party was in the whole trap, and as the command of the officers the Angolians placed their muskets on their shoulders, and suddenly to the surprise of the glandelinians the whole field and bushes seemed to blaze with uskestry fire, and horses and men went down by scores. The glandelinians were driven into a panic and confusion, but by strategy they managed to fight their way out of the ambush and escape, but they left all the children behind in possession of the victors. Think of it only three hundred Angolians and Abbie women routing 10,000 Gargolians without a single loss, and the foe suffered the loss of 1,000 in dead and 3,456 in wounded. Only in half an hour fighting in the ambush. The glandelinians retreated southward and reaching the glandelinian camp raised the alarm with the report that the christian army was advancing, and that they had been ambushed by the advance guard and the child slaves taken from them.

Knowing that the escaped fugitives would raise the alarm the party of soldiers with violet and her sisters decided to return back to the lines, before a strong force would be sent in pursuit. They even believed that probably the whole Glandelinian army would come after them. But there was nothing doing of the sort. Having the impression that the whole christian army was advancing itself the glandelinian officers reported the fact to the main commander himself and Mc-Allister Stancklin rode up to his left wing and ordered it to withdraw further to its main position, and sent scouts out to watch and see which direction the christian army was moving.

Violet and her sisters themselves soon realized the truth, and decided not to return to the christian lines right away and so they proceeded further but more cautiously. Violet and her sisters, for the moment had went on ahead of the column and were suddenly surrounded by six ugly looking men in gray.

"Surrender ye little she devils," cried the leader. "We have got you now." "Yes indeed you have," cried violet and her sisters in answer and drawing their guns suddenly to the surprise of the glandelinians. "If you men your selves don't surrender to us we'll shoot you down like dogs. Go hand over your weapons."

The glandelinians were flabbergasted but they had not drawn their own weapons quick enough, and realized that to resist these little sharpshooters was like resisting the true devils themselves, and they surrendered themselves to the little girls, though it was a mortification enough to have killed them.

"You see," said violet with a laugh. "We were prepared for you men and allowed you purposely to surround us, so that you would not take us by too sudden a surprise. We were too quick for you at that. Are there any more of you men lurking in ambush?"

The party of christians had come up by this time and were surprised to see that the little girls had prisoners in their midst, and had actually seen these very glandelinians rush out and so surround the little girls.

"Why violet and your sisters," cried the leader in amazement. "Where do you little girls inherit such bravery. Take six strong well armed men prisoners after they have surrounded you. Why we are astonished." "Oh it is nothing," said violet. "We saw them before they rushed out and rushed out and trapped them. They forgot to draw their weapons and by that forbearance saved themselves from a sudden disaster. We surprised them instead."

Ten of the christians were detailed to take the prisoners to the camp and the remainder with violet and her sisters, proceeded nearer and nearer to the enemy's lines and unconsciously were within a mile of them when a large cavarly force in gray was seen approaching, with another batch of child slaves. The children recently rescued by the christians were or had been sent back toward the camp and so the numbers of christian soldiers were quite fewer than they had been before.

But they stood their ground, realizing that the children must be rescued if possible, and when the cavarly came near enough, Violet and her sisters were advised to go to some shelter, and then the christians made a terrific charge. The glandelinians fortunately however were fewer than the christians were, and retreated in the wildest confusion with the same impression on their minds that it was the advance of the christian army. The child slaves were abandoned, the christians seizing the horses the children were riding on and leading them off with them. Two times the glandelinian troopers had been frustrated in this endeavor to take the children were the christians could not rescue them, and now the news of this aroused the whole camp. The christian troopers returned to the lines with their charges and reported the affair to Evans.

It was Evans's realization that the region was a whole slave region, and so during the night contracted his lines, and extended them everywhere, and sending out large forces of cavarly he gave orders that the enemy must be hindered in transporting the slaves to other locations. Hearing of this Mc-Allister Stanck threatened to massacre all the child slaves he had, and Evans warned him that if this is done, he'll receive no quarter for his army is surrounded, and cannot escape.

"Massacre the remaining children if you dare," he wrote to the glandelinian general. "And I'll commit a massacre myself that will awaken the world. If even one child is slain, out of all you have your army will meet complete destruction. And I'll give you three days to surrender your army too."

McAllister Stanck however had a secret passage in which to withdraw his army through, but nevertheless in his retreat he was forced to abandon all the child slaves in the region, and when Evans advanced the next morning and found the enemy had escaped him, he nevertheless had over 10,000 child slave plantations and factories in his possession and over 1,000,000 child slaves all little girls and boys of the ages of nine and ten years of age and no older or younger. In trying to capture the enemy he had been outwitted, but nevertheless he had rescued all these children, and these were in due time carefully transferred from army to army and sent into Angolonia where they were safe.

Evans continued his advance toward the town of Pegnusa, and during another halt sent out more scouting parties to learn what he could. While his main right wing was settling down for its encampment, a troop of its men suddenly stumbled upon a mine underground, and exploring it found hundreds of children working hard, driven by their cruel masters under the lash. The glandelinians indeed were surprised at their entrance, but they realized that the jig, as it is called was up, and they surrendered the children to the christian soldiers, and allowed themselves to be taken prisoners.

"We'll clean up this child slave business if we have to go down into the uttermost depths of hell to do so." Said the leader of the captors. "You men thought you could hide your slaves in this secret coal mine but you found out different. This was an act of treachery, and you ought to be shot for it."

The prisoners were lead out, and the children following with the Angolonian soldiers.

These children were all little girls, and we were as dirty as black little lumps. They were transferred toward the location of general Evans headquarters, Violet and her sisters seeing these children, and the soldiers with their prisoners approaching and riding up to the leader inquired where they got them.

"In a coal mine." Answered the leader. "It's right in the middle of our camp. We stumbled upon the mine accidentally. We investigated the interior and surprised the rascals and made them surrender themselves and the children. We claim that they ought to be shot for their treacherous treachery as it was a hiding place indeed."

There was quite a number of the children but Violet and her sisters went on volunteered to have them cleaned up, which they did and soon within several hours you would not have recognized the dirty and besmeared faces and hands.

They were also covered with bruises, which was attended to by the red-cross nurses, and then the children were led off to the transportation camp. It was evident to the glandelinian alright that the christians were now carrying the war with the greatest intensity to their very doors, and at every village or town that the christians approached at the people fled in such hurry that they left all their belongings behind. All of the children who had been rescued had observed Violet and her sisters but great admiration and wonder, and hated to go away they loved these dear little girls so. But to remain here was dangerous and they had been assured that some day when the war was over they would be able to see the Vivian Girls again, and perhaps play with them.

News soon came in that the armies under the two pargers had reached the vicinity of Marcucian near Angoline on the boundary line of Angolonia and Glandelinia, and that general Vivian was following fast, and that all attempts on the Glandelinians to advance into Angolonia had been frustrated. The whole of general Evans' army was elated over this news and Evans told Violet and her sisters.....

When Evans was preparing to resume his advance he learned that the enemy was concentrating in the vicinity of Pegnusa in great force, and so he did not resume his advance but awaited developments..... Violet and her sisters observed movements along the enemy's lines that indicated the approach of a battle, but though they gave all the information they could the enemy remained quiet nevertheless, and the christian army was undisturbed.

Evans was anxious to press his advance but could not do it without sweeping away this glandelinian army, but then he did not think it wise to make an attack in particular. Hanson himself had warned him not to do so until an opportunity presented itself. Hanson's army was one day behind, and so Evans decided to await until he came up and re-joined him.

This was indeed pleasing news to Violet and her sisters, general Jack Evans having told them himself. More things that made the little girls still happier was that their boy friends Gerald starring and even Powell and Perrod who had been reported mortally wounded during the recent frightful battle at Gilmet or what ever it was called were now on the road of recovery were able to walk about a good deal and Violet and her sisters were almost always with them during the days they did not go out scouting. Their three little girls friends also were with them and only Evans who had been unable to stay for a long time had hardly seen them but once or twice a day. But now during the halt Hanson for the sake of Violet and her sisters relieved Evans of his most extreme duty by sending him many assistant generals to help him in all the emergencyS.....

So again Violet and her sisters were with Evans frequently and enjoyed their spare time with him more than ever.

"Terrible things are going to happen to old Glandelinia soon." Said Evans to them that morning. "Then it is going to start I do not know but it's coming. The wicked glandelinian armies had committed the most terrible havoc to our Angolonian and Calverinian towns and cities, laid so many of our beautiful forests in ashes, and God knows what. The troops in my army are almost murmuring against me because I do not allow them to destroy. Do you little girls think it is right for me to refuse their request. You know best."

Violet and her sisters remained silent for a few moments pondering on the horrible scenes they had witnessed, and then Jennie said:

"It's right to prevent it as long as Hanson or papa had not ordered it to be done. But to do so would be perfectly just. The wicked glandelinians have committed the most shocking sacrilegious thing that Satan would not dare commit, have murdered children in such ways that no one would be allowed to picture, and have committed what wanton destruction. If papa or uncle permits it we would be glad to see it. We feared and dreaded the great fires raging in our beloved countries, here we would truly enjoy it as something great. If you desire to do so Evans, talk to Hanson about it, and tell him of the murmurs of your troops."

"I have sent a notice to Hanson this morning and expect an answer when he comes." Answered Evans. "It is indeed my almost irresistible desire to tear Glandelinia to pieces for many reasons. For the sufferings you little girls have unjustly gone through, for the cruelties of the foe to the helpless and for my own affairs as well. All the Abbeannians who have observed the starved conditions in northern Calverinia are clamoring for revenge, they want to desolate but we all have to await word."

"At this moment an orderly came dashing up and saluting handed a note to Evans saying:

"It's from Hanson."

Evans opened it and read;

"Your excellency general Evans;

My officers tell me that the Abbeannians in rushing through northern Calverinia have witnessed scenes that I or they could not bear to tell any one. They have observed the starved conditions of fugitives, have tried in vain to save little ones who fall overcome from hunger on the wayside during the fleeing of fugitives, and are furious at the sight they witnessed, the heartbroken mothers, and the panics, and desolations, and weepings of children. I have ordered that nothing in Glandelinia no matter what is it shall be spared. I'll damnate the whole of Glandelinia. Evans you start the devastation yourself yourself and the others will follow. Satisfy the desires of your men. They done much to our property and the lives of helpless children and so shall we repay telfold. Children even belonging to the enemy shall be seized, but not slain, but to take the place of those lost in our own countries. Spare nothing. Burn everything. Abbeannian Abbeannia, Calverinia, and Angolonia shall be avenged."

GENERAL HANSON
VIVIAN
COMMANDER IN CHIEF."

Evans read the letter and then showed it to Violet and her sisters.

"My men will be joyous when they know this." He said. "I'll lecture this to all my officers." And he sent his orderly to summon all the officers of every rank.

Violet and her sisters went immediately to general Evans Headquarters and awaited developments. In half an hour's time all christian officers of every rank were present, and Evans standing on a high platform said;

"You men have children of your own I presume who have been massacred by the foe!" He asked.

"The men answered in a furious ascent "Yes, Yes."

"Well," said Evans with a fierce gleam in his eyes. "Your losses shall be avenged." "Tell all your men to stop their mumbling. Their wishes shall be granted to the utmost. It's Hanson's orders to be devoured by Glandelinia as furiously as we can to tear her to pieces." Then Evans read the letter sent by Hanson. Then continuing he said;

"You all know how the poor starving peoples of northern California have made heartbreaking sights for the Abbeismians who came marching in to our aid. Now boys they want to be revenged against Glandelinia and as you are all Angelinians don't let them think we are foolish enough to be too easy on Glandelinia. We first shall start ruin and go to it like hell. Spare nothing. Even if the inhabitants snip our soldiers in going through their damned towns surround the town and burn it with them together. Spare nothing. We'll win the worse desolation ever, a desolation that will surprise and even horrify the world. And we'll capture Tatini's fair boys if we have to blow it to Kingdom come."

There was a loud ring of cheers from the officers, at this and then Evans ordered Violet and her sisters to step into full view. Then he said, "Boys you all know how these poor little girls have suffered at the hands of the cruel brutal Glandelinians. You all know the pang of sorrow of poor King Cannon of over his loss in that tragedy of eighteen forty one. And you all know how the poor little girl Annie Aronburg was assassinated by the Glandelinians, and how the original Gertrude Angelina was shot down in cold blood at the battle of Eranis creek. Well this will also give us a perfect right to do all we can to repay Glandelinia. Show the Abbeismians that as we were the first to suffer on account of their dirty Glandelinian skinks it's we who will be revenged first. We'll begin desolation to morrow. Burn pegans and every darn village you get. Burn the forests even spare nothing. Make Glandelinia a fiery inferno of an inferno. Chock up all the rivers she uses for navigation, make a horrible scene of it all. Now go and tell your comrades my orders. We begin to morrow. Down with Glandelinia and her kin kingdom. To hell with her and all her wicked kings and general officers. Desolate her likeshe desolated us."

A louder cheer followed this, and then the officers went to do their bidding. The news was soon spread along the whole line, Evans had even placecards put up in every tree repeating his orders, and then sent orders to every christian general commanding the separate armies, that the moment they poured into Glandelinia to wing a wide wide storm of desolation.

"To general Williamsburger Zimmermann who was to direct the invasion in person at that quarter Evans wrote;

"Desolate Glandelinia without mercy spare none rich or poor. All shall suffer alike. They did the same to us. They murdered millions of our children, caused many others to the tortures of hell, starvation, slavery, rendered millions homeless without food, made them fugitives, ruined hundreds of our fairest cities, and destroyed without reason many hundreds of miles of our best forests. Glandelinia must be payed, and if this order is not complied with in every detail every offender will be held resp onsible for it.

GENERAL JACK AMBROSE EVANS.

Indeed this order of general Evans excited the whole troop of soldiers and they cheered from sheer gladness. Many of the poor soldiers were childless on account of the Glandelinians and were glad to get their satisfaction for their losses. Evans himself said to Violet and her sisters;

"I myself am an orphan on account of the foe, not from the loss of parents for parents not alone counts though they had been ruthlessly murdered by the foe just to steal me and make a drudging child slave out of me as they have done. But because my own home was burned to the ground, with my sisters very dear little girls like you burned alive. I have never forgotten that scene their dying cries for aid and mercy and then see them devoured by the searching flames and the vilest laughter ringing in my ears from kidnappers. That is also the reason I desire this. They

soon find out what it is to drive me into fury like they have done."

Later in the evening as general Hanson was arriving a portion of his troops had been passing through a large village, and general Hanson was at the head. Snipers started firing on the troops and Hanson fell severely wounded, with many of the men. The snipers however were readily overpowered lined up and without mercy shot down in one volley. The village was sacked and burned, the fleeing fugitives, it being reported in some instances being fired upon by the enraged Angelinians and many of the men shot down. Children by great numbers had been seized, and those belonging to the snipers were detained, and the remainder sent to the rear, and all those captured of a one the fugitives held on the charge of sniping or encouraging their friends to snip the christian soldiers.

So that very night came the first brand that was to start the most horrible scene of desolation that the world ever experienced, a scene that resembled the world afire when the christian troops started on their work of devastation. During the night many near by Glandelinian farms were raided, horses, chickens, pigs, and cattle being driven off into the christian lines and all the haystacks were taken possession of and as much of it as possible taken to feed the captured horses, their own caviary horses, and those pulling the artillery. The rest which could not be carried off or retained was set on fire, and Violet and her sisters soon were surprised by discovering three hundred big fires at one location. Farm houses were even set on fire, and the farmer for striking down an officer flogged.

"Revenge indeed was started, and the first Abbeismian army to hear of it was surprised.

All the railroad tracks were torn up for scores of miles, and every car wrecked or burned. A big oil field larger than any owned by the Vanderbilts or other rich men in this country were set on fire by the Angelinians, and even great grain elevators, and thus is the reason that Violet and her sisters observed three hundred fierce fires, which threw a glare that brought Evans out of his headquarters in short notice. And all on account of the snipping. Evans beheld the many fires with great surprise and awe, and worse of all new fires were adding. Far in the distance vast fountains of fire was seen rising the skies was blackened with smoke/ the fire seeming to sear and roar upward to where the clouds extended, a thousand feet seeming ingly above a diabolical oil cauldron. Hissing like 10,000 devils and snakes together the mass of flames swirled and flared in many locations, shooting tongues of fire and flame into the air with the pitiless venom venom of many malignant spirits. There was a roaring sound everywhere in that direction like a million Niagara and Evans indeed was surprised at the terrific findings of fire where hundreds of places glowed and glowed in moulders like mammoth overheated furnaces or stoves, with one of or more of the openings exposed. It gave the impression of "Hell" with the lids off. It indeed was a sight for the gods.

Violet and her sisters watched the terrific fire in awe for a long while and wondered what had happened that had started the scene so soon when a messenger came up to general Evans telling him that Hanson is severely wounded, and that he must take the main command until he recovers.

"He had been shot down by snipers in the first village our vanguard passed through." Said the messenger. "That's the reason of the havoc you see starting now. It has begun before your time that was ordered."

"I thought something was up." Said Evans. "For otherwise it would not have happened so quick. Well let it be."

Evans then finding Violet and her sisters told them of Hanson's misfortune and they went to see him. He was lying in his tent, and Evans finding that he could be moved had him taken to his headquarters.

"Your men have revenged your being shot." Your excellency. "Said Evans. "And it is well that they did so. There are over three hundred big fires burning, and from the terrible noise I hear there something else go on going on besides. Thousands of cows and other animals besides horses have already been driven within our lines. This testifies that farms have been raided."

Later on Violet and her sisters in person just before retiring for the night were presented by some of the raiders with eight or 10 golden vases which the raiders had taken from a public building in the burning village and two large turkeys. Indeed the raid had been terrific and lasted all night. By morning, property and a mounting to \$4,577,777 had been ruined and over \$6,678,999 carried off.

before Violet and her sisters met and general Jael Evans told them in full detail of his experiences during his childhood. The little girls were very attentive as he told his story which ran as follows:

"When I was a little boy, my parents had been horrified over the news of the horrible child slavery then going on in Calvernia in which we lived, but though Abbaananna did not believe that the raciality of the Glandelinians would ever strike us and them. We had been warned many times by friends that the Glandelinians would do something, in particular they were warned, and several times they decided to flee, but relayed a volume warning by the Glandelinian tribune that it was too late, and that to flee my parents would be charged with desertion, as they claimed we were descendants of Glandelinia.

One fine morning when I was playing in my garden three strange men had entered my home, and I felt suspicious as I did not know them, and did not like their faces. They were repulsive looking men, and fearsome as I was I foolishly followed them into the house, instead of running off and looking for help.

There in one room lay my mother dead on the floor with her eyes shut and a gulp, and one of the brutal men stooping over her with an axe. I realized that he had murdered my mother, and running from the room I screamed for help, and just then there was other screams outside and my sisters who had been playing out in the street had been cut down in cold blood by the Glandelinians. My father was not at home, and he was not murdered at home either. I had him when I served in the war, as and he was one of our general's generals who fell mortally wounded at Cederline. The rascals carried me off despite my vehement screams and struggles, and to quiet my struggles and screams they strangled me into insensibility. For all the rest of my life I had been a living drudge for the cruel Glandelinians, had stood without murmuring terrible lacerations every day, but instead of killing me or lowering me down into bad health, my sufferings and hardships made me the toughest man I am today.

What I observed during my older days of a slavery was enough to arouse any one and it was I who really started the insurrection among the child slaves. I in person knew Anna Kronburg, whose sister one of you little girls were and still are. She was my main assistant in the plot, and she arranged everything so nicely that before long there was the most peculiar rebellion going on that the world ever heard of. First the child slaves took up the rebellion by refusing to work without pay, any more came what may, and boldly went before the Glandelinian chief masters with their complaints. They refused to listen to us, and so what was first something like a general strike, turned into a rebellion of furious character. Anna Kronburg and her sister Gertrude Angelina as you call yourself were the first to show those Glandelinian skinks that you little child slaves meant to obtain your freedom, and soon as I witnessed myself, though at that time I took no part, was the burning of ten big child slave buildings, set on fire by the little insurgents.

This put in mind that there was something serious starting, and I warned all those who were taking part in the rebellion, but who had not yet started it to begin right away before it is too late.

As you my dear little girls know the rebellion grew worse during the proceeding months, so fierce that thou children as they were, they had the upper hand in no time and the Glandelinians had to appeal to the tribuna tribunals for aid, and they themselves could not do anything, and appealed to King Proclie. Jolce's killing King Proclie, ended all help for a long time for the Glandelinians, and as the rebellion spread, among every child who had sense to stand up and fight for their freedom, and I loyal Calvernian men and even women joined in starting real battles that were bloody, and caused the loss of thousands killed wounded and so on.

This insurrection was so wide spread and threatening, as you little girls know that the tribuna tribunals appealed to the king, and he forthwith sent a large army of militia to put the rebellion down.

Now it is not confirmed which way general Hemda Shoemanna was given orders to march, but we all know that he marched through Angelina and found himself opposed by citizens of towns and country, who warned the Glandelinians to go another way, for their route to Calvernia, that trouble would be brewing if they did not, as they were invading and trespassing Angelina. D Hemda Shoemanna truthfully went back to the king to find out which way to go leaving another general in his place until he returned. During his absence it is true that a part of his force moved through the town of Crowley and another part through Jennie-Wien town, and enraged over the invasion the inhabitants sniped the soldiers.

This is the cause of the Crowley massacre. Many of the soldiers had been killed or wounded by the snipers, and the Glandelinians losing their temper threw in all their fury and committed a deed, which surprised and horrified the world and plunged both the two nations, Angelina and Glandelinia into this terrible, cruel, and bloodiest of wars. The number of children massacred in both places, was never given, though over 13,445 were found in Crowley and its streets by witnesses who saw the scene and reported it to the governments of Abbaananna itself. The Crowley massacre had caused a great condemnation throughout the world, many of the nations had their eyes on Angelina wondering what she would do over the affair. Angelina had protested so often over the cruel child slavery in Calvernia that it was believed that a single protest would be made over the massacre. Yes Angelina made a protest, with an iron hail of cannon. Just before the struggle commenced as you little girls know yourselves, Hanson and the government only made an investigation of the affair, found Glandelinian guilty of a terrible crime, and declared war against her. To now we have been at war for over three years, and when we win Glandelinia shall know what it is to trifle with the wrath of a Christian people, and all the sufferings of you little girls shall also be made atone for."

[illegible]

On the 21th of May, Hanson's armies were again in titan throes in a battle nearly as severe as the recent fighting with his brother, against John Manley. Shoemanna Logan glandelinian army endeavored to take possession of Omomondsonia (Glandelinia) before general Hanson arrived there in his new attempts to capture Bristol-Town-station, but were attacked furiously by Bichmells and the first part of Hanson's army. This part of the battle resulted very much in favor of the enemy, his knells came and being entirely dislodged, and the few survivors routed, and Hanson's right wing cut to pieces and rolled up with his left threatened with annihilation. Other big reserve armies were then thrown against Logan with disastrous results to the Christians whose divisions were cut to pieces one after another. Believing himself now successful, he lunged against Hanson's lines which was stationed along the Francis Marias Run the heaviest assaults and though almost successful Hanson brought up his heavy reserves and bent back the terrific assault with terrific despatch. Six times general Logan tried with utmost madness to force Hanson's army from its position but six times his assaulting columns were dislodged, and disheartened or he retreated having suffered mutual loss. Another frightful battle also occurred at Francis Anna Smith or Martaria Lieghburgling landing. It was fiercer than the battle of Omomondsonia and resulted in a glandelinian success. General Vivian having received the remainder of his army which had been behind during his last battle was soon again in vigorous action at Josephine Smith, another one of the bloodiest battles of the entire war, in which the glandelinian generals Manley, the new Federal, Shoemanna Jensen, and Bicknell Tamerline were engaged. Hanson's Christian armies suffered losses during the frightful engagement by the wholesale in officers and men and had to be withdrawn, and still greater was the losses of the enemy, whose army attacked the Christian line, with the utmost steadiness and fury of storm waves, breaking themselves against an inviolable barrier. The glandelinians under Manley in single force, suffered the losses of 10,000,000 in killed and wounded, but at other quarters the pugnacious fury of Federals wild series of onslaughts, soon told heavily on the Christian lines, and they finally gave way, the glandelinians winning a complete victory. This battle raged on April 24th. There were other battles also of very sanguinary and equal fury. The attacks on the fortifications of Titanic Fair, April 1th Christian failure, Christian victory at Vivian Jennie Francesanna, the same date, the usual unsuccessful attempts to capture the fortifications of Jarming Tess, another battle at Vivian Jennie Francesanna with Christian victorious in all of that terrible battle, April 8th, Christian victory at Ophelia St Clare, and another unsuccessful attempt on the fortifications of Titanic Fair. The Christians were victorious at Logan Zoo Rao Torrington, April 30th and were defeated at Illinda (Glandelinia) in two desperate battles, again at Francis Aurandecallio, and Logan Rosanna Hogantown, all frightful battles, which showed the fury of the glandelinian resistance against the Christian invasion.....

At the time of May 10th a local battle of exceedingly violence raged at Logannia Catherine. The enemy advanced against the Christian line with the fury of a hurricane lashing wave after wave before it, and though the Glandelinians penetrated far into the Christian lines, a fierce and deadly fire tore their main line to pieces, at every onslaught, and sent them retreating in the wildest confusion. It was second to the frightful battle of Jennie Turner (Calverina) and extended the same length, thirty six miles. The losses were equally the same on both sides though not readily given. Terrific storms of shell fire ruined towns and villages. Losses on both sides was considered over 30,000,000. The terrible battle raged fully over sixteen hours and was the fiercest along the center. The Christians won. At the same time another frightful battle occurred along the banks of the Erminia Run River in Glandelinia. It also lasted sixteen hours, was exceedingly local in character, and losses on both sides was beyond the extreme for a such short duration and was termed a second Francis Atlanta. It was readily called the battle of October Hill. It ended as a sort of Christian victory. The Christians were also victorious at Woolia Poundee Pouncee, sweeping all before them, the battle occurring on April the last, but in a second battle at the same place May 1th the glandelinian army was completely destroyed.

On April the 12th general Robert Madge Evans army of Glandelinians suffered a staggering defeat at Swamvondonia-Cassallian, but at the battle of Brohia-Hotinnia were somewhat victorious and held the Christian advance at bay for some time, until after a battle of still greater violence which took place at Ohnybillio-Journell, in which a whole Christian command the left grand division of general Vivian's army under Richard Kindernine was practically wiped out after a most cruel sanguinary fight, the first glandelinian army was destroyed, and the second cut up and thrown into confusion, the Christians finally carrying all before them and almost destroying this division

Nero and Viviania were both successful almost instantly the enemy fleeing in utmost precipitation. Next to the great battle of Cedernine Run this conflict was the bloodiest, and the greatest victory ever won yet during the invasion. So great was the losses of both sides that it was prohibitive. Viviania one of the main commanders was wounded at the highest fury of the great battle. Even before this occurred the Christians under general Butler had failed in their attacks during the battle of Margret Forde Run June 1th. There had also been a five weeks water battle on the Erminia dit being the bombardment of the Titanic fortifications by water but the Christians suffered a serious defeat. Encouraged by his great victory at Julia general Nero continued his campaign southward, and was finally held at bay at St Clare Evangeline Francis. But in the terrible battle there June 15 one of the most sanguinary of the war itself, the enemy's main line fourteen to fifteen times made a driving onslaught only to have their entire line of assault withered each time. It however was an advantage to the enemy however as they checked general Mercos advance. And to add to this at the same date, the Christian armies fought two severe and sanguinary battles of still greater intensity at Chester Francis Run, the slaughter being so great that the battle flags were covered with the blood of the fallen and torn in shreds by the storm of bullets and shot and shell. In the first battle the Christians were victorious, but in the second the wounding of their general pike Bicknell caused the defeat of the Christian armies. Another action occurred before this on June 1th at Wickey Run ending as some sort of Christian victory, and again a third bloody battle was waged at Chester Francis Run ending as a Christian victory. Also on April 24th a Christian success was won at Ledger Run, and another at Christie Wilson on the same date in which the Christians were defeated. Another defeat occurred at Seledors Barn the whole region being burned by the Christians however. Simultaneously a Christian victory was won at Mollows Marsh.

In the meantime during March 19 general August Darger endeavoring to maneuver Huebman Manley's armies out of the region of Mary Stancks Run by making a severe and bloody concentration all along the line, under support of the heaviest artillery fire met a disastrous repulse. And alarmed by this great concentration Huebman Manley shelled the whole Christian line, and launched fourteen of the wildest assaults he ever mustered before in the entire war, covering the attacks with a fire from all his batteries, committing exceedingly terrible damage among the Christian troops. General August Darger did not have good ground in which to place his own batteries of the biggest guns in effective range, and so being unable to answer, he again concentrated as heavily as he could, drove back the glandelinian assailants with terrible dislodgement, and delivered a furious attack, the Abbiannians sweeping over the whole region like a great tidal wave, vanquishing general Manley's army with the most frightful slaughter. It was a disgraceful defeat for the enemy at Mary Stancks Run, and had general Darger's army been in a condition to follow up his victory the Christians could have completely destroyed Manley's army. During the same time other Christian armies were being defeated at Erminia Creek in Glandelinia worsted the enemy at Radcliffeor Millian, and at Rodcliffe, were slightly victorious at Vandallia-Pandora, were again beaten at Wickey Vivian Resurrection Creek, and at Genitori, the Glandelinians also defeating them at the Twigs fortifications, Big Hedda Olivia and at Cromwell Olivia, and at Turner Ridge. All these battles were extremely sanguinary. The greatest excitement of the invasion was the glandelinian surrender to the Christian general Tenebre at the battle of Los Angeles, in which the city was almost totally destroyed. From April 28th to May 1th a long battle of inconceivable fury raged at Weeping Willow Oakling Swamp, where thousands of furious glandelinian onslaughts were steadily cut down like grass. A remarkable feature of this most bloodiest of battles in this part of the war was of the checking of the hurricane attack made by a force of Concentration and Abbiannian cavalry 67,000,000 strong in an all day furious onslaught there being three hundred and fifty desperate cavalry duels in that one bloody day. The losses on both sides was extremely horrible indeed. Indeed. Another great feature was of the many artillery duels which made a roar that shook the country for thousands of miles around and reverberated with the commanding thunders as to be heard two thousand miles. Horrible explosions tore up the earth in havoc beyond describing. It ended as a sort of slight Christian victory, but their advance at this location was checked. The losses were too severe to be accounted for. Simultaneously at another portion the Christians were also victorious at Pandora Glandelinia

also. The battle though a christian victory cost them heavy. At the same time there was another battle at Evangelina - Glorinda but the decision was not known though reports stating over where that the battle had a horror that was beyond any ones imagination.

From Bristol-Tee-Station, to Easter Starring, and Heeda Junction to the junction of the Mc-Hollester and Francis Clammon run raged one of the real first bloodiest battles of the invasion; the battle of Madge-Evans in glandelinia or Mc-Hollester Run Junction. The enemy began with a onrushing tidal wave of men at the vicinity of Bristol-Tee-Station, capturing the whole christian position there after a scene of hellish damnation for five hours duration, with the most frightful loss in men, and even in great general officers. Later on it was finally retaken in a frightful inferno of horror the christian lines swept on, the whole glandelinian front 10,000,000 strong at this portion withered before the daminating christian cannon and musker musketry fire, Zimmermann Evans their chief commander falling mortally wounded, brigades on the christian sides were completely annihilated, and Hansons right wing was smashed to atoms and rolled up simultaneously for twenty eight hofs miles in one hours time. Christian troops were cut to pieces all along the line and Hanson withdr withdrawing the ragged portions of his lines to better cover sent fresh forces forward to recover the lost positions, these making onslaughts with the fury of tidal waves, but of no avail. Though gray lines many miles long gradually crumbled and melted away heavy reinforcements arived, and the struggle was renewed with redoubled fury, the foe pouring across the Easter Starring, Heeda Junction, and the junction of the Mc-Hollester and Francis Clammon Run in one big simultaneous wave of assault, this tremendous counter attack checking the christian attack with bloody losses to both sides, and with the loss of eighty one generals to the christian side, and ninety to the enemy of high rank.

Emergitic counter charges crushed the christian line under general Hendro Sardinia, while the center of Hansons main line was simultaneously resist ing titanic sledge hammer blows of Federal and Manley, who caused such frantic firing of both sides, that the whole world seemed to become an inferno of destruction. Hendro Sardinias whole line was cut to pieces and routed,

but the glandelinian general Francis Mc-Hollester Johnston in command here was killed, and Federal Doubleday Francis arived with his great army of Abbeasunnians who covered the retreat of Hansons and general Hendro Sardinias shattered forces which rallied and gave fierce resistance untill the foe appalled at their exorciating losses desisted of their own accord. It is probable that this could be called a christian victory, though Double day was at first believed the only one who could claim the victory. The cause of the glandelinian defeat was a blinder but nature of blunder was unknown. The christian losses were withheld, and Hanson himself was wounded. Double day was also severely wounded, hundreds of christian generals having fallen in that mad battle horror. The ground and woods were desolated for the whole length of the battle line by the fury of the terrific firing of both sides.

Following an attempted massacre of helpless children at Julianna all child slaves general Bicknell Teonia Meldonia was requested to repel the advance of general Hansons army in that location who had stopped the attempt to assassinate the children, but he was in a huff over the attempted massacre himself, was not in favor of the war and not only refused to do so but resigned his command. Another glandelinian army was sent to retake Juliania

but though successful in stopping Hansons advance it arived too late to retake the city, and in the terrible battle there on June 1th the whole Glandelinian army there was cut to pieces, though its right wing did carry all before it in attacking Hansons right routing it in the wildest confusion. It was again one of the bloodiest battles of the invasion, the foe resisting the following christian onsets with the most frightful fury, repulsing charge after charge, and though the whole Glandelinian army was shattered they managed to hold their own ground, and later on Hanson was forced to fall back himself on account of the rout of his right wing which had been driven into the greatest confusion ever seen among them, since the war began. The result of the battle was the burning of the city of Julianna.

Simultaneous to this came several bloody campaigns, devastating raids, and three hundred and sixty bloody skirmishes, and on June 2th general Noro got into a clash with the main Glandelinian armies at Cedernine Julia and it was impossible to descri describe the almost preternatural fury of the battle which raged here. It was another Cedernine. The grounds and lanes of Daprola Run was a regular inferno of battle, dead and wounded of both sides fairly carpeted the sides of these small mounds of foothills, and so devastating was the destruction caused by this conflict, that it was called the "Battle of Hell."

Another one occurred at Costello Melby, a grater -j one at corinth, a severe one at St Clare Evangelina a fiercer ne at Meldonia, Calvin Gallianin, all christian defeats, but simultaneously at different points the christians were slightly victorious at the sanguinary battle of Roseanna town another victory at the Junction of p v river mouth, and again victorious at Eternal Run, victorious again at plankt purg Crossroads victorious again at Angeline Run River, victorious at Mouths, Island number -j victorious at Big Ben, fought an undecided battle at Ben Logan and Meldonia, worsted again at Agathia Angolinia, fought still another battle at the same place, and again beaten, and again fought an undecided battle at the same place. These three battles of Agathia Angolinia were terrific in the extreme, but the third one was more serious the two opposing armies fighting with all their might. It was equally as severe as Cedernine and phelantonburg put into one three great christian onslaughts being repulsed with their main columns millions strong fairly crushed to atoms. An artillery duel even followed.

AA A long siege of Puggsy had also been on, and after some very savage fighting ending with the surrender of the glandelinians there it seemed evident that better success would be assured for the christians. Simultaneous to this there was sharp fighting for the possession of the fortifications of Tommyrot and parter on the Angeline run the christians were unsuccessful. This was followed in the quickest time possible with the surrender of the glandelinians at the fortifications of power, a severe glandelinian defeat at Butler at Bondonia quass, and undecided battle at Francis Farwell. All these battles were savage in their horrible fury. Simultaneously a severe engagement raged at a place called Solorodia but the outcome could not be known at all and so it was called a drawn battle.

Also at the same time a severe glandelinian defeat occurred at Melullia a severe christian defeat at Logan Andenia, a christian success at Hansonia Chirillie, and there were also severe battles at Canderlinglancoo, Moltee burn Junct on, and Goo-goo-goo-goo, all glandelinian victories. At other points there were christian victories at Kroothellio vararah, and Seollie evangeline-run, with also the wild battle of James of Saten, followed by a disastrous glandelinian defeat at Pow Povertytown, which caused the abandonment of the foe in that reason. At the same time battles were also fought and ending as glandelinian defeats, at Calvinia Finger Mountain, Jelliesania creek, Hendonburg, another at Melknigurg fortifications. Snowline vivian, the latter at which the glandelinian army surrendered. The only victory won by the glandelinians among this section as section was at Pitts a Pittsburging Island. Here during this great battle, came another of the severest fights of the great war. Both sides fairly impaired their strength in the fury of the battle, the losses of both sides being fearful, but the wicked glandelinians finally won, breaking the whole christian line all to pieces, with almost disastrous consequences. to the christian line. An expansion of the christian line prevented any serious disaster however. Simultaneously from March 31 to May 31 opetinate fighting took place in which the christians captured the city of Ignorance, Chillioe Run, collonia, the fortifications of Henrysonia, and a drive of glandelinian reinforcements was stopped at Francis Padley by a desperate onset of the christians who also won this latter battle. In the not month of April the glandelinians were temporary successful at Gelrission forks, and Bonsullinasean Five Forklings, and simultaneously a great Abbeasunnian advance on Friedlanding Run was opposed for ten days with great success by the foe. There was a drawn battle fought at the lanes of Proclio Run, Woods of the Palms, and Angeline Junction and at Meldon parger and the latter was only a christian victory. Simultaneously the foe were defeated at Povertytown, peoplaines Hills, and Thunder-mountain. They won however at peclinnia, and were worsted at gatheningburg Ferry.

A fiercer battle than any ever raged yet during the invasion was at Menagerie run the glandelinians winning a sweeping victory, and defeating the christians with the greatest loss yet, but suffering still greater losses to themselves. They however were beaten simultaneously in two bloody battles at Hansoniaburg, and in the frightful battle of Halfacowington. The latter battle lasted a fully month. Then the first surprise of the watching world came at the battle of Puggy Mullinda, the mightiest struggle ever since the invasion began, raging forty eight hours, with varying fortunes on both sides, veritably another terrible Logan-Zoe-nae-run. The losses were fearful on the christian side, more fearful than the enemy suffered but they succeeded in holding the foe at bay untill they could extricate their torn up armies out of the region and get away before it was too late. Simultaneously a ten days battle raged at Puler Clamburg, but the glandelinians were finally forced to surrender.

fought an undecided battle at Coehorn, Agathia Angelinia, were worsted at Francis Mc-Whirther, and Stancklin Aronburg, all separate battles raging on the same date, were victorious also at Logan Clybourne, another undecided battle at Agathia Angelinia, Maxmillania, were defeated at Jennie-Wren Town at Glandelinia, suffered a disastrous defeat at Knool-girl, ig, was also defeated at Parobe ck Wilkerson, suffered a defeat at Beppo London, another at Big Betschel, and Lamsinia Violette. During the same time a great christian victory was won at Glan Glandelinia-gorozane, raging three days, another christian victory was won at Judge Evans, at Mendon, and Ophelia all also on the same date. During the month of April had been also fought at western Glandelinia the battles of Steadmann, Wickey Viviania, another at Running Crowley, and patria all christian victories, but the Glandelinians were victorious at Emainie Town, but fought an undecided action at Francis Agathia. Christians were also victorious at Riches Jennie, defeated in attempt to take the Zacary fortifications, fought a drawn battle at Marrocellice Run, got defeated at Aurandehondonia, defeated at Aurandescallio, Bonhon, Vanity Pair, and at Donald Aurandehondonia. An undecided battle was also fought at cattanineta, christians were defeated at Belly, and again at Annia Aronburgs Run, where soldiers of both sides fell in too great numbers to be estimated. On the same date the christians were defeated at Chamberlane and again at Gretchen Run, and another battle on the Mc-Hollester Run. Another struggle also raged along the Mc-Whirther Run in Glandelinia. By outwitting Federalton at Albrahambra the christians not only won this severe battle but captured the Glandelinian army as well. This occurred on May 14th. On May 18th Donohues christian army won a great battle called the battle of Stanes/ll Staneslaw or panamtion. It was a victory for the foe that surprised the world for Donohue was killed and his whole army massacred. Again in the meantime from April 10 to May were fought the battles of Clocking, Convent of the Child slave Mills, two severe battles at Easter Starring agi again, one at Gerononian River, Gandonian Idols, Glen, and Dell, Norma Furkie, Ford Jackson, Francis Abbleamnia, Crossroads of the Empire, and Mc-Calle Fords all Glandelinian victories. At Maxwell Annistown the christians were slightly victorious, but were repulsed in three desperate battles at Johnstontown. Donohue was also a Glandelinian victory which raged seven days, but during another battle also on the grounds of Mc-Hollester Run, which starting March 31 and lasting till June in fighting of the greatest intensity every day terminated as another one of the bloodiest battles of the war the Glandelinians however being crushed and three quarters of the army destroyed. At pig Betty Tess a christian defeat occurred, yline Pines Bridge, and Zoe Ras Callens meadows, and along the Aronburgs Run. A christian victory was won at Hossana, Vletia guneia, and Helcoe where the christian commander Hansonia by clever maneuvers saved his army every time from disaster though he was not able to advance as the foe armies were ten times larger than his own. Another undecided battle occurred at Maria-Anna Pragenia. which was also very severe raging on the 5th of June.

During the ninth of April in the meantime a most severe and sanguinary battle raged at the Camunion of rivers but all the attempts made by the christiansa christians desperate as they were were horribly unsuccessful and ended in frightful d s disaster. Three battles also raged at Marie julia-ama on the very same date for the start another on the first of May, and the third on the last. On the last of May the christians were victorious at November Run, also victorious at the second battle of the camunion of Rivers, and on May 14th a serious christian defeat occurred at Jansinia E Wic key. This was severer than the recent ones. Early in June Johnston Jacken Manley the chief commander of a ll the Glandelinian armies next to his son, started a vigorous campaign with the intention of making his goal at Easter Starring and resume the effort to prevent his success there and this campaign commenced with the battle of Catherine norma Francemna which was again one of the fiercest battles of the war far surpassing even Big-girl-knool in fury but despite all their desperate efforts the christians were worsted. The fearful advance of Manleys Glandelinians continued but gionations great force of christians again finally barred his way under God Godfrey Wintonson and in the fearful two days battle at postery the Glandelinians were beaten and having of a serious christian defeat at another battle at Agathia Angelinia Wionstien however was finally forced to abandon his purpose, and it looked indeed as if the Glandelinians would soon end this invasion also by breaking it up like they did the others.

On the same day while this fierce battle was in progress, a fierce attempt was made by the christian naval fleets to capture richmondonia but despite the vigorous efforts the attempt was unsuccessful. Way before this battle there had been battles at Cecelia, one at Viviananna Run, another at St Michael, St Alkum and at Costellio. Helby corinth all occurring on the date of April 15th all one day battles.....

From April 1 to May 20th the enemy fought obstinately against the christian besieges for a month before they surrendered the city of panna violet. Both sides suffered woeful losses in this long and bloody engagement and the region was shaken by the frightful dia of the cannonading, of the many active batteries of both sides. The christian losses were believed to be heavier but it was much dispute by the christian authorities. From March 21th to June 11th a strong battle of long duration raged at Francis Aurandescallio resulting in the severe thrashing of the foe. This long battle was very sanguinary and despite the length and duration of the horrible battle many millions fell on both sides. The Glandelinians began the battle, the christians ending it. From May 11th to June 14th a battle raged at Violette Run a battle of extreme fury, and though at first the results were not stated or known, it was found to be a slight christian success. Another severe one raged at Gallioce Run a battle equally as violent as Jennie Turner, starting May 24th and ending June 30th with a christian victory. From April 4th to June 19th a long obstinate battle raged at Plummons. This battle was also extremely sanguinary, the losses on both sides were shocking, but the christians just the same won the victory.

During the same month a siege of Mala began followed by a bloody battle and a tremendous christian victory, but simultaneously the Glandelinians were just as tremendously victorious at Hilltown, and also at all different points of the invasion the wicked Glandelinians were victorious at Gallen flopp Forked roads, Pale Violette, two battles at Mala Renderton, render being the severest, but simultaneously the christians were victorious at Turner, at hurricane Rowe, Jainsburg, and also beaten at colonia, disgracefully beante beaten at Hoppondonia Run by the Glandelinians, this christian army being forced to surrender, being defeated also at the second battle of Hoppondon, with great loss and main commander wounded, but fortunately were victorious in the third battle, but at the cost of another main commander, and the christians were also wounded at poniaFranciana, while attempting to make a raid which was disastrously unsuccessful. In June the christians fought and won a terrific battle at Francis conia, and after ten days desperate fighting won another at Jansinn, while at the same time a two weeks fighting raged at Boonia-Scania, the city being blown into ruins by the biggest cannonading of the entire war.

In a frightful one days battle at Logan on the right of the christian lines under Godfrey, and at Mellballian Run on the extreme christian center, in which hundreds of columns of men on both sides were fairly torn to pieces and oceans of blood shed in that frightful battle inferno, the christian forces at both sections were disastrously beaten, and the whole line by this fierce Glandelinian storm seriously handicapped for many hours. Not satisfied with the christian defeat at flammington tables at the same time but elsewhere, the Glandelinians revengeful that the christians should have the i impudence to invade their country, seriously jeopardized the whole christian line in the battle of

Logan when they made the desperate assault upon the christians during the

bloody battle of Jan Lawndale Run. It was another of the bloodiest battles ever witnessed during the invasion and though for four hours the victory for the Glandelinians trembled in the balance it finally ended as a calamity and disastrous defeat for the christians, and a serious gap was exposed in the main line of the christians and the enemy learning it rest reestablished the gap themselves and won a complete victory. In fury this battle came next to Francis-Atlanta.

Other engagements in the month of May occurred at Pric Princess pona, with a bloody christian reverse, and at Forrestville with a seriously storm of failures which again seriously handicapped the christian line also also on aged. In one other battle on the gridine creek between two fleets of the opposin side, ninety ships were destroyed on both sides combined, and fifty thousand men were drowned on the side of the christians alone. There were no land attacks reported during this later latter battle. Simultaneously a fearful engagement serious in its consequences occurred at Santa Claus Pilowena resulting in another disastrous christian defeat and seriously handicapping the main christian army who fought this battle handicapping this christian army still worse than the other two this occurring in May 14 and ending on the 15th. Another serious engagement took place at Graifonola, with the Glandelinians victorious here also, but the next day when the battle was resumed with redoubled fury the christians managed to stand with utmost firmness their ground and worse worsted the Glandelinians in a most disgraceful manner, driving the foe from their main line of works for the distance of three hundred miles in a months retreat.

The glandelinians were also worsted disastrously at the battle of Rushville along the Angeline Run river a whole line of fortifications north of itanic pair being taken by the christians the foe escaping capture however though it was also a disgraceful defeat. At other point along the Angeline Run river the glandelinians had engaged the christians during the battle of Columbia but were shamefully beaten and routed with the most exorbitating losses ever heard of before. This battle another nearly as severe as Francis-Atlanta, was equalled by the battle of of jorman another storm of the most frightful carnage. This battle was equally as violent lasting a full day, and ended as another glandelinian defeat. Before this there had been a severe battle at preno castletown and another at salvoe Evansville, both equal to the other two in fury, and countless were the violent storming onslaughts during these terrific battles. The glandelinians were also beaten in these terrific conflicts and simultaneously general Gandonca surrendered his glandelinian army after a serious battle beginning on the 19th of May and ending on June 3 24th. This was known as the battle of Goldenrod run.

After a fearful inhuman merciless battle at jasmun in which both sides fought with all their might, the glandelinians were victorious carrying all before them, bending and badly handicapping the whole entire christian line destroy millions of tents, and huge military stores, massacring thousands of the rescued child slave and religious in the most shocking and barbaric manner, and capturing all the christian artillery, and waging the most terrific explosions the world had ever been shocked by. It was a tragic battle to have ended so badly, but as the luck would make turns it happened to be that new christian forces came up and on the morning the battle was resumed with terrible violence a line of fortifications was speedily captured with all these glandelinian defenders, and though the battle again turned out slightly in favor of the enemy all these glandelinian prisoners were massacred for the lives of the children and religious so cruelly taken during the first day of the battle. Simultaneously the christians were victorious at the battles of Boon-Powder, and ichardson Run, and at simultaneously captured a new line of fortifications along the Easter Starring river, defeating the glandelinians also at the sanguinary battle of Aberdeensia Junction which lasted two days, and also at Ah-Omies -Waa.

Beginning on May 1th and ending on the second day was the most extreme /ly frightful battle of the western part of invasion, the battle of A al Al Amalgator. The battle was one of the bloodiest of all the invasion up to this time excepting florinia itself, and fortunately ended as a slight christian victory. On the first day after the most stubborn fighting, the enemy held a glorious glorious advantage, but on the second day they were disgracefully beaten. During the rest of the same month the christians were victorious in their attack on the stanoklin westminister fortifications, also captured the Cedeninia fortifications, during another severe battle, and took the Calmamrinia fortifications these three different desperate battles having occurred on May 5th at three far different locations. A frightful battle of the most savage description, and a tragic one raged at Homogeneo, between the christian army under general jivian, and the Glandelinian armies under his wicked son general germania jivian. The battle raged for three days with inconceivable violence, the battle field appearing like a hellish inferno. The tragedy of the battle was the almost fatal injuries of general jivian himself, who with his few officers ran unexpectedly into an ambuscade. The christians however were victorious, and germania's army was routed.

On April 24th there came again between jansons army and juebaum Manleys a desperate battle at Primary owens. It was a battle of the most frightful violence, and many times amid the frightful slaughter, the safety of the christian lines was hanging as it were on a precipice, but finally reinforcements being thrown upon the points that were weakening, the bloody battle was finally won and the whole glandelinian army was driven from the field in a total rout and wild confusion. At the same time the christians of another army was beaten at Anna-Francisanna, and again at jinnen. In two frightful battles at Rhymes one on May 16, and another June 4th the most sanguinary carnage occurred. The christians won the first battle, but were worsted during the second. The christians were also victorious during the battle of Shelys farm on the same date, victorious at the same time at Normal and worsted at Sawkill Run. A victory was also won by the glandelinians May 8th at White Rose Plains:

One of the bloodiest battles next to Iatruva in galverinia raged at circus Colly, for two days. At first during the frightful melee general janson jivians whole line was crushed and thrown back in confusion for miles, by Manleys furious onslaughts but finally jansons arrival and stand enabled janson jivian to rally and even beat the foe on the first day. During the second second day the enemys violent onslaughts were desperately renewed, but without success. A greater success occurred at Gandonline, when Williams burger Zimmermann and Aronburg with the help of Abbioannian allied fleets - of warships, compelled the glandelinians after a two months bombardment to surrender. The battle started April first and ended on the last of May. Another great victory was the sudden fall of jcanlin and the surrender of the great glandelinian army there. Simultaneously a battle beginning May 22, and ending on the 27th raged at Primary town. The one great spectacle of this battle was the seizure and frightful carnage of franklins bridge and its immediate vicinity. There were many frightful onslaughts during this horrible battle, many great retreats, and advances, and herculean onslaughts. The christians were victorious thrashing Manleys army through outly. Other battles occurred throughout the month of May and June, being the undecided battles of Appleton-Atlanta, a christian victory at Mollidell Atlanta-Run, Crowlay Callio, Padula Smithsonia Run, and Greenburg Mildredson Run. Simultaneously the glandelinians fought against the christians at zoe Rae Run, another one of the bloodiest battles of the war, but was beaten on every hand, their main commander killed, and the army seriously handicapped. Simultaneous to this came a battle almost as severe as zoe Rae Run, at Zimmermann virginia Run, which also was a christian victory. This was followed by a battle of equal violence but of disastrous consequences to the glandelinians at Mint pannaanna, it being a fearful struggle indeed almost worse than Logan zoe Rae Run, and only of one days duration. It ended as a brilliant christian victory.

Another frightful battle raged at Mildren Greenburg but finally ended as another christian victory.

On May 21th a battle of severe character raged at Andrean Gromer and at the beginning of this terrible battle the christians finally carried all before them, but at the moment when success seemed certain a serious blunder occurred, and the christian armies were disastrously beaten. On May 30th another battle raged at Childs Iatruvia ending as a christian victory. A christian victory was also won at Frandonia, this battle was very severe and sanguinary, and so was the bloodiest fighting at the great fortifications of zangustopliana which was also a christian victory. In June the christians were defeated at the sanguinary battle of Davidsonia, and after a twenty six twenty eight weeks bombardment the christian navies captured the navy in glandelinia, crippling it senseless for good and all the power-power of glandelinia.

Throughout the same months of May and June the christians were victorious at Phillips Ford, Mountain of the red cross, Americano, garzize Ford, Garnefexington, Garthage Beverly, Lexington Wilson, and annihilated a whole glandelinian army at Richard Logan. The christians were also victorious at pannon, Francis Barbara, Gandonia Margrate Run, Joan, Kerr, Marys Run, David's Run, plains junction, Kerrigan Francisanna, Francis Run, laid siege to Flipping, whipped the enemy at Atlanta gutler, but lost the battles of glandelinia Bethel, Beth Bethel carloine, and mayflower creek all very severe and sanguinary battles. Following another disastrous glandelinian defeat at Hedge Evans on June 1th came the frightful glandelinian victories at Greenburg Lexington, Torrington Schloeder all in that one month, while at garvasse-Protestant, Alranh, Yourklung, Padulieg came christian victories again. At Greenland Run in the month of June the glandelinians were worsted and during the remainder of the month of June followed another battle of pittsburg landing, Daisy Run, Gubania Stanek, and Collyer all won by the foe. At other points during May and June were the battles of Catherine Tanelion, Catherine jormatow, Jenning Lee Raymondson, and Jane Lee all glandelinian victories. Before that April 19th the glandelinians were victorious at Droner, and from that time until June were the severe christian defeats at Mollie greenina, and Aronburg jermania, another again along the Erudin, and the battle of glandelinian Run, but despite all these christian defeats a force of glandelinians surrendered at glandelinia in Flar, Zimmermann run Mills, and Chrillicandia, and Logan zoe Rae Roch, Tenobre Flapper, Hemington frankford, pattaria run and the surrender of the glandelinians at Catherine the greatest christian victories in the war. On April 1th an undecided battle was fought at Lenlandia, another at Ruh path glais, a glandelinian victory at Gattilla, and throughout June were the battles of Andersonia with a glandelinian surrender, undecided battle at Meldonia parcelio, the junction of the Aronburgs run, christian defeat at Logan Marcoellio, another defeat at Beldonia Angelina, christian

victory at Nwangelina, another battle at Beldonia Angelina, with christians victi victorious, christian victories at Bichee Angelina, and Gunner Run, another defeat at the Brando Run, a vict victory at Gedenia, defeats at Francis Angelina, and Adrian Angelina Francis, undecided battle at Josephine Francis Smith, christian defeat at Pyrobenia, Sacramento California Run, and another at Zimmerman Run. Another christian victory was won along the Mc-Holleston Run, the capture of the whole glandelinian army followed with the remainder of navy, with the surrending of a glandelinian army at Dupondia, undecided battle at pil/William glandelinian victory at Callie, Mildredsonia Maxwellian, glandelinian victory at Robertsonia Andean and at St Anna Run, victory at Cattacab Grandburg, drawn battle at Mc-Farrania, a very severe battle and defeat for christians at winnow Run, undecided battle at the crossing of the Angelina and pandora, glandelinian victory at collons right of way, another battle at paster starring, and one in glandellina called Jennio Wren town.

Indeed the situation was pretty serious, for during all these desperate battles the christians though suffering defeats or winning victories had progressed no further during their invasion and all seemed lost as the christian armies pouring into glandellina had been resisted truthfully with the best of success, which encouraged the glandelinians to fight to their utmost. Though not broken the christian advance was held at bay and all depended on Evans to make headway. If he failed like the rest who fought all these most sanguinary battles that the world had ever seen the invasion would be totally broken and swept back, and the war lost.

..... D.D.....DESOLATION.....

What an occurrence since the christian armies poured into the country of glandellina and overran the whole region in one three limited sides. The enemy had showed the sternest resistance that was ever expected or experienced during the entire war, and it was during only this invasion at that. All of the christian armies whether they won battles or lost were checked, with serious consequences, the invasion was threatened with the most serious disaster and it seemed probable that after all there would never be any chance of wiping such a huge haughty country as Glandellina. As far as the war had raged up to now, there had nearly been many serious battles, and during these three months or four months there had been about 484 battles or over a thousand battles in the whole war entirely.

All eyes were turned upon Darger and Evans. If either one of these two were checked there would be no hopes of conquest, and the war would be lost.

Evans who had remained inactive all these months, had heard all about these many battles and of the results and was completely surprised, and so was Violet and her sisters. Evans however decided to show all these fellow generals that no foe of God could do this to him. He felt mortified that he had been forced to remain inactive so long and so decided to move on against against Pegasus immediately. The advance began but so strong a force opposed every line of his march that he made little headway, and during this long advancing battle called the fighting of Etna Run and which lasted thirteen days. Evans was still more mortified by this, for it seemed as if all his comrades could make fun of him and he made a sudden move on a Sunday, upon a strong wooded region near the retreating glandelinians called Sicily's woods. He threw one half of his force upon the glandelinians in a violent attack but was repulsed with frightful slaughter, and poor general pionetian the best friend of the Adrian Girls was killed.

This made Evans lose his temper, and forgetting himself he threw all precautions to the winds and raged the frightfullest battle he ever raged before, hurling four fourteen hundred onslaughts against the enemy for the duration of fourty eight hours, and repulsing himself over twenty eight onslaughts made by the enemy. The conflict was terrible to behold more terrible than any of the battles fought by the other commanders, and who were surprised when they heard of it. After two days fighting in such close quarters, and fighting with merciless fury, Evans still found himself checked, with the loss of three hundred of his best generals in that wooded inferno of hellish battle.

Violet and her sisters had witnessed the entire battle, and believed that there was no end to the stream of christian wounded being taken to the rear, and so terrific was the roar of the battle that it was simply a shocking. Evans however finally desisted in his onslaught, and acknowledged himself beaten, but to satisfy his mortification, over his horrible thrashing Evans gave a cruel and grim order.

"Set fire to the damn woods."

"But how about the glandelinian wounded?" Asked one of his officers.

"To hell with the damn glandelinian wounded, let their own comrades take care of them." He answered. "I won't leave this spot until I see those woods aflame."

This was thus the starting goal of the worse scene of desolation that the whole world ever dreamed of. Not only were these woods set afire, and thousand upon thousands of glandelinian wounded burned to death, but during his retreat Evans laid waste to everything, in his path of retreat, dammed up the rivers to flood the country, burned vil villages and town for the distance of a hundred miles, laid to waste every farm, and so on, and so terrific was the scene of desolation that the glandelinians who had been fighting the other battles were horrified when they heard of it. He even sent stern orders to every commander who were defeated or victorious to havoc the country themselves like he himself done, and soon a spread of the worse desolation, covered the glandelinian country for the distance of one thousand five hundred miles. Evans army however committed the wildest destruction, ever experienced by any correspondent who took in the scenes of the horrible war. General Darger as it is surr surprisingly to say had waged his storm of desolation at the same time that Evans had done.

DISASTEROUSLY beaten at the battle of Hodges and Owen, general Darger's army had passed through glens and farms and over plains in their retreat, and during a lull in the confusion a large portion of the troops passing through the town of Powsen Lotter with a large number of children rescued from slavery, they were fired upon by snipers, many of the soldiers were killed, hundreds of the poor children, and their main leader general Franklin Darghina.

The surviving soldiers were enraged, and after some desperate fighting they managed to oust all of the snipers from their hiding places, and they were all lined up with their wives and children even, the enraged Abbeinnians about to shoot them all down when the pleas of the officers restrained them, and only the men were killed, and the wives and children sent off southward, being forced to leave their belongings behind.

Darger heard of this occurrence and was furious. He ordered his troops to commence the destruction and to go at it to their own hearts content too and to do anything they willed no matter how mean it was. So the desolation beginning at these two locations, gradually spread everywhere, and within four weeks time it was estimated that about \$56,789,999 damage was done by the enraged Abbeinnians.

In an endeavor to check the terrible scene of desolation caused by Evans armies general John Manley sent Black Brooks with a big force of Mc-Hollestonians to stop his wild progress of destruction. Black Brooks came up with his army at Stern, moving down toward the rear of Evans retreating army, while another force of glandelinians under Happy Hooligan was moving in an opposite direction to cut him off. Evans realizing these movements sent large forces around about the way which soon fell upon the rear of Hooligan's army itself, and scattered it to the four winds after desperate fighting all day. Evans was equally as successful and crushed Black Brooks army and the two being seriously handicapped withdrew their shap shattered armies and retreated southward their attempt being a crushing failure.

Manley learning that the city of Stern was burning became alarm alarmed and stopped his advance against Evans who had now started to move forward himself, defeated a portion of Manley's armies at the three battles of Mackentire, Mackenarrow, and paggot, and then was slightly checked again at the battle of Jackuires, and Goodnow. He however managed to press forward again defeating the enemy in quick succession at the battles of Locknow, Marchton, Meldin, Wallentonburg, Colinda, Ogletorp, Ogle, Strassen, Phanter, Corcodan, Atthvy Arthur, Hindle St clare, Bellens, Mc-Glurge, Banluahor, Malverins, Wentworth, Head, Kerfoot, Petition, Brookland, and Philomon, defeating Manley all these times within one month.

But by all this stormier activity his army was well worn out and was forced to rest, and so he halted near Tantomargo, preparatory to await the advance of the remainder of his army which had remained so far behind.

Evans himself had declared that the number of battles was already frightful and he could not see how it was possible for the enemy to keep up the extraordinary war so long.....

Having perceived that general Evans had halted his half worn out army at Tano Tantermergo-sacramento, general John Manley halted his army which was still fresh, also and being determined to halt the destruction which was still going on as now Tantermergo was also set on fire by the Abbeonians Manley decided to hurl a most desperate onslaught against Evans and drive his whole line into confusion before the other portion came up.

THE BATTLE OF TANTMERGO.

However in the severest battle that Evans had ever fought, the glandelinians were shamefully beaten. Manley succeeded in crushing the whole christian line annihilating the right wing of Vivianias division, and killing Hansonia Francis the highest and best commander that Evans ever had. This battle was one of the most bloody of the iv invasion entirely, especially for the size of the armies engaged, and next to Glorinia and Francis-Atlanta in frightfulness. This terrible battle started along the Erminie run, where the firing seemed to rive the world from the din. Simultaneously overwhelming waves of glandelinians swept upon the main christian line under Hansonia Vivian, whose lines stretched across the northern portion of the Easter Starring, a regular regular drama of hellish horror ensuing, and after making a storming assault of four hours duration, during which the firing of both sides roared like a thrillion cannon, the glandelinian onslaught became so irresistible, that the whole christian line not being able to withstand the shock, could not hold, and was forced back from the works, and only when almost annihilated annihilated and outflanked, did the few survivors give way, only to be also be shot down. Fortunately for Evans he had large reserve forces at hand, and the timely arrival of these reinforcements sent into this series of infernos, checked the frightful glandelinian tempest, and the battle raged at this point for the rest of the day in the most titan throes, the new force of christians holding their ground to the very last, and hurling the enemys assault back with galling slaughter. Along the center of general Evans lines the glandelinians assaulted with such stupendous fury, that he had to concentrate all his available guns to stop their maddened hammering on slaughts.

Hundreds of thousands of cannon of every make was concentrated, upon the assaulting glandelinians, and such havoc was never witnessed before, as now followed.

Whole portions of the main line of the enemy again, like at Glorinia was torn to fragments by the confetti like torrent of shot shells, and explosives but on came the survivors and only recoiled when threatened with annihilation. General Vivian himself was the fiercest engaged of the whole battle, he commanding Evans center, and it was he though his best and largest divisions were driven back all torn to pieces, and in the wildest confusion, many times, stayed that inrolling tide of success for the wicked enemy of God, and sent their main line, ten times, back crushed to fragments. General Calahan who blundered at Glorinia was killed. General federal and Tamerlines glandelinians had annihilated Vivianias right wing, with the death of Hansonia Vivian, and the cause of the outbreak of the battle was believed to be on account of glandelinian concentration toward Manleys extreme left, and along Kinderlunas front the battle had started first. The sound of the conflict along his lines at the very start had been terrific, and was heard for many hundreds of miles. Some of the marvellous events occurred also along the Easter Starring, and Erminie run, where the worse of the struggle raged. Galilias lines was also torn up during the frightful struggle by a violent glandelinian onslaught, and the whole battle line extended for over forty miles. The great battle was believed to have started at about six o'clock in the morning though it started along Evans center at eight eight o'clock. It is not stated when that large division of Vivianian force was wiped out but however it was late in the morning when the disaster occurred and one of the most bloody scenes of the whole battle was when over 10,000,000 Glandelinians bravely faced a terrific drum drum fire of christian artillery, and were torn to fragments, but quickly another ten million had rushed forward to make another desperate assault, but was also frightfully decimated and driven back in the wildest confusion. A third time a column of the same number of glandelinians rushed furiously to the storming, but more than three hundred thousand cannon were opened upon them, whole lines of them more than twenty miles long were literally blown into the air, and

the rest of the main line of assault though it got in close quarters with the christian line, could not force the position, and the hundreds of thousands of survivors withdrew in a prodigious confusion. But these scenes were not the only worse as bloodier ones occurred elsewhere, especially along the Erminie run, where general Evans right wing was in action. The battle had raged all the time without any intermission, the cannonading being inconceivably terrific, and the din seemed to fairly blast the air.

In fact the battle was a literal massacre, as divisions, brigades, and corps had been crushed to fragments, or wiped out by scores. Shell bursts pierced the air in thousands of ear-splitting explosions per minute, and destruction to towns and cities almost equaled that of the Glorinia calamity. Seventy six known christian generals had been killed, in this frightful battle,

in the morning alone, twenty one had been mortally wounded, forty eight wounded, thirteen captured, one fell wounded inside the enemys lines and three other wounded generals were murdered in cold blood because they would not surrender, making one hundred and seventy seven the greatest toll of generals ever seen before during the invasion. The mornings portion ended as a glorious victory for the christians, and a crushing defeat for the glandelinians who lost one hundred eighty two generals. But Evans knew that this was not all, and knowing that soon the battle would be resumed by the desperate John Manley he sent a number of messengers with orders to hurry on the other portion of his great army.

THE BATTLE IS RESUMED WITH REDOUBLED FURY.

The Battle of Tantermergo though won early in the morning by the christians had no effect whatever in stopping General John Manleys intentions, and at 130 One Thirty O'clock the armies again threw all their fury in the most extreme savage, battle of the entire war, next to Francis Atlanta. The

battle first was renewed, at Iansin Beppo Run, near the Judge Evans Creek, and soon the whole country was again shaken by the titanic battle. The enemy crushed the main assaulting christian line, seven times, before yielding up the Inferno of the Shelby's woods, counter charging with might and main, every time they repulsed the mighty onslaughts. Again the general generals on the christian side fell in terrible numbers, in their desperate efforts to check the terrible confusion among their men, every time the enemy charged. Fiercer fighting occurred simultaneously for the possession of the Beppo Run, and for the occupation of the Angeline Run River, where hell and all its damnation seemed to break loose a thousand fold. Here the slaughter was unspeakably terrific in the extreme, generals fell by the score on both sides, within one hour, and men covered the field of battle in seas of dead and wounded. The main tragedy of this battle was the wounding of the main general Vivian who commanded the christian center. It was indeed a frightful day and more frightful was the consequences of the battle. The enemy carried the positions at Gatherlins Run at all costs, defeated several of the most sanguinary attacks against their own positions on the Tantermergo Sacramento Run, cannonaded the christian line with their guns on the ridges, and sustained fiercer attacks at this point but were unsuccessful in trying to drive back these storming assaults where fearful numbers fell on both sides. The horrors of these portions of the battle field offered no parallel, and against the wicked glandelinians at this point the christian commanders at times led the fiercest assaults, and fourteen assaults actually terminated into wholesale massacres. Many times a force of over 10,000,000 men were led against these positions of the enemy, only to be reduced to nearly less than three quarters of their number and driven back in the wildest confusion.

For a long while it seemed a that all hopes for the enemy to win this terrible terrible afternoons fighting seemed lost. Countless already were the frightful losses on both sides, it being again another of the most stubbornly fought battles of the war. It was the approaching climax of the christian invasion. Hundreds of towns and scores of cities had been reduced into ruins by the concussion of this battle, almost like at Glorinia, and by the shell fire of the christians with terrific slaughter among the unfortunate inhabitants. Threetimes that afternoon the enemy seemed on the point of gaining the advantage. Three disasters almost as severe as at Aronburge Run-Glorinia occurred when the enemy all along the front of Peppos lines swept upon the whole christian front sweeping it back right and left. But even here the tide finally turned after a most cruel sanguinary conflict and the enemy lost all the ground, they had taken and retaken as so many times before.....

The fall of one of the main glandelinian egnerals Ophellia was a tragedy and the whole of the enemys line at that section, was crushed to fragments after a most heavy storm of battle. One of the great features of the battle at that point, was the avalanche charge of the Abbeannian tidal wave under Augustine ST. Clare, who cut wide gaps in the enemys lines, and carried all before them capturing a field of artillery, but in this mad medium Augustine St Clare was killed. Baldwin's stand against a tidal wave of glandelinians, was also magnificent, and though he received a severer punishment than he had experienced at Glorinda, he knew how he to resent his spanking, and not only recaptured his batteries, and reestablished his broken and shattered lines, but also annihilated every glandelinian wave that attacked his lines.

Many charges equally as fierce as the worse glandelinian onslaughts at Glorinda Zoe Run, against yiviania, was made by both sides during this battle, and the whole world seemed to be torn in chaos so fierce was the murderous carnage, and one murderous drama of inconceivable horror, proceeded another in succession after succession, in particular raging for the possession of the positions along the Easter Starring, where twenty times the glandelinian assaulting waves paid the cost of three-quarter of their number for their successes, and then losses. The din of the eruptions of My Mt Calverine could have been drowned out completely by the din of the battle raging along this portion of the firing line alone. General Evans left wing was finally crushed and their works taken by the desperate pounding of the violent glandelinian onslaughts, but to hold this region of the christian line was impossible, as the christian artillery on Jennie Turner Run ridges annihilated every glandelinian who did not retreat from this untenable region.

So the glandelinians were forced to capitulate and the christians crushed upon them like a mighty storm wave crushing the line to pieces and driving them into a wild rout. Six to seventeen assaults of the most wild character and titanic violence, worse than that made by the ten million glandelinians at Aronburgs run was made against the christian left wing but failed disastrously every time. A christian force surrounded on the Erbine Run beat their assailants to pieces and a massacre of carnage, the foe was worsted on a long stretch at Glorinda Run, and many of the extreme glandelinian generals fell killed or wounded.

TH April 24th 90.000 000

THE CAUSE OF THE GLANDELINIAN DEFEAT

The cause of the glandelinian defeat during this days battle was from Manleys inability to follow up his crushing advantage at Ophellia Run, and being delayed by violent christian counter charges, until the christians there became heavily reinforced, and cut their assailants all to pieces. General Manleys rash onslaughts on the main christian center, and his inability to turn Zimmerman's extreme right, and committing the folly of annihilating his own left grand division in his own unsuccessful attempts to carry them by storm. The loss of his own central positions, after his frightful sacrifice in taking the christian center earlier in the battle and the destruction of Federals army along the Erbine Run had also something to do with it. The annihilation of Eastro patricks two main divisions during the engagement along the Easter Starring, and the forced withdrawals of one of Manleys main shattered wings, and the retreat of John Manleys disastrous onslaught against Zimmerman's line led, by picknell, Tamerline, Federa/son and Shoemanna Francis Johnston. The afternoon portion of the battle was the hardest, and Manley having attempted to force the christian center, had made final and desperate assaults, upon the whole christian central lines, and for a number of hours at this time since the left grand division of the christian center was crushed in, victory for the christians seemed to tremble in the balance, but by the arrival of reserves under Yens Hanson, and yivian Manley the glandelinian assau

assaults was finally thrown back after most terrific slaughter, and so impaired in strength, that general Evans himself was soon able to throw back the whole glandelinian army. The first part of the afternoon had been an appalling disaster for the christians. One fourth of Evans entire force was not only defeated but routed and destroyed in that engagement, the chief commanding officer killed, and the demoralized christian forces driven across the Easter Starring, where they were rescued and rallied by general Kindermann and McHollister tank.

This was the fiercest conflict the world had ever seen since Francis Atlanta altogether together, the whole battle field being a regular sea of dead many weeks after the fighting. The fury of the whole battle was in describable. The losses on both sides appalling. The christian forces had surged back and forth with the enemy in the mightiest throes ever seen in the war since that time. General Evans right and left wings had been rolled up six times in confusion, with one half of their number killed and wounded, only to rally and crush their assailants. Loud thunder of hundreds of thousands of cannons on both sides was terrific, the heavens was in tumult from the din, and after the day was over the glandelinians that afternoon had lost 366 generals in killed, wounded or captured. This afterwards fighting cost the christians the toll of four hundred eleven generals killed and wounded. The losses in privates on both sides was more extremely heavy than in any battle known outside Francis Atlanta and Glorinda and was known accurately known for more than a year. However the enemys losses far surpassed the christians, and so of their highest chieftains fell in the terrible battle.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE BLOODY BATTLE

The next day the battle was renewed along Manleys left grand division the combined forces of Hansons army making a most desperate assault ever mustered before and finally throwing the whole glandelinian force into the greatest confusion that could be imagined, and a vigorous turning movement, drove the glandelinians into a wild stampede, and despite the arrival of a reserve force of glandelinians a serious disaster occurred it being the annihilation of the right of Manleys left wing, with the death of general Black Brooks. However such a strong concentration was made that the attack of the christians in that location was checked, but Evans mustered reinforcements, having received the second division of the army during the night, and this soon threw back the shattered glandelinian forces with the utmost fatally wounding of their chief commander Logan Francis Federal. Starring also delivered about fourteen desperate assaults on the main glandelinian center with terrific fury, and Shoemanna Cannon attacked the right, and these christian troops were thrown forward so incessantly and like storm waves of the sea, that despite the furious resistance, the pugnacious and ferocious Angelinian and Abbeannian assaults cut up the whole glandelinian left wing and threw the survivors in a pandemonium of wildest confusion and while another hundred generals fell dead or wounded, in trying to rally their shattered divisions, another portion of Evans army arrived to the rescue of the victorious assailants, and the whole christian line being established moved forward, though a simultaneous fire was opened along the whole foe line. This furious engagement had already continued steadily for four hours, the whole main left wing of the glandelinian army was torn to pieces, though their columns rallied again and again to the counter charge, and they could not hold their position and the whole left wing was cut to pieces and routed, with hundreds of thousands of glandelinians falling into the hands of the christians as prisoners. The firing was exceedingly severe, and within an hour had spread the same desolation witnessed at Glorinda. Whole forests were burning or laid low within the space of fifty miles, and the din could be heard far into Angelinia.

Along the glandelinian center the struggle was still more severe the christian attacking here also, and they went to it with all the force and energy they could muster, the desperate christian onslaughts being covered by a deadly fire of all the christian batteries, to which the enemy responded with tenfold fury, the glandelinian cannon committing such incalculable damage among the attackers, and tearing every division that encountered it into remnants, and mangled whole lines that the leaders were horrified, but though the main line was ploughed through and through by the fire of 100,000 cannon and which was added by the greatest fire of musketry, the right grand division of the Glandelinian center was bended back so far by the pressure of the wild christian battle storm, that it got caught in an infillade, and being annihilated, the whole central wing was thrown into great panic, and in this desperate dash the christians were soon in possession of the glandelinian artillery also. On account of the smashing up of the Glandelinian center, the foe were unable to hold firm, their own right and left was turned, and exposed to a blasting artillery fire, and the whole center withdrew and was rolled up in great confusion. General Manley did all in his power to stay the christian advance, the center having stood his ground against thirteen desperate onslaughts, the uproar of the battle being something terrible, and the whole nation seemed to vibrate from the concussion.

The attack was more terrific along the right wing of the glandelinian army. The glandelinians despite the riving fury of 300,000 Abbeannian artillery which roared with a din to stun the creatures of heaven, and which pounded the whole region into a blasting chaos, stood firmer than the other two wings did, returning a fiercer fire and adding to the frightful din, and with the most stupendous loss the christian attackers were hurled back with many shattered columns, but the foe received no respite as more and more christian waves swept forward again and again, and though shot down in thousands per minute, the survivors rushed on in that fiery storm of battle, and though ten waves were vanquished with great slaughter, tens of millions of horsemen rode against the glandelinians, and though men and horses were mowed down in frightful numbers they rode over the works.

The glandelinians suffered from a withering storm of death and desolation and destruction, the christians like a storm wave that shatters a frail ship pressing on with irresistible fury, and the foremost portion of the glandelinian wing fighting bravely suffered dissolution, sixteen million were shot down, and though the main body of the glandelinians remained firm headless of the battering storm of christian assaults and artillery fire, they found it impossible to stand ground, for the whole christian line closed with them in a wild rush and fell upon the glandelinians with the greatest slaughter. General Evans had made a general onslaught which had been in full swing that bloody morning, and toward noon the foe saw that all was lost, and Hanley was compelled to withdraw leaving the field in the possession of the christians. Thus ended the great and furious battle of Tantermergo-Sacramento where scores of millions fell, nearly equal equal to the bloody battle of Francis Atlanta and where really 700 christian generals fell, and over 1798 generals of the foe fell. It was believed to be the greatest battle next to Glorinda but there was to truth in these beliefs, as this battle lasted only a day and a half and could be termed for facts a worse battle than Francis Atlanta itself. Just as at Francis Atlanta long after this battle war correspondents could see the desolate fields, woods and country for three hundred miles the countless materilas littered everywhere, and miles upon miles of shattered forest, and burned villages and towns. The battle having had a days and a half duration lasted for fully thirty two hours.

THE BATTLE OF PEGASUS....

A little after Evans engaged at Tantermergo general Henry Dr Darger had made a junction with his uncle's army and came into a severe clash at Pegasus not far from the point where Evans himself had been concentrated before he began his advance for Tantermergo. This struggle was also very terrific, though not so severe as Tantermergo, but nevertheless the enemy under Dannon had been prepared for his advance, and struck against August pargers armies first, almost destroying it and carrying all before them. The glandelinian army was then so terrified and almost annihilated August Dargers armies, and it seemed toward night fall that the battle was lost for general pargers armies had been driven from the region for the distance of thirty miles.

Toward that time however Henry pargers armies had come upon the fields, and learning of the disaster did not wait until morning to do anything but sent general Francis George Sparr with his forces with the instruction to recover the lost ground in under any conditions..... He advanced his divisions over the fields in deployed columns and placed his artillery in one long chain, and as soon as these opened up threw his forces forward and made a desperate attack upon the glandelinian army. Not expecting an attack, especially from new divisions, the glandelinians were taken wholly by surprise but nevertheless recovered from the confusion and resisted the assailants bravely. They would have probably won, even then, but Henry parger in the meantime had sent Charles parger around to strike the enemy's rear, and these Abbeannian columns came upon the flank of the foe like a roaring avalanche, and tearing through the whole of the enemy's lines like a withering tornado carried all before them, and drove the whole main in line into panic and confusion. The battle was won, and the glandelinians retreated giving up the attempt to check the christian advance in that location.....

Darger pressed on in his advance, and for two weeks had regained recruits from many christian prisoners escaping from the glandelinian armies, and also reinforcements coming down into glandelinia from the north, and soon had such an abundance that it stretched in the longest line of men ever known before and these separated, each commander taking command of each division. Concentrating at Polydeoties or Polydeoties, was Germania's vitian army who had recently engaged his father and then brother in several severe conflicts, and who now was throwing his arms forward in this location to endeavor to check Dargers advance. It was Charles pargers armies that were confronted by the glandelinians under that desperate glandelinian general, and who were all those fierce Mo-Jollastinians.

At the same time that Evans Johnston's glandelinians were moving on to reinforce Germania Francis Stanek of the glandelinians opened fire upon pargers forces with three long chains of cannon, and then made a charge so wild and furious that it seemed as if it would tear the whole christian line in pieces. A column of 67,899,000 glandelinians had within thirteen hours made series of horrible onslaughts against the whole christian line and though they had been supported by all the artillery that could be placed into action, the christian line could not be forced an inch from their works and night closed the conflict as a christian advantage.

On the following morning the battle was resumed with redoubled fury, Germania hurling the heaviest masses against the christian line, under the support of the same heavy artillery fire. This day of the battle was extremely terrific, losses horrible but nevertheless just the same as before the whole christian line remained as inviolable as a rock, and one desperate and wild flank attack was repulsed with annihilation by the Abbeannians. However Germania was not discouraged, and the next following morning, hurled a double number of assaults, and from three directions. All day long the battle raged with still greater fury, and though the christian line was terribly thinned, and though reinforcements arrived steadily it resulted the same as the day before, and disgusted as his repeated failures Germania finally gave it up and retreated under cover if the night.

Another great conflict raged simultaneously at the battle of Marie Pickford Junction.

It raged between the christian and glandelinians in a storm of the most savage fighting of any battle next to Tantermergo. The glandelinians under William Schloeder, attacked Henry Dargers armies with such savage fury that a good part of his lines was routed, but parger annihilated the assailants at that point with his terrific cannon fire, and destroyed entirely the main right wing of Schloeder's army, and crushed his center to pieces. This battle raged for four days. Being horribly defeated on the first day with the great destruction of his one grand division Schloeder being reinforced at night time by Henry Schloeder, and Charles Mo-Farran prepared to resume the conflict the next day, and did so striking so heavily against the christian line, that it seemed that all hell could not stop them and the central portion of the christian line was driven back with exorbitant losses, and severely jeopardized by the fall of their main commander Francis Glandelin. This ended the second days bloody conflict, and in the full the christians were able to reinforce the center, and in the morning after desperate fighting recapture the abandoned positions.

Later in the morning the enemy resumed the attack and raged the battle with frightful fury all day long, but of no avail and were beaten back every time. During the evening before the fourth day of the engagement, the enemy received reinforcements, but on that day the christian attacked with herculean violence, and routed the foe who were unable to resist the frightful attack. Schloeder's army was scattered and routed, and Henry Darger was able to press on.

Since the great city of Mo-whirther fortifications, guarding vivian wickoy had fallen after three years series of bombardments, questions had been asked among the other christian nations what did the good come that was brought about all about. All do know what the horror was that the blockade of this whole region by the wicked glandelinians had brought about for those whole three years before it finally fell. During the time it was in possession

of the early nothing of any kind was able to go from that airport to the other countries, and despite all the other airports it was the only one that could transfer provisions across that ten years a d breacher Louis Galvathan and McWhirther sons, stormed with typhoons of the most wildest fury every month by the score.

Thus the reason that every nation that was christian, failed to obtain christmas presents for the millions of children, and other very pleasant things given a army every year on that gloomed day.

This had caused sorrow among the children, brought on the fiery hatred of the nations against glandelinia, and all the nations who thus suffered in this manner had sacrificed millions and thrillions of dollars in their efforts to help Abbieanna and Angelina reduce the fortifications of McWhirther. In the early fall of the third year of the bloody and most sanguinary wars ever imagined, McWhirther, and Aronburg had finally reduced the fortifications into one submission, captured all the adjoining areas, and islands, annihilated three quarters of the defenders, and secured in their possession the whole glandelinia navy and submarine base consisting of over 20,000 ships, torpedos, boat destroyers, transports, and battleships and submarines besides 3,395,000 cannons. Also millions of rounds of heavy explosive shells, ammunition, firearms countless in numbers, and long lines of ammunition facie factories. This suddenly ended the sorrow of the children, and so during that following Christmas, all they suffered during the preceding years was fully made up and my how the nations did rejoice when they heard the news of how the christians poured into the country of the event in a desperate invasion, and of the widespread destruction now being wrought among the glandelinians, and of the tremendous number of battles that occurred from March 31st to June 28th.

All now fully depended upon the capture of Germaine, Jelding, Varcusian, and Fountain of Perona - de-la-greece. If these three nighties strongholds ever seen falls into possession of the christians, it is through out fully for the foe to continue their resistance against the christian invaders, but if they are not captured, and the enemy win successfully god help both Angelina and the whole christian world beside Abbieanna. As general Jack Emrose Evans had proved himself to be what he threatened to be King Cannon advised Hanson to have Evans take these three places if possible with General Jivian making a junction with him at Varcusian.

During the evening after Evans had advanced his armies for three days after the action at Tantenmorgo Violet and her sisters were sitting in a room in the sweetest recollections that children of their nature could have, when they began to feel that curious distractions that come over one who is being watched or is dead upon. The shades of the windows were not pulled down all the way, and the curtains were pushed back on the rods so that a square of each window was uncovered, they being in Evans headquarters. They glanced out several times but saw nothing. Nevertheless being suspicious that they were being watched they kept looking out, and once thought they saw something move on the porch. They concentrated on their prayer books for a while and then realized that whoever, or whatever was watching them, was at the window, and they looked up.

A fierce and sanguinary face pressed against the pane was staring in at them gloatingly---and it was an old mans face, with a dr dark black hat large as a cowboy but taller in the peak pulled over his burning old eyes, and a big black uniform color muffling the lower part. The little girls had never observed such a devouring passion of hatred and desire of revenge on any face before or since. It was poisonous, horrible. And as they stared at him at him too frozen with horror to move they felt certain it was the Geminid Geminid society of the glandelinians. It seemed as age that the little girls and the man stared at each other, and then after a furious tearing expression the face was gone, and the little girls were looking at the blank square of glass. Violet and her sisters could not move. They couldn't take off their eyes from the window it being night. When they thought of Lillian and Francis and of their safety, and they flew, kicking over a chair that was in their way, and it was a relief to hear it bang on the floor. Those two little girls were soon heard screaming in an agony of terror. Again the little girls saw a man at the next window and another at a window adjoining, and looking at every window of the place saw a man looking in, making out dimly a face peering in, and several of the figures pressed slightly against the window nearest the entrance and they heard the knob turn. Violet and her sisters hearing Francis and Lillian screaming rushed into their room, and saw three men hovering over the little girls with the intention of striking them through with a long knife. It was dark in the room but the brave Jivian girls could see them nevertheless crouching like wildcats for their prey and without hesitation drew their guns. The men had observed the presence of the girls and drew their own guns, there was a flash of revolvers from Lillian and Violet, but the aim of the prowlers was unaccustomed and they

themselves dropped with loud yells. The loud crash of the eleven shots was deafening in that hollow bedroom, and added by the yells of those shot in a terrifying din. At once Violet turned on the light which was burning low, and saw that they had mortally wounded three glandelinians. The faces at the windows had disappeared. In another moment in came Evans and several officers, with poswell master Johnston.

They took in the situation at a glance and poswell said sharply: "I told you Evans that something would occur. I was not wrong when I said that I observed men looking in at the lower windows. They were prowlers looking for Lillian and Francis no doubt. How did you little girls discover the three glandelinians?"

"Why we saw the faces at the windows, and then heard them poor little girls scream," said Joice. "We saw the rascals trying to murder Lillian and Francis and shot them down without hesitation. They fired at us but did not hit us."

"This looks suspicious," said Evans. "And there are the sentries who are to watch the place. To see if anything happened to them." General Padula. "I'll give the alarm and have the other boats headed down."

The officer named at once left, while Evans going to his room started his telegraph going. General Padula soon came back with the statement that no sentries were about the building, and that footprints and blood was seen in streaks on the ground.

"Then the sentries have been murdered," said Evans. "Those men must not escape. I'll send in the morning to the sentries along the outskirts of the camp to let no one pass and to shoot any one who attempts to show fight."

He did so while poswell summoning several men had the wounded glandelinians carried out.

Violet and her sisters were somewhat shaken over their experience, but did not show it, and remained perfectly cool answering all questions promptly and without blunder. It was evident that some glandelinian Geminid Society men had been sent by some glandelinian general with the purpose to make another attempt on the Jivian girls, and three of them probably mistook Lillian and Francis for two of Violet's sisters. The three wounded men died while on the way to the hospital camp, one of them having three bullet wounds in his back. Another was shot in the chest, another the third had a bullet wound in the shoulder, another in the abdomen, leg, and throat. They even died before anything information could have been taken from them. All the lights in the house was put in full blaze, and sentries were being placed in every room and cell and corridor of the building with orders to shoot all on sight who did not give a satisfactory appearance.

General Johnston after the excitement was over questioned Violet and her sisters, about the experience they had, and they told of the faces at the window, the first horrible face, and then of the two little girls screaming, and how they shot the three glandelinians down when they were trying to murder Lillian and Francis. In the meantime the search for the other prowlers was on in full swing while the sentries at all parts of the christian lines, front and rear had received the full instructions, and all those who had wished to leave the camp were searched and questioned and given advice not to do so as no one for a while was allowed to leave the camp and that it was the general orders of general Jack Evans himself.....

Violet and her sisters had proposed to help in the search but general poswell master Johnston did not think it safe to do so, and so did not allow them to go and entertained them with a amusement and so forth until general Evans should return. Finally several of the prowlers had been captured, but the others had escaped, but nevertheless it was evident that from the confession of the captured glandelinians, that there had been no evident attempt on the lives of Violet and her sisters, or neither Lillian and Francis, and that the three who were killed by the Jivian girls had not been with this bunch. The confession of these three captured glandelinians was a revelation to all the christian generals in the camp, and all eyes were turned upon Evans when he learned the information himself. It was the purpose of these glandelinian Geminid members to enter the christian lines, in the disguise of peasants not with the purpose of assassination to the children, but with the purpose of finding whether general Jack Evans had intended to give a move to on Germaine Jelding or not, and as the red leader had gotten away, these men were now able to hold an successful spy, and sentenced by the court martial to be shot within an hour's time.

Evans had the three spies brought before him as soon as he learned of the execution of his officers, but the rascals were sullen and would not answer to any of his questions no matter what he threatened to do to them.

"In Evans said

"Whatever your intention was, or your comrades who sat away, you are now the most dangerous spies, and as your comrades succeeded in getting away with the desired information to your lines and bring an attack upon me, or something suspicious I'll hold you myself as successful spies, and confirm the degree of the Court Marshall. There he tries that you had no intention to assassinate Violet and her sisters, but that does not hold you innocent, you are spies and deserve to be shot. But what makes us all suspicious, is of your lining your faces against the windows of the room where Violet and her sisters sleep or sit. This reason you must tell under any conditions and if you refuse I'll change the punishment, and send you to the gallows if you are turned at the state. Either choose this horrible fate or die if you don't want to give me the desired information. I'll make you know Mr Evans." Said the glandelinians that no matter what you do to me, no matter how horrible, we'll reveal no secrets, no, even if you would throw me into the depths of hell. So there's no use in asking us for information any further."

"There will be a worse fate in store for you than I predicted before." Said Evans with a grim smile. These vivian girls suffered so much misery that I do not know what to make of it and you glandelinians are responsible for it. It may be true that I cannot make you tell anything, and will not request you for information any further, but mark my words, your refusal to reveal your intention of looking into those windows faces bad with your whole nation. I'll not give any quarter to your amies hereafter every time I surround them, until this secret is found out or revealed. I'll find out the reason a all right or I'll ruin and destroy the nations property till they have nothing to depend on, and will not show any mercy when glandelinia is conquered either. I'll show you glandelinia, glandelinian cobra snakes that are worse than any snake going. Get out of here and mighty damn quick or I'll kill you myself."

The three cullen prisoners were led out of the building, and Evans knowing the distance of the enemy lines from his, set out a complete dragnet for the other prisoners, and by morning all those were readily caught and brought within the lines. These were questioned the same as the others, but it was evident that no information whatever could be gotten out of them, and as the main leader of the spies alone had escaped by causing confusion and shooting down a reliable number of Angellinians and mortally wounding general Rudolph Rasmendale, these glandelinians were also burned at the state, and then charged over his failure to learn the cause of the spying Evans reserved his advance, toward Germane yielding.

He knew alright that some unseen peril threatened Violet and her sisters, and decided to have them guarded more closely than ever and decided to see to it that no harm befell them if he had to sleep with them himself. At the first halt that evening, Evans seized a large farm house for his headquarters, after his army had looted and destroyed for the distance of their whole days march, and this was found to have only one bad room with one bed in it. There was one large room in the place, and into this he had cots brought for Violet and her sisters, and then selecting the bed for any of the two vivian girls who may not like for it he had his own cot brought in, to the same room.

"There is probably an unseen danger threatening you little girls." He said as he placed a screen around his bed, and "And though I am going to sleep in the same room with you I do not fully depend on my guards, and so you little girls must see to it that all of your revolvers are perfectly loaded, and have them within easy reach under your pillows. I have placed in here a secret secret alarm alarm that when any suspicious person tries to get in here, the slow or quick opening of any of the doors will throw a pail of cold water on my head and arouse me. But des it's all my caution be prepared yourselves as there is no telling what the rascals may do."

Violet and her sisters took his hint, and finding their guns loaded with every chamber, placed them under the pillows where they could reach them without much movement. As it was not night yet Evans went out to see to the erection of his camp, and placed a number of guards around the house. Supper time came and then darkness. At that time strange noises were heard far to the left of general Evans lines, and wondering what it could mean, Violet and her sisters listened carefully, having good hearing and being able to detect any sound. They suspected something suspicious and at once one of them went to find Evans and tell him that something was wrong along his left wing. While she was gone and looking for him, he came into the place, the other little girls greeting him, and drawing his attention to the strange noise. Evans listened for several minutes, and then cautioned Roswell Foster Johnston.....

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In a few minutes the great general came and Evans drew his attention to the strange noise that was heard along his left wing.

"Roswell listened and then said:

"It does sound queer but I don't know what to make of it. The noise is an investigation. It sounds like the din of a far away battle but surely there is no glandelinian army within fifty miles of us just now that I know of unless we are advancing while we were pressing on."

"I'll have an investigation by telegraph." Said Evans.

And he was off, ordering Roswell to stay there and watch the children until he returned.

While Evans was gone Violet and her sister sisters listening to the sound all the while declared that it was growing more solemn, and Roswell became more suspicious than ever. There was many peculiar sounds ten of which were more audible, something indicating the far off roar of about a thousands of lions, wolves, strange screaming noises, whistling, booming and thousand different rattling sounds, a cry as of millions of mad dogs approaching from that location, a strange dull thudding sound, a hissing roar, and a still stranger sound as of hosts crying and moaning in the air. All the solid soldiers were aroused by this peculiar sound, and incessantly far in that direction there was a storm of flashes like lightning piercing through the air and clouds.

"Maybe it's a distant typhoon." Said Villan who had come in at this moment and who heard it as well as they.

"Cannot be and it is not a typhoon." Said Roswell. "It sounds more horrible than an approaching typhoon. Evans will find out soon enough."

THE BATTLE OF GERMANE FORTIFIED POSITIONS.....

While they were listening there suddenly came another sound but which though startling was more familiar, the rolling of thousands of drums, thousands of excited cannons and the call of many bugles, making a commingled of sounds. Then in came general Johnston or all excited.

"Your excellency." He cried saluting Roswell. "Evans told me to tell you to have your lines concentrated toward Germane, making an quickly as possible. The enemy under Pemberton had and is making a desperate assault upon his left wing. The carnage is terrible. Mr. Yelle's coming to our change his lines in this quarter, as the foe are moving from all quarters to engage his whole lines."

"The battle is on then." cried Roswell. "That accounts for the strange noises." And he issued orders for his lines to be concentrated and started the reformation of the lines at the quarter mentioned. Violet and her sisters were indeed excited over this startling news, and believed now that more trouble would start out of all this. They were to move from the place also, as it was feared that if the enemy made a desperate assault along this portion of the christian line they would be in lined into danger. The cots were removed, and the house set on fire by the Angellinians. Batteries were being placed into position, and the christian troops took up their own positions.

You little girls will have to go to the rear for a while until Evans arrives to find compliance for you." Said Roswell. "You cannot remain in this region in case the enemy makes an assault for it is dangerous."

"It is true though they refused to reveal the reason of their looking in our windows that they are spies." Said Violet. "I know from the reason that this occurs so soon after."

"There is two reasons about this." Said Roswell. "Spying on us christians and trying to get at you little girls at the same time. That's the main point of it. But hurry before the firing starts. I see great waves of the glandelinians coming and we must be under shelter."

It was true. Great divisions of glandelinians were moving forward to make an assault upon this portion of the christian line, and they were coming on like some series of solid thunder clouds, which were but now grim and silent. As a soon as the glandelinians came nearer, and the little girls reached the desired place, there arose a series of the most tremendous yells that fairly shook the air, followed by a tremendous rolling roar of glandelinian musketry, but as yet the christian line did not respond.....

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"Who says those glandelinians are advancing? I'm afraid that they'll force the line," said Violet. "Shouldn't Evans be warned that an attack is being made at this portion of the line also?"

Roswell thought it was to do so and sent an orderly to bring Evans the warning, and to find out what was to be done for Violet and her sisters. . . . Was this a battle? No. It was a massacre pure and simple. . . . Violet and her sisters saw one desperate assault after another repulsed with true and so complete annihilation, and then the christian columns would rush forward in the face of that terrific storm and be repulsed themselves with the most horrible loss. Shell fire tore up everything desecrable, shivered the fields with debris and flashes and the din was so loud that Violet and her sisters could hardly stand it.

At the time that fresh lines of the enemy were coming on to renew the bloody assault, general Jack Evans came up and finding Roswell Ruster Johnston, said:

"The glandelinians are making a most fearful assault along my left, and it is evident that it is impossible to hold our position in this uneven ground. I decide to withdraw, to better cover after we can repulse the enemy assault all along the line."

"I believe it would be suicide to withdraw just now," said Roswell. "It's best and more safer now to stay and fight it out."

"What do you say about it little girls?" asked Evans of Violet and her sisters.

"I think general Roswell is right," said Violet. "It's suicide to withdraw just now."

The next assault had struck the christian line with terrific force, and now as the firing grew in intensity, Evans surveyed the situation, and decided it was best to support the infantry with a strong chain of artillery and ordered Baldwin to bring up his artillery and open upon the enemy from the rear. The artillery was somewhat delayed, which worried Evans, and as the assault of the enemy was redoubled in fury it seemed impossible for the line to hold against such odds. The enemy drove like a wedge against the christian line, and as the chaos it was seen that the christian officers were soon rushing this way and that, and getting a closer view it was also observed that this portion of the christian line was in terrible confusion. However just at this moment Baldwin's artillery arrived and within half an hour the line was placed into position, while meanwhile the christian generals had rallied the demoralized christians who were fighting the enemy fiercer than before.

The enemy fairly screamed their devil yells, and launched again and again to the assault, their biggest columns were torn to shreds by the christian infantry fire, but again and again, and still again they rallied and resumed the onslaught with all their might and main. Twice they had possession of the christian works, and twice they were beaten back before the artillery was unlimbered. The more they were repulsed the more heavier became the concentration of troops and it was just fortunate that just at this critical time the artillery was ready, and now as the glandelinians, yelling like millions of insane fiends poured over the works in perfect tortuous torrents at that the artillery let loose with a tremendous roar and tore the whole line in gray to pieces. The survivors faltered, rallied and came on again but again and again the artillery opened upon them, sending their columns back torn and mangled. It was frightful but still the glandelinians with shouts of "Down with the christian dogs" rallied to the charge, and though meeting the same horrible fire made a tremendous rush, and reached their artillery and would have even captured this had not the second division of infantry just arrived in time and opened an annihilating fire upon the wild half crazed assailants. With a pandemonium of wild yells, as if the whole world had become insane the glandelinians closed with the infantry, the slaughter was terrific, and back were thrown the infantry in confusion.

Officers dashed back and forth rallying them, and pushing on until the Abbeismians broke the line in gray, poured through the gaps simultaneously, and drove the glandelinians into confusion. They withdrew, but from the signs observed it was seen that they were rallying again still undaunted and twice more desperate than ever.

The new shock came with tremendous force, the christian opening fire with the roar of a thirteen cannon, withering the whole gray line entirely but the second line poured on like a tidal wave, and general Baldwin being killed the Angelbians themselves were thrown into panic and confusion and recoiled upon the Abbeismian line in the rear.

The Abbeismians seeing it in vain to rally them allowed them through their lines, and then with a fierce yell of "Kill the ones of God, give them quarter!" rushed forward in a big wave upon the assailants and again the two armies closed and the slaughter was redoubled, men falling fairly in columns.

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For fully fifteen minutes it seemed as if the Abbeismians themselves were getting the worse of it, but in the meantime general A. Antoninian had arrived with the big force of concentinians and these were thrown upon the glandelinian assailants, who were now checked, but it seemed impossible to stop the terrific onslaught. Indeed the battle was terrific and horrible along the whole christian line. Then and there it appeared as under Joshua's hand, as it was his glandelinians who were making the desperate assault, and only his glandelinians would attack with such frightful fury.

Toward 11 O'clock Evans observed that general Tanley was sending again against his right wing a column of 56,000,000 glandelinians no doubt to not only assault its front but to make a desperate turning movement as well. The din of the battle at this time was terrific and universal, and it shook the ground for hundreds of miles like an earthquake, and Evans was still more worried. He however warned the commanders of the right wing of what he had observed, and so they were prepared. The struggle along the right was more frightful and this desperate assault lasted without a moment's pause all the rest of the night, in a series of attacks that offer no parallel and fifteen times the glandelinian columns were repulsed and torn up or annihilated, and fifteen times the assault was repulsed all along the line, and driven back by furious counter charges.

Violet and her sisters not able to sleep on account of the din of the bloody fray, took up their signal work, and warned the christian officers every time that they observed anything suspicious.

Along the center during the meanwhile Evans had been directing the planing of his main battery of artillery, and while he was preparing to meet the new assault along this quarter he saw an appalling sight.

It seemed as if Tanley was throwing forward his entire center against the christian line. The artillery opened before the infantry started firing, and tore thousands of gaps in the enemy lines, but still they came on, but silently this time. Soon it was the wildest storm of battle ever seen since the battle of Tantenmargo and was now becoming a worse conflict than that one.

When within one hundred yards of the christian line, the enemy suddenly filled the air with their deafening yells, and then rushed forward in one simultaneous wave firing a furious storm of musketry as they did so.

Still the christian infantry was silent, then came the order fire, and for a moment there was nothing but a regular inferno of flashes, and a volcano of flame and din, and when the smoke faded away, groups of what had been the gray line was retiring, some still advancing, others kneeling and firing, and soon melting away. It was a horrible slaughter, but the main part of the gray wave came on, and reached the infantry line itself.

A panorama of terrific horror again prevailed land to land, and now the second line of infantry prepared for the struggle. The first line was broken and cut to pieces, and driven back, but the enemy met such determined resistance from the second line of infantry that they could not progress any further, and being galled by the Abbeismian fire, and appalled by the fury of the Abbeismian roll, they recoiled in panic, and then the Abbeismians with fixed bayonets rushed then like hunts men at a terrific fox chase, and drove the glandelinians before them in a total rout.

Nevertheless they had the second wave of glandelinians to deal with yet. Evans riding up to Roswell Ruster Johnston said:

"I don't believe I ever saw the enemy attack with such wild fury as they are doing. It seems as if they mean to force me out of my position alright. If anything happens that is suspicious notify me."

At other portions of the line the glandelinians were advancing in a long line rushing forward an avalanche of musketry fire before them and the Angelbians at this point were driven forward like sheep, and though hundreds of thousands tried to force themselves through the line, they suffered the most terrific losses, and the survivors driven forward and shot or cut and bayoneted to death as they retreated. Columns of Abbeismians rushed upon portions of the gray line in that seething inferno but could not check them, the glandelinian column being a regular gigantic dragon which fairly drew in the inferno of christian musketry fire, but notwithstanding the glandelinians carried the Abbeismians forward toward the rear, and one line after another was caught in the dragon's mouth and were driven forward with terrific loss.

"We are sweeping the region clean of the dirty christian dogs," Tag laughed general noblin of the foe.

"And it's the kind of a brood these Abbeismian fellows don't like," added general Mark. On went the Abbeismians hurrying forward so as to get at around the gray line but failing to do so, were being taken prisoners, but fortunately columns did not get around the line by using their horses forward full speed and fighting desperately like demons. On went the desperate glandelinians driving the christians before them, the end of

the gray line pressing on faster than the center, this preventing the casual escape of many christians who might have gotten away. But this driving success of the enemy at this point did not last long. Evans had heard of it and sent large reinforcements, which arrived in time to place the glandelinian assailants between two fires, and tearing their line to pieces, rallied the panic stricken christians, who then counter charged and routed the glandelinians worse than they had been routed themselves retaking all the men who had been captured, and taking one million glandelinians as prisoners.

Turning soon toward Manley had not hardly made any impression on the christian line. "He was almost discouraged, for now he realized who his adversary was in person, not having known before, having expected that it was either general Hanson or Evans' army that was moving on Germano fielding. But it was general Jack Malrose Evans, the fiercest of all the christian generals of all the armies surviving under him. He was most dreaded by all the glandelinian generals, who knew him especially, and many had did their best to avoid collision with him or his army. But though discovering the truth, Manley still having two large fresh armies to his credit, decided to force Evans back or be thrashed himself. "We must crush Evans," he said "Or be crushed ourselves. He is the worse of all those christian dogs, and if nothing can be done to stop his advance for Fountain Of Fresno De La Grèce our cause is lost. We must fight it out to the last, and suffer the consequent consequences."

Most of his best officers were disagreeable about his plans and intentions of resuming the battle against such a large Abbeoninian

army, soldiers more dreaded than the Angelinians, as about as desperate a set of fighting men as us Americans ourselves.

The battle in after having raged with most frightful fury all night long, had lulled at the dawn of day, and the lull gave Evans an ample time to reestablish his lines, and place fresh troops in the position, to relieve those worn out by the nights desperate fighting. Violet and her sisters had not slept a wink that night but nevertheless they did not say anything and hoped that the battle would not be of long duration. But the battle was soon resumed with redoubled fury along Evans central wing. Without sending forward a single skirmisher the glandelinian generals threw forward over 71,000,000 men against the christian center, in a tremendous headlong assault that surprised the christian officers. Such was the violence of the titanic conflict, that Evans was kept busy concentrating fresh artillery and in lantern hour by hour, withdrawing those fatigued and suffering intolerable losses, and general powell master Johnston himself, kept on bring up reserve forces in a desperate effort to stop the enemy's wild head long on rush.

The attack was something terrible however, and though ten waves of glandelinian Glandelinians twenty miles long were blown to pieces, and galled by the severest masonry fire the survivors were impossible to be stopped and soon the whole christian center was driven from their position and thrown back upon their own rear in uncontrollable confusion. Ten christian generals fell mortally wounded, and powell master Johnston was disabled, and thirty generals were killed. The whole christian center was rolled up, and driven from the field, a situation which jeopardized the other two wings. Even the glandelinians had captured all the christian artillery, and Evans headquarters also, but violet and her sisters had escaped, though glandelinians had pursued them and tried with utmost desperation to bring them down with well aimed shots.

Evans who had been at a different portion of the line at this critical time discovered through the signal corps this disaster, and learning that the main general commanding the center was seriously wounded, sent general Kindernine and Richardson Halated to recover the lost ground. Kindernine arrived first, with 1,000,000 cavalry, and 56,799,999 infantry, and soon tested the field with his frightful preternatural fury, but the glandelinians after a desperate conflict of three hours annihilated his cavalry and artillery corps, destroyed Kindernine's left wing, and closed with the remainder of the christian line in a clash at close quarters that was too terrible to describe. Amid the dreadful carnage Kindernine fell dangerously wounded, and general Richardson Halated was ten miles away from the point yet. He however arrived in time to check the confusion, and made a brave stand, but sent in word to Evans that more troops must be sent as he was not able to hold his ground, not even for an hour. The enemy made a fearful titanic assault along Richardsons whole line, a storming assault of the most indescribable violence, and though repulsed after ten minutes fighting had succeeded in tearing Kindernine's army to pieces. Kindernine's chief commander, Hatbroth Harry was killed, and general Walteson mortally

wounded by the explosion of a shell. Kindernine had wisely held his artillery for the main emergency, and these were now unlimbered during the short lull, and were ready when the enemy resumed the assault against his lines. The glandelinians soon came on again with fierce yells, the infantry held their fire until the enemy were within ten rods off and then let loose loose with such a withering fire that the glandelinian column was staggered. But the survivors rallied at the yelling commands of their officers, and came on with a wild rush. The artillery then opened with shells, cannon balls, and double charges of canister, the guns being loaded to the muzzle, and the glandelinian wave was shattered to fragments. But still still on came the survivors until a second discharge tore them down in hundreds of thousands at every discharge, and then panic stricken and demoralized, they gave way and retreated in confused confusion. Kindernine's army by this time had been considerably reduced by this time, but rallied pressing forward during his second success reunited with them and thus added to their number were able to repulse a third onslaught on onslaught with better success.

General Charles Brown having been sent to Kindernine's aid by Evans reached the scene just as the enemy was making a fourth assault, covered by a tremendous drum-fire of glandelinian artillery, a chain of active batteries which extended for the distance of thirty miles, with a gun placed at the space of ten or twenty yards apart. This cannon fire was horrible and threatened Kindernine's army with annihilation, and so unendurable was the shell storm that the whole line torn and galled frightfully from front to rear had to recoil toward the northern banks of the Delibellies gun.

Charles Brown's artillery however was being unlimbered and as the glandelinians were coming on yelling and opening a storming fire of masonry that brought the christian soldiers down like falling leaves in a hurricane Charles Brown cried:

"Stop those yelling devils in gray. They must not progress any further."

On came the glandelinians screaming and yelling like millions of gorgons and demons put together. The fresh christian artillery opened fire with a withering roar, huge columns of glandelinians were blown to pieces, annihilated, the whole line was shattered so terribly that the gaps could not be closed, but still the huge portions of the torn line came on, and like a series of huge waves, swarmed among the artillery and came to close quarters with Brown's first line of men. But they really could not progress any further, and the survivors with their tattered flags fluttering in the breeze gave way, and the whole three divisions of christians uniting moved forward in a long line, again opening fire all along the front, and pressing the foe back step by step.

Shells were tearing up the christian line everywhere, bursting in the air, and making a tremendous roaring din, but the onrush of the christians was completely successful, the lost ground was regained and the whole shattered line of assailants driven clean back to their own lines. Charles Brown wanted to make an immediate assault on the enemy's lines to pay back for the reduction of the christian center, but Evans did not think it wise to sacrifice too many men just then, and wisely refused to have it done. He knew Manley's intentions well. It was his purpose to reduce his army beyond repair, whether he won or not, and then when opportunity presented itself to cut him off from all supports and crush him so that he could be able to break up the christian invasion. To repel and not attack was the best motto, and so Evans refused to allow any serious attacks to be made on the enemy's lines.

As far as matters goes, no attacks as yet had been made on either the right of the christian line, or the left. It had been Manley's purpose to storm the christian center with all his might, reduce it, keep it reduced, and roll it up from the field. He had been temporarily successful in this, but then failed utterly in the end, and was now expecting every instant that the christians would rush forward and storm his own lines. Though not expecting the outcome of an attack, should it be made, Manley did truly dread it and hoped within his heart that the christians would remain on the defensive.

Over his failure to force the christian center Manley decided to withdraw his lines to stronger positions and then try and induce Evans to attack him and in this reduce his army so terribly that he would have to retreat. Evans however was informed of this movement, and to prevent it started at once a tremendous bombardment with all his artillery and for two more hours that morning two hundred thousand christian cannon pounded the foe's lines with ten fold destruction, and though the glandelinian batteries all along the line responded with great stubbornness, it was of no avail and Manley was losing cannons by the dozens.

Evans himself was driven to rally the broken christianian ranks under the various standards along the shattered christianian center. On this horror-stricken field, not on this day of warriors, but afterwards, he displayed not only cool courage, but the reckless daring of a champion on a battlefield. He so exposed himself during the fearful evening that hundreds of bullets passed through his coat and armor, and also his hat, and the Mc-Hollensteinian, and girier or him who tried furiously to bring him down thought he bore a charmed life.

During the whole battle along this point, the christianians of the wild Mc-Hollensteinian gladiolians strove with such will and valour, that afterwards this position was to be called, the dark and bloody rounds of catons inferno.

Indeed it was almost a fatal battle for both the Abbeismians and Angolians, in which the whole christianian center had three times been beaten with terrific slaughter, by the great forces of girier mundans, and Mc-Hollensteinians. Under the having of his men pushed back, finally and overthrew the strong force opposed to him, but meanwhile the gladiolians destroyed the main right wing and center, and got round his rear, so that there was nothing left to do for the remainder of gladiolians men except to flee with all possible speed.

However Evans saw a way to crush back the Mc-Hollensteinian assailants and so sent large forces of men under generals Nichols, and Horvick Johnson to get to the rear of the desperate gladiolians assailants. Within twenty minutes Evans was heading 5,678,400 men to the rear of the assailant column of Mc-Hollensteinians, and driving the gladiolians by a wild flight. Evans also moved about 3,456,780 men to the right, and having thus brought his forces into position he ordered a general assault on the flank, and the Abbeismians proceeded to storm the whole gladiolians force on its sides. The fighting was now a hotter one than ever, the Mc-Hollensteinian regulars stubbornly holding their ground. The gladiolians attackers were now cut unnumbered three to one. Nevertheless the advantage of the fight was entirely with the foe for they as said before stood their ground stubbornly, and Evans himself who was in the midst of the frightful fray with his soldiers within five minutes this was so blackened with powder and smoke that he could hardly be recognized. One desperate assault succeeded another with frightful fury, while the firing on both sides was now so incessant as to make a continuous roar. At the end of an hour's fighting the Abbeismians finally swarmed among the desperate gladiolians, bayoneting shooting and beating down the gladiolians soldiers right and left in as many a number as never could be counted, many of the foe ordered his infantry charge, and the dragons with their sabres and lances to force their way through the flanking christianian line, and though they were successful in this charge Evans himself fell mortally wounded.

The flanking christianian line was averting, but Evans rallied his line and putting in general Mc Warner with one million one hundred thousand men who had just come up, stopped the gladiolians success for some minutes and forced a portion of the tremendous gladiolians wave back with the loss of half of their number.

The christianian attack had been so quick and terrific, that the foe commanders did not know what to make of it. Every body of gladiolians in turn when charged and counter charged by the gladiolians regulars was forced to give way, but the Angolians only retreated through that blasting inferno only as long as the charge lasted, and the minute that it stopped, they stopped too, and came back even closer to the seething gladiolians forces and over with a deadlier fire. They rushed the foe with tremendous fury opening a heavier fire to which the Angolians who were advancing with the Abbeismian columns opened in their own turn, and a no sooner had the christians opened fire, than the charging column broke into a run, and in a moment a tidal wave of purple and red center plunged into the solid gray wave, roughly handling the whole line, so less than seventy of two hundred twenty christianian officers being either killed or wounded at the outset of this terrific charge, but as the other columns came up, both burst through them through the solid gray wave, and swarmed among them as before. The gladiolians fought well yelling and cheering loudly as their volleys rang of their bayonets clashed, but the ferocious Abbeismians would not be denied, and rushed silently on to try and end the contest with that bayonets, and volley firing. A bullet struck Evans in the head. He fell but struggled to his feet and forward, two of his officers supporting him. A spear went among the men that he was dead, but it only pulled them to charge more one fiercely than ever. With a wild rush the troops swept upon the furiously fighting gladiolians soldiery. The Angolians had run bodily into close quarters they fought hand to hand with their foes but were speedily overthrown, the bayonets of the foe flashing fiercer than ever, then the christianian line broke as their assailants charged against them and recoiled on a run.

No attack of any kind was ever delivered with greater boldness, skill and success, as had been done by these ferocious Mc-Hollensteinians, and Zimmermanians. All of the well known grinning gladiolians victories, showed that the fierce gladiolians of these sorts were to be feared when they took the offensive or defensive. The gladiolians even now had showed the christianians that they could hold the point they had gained in their victorians assault with the bayonet against the Abbeismian regulars, who held a fortified place of impregnable strength, and no other army of soldiers in America of other countries has ever displayed greater energy and daring, a more resolute courage, or bolder resource, than these mad Mc-Hollensteinians, and Zimmermanians. Evans learning that his aid by his own name was killed and that his flanking assault had been unavailing, and that ten divisions assembling the enemy on the front to recover the lost ground was unsuccessful did not know what to do. In this bloody contact, no man can imagine whether he was or not, what yelling and hideous roaring of screams, and devil cries the gladiolians soldiers made all the time during the frightful evenings. All the yelling and roaring of Apoll Apollon, who was fighting christianian in the Pilgrimage progress, or all the horrid noises that christianian or even his families witnessed and heard in the Valley of the shadow of death, was only compared to the screaming and outcries of happy children while at play. And only God alone could tell you how horribly and he liked the firing of the opposing sides did rage, and so terrific was the gladiolians devil yell, that not even all the demons in hell could have stood it, no not even the heavenly beings, may all the dragons in fairy stories or other books, would have dared to face these ferocious Mc-Hollensteinians and Zimmermanians when they set up their resounding universal "Devil yell!"

The scores of thousands of guns loomed up thundered on the grim gladiolians gladiolians fired and loaded, working like demons. The cannonading and infantry charges of both sides was tremendous, and no one could have hardly observed the scene for the wreck of flying skeletons of trees, and wild yards of earth and dust and smoke. Cloning once again the opposing forces bowed, backed, bayoneted, shot and thrust at one another with the savage ferocity of fiends, and the Abbeismians the soldiers were suffering terribly. General Manners of the foe himself was severely wounded, and realizing how that he was doomed to defeat unless by some most desperate effort he could avert it, he threw forward the heavy Mc-Hollensteinian supports. The first rush of Angolians perished by shot and steel. The combatants slashed and stabbed and fired at point blank with the most savage fury that could be ever described, and the Abbeismian assailants were driven back once more. Wounded general Manners sprang to the head of his division to lead them again himself, when a ball fired by one of the Abbeismian soldiers crashed through his skull, and he fell sword in hand with his face to the stalwart christianian foe, dying as honorable a death as ever a brave man died in fighting against tremendous odds for the flag of his wicked country. Wicked and unkind of God as the gladiolians were, there were found not even in our nation in this real world braver men.

The hand to hand struggle was indeed more terrible than any with which writer could describe. The Abbeismians backed at the gladiolians soldiery and strove with right and main, and with reckless bravery and fury to force their way through the solid Mc-Hollensteinian lines, stabbing the gladiolians with their long pikes, slashing at them with their sabres, and striking them with bayonets and water cannons. The scene was an inferno of flashes, flames, smoke and a howling savage slaughter, and the air was rent by the universal yell of the gladiolians, the heavy tramping on the ground, the roars of the wounded, the din of weapon meeting weapon, the crash of musketry and pistols at point blank, and all the most savage to wit of a desperate hunt to hand fight. At one portion the reckless Abbeismians burst with terrific fury through a portion of the captured position line and forced their way through to a portion of the captured position killing and wounding thirteen gladiolians generals, but elsewhere the christianian assailants had now been beaten back, and had rallying his great gladiolians bull dogs, led them forward with a rush, and the foremost Abbeismians were all killed, killed or wounded, and many others made prisoners. The most terrible a million deal of the battle elsewhere along the center was still carried with redoubled fury, and all this while the result had seemed to be in doubt but the gladiolians numbers showed themselves to be far more skillful than their christianian antagonists, and gradually getting the upper hand they finally silenced every piece of Abbeismian artillery. All of the those Abbeismian troops were fresh from victorious victories won over the most renowned marshalls of Manley earlier in the war, and over soldiers that had proved themselves on a hundred stricken fields of battle infernos the masters of all others during the whole gladiolians-Angolian war.

At Francisco - Atlanta they had driven "niggers" from a position fortified around
or then that were captured and held by the Forcecious "Mc-Hollsteinians"
and not this time in a way but under the same kind of "Glorious glandallianism".
At Acapulanga Run, Logan Zoo Two Run, and Francisco Saltwater Run they had
carried by open assaults fortified positions and hills and plains, whose
strength made the intrusions of the Glandallians very in possession
open life and walls built by children, though these fortified places were
held by the best glandallian soldiers. With such troops to follow him and
with such victories behind him it did not seem possible to any of the
Abidennians to imagine that the assault of the terrible Abidennian Infantry,
and Glandallian Intimations could be so successfully met by more Mc-Hollen
tinnian Forcecious as they were, but they had found out that the Mc-
Hollsteinians were a new kind of Glandallians, fiercer fighters than the
Abidennians the selves, and all the might and most desperate efforts to
retake the lost positions had not with fruitful slaughter.

The Abbotians moved forward, were swept down in whole columns, the survivors still pressed steadily forward, three fourths of the distance was again covered, and the eager Abbotian soldiers broke into a run but shots of flame burst from the breastworks in position of the foe, as the wild frenzied Landoltian military fire line upon the incessantly added by the tremendous slaughter by fire of 20,000 guns. Under this sweeping fire the word of the Abbotian was shattered beyond repair, but the whole column did not stop but surged forward about to the foot of the breastworks, but not a man for a while lived to reach them, but the surviving troops did not break, waver or run back but halted and poured in a most fierce storm of masonry fire. And with shouts and rage fainting, and Pearson and Kindersine rode along then to lead the forward ones were wounded as the three commanders were, and many officers sprang around them cheering on the men who never wavered. The assault was tremendous and shook the Abbotians again coming forward to the charge, despite the hail storm of shells, and hurricane of bullets from the Landoltians. One shot struck Frederickson Pearson himself, and he reeled and fell from the saddle and was carried off the field. Halted and Kindersine fell severely wounded also.

and was carried off the field. Alcala and Caballero were obviously wounded also, but the assault of the Abbaominians was continued with redoubled fury, the charging Abbaominian soldiers rushing to the very top of the breastworks in a fearful torrent, but they were all killed or driven back. It was a terrible terrible slaughter, almost equal to that of Francis Atlanta, and a lot of of Abbaominian troops, 1,000,000 strong crossing the Bedford river were ordered a division of Condorcinian "e-Molletinians" were in turn annihilated by a slaughterer's fire of artillery from the right of the "e-Molletinian line." The claudolians had accomplished what no other claudolians force had accomplished throughout the long war in the Angellian Peninsula called Calaveria. They had won in a fair fight a far larger force of the best of King Camous Abbaominian troops, and indeed it seemed evident for a state that the christian victory was still.

The heroic and dignified character of the gallant leaders and the tenacity of the men, who lost one hundred and thirty six flag-bearers out of three hundred, who led the army making the flag-bearers out fourth, and who were brave Gladiators, earned officers. Just as on the late great African war effort, forces were met, the first tremendous charge the last color-bearer of the gladiolus ten tenacity corps was shot, when the christian the crown a withering, searching fire of the men set intensity.

Thus the glauclimian flag fell in the open. A glauclimian general by the name of Perry instantly ran out into that area firing something in form of firing to rescue it, and as he reached it was riddled with bullets and had his heart torn out by a shell, another general Francis Murray made the same attempt, and was also killed being riddled with a thousand bullets, and so was a third general Moore late Col. Twenty private soldiers met a like fate. The Abbaconian fire was so terrific that it seemed as if God's holy angels could not have lived in it themselves. Each of these brave glauclimians were killed close to the glauclimian flag, and their dead bodies fell over an across its another. Taking advantage of this breastwork Lieutenant general Mattelton, world's wise "an escaped felon" behind the body covered intrenchments to the colors, seized them, out under a screaming typhoon of Abbaconian snubbery fire, and then mortally wounded himself here back the blood was trophy. Another horror like this simultaneously took place at another point of the Maconic lines where general Froggess division of Zamar manians formed a part of the attacking force who were or striving to drive back the counter attacking Abbaconian

tion. The resistance and fighting was too desperate to describe in any detail and the story of the Abkhazian fight was uncomprised. At one point it fell to the lot of this division to bear the brunt of the attack back the

wildly attacking christian life under Kanderudine. Moving forward to counter charge the Zibermanian force was swept by the fiercest searching and measuring; fire ever experienced, but for a thin line won the bloodiest of charges the war had ever seen itself. Young general James Taylor ignored a man of sixteen years old at that, was carrying the flag, and was killed after being shot down thirteen times, as many times rising and struggling onward with the torn and tattered colors. The last time he fell in that bloody inferno the flag was seized by private George Grotched Schilder and when he in turn fell riddled by bullets, by Hayniea Shmirkler.

and when he in turn fell fiddled by bullets, by Hayden and
Hayden was also struck down almost immediately, and the fourth ind
for none of them were over nineteen years old, grappled the colors, and fell
horribly mangled across the body of his comrade. The fifth Gadsdena Indian
was pierced with no less than ten thousand bullets at one volley and almost
born to violence. The sixth and seventh Gadsdena was more fortunate but
not less brave how the flag flew up throughout the rest of the frightful
little storm.

little stone.
The fighting along the whole line was very heavy, and in the charges that was made predicted before both sides had passed over nothing but a sea of dead and wounded. Evans in trying to restore a part of his line when the center had first been forced back and the position captured, by the foe passed over what had been a gladiolus division. The gray coated soldiers were lying, both ranks, privates and officers, as they fell, for so many had been killed or disabled that it seemed as if the whole population of the world was prone in death. It indeed seemed as if the whole army had lain down hugging the ground in death, and Evans was almost horrified at the sight of the immovable, losses of the gladiolus alone. One of his privates named John Francis had been a wonderful shot and having received permission to use his own rifle as a weapon accurately adjusted for very long range, had while charging and halting under the typhoon of shot and shell and musketry firing, driven away every man from a gladiolus battery, killed the owner a few yards as they came forward to fire. At the end of an hour or so a piece of shell took off a piece of his rifle and killed him. A tri hit at one time of the battle Evans himself had been almost caught in a trap. Opposite the Abbiannian lines at this point were some haystacks near a group of large farm buildings, both right in the center of the "collethian position where the enemy slaughter fire was the hottest and sharpshooters stationed a long time ago. Evans thinking that they were gle held by a few skirmishers who to where the seventh corn corps was fighting, directed along the snow and sent to General Hyde.

"General Pitt take your division and drive the enemy from those trees and buildings."

Evans started and said that he had seen a large force of Neo-Hollsteinians go in among the buildings, probably ten divisions in all. Evans answered "Do you think you and I can make 'em afraid to go sir?"

The general answered:

The general answered, "As you will sir, and the order was given and at the word "Attention" The force sprang forward on horseback. With the division were two young officers who carried the Bibles of Angelina and Emma ordered them to the rear, and Violet and her sisters also who were bound to go with him. They pretended to go but as soon as the division charged, came along with it. One of the boys lost his arm, and the other was killed on the field. Evans gave the orders to left face and forward and the men marched on in front of a fresh Confederate division which moved beside them at the command, then facing to the front under a merciless withering fire, they crossed a series of wooden roads which were so filled with dead and wounded Confederates that all the men and Evans' horse had to stop or they would get over. Once across this crushing smoking inferno, they stopped for a moment in the track soon to straighten the line, and then charged forward to the right of the barns, where so many baskets were strung like millions of tin firecrackers. On they went at the double quick, fifteen thousand Confederates ahead under General Butler, Evans on the right of the column and General Haskell to the left on a hill horse. The latter was shot down at once and was hit horse, pierced by a frightful number of bullets, and Evans rode out in front of the division just in time to see a long line of men in the gray line from behind a long stone wall and wooden fence of low built houses in a valley. That showed another column of the finest leaders in a storm. Appreciative he then ordered his men to turn to both flanks. Just as they were about to start to the right of the barns of which seemed to be the first line of men, Evans' horse from a battery, Evans being some twenty feet ahead looked over his top and saw several divisions of "Confederates" just close behind him, all riding at the head, and so he gave the order "left flank," and still at the double quick, took his column past the buildings and barns, turned a long corner on the little side, kept that in front of the back before they were cut off for they were forced to

cently then their order to get; there the order to expect to be able to take advantage of a fellow, and partially to escape the destructive flank fire on his column. To hope to take the horse and in vain for the single division found it opposed to portions of more than fourteen independent divisions of the Confederates, at least a dozen divisions of the Confederates. Then got to the orchard fence general Pomeroy advanced upon the tall pines to let through Evans horse. While he was doing this a shell fragment struck Evans in the back, and the men all laughed at the attack of the Confederates. Getting into the orchard there was a slight rise of ground, and the Confederates fired volley after volley at the Abbeismian and then charged them with greater savage fury than any learned man could ever describe and a second threatened the firing and so fierce and so close that Evans horse was wounded twice but was still able to go on. No sooner were they on in red beyond the fence, leaving any of their fallen behind than they got into line and met the Confederates as they came crawling forward rolling like demons, with a fierce slaughter; fire, and then counter charged with tremendous fury driving the Confederates, with three columns annihilated. The color corporal was still carrying the colors though one of his arms had been broken, but when half way through the orchard Evans heard his call out as he fell:

"For God's sake somebody come and save the colors as the foe are making with such force and fury as if all hell will not stop them. There was a frightful pandemonium of yell and racket shots, and Evans turned back to save the colors if possible. The apple trees were short and thick and he could not see much, as the Confederates got between him and his men. Immediately with the cry of "Hail to the colors, back surged the already shattered division and a series of frightful volleys and arms length destroyed all the foremost three scores of thousands of men, so they rescued their flag which was carried off by several men who killed suddenly with the frightful surprise was seized by Evans himself just as the crucifix on the top of the pole was hit by the fragment of a shell and thrown into his face. Evans with all this confusion and chaos, despite not being able to see anything on account of the smoke pall formed the remainder of the division on the ragged colors two hundred and fifty men told all of ten thousand two hundred and forty, who led again the charge, and they slowly worked back to their place in the Abbeismian line whole while the men the firing and loading at the double quick cheered and waved their hats as the first girls appeared with torn clothes, and carrying eight shattered and torn colors of Angels who they had rescued from the air. After this there were no more colors, who first had these flags were found in the orchard dead, dropped up against trees all having a half a dead eye in their sockets.

As was stated before, the Confederates had moved over the main center of the whole Abbeismian line, and after the whole section had been a border of smoke and fire. Some of the Confederates had reached the last wall annihilated, and for a while it had seemed as if the whole army would have been lost. Evans, by coming forward his subordinates had been every desperate effort to save the colors but had found it impossible to reach them. The broken lines of men were in a lost position and hand quarters, and then the uttermost columns of the army faced across the line of the whole Confederates' advance, all efforts to drive the

foe back was found to be unavailing, and even a desperate flank attack only ended in disaster. Even when Pomeroy's divisions of cavalry forty millionaires strong were accordingly sent against the front of the 24,000,000 victorious Confederates they had been practically disabled. Pomeroy's divisions fell covered by Pomeroy's, and the army was separated at once, but a few miles away had been saved and General Pleasanton and General Barlow had been seen the day the great attempt on the enemy's flank to cost twenty-two thousand men of all ranks loaded with shot and shell and blood and sweat, where they would have been the enemy. The foe had still advanced in the most dense of masses, yelling and cheering, and the discharge of the guns fairly blew them back to the water they had just taken. A man and a man they had shot at, and a man and a man were driven back, and when the battle became a first of inferno of men were too horrible for the best heart to try to describe the other portion

of the main Abbeismian line on the center was reached by the deadly charge, in the Confederates. It was about this time that the other Pomeroy's divisions Federal were actually repulsed. He had been killed and crying on the shore of the sea, shouting them with voice and action, his pale face flushed with his own blood, still from time to time called out on his horse he took off his hat and showed his victorious Confederates. He was at the head of the Confederates, and he was at the head of the Confederates.

confusion's and his staff were fired at at close range by Abbeismian troops and Federal fell struck in many places. He was put in a litter and carried back through that fiery inferno, but he never regained consciousness and before the terrible battle of Gettysburg was over he died. Thus perished another well renowned Confederates general one of the ablest of soldiers next to any of the Marleys and another of the wisest men in the land of his many triumphs and defeats.

This great charge marked the zenith of the Confederates' good fortune in the war indeed. All of the Confederates' forces who had made the fearful charge were composed mainly of seasoned veterans trained to the highest point by campaign after campaign, and battle after battle, and there was nothing to choose between them as to the fighting power of the rank and file. The Abbeismian army was larger, the center itself quite a larger than the attacking forces, yet most of the time though an invader it stood on the defensive, and for nearly two days already the bloody battle of Gettysburg had raged. No other battle of recent times of the war itself outside of Gettysburg, Francis Atlanta, and Vicksburg had been so obstinate, so bloody. The Confederates' army during this charge lost a greater number in killed and wounded than all the allied armies of England, Germany, and the other nations lost in all the wars that raged in the old country. Fourteen of its seventeen corps suffered each a greater loss than befell the world renowned German Empire in the war just past. The Abbeismian army lost the center itself relatively no more men than the defeated Germans, and Allies during the long four years of war, but whereas the German army became a mere rabble, Evans had withdrawn his formidable center with their cannon unbroken, and their fighting power only diminished by their actual losses in the field. The most decisive moment of the battle and probably in all the war was when this tremendous onslaught was made by the fierce Confederates, when the foe rushed forward like a roaring cyclone in the most desperate effort ever made to break the middle of the Christian line. The center of the attacking forces was under the good flower of the Confederates' infantry, but many other divisions took part in the assault, and the column of Confederates all told numbered about 50,000,000 men. At the same time the assault had raged along the center the Confederates simultaneously had attacked the Christian left wing to create a diversion, the attack at this point being added by the most terrific cannonade of any land battle in the world at that time, the foe having gathered one hundred and fifteen thousand guns, opening fire on the left wing and for all the duration of the battle the bloody cannonade lasted, and the batteries on both sides suffered severely. In both the Christian and enemy lines, hundreds of cannons were blown up by shell fire, thousands of riderless horses dashed hither and thither, the dead lay in mounds and heaps, and through of wounded stragglers and men only to the rear horrible shapes indeed worse than the victims of leprosy.

Every man had laid down to sought what cover they could but in vain. The assault of the foe was beautiful and terrible in appearance along the Christian center and they had advanced in three long lines coming on to the assault each line over ten miles long, and these Confederates' columns were the only ones during the battle who were able to press its charge home.

The Christian cannon had first opened a terrific fire upon them first with shot then shells and canister. Great gaps were made in the foe's lines by the cannon fire itself, but the gray clad soldiers had closed up to the center, the color bearers leaping to the front and waving the flags. The Abbeismian infantry had reserved their fire until the Confederates' confederates were within easy range when the musketry crashed out with a roar annihilating the whole first line of graycoats, the big men adding a rain and a rain with grape and canister. On had come the shattered remnants of the remainder columns the men and color bearers falling by scores of hundreds per step the colors fluttering in front like a little forest, for as fast as a color bearer had been shot one also seized the flag from his hand before it fell. The first division of the advanced line had been more exposed to the sudden fire than any other portion of the attacking force, and they were broken before they reached the line, and so not annihilated before the second line of charge had come up. There had however been a gap between two sections of the second line of Abbeismians and this was taken advantage of by the charging second line who reached the line before the Christians could fire again, and two divisions had been thrust forward into it with great fury. Stannard Franklin Strick of the foe charged front with his ten divisions, and fell upon the standing Abbeismian line in flank and got on Federal continued the attack.

When these strick struck in the flank, the Abbeismians could not defend themselves, and they crowded off toward the center to avoid the irresistible pressure. Many hundreds of thousands of them were killed or wounded and captured, many thousands were driven back crushed and broken, but two of the remaining brigades of Christians headed by General Strick

3102. Arndtson had forced their way through the shattered column of the foe, their guns being fired to the last moment until the three batteries immediately in front of the charging battalions of the Abbeismians every officer but one had been killed, no of the mortally christian wounded christian officers was yet general Gushington. He was almost cut in two but holding his body together with one hand with the other he had fired his last gun and fell dead, but now the strength of the Abbeismians was spent. The glandolinian troops were moving forward with the bayonet, and the remnant of the christian line attached on all sides, either fell or retreated toward the rear down the hill again. The gallant general Arndtson fell dying by the body of the dead gushington. Both gibbison and Webb Francis had been wounded, and every brigade commander of the Abbeismians, and every field officer save one fell. The Abbeismians had tried to rally time and again but were driven and broken again by Gates, while Stanward repeated at the expense of the Abbeismians the movement he had made before and now reversing his front attacked them in flank. Their main lines were torn by the captured batteries in front and rear, and they fell back in confusion before the attack of the wicked glandolinians, and Stanward reaped a harvest of prisoners and battle flags. The charge had been won until Kindersine and the three others checked it only to find it impossible to regain the lost ground. It was the greatest charge in any battle of this war, and the defense against it had failed. It would be impossible to surpass the gallantry of those brave glandolinians that made it or the gallantry of those that withstood it in that bloody inferno of horror. As the 10,000 10,000,000 christian caviary had been first sent to stop the foe advance it caused a terrific caviary struggle, for these Concentinians had met Gustorings Omarians caviary and there followed the fiercest contest of caviary that was ever waged in any battle on Abbeismian soil. It closed with a most desperate and sanguinary melee, in which the Omarians charging the christians met in wild chaos, at last the christian christians were almost annihilated and the few survivors beaten shamefully back and they could not come forward again even when reinforced, and all the desperate at at tempts of Kindersine, Richardson, Halsted, and Person had like wise failed, and within that one sweeping success over 34,567,777 christian soldiers lay dead or wounded strewn all over the battlefield through woods and meadows on field and hill, and trees were shattered so frightfully that it was a sadder scene worse than any ever witnessed before in all the war.

When Kindersine's forces had been defeated and driven into confusion under the hottest fire, he did not stop to think of orders, but rode rapidly from point to point rallying company after company by the mere force and power of his words example and look, checking the rout, while the hurricane storm of bullets swept all around him. His horse was shot from under him a ball passed through his coat, another broke his sword hilt, but for the moment he had come off unscathed. He had met even persons columns then retreating in wild confusion with the enemy at their heels, and his sharp words of command, the presence of the man himself and the magic of desecrated discipline itself for a time prevailed. The men rallied sprang into line received the enemy with the heaviest fire, and though not checking the assault, were able to recoil in good order. Kindersine's counter attack had prevented a disaster on his left wing which fell upon the surprised army. He had moved forward to cover the retreat, and around to the extreme left where he held his position against repeated assaults and in thirteen minutes had as many horses shot under him. Early in the day his last horse was shot under him and a little later he was struck in the breast by a spent ball which embedded itself in the muscles of the chest. A voice and strength left him. It's only my lung. He announced and they urged him to go to the rear, but he retained his command though his lung had collapsed and started an internal hemorrhage, and gave the order to counter advance along the whole line, and leading the charge he dashed forward and just when the fight was hottest a sudden cry went up:

"The general is hit again."

He fell from the saddle struck in the neck, thigh, again in the lung and arm, and was borne off from the field by his officers where clear in mind and spirit he remained until he could be removed from the region and be taken care of as he was not fatally wounded, though his injuries were extremely dangerous.

"I do not think there was a puller," said general Evans. "Which I could have added to my poor friend Kindersine." He was the perfection of a great man and a soldier. When he recovered full consciousness a fair general interloper."

Now

For now before I proceed to further details of the battle I will state that the fight along the main christian left wing. At about eight o'clock the christian army was reported to Evans who had been in another

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location but having no other plan but to plan for a general attack of the main left wing, but nevertheless as the sound was at first stated to be in the rear and that Evans at first thought it was only a retreat, at last he overcame his hesitations at once, and proceeded on at a wily ward that direction then another officer rode up and reported that the firing was in the rear of the main left wing, but that it did not sound like a general battle. Still Evans was uneasy, and proceeded more swiftly toward that direction, and when he came nearer he halted for a moment, and then heard the firing of artillery in an even roar and a tremendous at rising roll of musketry that was more incessant, and feeling confident that a general battle was in progress, and convinced by the rapid increase of the sound had given the order to the christian army to follow him, and thus saved himself from disaster during the night.

But now as to observed himself his whole center was in a terrible condition and though the last of Parsons lines had still stood firm against the foe onslaughts there had been upon Evans view the spectacle of a panic stricken army. Hundreds of thousands of christian wounded men, with hundreds of thousands more captured and immobilized together with baggage wagons and trains were all packed in the rear of the christian army. There was no doubt now that a great disaster had occurred, as a fugitive told Evans that the whole army of the christian army was in full retreat and that all was lost.

But Evans at once sent word to general Evans ordering a brigade at Germaine fielding to stretch his long force of troops across the valley and stop all fugitives, his first idea being to make a stand there but as he rode along, a different plan flashed into his mind. He believed that his troops could be rallied by the presence of a pilot and her sisters and he determined to try and restore their broken ranks, and instead of

merely holding his ground at Germaine fielding like he had been doing so long to rally his army, and lead them forward again and crush the foe. He had hardly rode up his mind to this course when news was brought to him that his headquarters was captured and the troops dispersed. He started at once with about four hundred men as an escort and rode rapidly to the front. As he passed along the unhurt men who thickly lined the road and sawed the fields recognized him, and as they did so, threw up their hats shouldered their muskets, and followed him as fast as they could on foot. His officers rode out on either side to tell the stragglers that the general was fully bound to retake the lost position and as the news spread, the retreating christian army every direction rallied, and the christian army toward the battle field they had left. Thus Evans galloped over thirty miles with the men rallying behind him and meeting the most desperate resistance of the bloody battle yet, and following him in ever increasing numbers. As he went on the panic of retreat was replaced by the order of battle and the enemy met the fiercest resistance that they ever faced before in any battle up to this time. Evans pressed steadily on to the front, until at last he came up to Parsons big divisions which with his caviary were the only Abbeismian troops who had held their line to the last and resistance resisted the enemy while confusion and panic reigned all around them. Parsons' divisions were about two miles north of Germaine fielding where they were still holding ground, and were now resisting the enemy. It is impossible to follow in detail the actions of Evans from that point, but he first brought to the ninth corps, and two fresh divisions of Concentinians to the front of the christian army. General Joseph Carey, who was fighting with Parsons at Germaine fielding, and asked him and Parsons if they could hold on where they were, to which they replied that they could not give any until the last man fell. All this and a still further order from Evans caused a great deal of confusion, but still the men were getting back into line and at last seeing that the christian army had won the bloody attack Evans rode along the front portion of the line so that he could see it. He was welcomed with the wildest enthusiasm as he and other officers rode by and the spirit of the christian army was restored. The attack was repulsed and after noon, but it was repulsed. By half past three Evans himself was ready to attack. The fighting of the christian center in the evening was a hotly fought battle was again in the hands of the christian army, and the different divisions were all in their proper positions.

With the order to advance the christian army pressed forward. The christian army at first resisted most stubbornly, and then began to retreat and as they were being driven back by the christian army the christian army began to retreat and broken up the valley. The christian army had begun to retreat and defeat the christian army.

18,000 449
10,000,000
Chickadee does.

How near Evans' army had been to a most terrible disaster in the war can be realized by again recalling what happened before the three generals tried to recover the lost ground. The violence of the bayonet attack of this great column of Mc-Hollatinians on the Christian center had taken the Abbeennians by complete surprise, and after desperate resistance the main line had given way in all directions, and a panic had set in. Even with the arrival of the three divisions under Kindersling, Halsted, and Parson the rout had not been complete and Parsons' force alone had held on amid all the dreadful storm of confusion and carnage. When Evans had learned, learned of the disaster in full detail he had an advanced new force to the rescue and met an already beaten army.

His first thought had been the natural one, of making a desperate stand at Germaine fielding, and rally those troops about him there! His second thought was the inspiration of the greatest of all the Christian commanders, and he believed his men would rally as soon as they saw him. He believed that their enthusiasm was one of the greatest weapons of war and that this was the movement of all others, when it might be used with decisive advantage. With this thought in his mind he abandoned the idea of forming his men at Germaine fielding, and so rode bareheaded through the wild multitude of fugitives, swinging his hat, straight for the front, and calling on his men as he passed to follow him..... He had not calculated in vain upon the power of personal enthusiasm, but at the same time he did not rely upon any wild rush to save and win the day.... The moment he reached the field of battle, he set to work with the coolness of a great Christian soldier to make all the dispositions, first to repel the enemy, and then to deliver an attack which could not be resisted, and to recover all the lost positions. One division after another was rapidly brought into line amid the dread and dreadful carnage, and placed into position in front of the wildly charging enemy, the thin ranks filling fast with the Christian soldiers who had recovered from their panic, and followed General Evans all the way down from the region of the main rear a distance of thirty-three miles forcing all before them and shooting down all the Glandelinians within their effective range which had already been two hours on the bloody field when at noon he rode along the line again for battle and steadily resisting ten desperate assaults of the enemy and killing and wounding every wave of Glandelinians that came within range of their musketry or cannon.

First the line was reformed, then the series assault of the enemy repeated and it was made impossible for them to take the offensive. But Evans undazzled by his brilliant success up to this glorious point did not relax his work by overhaste. Two more hours passed before he was ready, and then when all was prepared, with his lines established, and his army ranged into position he moved his whole line forward, and won one of the most brilliant battles of the invasion and of the war, having by his personal power over his troops and his genius in action snatched a victory from a bloody day, which began in surprise, disaster, and defeat. His left and center had been equally as heavily assaulted simultaneously, but it accomplished the enemy nothing but excruciating losses, and so it ended totally in the evening with a crushing and complete Christian victory.

In no part of the war since the close of the Galverinian and Angolinian struggles, and the breaking of the Angolinian, and Galverinian invasion has the fighting been so obstinate and bloody as during this invasion of Glandelinian by the Abbeennians and Angolinians together, except the battles of Francis Atlanta and Gloria. Much had been written of the resolute courage of the fierce Conventinian cavalry at Mc-Whirther Run, of the charge of the Christian troops against the Carnation ridges at Gloria and of the terrible fighting and loss of the Glandelinian losses at Logan Zoo Rae Run and Mildred Greenburg. The praise bestowed upon the Abbeennians and Angolinians for their valor, for the bloody loss that proved their valor was well deserved, but there were over one hundred and twenty divisions, Abbeennian and Glandelinian-Confederate, each of which in many of the recent battles of the invasion suffered a greater loss than any Christian division at Mc-Whirther Run, or any other bloody battle in Angolinia and Galverinia except the three bloodiest battles of the war, a greater loss than was suffered by any Christian or Glandelinian division at Logan Zoo Rae Run or any other battle in the frightful Galverinian and Angolinian campaigns. No Abbeennian or Angolinian division in any recent struggle has suffered such losses as at Germaine fielding. This great Mc-Hollatinian force when 889 one half per cent of the officers, and men were killed or wounded, of the Glandelinians which lost 766 per cent, of the 26th division of Gargolians which lost 728 per cent, such as at the battle of Depery Perophia before the Christian seventh corps which lost 744 per cent, and the 21th division of Conventinianians which lost 799 per cent.

At the battle of Sacramento the Conventinianians lost 700 per cent, and the 10th division of Abbeennians at Easter Starring 530 per cent, while at Shiloh the 9th division of Abyssinians lost 765 per cent, and the 6th division of Gargolians 1789, per cent, and at Mc-Hollater Run (Glandelinia the Mc-Hollatinians lost 867 per cent. These horrible figures show the horrible punishment endured by the Christian divisions and the divisions chosen at random from the head of the list which shows the slaughter roll of the great Glandelinian-Angolinian war. Yet the shattered remnants of each division preserved their organization, and many of the severest losses were incurred in the hour of victory and triumph and not of disaster and defeat. Thus the 1th division of Conventinianians suffered its appalling loss while counter charging a great superior char force at Aronburgs Run or Gloria which it drove before it, and the little huddle of wounded and unwounded men who survived their victorious charge actually kept both the flag, they had captured and the ground from which they had driven their wicked foes.

A number of the Abbeennian divisions did valiant fighting, and endured the most heavy punishment of the bloody war. Even during many battles the very wicked Glandelinians themselves had showed that they were able to meet the best troops of great Abbeennia on equal terms out in the open, and even to overwhelm them in fair fight with the bayonet, which surprised all the world indeed. The division of Glandelinians which during the first battle of this new invasion under the lead of Marley managed to beat back the Abbeennians and proved their ability to bear the most terrible loss though losing the whole battle as it was, to at times worst victory from overwhelming numbers, and to carry by open assault positions of formidable strength held by a veteran army of Abbeennians. But in some of the Galverinian and Angolinian campaigns except the battles of Gloria and Francis Atlanta was the fighting so resolute, and bloody as in this terrible invasion.

For over three years the Glandelinians had been the invader, not the invaded, and its head heart had beat proudly with hopes of success; but these hopes had went down in frightful bloody wreck on All Saint All Saints day November 1th when it was evident that the high valor of Glandelinia had failed at 1th when on the bloodiest fields of the war at Aronburgs Run, or Gloria, and that in the far west Vivian wiskey had been taken by the Abbeennian fleets, and that now the Glandelinian nation was invaded by both the Abbeennian and Angolinian forces.....

THE A APPALING POWER OF THE AN AUGUSTINIAN AND A ABBEENNIAN INVASION.

Another great story of dread disaster reveals to the reader the story of the Abbeennians to rack the Glandelinian country with storm of wars devastations, floods of crushing panic stricken men and series upon series of fires beyond anything surpassing, sweeping away whole towns and cities, like in Galverinia, destroying hundreds of thousands of human lives and rendering millions of families homeless. It is a story of thousands of farms laid in waste, railroads and dams destroyed, and hundreds of millions of dollars of property wiped out by the invaders. But while it tells of the fury of the Glandelinians in efforts beyond surpassing to check the ravages of the invading Abbeennians, it tells of the bravery of Violet and her sisters in their self denying human pity and sympathy for the helpless child victims rescued from the foe by the Christian troops. The thrilling incidents of terrible tragedies are mingled with tales of the most remarkable heroism of the Vivian girls, who braved hazards of bursting shells, and floods of destruction and perils from the foe in their efforts to rescue child slaves, their loving flags and so on. So my dear readers if the terrible loss of life and property among the Glandelinians caused by the rushing Christian soldiery, shall result in the ending of this hellish wars, the Christian dead and that of the enemy themselves shall not have died in vain.

Like a states wide sweep of raging waters across the continent, overturning our own fragile works, and in the light of the vast event just passed so the Abbeennian waves and armies sweep on in the invasion of the foe's country.....

Hardly had Manley's armies recovered from the first shock of horror at the results of the battle of Gormaine fielding, which had waste to an important section of the bloody battle field, when Felson's war was piled upon Ossa's frightful horror upon horror, disaster upon disaster, upon Gormaine's, in the frightful floods of the surging Abbeismian armies at every point of the invasion. The eye symbol 8

The sympathy of the allied nations of glandolinia was pouring out in full measure to the stricken country of glandolinia. Only forty eight hours had elapsed since the raging demons like battle of Gormaine fielding had made its terrifying appearance in that section, and had poured off a great christian victory, but leaving death and destruction all along its path. In the little field, King glandin had just been informed of the full extent of the christian success, his condolences and offers of government aid for the glandolinian armies and sufferers were still fresh on the wire. Committees and armies of relief were being organized, the Glandolinian Red Cross Society had barely begun its helpful work, in fact the fury of the battle of Gormaine fielding was scarcely spent--when the news of fresh christian disaster poured from the whole region of the christian invasion and turned all eyes in that direction. What was this fresh horror that thus dwarfed the devastation wrought by the battles fury, what mighty forces of disaster had been unleashed for the purpose of destruction. The quaking of the earth, caused by battles of extreme fury, the fury of flames, the giant sweep of the forest fires, all these have already found their victims in Glandolinian and Angolinian homes & during the early parts of the struggle, have a laid waste to Glandolinian and Angolinian cities and taken heavy toll of human lives, but neither all these battle prod of a earthquake and forest fires, nor storms of rushing typhoon winds had been the main agent of destruction in glandolinia. The Abbeismians' let loose from their mother country in a faithful invasion had done the work.

Of course the telegraph and telephone soon told their tales of woe. Crippled as means of communications were in the regions were death had stalked abroad for never to be forgotten weeks, working its ruthless will and reaping its greatest harvest, sparing neither age, sex nor condition, from this center of wide spread destruction, there came faintly on a single wire, of an overwhelming flood of christianity, that had left morn mourning and risen misery in their wake.

City after city, town after town lay prostrate beneath the crushing weight and fury of christian cannons, suffering the fate of the house built upon the sand. "The floods descended, and the rains came, and beat upon that house, and great was the fall thereof." Despite the efforts of the glandolinians that had been most desperate and energetic in those many recent bloodiest of battles already written in which the foe had contrived to hold them in check, the maddened Abbeismians had demanded more victims, and so odiously had found them in abundance. A mighty deluge of Abbeismian armies, an avalanche of armies, had suddenly stricken a wonderfully prosperous section of the glandolinian nation, transforming the fertile fields, and many thriving cities into a vast scene of death and destruction. Well the verse

"WHEN WAR WINGS IT'S WIDE DESOLATION."

It was just as if rivers of humanity had burst their dam, dams had ceased to do their duty, reservoirs had scattered their contents broadcast over the land, like death dealing waters that were sweeping everything before them. All this because of what the incoming Abbeismians had witnessed in California. Oh Wicked Glandolinia, what thou art paying for thy wickedness and cruelty to Gods most loving creatures. Ye wanted war, and got more than war.

Human lives by the hundreds of thousands had been wiped out in the recent terrific battles, the bloodiest battles the world had ever seen outside the Glandolinian conflict and for two rates, houses had been torn from their foundations by explosions of shells, swept away as if in a relentless flood by fire, killing and maiming their glandolinian defenders or inmates like rats in a trap, property to an extent of untold millions had been destroyed by the Angolinians and Abbeismians, scores upon scores of millions were rendered homeless, and danger of death, famine, and pestilence threatened on every hand. It was more horrible than the scenes of desolation in California. The work of maddened Abbeismians. Picture the horror of the raging battles just battle pace passed, the frightful carnage at Gormaine fielding, the advance of the Abbeismian armies, as resisted step by step desperately day after day, but threatened to overwhelm all but the most substantial and largest glandolinian armies in utter ruin and annihilation. Glandolinian armies adrift as if in an ocean of rushing element, disappearing from sight during the many conflicts. Across all open spaces, through parks, or down the streets, there came the wreckage of war, and the ruins of what had been but an hour before happy and prosperous homes. Not one house here and

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but whole blocks of houses, whole neighborhoods, being engulfed by raging flames set by the Abbeismians, and burned away. Oh the horrors of the long invasion, the cruel maddened war, and demonic conflicts. Here a village under shell fire, there a city full of soldiers, the people having fled, struggling to keep alive and resist the oncoming Abbeismians, through the hours of fierce fighting and hardships in which shells fell like confetti, without light, without provisions, without water. Hellish destruction all around, a scene as of the infernal regions, no food for the besieged Glandolinian soldiers, no means of which to get away, or a by means of which relief and reinforcements might approach. Only the bare hopes of rescue or yielding up to their christian foes, and the better chance that the war might soon end and recede from the face of the earth. No friendly gleam of lights in neighbors houses, telling of human proximity and power to aid.

And goodness what is that now? The frightful shock of high explosives everywhere, that threaten destruction to all within range of the christian guns. The bodies of horses, oxen, sheep and pigs are seized and carried away by the Abbeismians, bullets spatter against the trembling flames swept houses in which Glandolinian soldiers are defending themselves, and each shock racks the nerves of the glandolinians. And then much more significant property is borne along by the whirling current of Abbeismian soldiers, and glimpsed in untold horror by those whose whitened faces stare in agony through the upper windows of rocking buildings. Human beings are blown to pieces poor torn tabernacles of human beings sacrificed to the topographical situation of their wrecked defenses, victims perhaps of a state of intolerable wickedness for which they must atone for in this horrible way.

Here burns all that is left of a Glandolinian father, who but yesterday had gathered his children about his knee in a cozy home a mile upstream and told them that the christians would never come and invade the country. Now what had he left? Yon floating masses with trailing hair and men lineaments a whitish blur in the yellow flu blur of the fire floods but was yesterday happy and loving mothers until the rushing flames overwhelmed her their homes as they were going contentedly about domestic duties.

A more gloriously there hundreds of little children carried off from burning child slave factories and towns free at last from the dark and turbulent horrors of bondage and misery. But the mind refuses to dwell upon the horrors of the scenes of desolation though well deserved, as it was seen overfelt-aye-felt- through the dark days of bloody war, by suffering millions. All the harrowing details of death and damage cannot be told within the space of a single volume, but enough to give a graphic idea of the conditions that followed the Abbeismian flood in the countie country of glandolinia, which was the chief sufferer, which will be found in the chapters that follow. May the lessons they teach to be laid to heart and acted upon so that war disasters of this kind may be forested, and prevented by not trying to massacre a world of children hereafter by any wicked nations that may start wars or bring on wars with christian nations.

Indeed a calamity which for the time being could only be measured in death and destruction by the horrors and devastations of this great war overlook in a very few months a goodly portion of the northern section of glandolinia, and the Abbeismians even let loose by breaking great dams and letting loose the greatest water floods that swept practically all the northern towns and fire added its ravages even in the flooded cities, besides forests and grassy plains. The chief arena of desolation noted in the first reports was the beautiful pater and vanity fair regions, where several millions were at first reported slain in the battle of Vanity fair which had raged for thirteen days. Scores of millions were said to be homeless throughout the whole region of invasion, and the dead soldiers of both sides in the entire region of invasion according to early estimates reached such appalling figures that it horrified the world itself. All those many days of horror, panic stricken refugees were reported to be fleeing from the approach of the christian invaders to places of greater comparative safety. The property loss was estimated fully to be more than \$100,000,000, and at least \$5,000,000 \$5,000,000 was required hurriedly to succor the homeless. An appeal to the outside world for aid was useless as none would come on account of the stricken christian blockade of all Glandolinian ports.

These reports greeting the eye of the great Glandolinian general John Manley effectually roused him, and then there came a nation wide quest for the facts of the great Abbeismian flood, and within a few hours the crippled telegraph and telephone services brought messages of confirm confirmation from the city of Titanic fair which is as follows:

"Our country at its northern section is in the grasp of the worse storm of war ever experienced, following in the wake of the terrific invasion which in the past two months has swept practically the entire northern part of the nation from the boundary line to vanity fair. The whole region from

The Easter Starring is even practically a vast inland lake as the Christian forces burst our dams, and the wildest rumors concerning the fate of our grand armies one of the shot planes of the country are afloat. The invasion started from the location of Easter Starring and soon the whole country for the distance south of three hundred miles was in the hands of our foes. Many of our armies having collapsed, and the final link of communication with the outside world--first telephone wires--second blockades--and civilian life was lost. Since the beginning of the invasion reliable reports placed the number of slain Glandelinians at the battles there at 35,789,999 killed, but from that hour rumors of greater and almost unbelievable disasters began to trickle in from remote sources.

The main line of our armies to the westward was reported to be broken after series of bloody conflict, and was forced to allow the Abbeismian flood to progress further through our stricken country. Another report was to the effect that 9,000,000 Glandelinian soldiers lost their lives in these battles, and that the whole region was fairly engulfed by the Angelinians who also burst a reservoir and engulfed the region with water to a depth of forty feet.

Another rumor equally confirmed was that the bodies of dead Glandelinian soldiers could be seen in the floods. Also during the battle of October Hill the region had been engulfed when the Christians broke the Great Reservoir, and that the loss of life during that battle will total more than 5,500,000. This reservoir was a great lake, ten miles in extent which was located just east of the October Hill, and its waters were held in check by a huge dam. The breaking of this dam by the Abbeismians who used explosives caused waters to sweep the whole region, just as Johnston was swept when the dam broke there.

From Easter Starring, came a report that the bloody battle had taken a toll of 10,000,000 lives. From this it could not be confirmed.

From Bristolos Station came another report, that the loss of lives among the Glandelinian soldiers at this battle would reach 6,507,777.

From another conflict at Easter Starring had come a midnight message that 6,234,444 soldiers had been killed in the battle there.

All these reports were entirely without confirmation. From every city and town in Northern Glandelinia, with which some communication was still possible a tale of death and disaster was reported.

A large part of the Glandelinian army at October Hill had been overwhelmed by the rushing Abbeismians, all were in the grip of the human avalanche or deluge and so many fell on both sides that the losses were not accurately known, but hundreds of child slaves were rescued, and many persons living in the town near by were rendered homeless, and enormous damage had been done.

Death and damage dealing war conditions also prevailed in Eastern Glandelinia, and other regions which reported loss of life or great damage to property. In the middle sections similar conditions were reported, and in all the cities and towns the conditions of many homeless refugees was reported to be pitiable in the extreme, and prompt measures were taken to rush relief to them including food, clothing and medical supplies, with doctors and nurses to care for the sick and injured, in which it was a surprise that the Abbeismians did not hinder.

As the Abbeismian invasion had progressed, the streams of red coated men poured over the region for many miles, and many positions of the enemy had been rendered so insecure, by the irresistible rush of the Abbeismians and Angelinians that they left their positions within an hour after the outbreak struck them after offering serious resistance. In one district of the northern part of the country where battles had raged with terrible fury, wheat had been fields of wheat and corn occupied by farmers of great numbers.

Had been at the mercy of the horrible struggles, and these whole fields were smashed in bodies of the slain of both sides, and all the farm houses had been torn from their foundations, and heaps of ruins and bodies of gray and purple coats, and shattered lumber were left to tell the tale of the fury of these titanic battles. During the course of the Abbeismian invasion not less than fifteen to sixteen battles the heaviest kind on record of war had raged at one time. Reports showed this condition prevailed not only at the beginning of the invasion, but at all portions, and later on scores of harder conflicts had been reported in Eastern Glandelinia, and even that conditions had been ripe for the Christians to break up the dams and levees to flood the country. Four armies of Abbeismians fairly draining the Glandelinian armies of their blood in terrific battles, contributed their numbers to the Abbeismian torrents that rushed over the doomed sections of Glandelinia in a weeks time, and a great wave of Abbeismians came suddenly tearing along carrying all before it driving back every foe army in its path and crushing greater Glandelinian armies as it swept on in a resistless torrent.

The Glandelinians had never dreamed of such an Abbeismian invasion, and the many Glandelinian armies opposing the way were considered by the government to be among the strongest and finest in the country, and it was incredible to all that they should give way. It was just as if a great mountain of human beings armed to the teeth, with cannons and arms of all kinds had been hurled from the clouds upon Glandelinia. As if a sea of armies had been emptied upon Glandelinia. The weight of the Abbeismian onslaughts during the many recent battles was monstrous, and the advance of the Abbeismians had come with tremendous and terrible suddenness destroying many armies almost before they had realized their peril.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

A night of suffering and of terror followed the rushing of the waters, and floods of Abbeismian soldiery, throughout the invaded parts of the country of Glandelinia. Communication with many of the principal cities of Glandelinia was practically cut off, and only for a while the most meagre reports leaked out from the Jackson cities. Hundreds of thousands of persons unable to reach places of shelter after being forced to flee before the Christian advance took refuge among the Glandelinian armies or were harried at many places when the Christian tide overwhelmed them. The lighting facilities of many of the cities were cut off, heating plants were put out of commission and all through the long hours and nights and days, in home homes, stores, office buildings, and business blocks there was intense suffering by Glandelinian soldiers who had retreated there with the intention to make a desperate stand against the Abbeismian tide. Indeed the deepest dismay prevailed on every hand. All anxiously waited for the coming of the dawn of peace, and the reading of the doctrine of the Christian religion. The news of the harm done to Glandelinia in every hand. But day after day passed, there was little to encourage the weary, hungry, and suffering soldiers of the Glandelinian nations. The region of Glandelinia was like a valley of the shadow of death. Thousands of fires, forest fires, office buildings, places of watery wastes, and prospects of any relief from the southern parts of the country seemed slim indeed.

The single telephone wire in service brought slight encouragement in the news that their king was at work doing his best to hurry forward the drafted armies, and hurrying his best men to get news of peace and relief for the stricken country. So the long days passed in terror, destruction and strife of war, and night after night passed and came with every prospect of a repetition of the terrors of the day before. Indeed more than half of the country was in possession of the fierce Abbeismians, one great district was under water, and indeed the general situation was deplorable. Early estimates of the number of dead resulting from the series of battles were far too high, but death had taken toll at many stages of the country, and the suffering and anxieties of the overthrown armies cannot be overestimated. Their deplorable situation was brought home to the people of Glandelinia, during the war days by telegram and telegrams which while they contained only a modicum of precise fact, gave glimpses of the terrors that prevailed behind the veil of silence and mystery. The maximum of Glandelinian military strength was being used in many portions of the country already, and it was now declared that Glandelinia was a lost country. That it was completely separated from the rest of the world by its Christian enemies. Its isolation was declared also almost universal in many portions.

Nothing had been heard from many of the cities since the beginning of the Christian invasion the Abbeismian flood having come so quickly that Glandelinia was not prepared. The Abbeismians themselves had found new cause for their faith in Violet and her sisters for whom barefooted they waded through the flood to save Glandelinian families from flooded houses, though they were enemies. The soldiers did most of the work but Violet and her sisters led the rescue parties and Violet and her sisters dressed in clothing that was ragged and their hair streaming with water stood in the raging floods for hours relieving the refugees, mostly rescued child slaves as they were brought in wagons and army automobiles. It was also found that skiffs were needed and the little girls had exhibited the heroic act of engaging the enemy in charge of one hundred big boats and which they secured after a some desperate work.

Violet and her sisters had witnessed throngs of stricken child slaves and of their younger children who had been suddenly driven from their hills by the Glandelinians at the approach of the christians, without sufficient clothing or adequate supplies, compelled to seek shelter wherever it was available, for the rascals would not do anything for them and had purposefully deserted them to their fate when it was seen that they could not get them away from the advancing christians. These were found crowded in business blocks, courthouses, schools and similar refuges by the soldiers and the little Vivian girls, so filled with fear and anxiety that they were unable to sleep or give thought to anything else. It took the christian soldiers a whole day to rescue all of these. And then--thing thinking of all the trails they had even caused on the child slaves by their making of floods, of those nights and days of terror, of all that heat, hunger, and grief, and fear that had been wrought among the child slave survivors of the flood abandoned to their fate by the retreating enemy, the great heart of the Abbeonmian soldiery was filled with the kindest sympathy, and another flood set in for these unfortunate, a much needed flood of provisions and supplies and transports for their removal to Angelina or Abbeonmia.

The exact on extent of the appalling Abbeonmian flood was unknown ever after the battle of G. Germaine polding. Every hour expressed the wicked nation with the uncertainty of the situation. The Abbeonmian advance at all points had assumed such unknown fury and force that it would seem hardly less than a miracle if all the villages in their path of advance were not wiped out of existence in the northern parts of Glandelinia. The war storm was also moving eastward, a thing which was more dreaded.

TO IMPED THE ABBEONMIA ADVANCE THEY TRY TO MAKE A VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH FOR THEM.

Now As Evans army was marching through the valley of affliction a land of deserts and of pits a land of drought, the enemy of three various armies tried to form for them a regular shadow of death, a land that no man could pass through and live, and where no man dwelt. For all the time of his advance Evans army was troubled by series upon series of horrible attacks the Glandelinians yelling like hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the infernal pit, it being a continual continual howling and yelling, clouds of christians time and again were driven into discouragement and confusion by these horrible headlong assaults, death spread horribly its wings over the christian troops in a word it was every whit dreadful the scene being utterly without order.

At many points of the valley through which the christian troops were advancing there were very deep ditches, and it was only through caution that many of the christians did not miserably perish.

It was the purpose of the enemy to prevent Evans from moving on their fortified town of Marcucian and making a junction with general Vivians army, and thus they in retreating had led the christians into this horrible valley even full of dangerous quags into which if any man ran he would sink into or fall he can find no bottom for his feet to stand on and he perishes in quick sand. Many of the Angelinians and Abbeonmians were hard put to it for when they sought to climb the ditches on the one hand they were ready to tip over into the mire on the other, also when they sought to escape they're without great carelessness they would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus resisted by the enemy at every step they went on carefully slowly for often times when they lifted their foot forward they knew not where or upon what they should set it next. Fires were even burning and ever anon flame and smoke would almost enshroud the distant woods in such abundance with sparks and hideous noise noises, that at many times the christians did not know what to do next.

The Glandelinians in their petty petty attacks admitted doleful yells, and rushing to one charge after another, so that sometimes Evans thought his army would be torn in pieces, or shot and trodden down like mire in the streets by the foes infantry, or cowardly.

This frightful sight was seen and these dreadful noises were heard by Evans himself for thirty miles altogether. Indeed it be first part of the valley was dangerous, but the remaining parts through which the christian armies had to go was still more dangerous, for recently the enemy had made the way full of mines, traps, guns, and so full of pits, with pitfalls, deathtraps, and shambles down there, that the christians had to go slow, and day after day during the perilous advance the enemy had made desperate attacks, throwing forward great onslaughts, and as fast as

as the enemy made at them, the christians, repulsed these assaults, and counterattacked in as great numbers as to be thick as hail, by which notwithstanding all that the wicked Glandelinians could do to resist it successfully, they were hurled back time and again, general Manley himself was wounded twice in his head, his hand and foot, and in confusion the foe gave back again, therefore Evans followed up his work again, but nevertheless again the foe took up courage, and resisted the christian advance as manfully as they could. These sore combats lasted for above half a month until Manleys army and not the foes as desired was almost quite spent. Then Evans seeing his opportunity began to gather his main forces and pressed the advance and in another terrific battle closed with Manleys whole army in a titanic struggle at close quarters, and so fierce was the Glandelinian losses that it was as good as saying that the christian army almost pressed Manleys army to death, but in one terrific counter charge the foe forced the christians to give back, and the victory prevailing this made at the christians again, and in these series of bloody combats no man can imagine unless they had seen or heard as Evans and Violet and her sisters did again what yellings and hideous roarings of outcries, the Glandelinians made all the time of the fight, and indeed it seemed as if in this long battle that the foe exerted their utmost not only to check the christian advance but to exert their utmost to give their worst "Devil yell" ever heard in any battle of the war before.

During three other days of the long and fierce conflict the enemy laid so heavily upon the christians with their storming onslaughts, that Evans for a time was forced to give back a good deal of the ground he won so gallantly, but all this did not check the advance of the army under general Jack Evans, and in due time the town of Marcucian or the Vanity Fair city loomed before them and a double Glandelinian army under general Beelzebub and Apollyon, but do not think they are friends though they have names of these fiends, and the same characters.

And Manleys army had retreated to the town and made a junction with these two armies, Ma 1 Manley taking command in person. The people in this wicked Glandelinian city were greatly moved at the news of the approach of the mighty christian army under Evans and indeed the whole town itself as it was in a hubbub about it, and soon all were leaving as quickly as possible intending to carry off their wicked vanities, which the devil Beelzebub had given them but the christian armies were closing in every where around the town and there was found no escape. Only the armies of Glandelinia could not be surrounded as yet.

In this wicked town, excuse to Bunyan, in whose Faithful had been put to death during his Pilgrimage with his companion Christian, and now it was a fair chance for the christians to revenge the cruelties of these wicked peoples and destroy this wicked trap set up by the prince and Prince of the devils. Evans was humiliated indeed that he had failed to surround the three wicked Glandelinian armies, but nevertheless he was content with encompassing the city, and he sent this message to Manley:

"Your excellency general Manley;

"If you do not yield your positions here without a battle within three days I'll bombard the city regardless of the wicked inhabitants in it. I'll not regard the lives of any ones for this vanity Fair is a house of Beelzebub and his other fiends, and all his companions and he himself I defy and hate worse than a bloody viper.

EVANS.

Big doings was already going on indeed, the fury of the war was progressing fast, and it seemed possible that the enemy was being speedily overthrown and that the war would be brought to a speedy finish. Evans really meant all he threatened, and when three days passed, and Manley had not complied with his demands, the city was fired on and badly damaged.

Violet and her sisters had begged Evans not to do so but he had been so humiliated by Manleys defiance that he did not comply with their request, and soon the city was a smoking heap of ruin the inhabitants having taken to their cellars for their safety. Manley had intended to attack Evans but he was overcautious, from fear of the strength of Evans army, and though Beelzebub and Apollyon advised him to do so he kept his distance and did not engage Manley. This indeed was an imprudent delay, for had he done so right away as advised Evans army would have been readily defeated, before the army under general Vivian arrived, and the cause of the christians would have again trembled in the balance.

Many of the officers had wanted general Evans to attack the enemy, but he wisely did not do so, he having perceived that the enemy's position was unassailable, and that an assault would meet complete destruction. It was advisable however to send spies to learn the strength of the enemy's positions, and as Evans refused under any conditions to allow Violet and her sisters to go, a private who had been a secret service man before the war volunteered to go himself. Since the situation of the enemy's country was most hazardous now, it was realized by Evans that he would lose his best man, and so changed his mind about sending spies, and decided to go on a scouting tour himself.

He decided to go forward and reconnoiter the enemy's position and in this work to take Violet and her sisters along with him and some of their boy scouts especially Starring and their other boy friends. So he waited for the approach of evening, and then started out with his small party of scouts and also being under the guard of a force of the finest cavalry. They galloped for quite a long distance, until they came within sight of the enemy's position, and were indeed surprised to see general Manley and a squadron of his Mo-Holleshtinian cavalry coming toward them. An engagement was unavoidable, but in the melee general Manley got away to the bitter disappointment of Evans, and to make matters worse Violet and her sisters narrowly escaped capture though they took no part in the engagement.

The cavalry melee had been terrific despite the size of the forces sabres being piked like hammer and tongs again and again like the blacksmith hits the horseshoes, lances were used with cruel effect, and pistols and carbines had been fired at close quarters, and there had been an indescribable mixture of men and horses for over fifteen minutes. At the beginning of the fray thomson had almost got the better of the fight, and Evans himself had been assailed by a gigantic glandelinian who appeared to be a Zimmermannian.

Evans Evans however cut him down easily, and then as the surviving Glandelinians retreated the christian soldiers were about to follow but Evans forbade them, as there was danger of their running into an ambush. It was also evident now that their purpose was discovered, and so Evans decided it was best to return, to the lines, and so they retraced their steps Violet and her sisters going on ahead. As they traveled for about probably a quarter of a mile, there was the galloping roar of horses, and glancing back they saw that a strong force of glandelinians on horseback were coming a tearing after them, and that there was 10,000 in number and headed by general Boobhead at that.

"We are perished," said Evans. "I suppose you know who the leader is do you not Violet?" He asked.

Violet on observing who he was admitted it was Boobhead, who they had saved from scolding near the Geyser and told him, who he was.

"If he has any gratitude he will not molest you little girls," said Evans. "We are equal to his force in numbers, but if he is still your enemy there is no hope of your safty little girls, unless we fight a death struggle. But keep out of the melee as it is too dangerous."

The christian force wheeled around and formed in squares and lines to meet the enemy. Boobhead seeing who were among the christian troops and who the christian leader was ordered a halt when within thirteen yards of Evans, and then he advanced alone to Evans and extending his hand said:

"Though your troops and you are our enemies general Evans, those little girls have done me a service which I'll never forget." "These men with me are all Mo-Holleshtinians, and I truly have the power to crush you Evans and your whole force, but on account of the dead done for me by your little charges, we'll still be enemies of war but only that in and in true heart outside of it we are friends. And going back he gave the command to his men:

"Right about face, march." And away they dashed without a collision of any kind.

"This comes from your rescue work indeed," said Evans to the little girls. "It pays to be heroines and makes friends even among the enemy."

"We are praying every day that he will see his folly in serving the wicked Glandelinian cause any further, and resign his command...." said Violet. "And we believe that some day God will hear our prayer."

In fact he was and had already heard a their prayer, and had answered it too for it was Boobhead's purpose, to resign and he was only waiting for his discharge papers.

In the meantime, thousands of Glandelinian sightseers who sought to visit the war stricken regions for curiosity, received a shock. On the first trains to the stricken regions, were many soldiers, and coaches full of people on a sight seeing tour. General Evans learned of this, and on his orders when these trains reached Maroucian and other vicinities, two soldiers were stationed at each door and none, but the glandelinian soldiers were permitted to alight, and these were made prisoners. These trains were then compelled to run back to their destination, with their disappointed passengers. Evans then ordered the other generals commanding the various Angelinian and Abbeismannian armies to let none board trains going for the north, and to seize all trains that came their way. The purpose in this was to prevent a too heavy reinforcing force coming to the aid of the glandelinian armies. Glandelinia was indeed devastated. No one could estimate whether even the north the yellow flood sent that it seething through the flooded regions may sleep 1,000,000 dead or 100,000. No one could picture the situation. The whole country in the north was a fire and marine inferno. Fires lighted the sky all night and early during the days, illuminating the rushing waters and the swirl of currents sounding like a sibilant requiem for the unknown and the uncounted dead. Think of a million people even jammed in the upper floors of their homes, no gas, no fresh water, no light no heat, no food.

During the whole time in the flooded regions hundreds of motor boats besides life saving boats were in the flooded districts of glandelinia and by a weeks end it was hoped relief would be extended to all those still alive by the Glandelinian army. No efforts was made to take out any of the bodies, the first care being to provide help for the living, and for days and days the boats deposited their loads of humanity of from fifteen to twenty survivors at each trip, and many of them were so weak from deprivation and suffering as to be unable to move. Thousands of these rescued had been taken to hospitals on stretchers outside the flooded districts. Child slaves or those professing themselves to be with the christian cause were refused rescue, but the Vivian girls had risked all perils to find them and caused them to be rescued.

The water flood itself was the worse devastation the Abbeismannians in their fury had caused. Bands of despairing refugees and hundreds of thousands of wrecked homes, was an thrilling sight, trains wormed their way over swaying bridges, but were unable to help any of the surviving sufferers. Hundreds of thousands of residents had been driven from their homes, swept along the frightful flood in boats, and other other craft, and houses, barns and many bridges were demolished.

Many of the Glandelinian trains that were brought up suddenly in front of treacherous bridges, spanning rivers which had reached from its banks and covered the surrounding country for miles. These trains had been struck for five to fifteen hours. The supports at the ends of the bridges appeared very shaky, and there had been debates as to whether to attempt a crossing. When these trains did so filled with child slaves who were rescued, as these trails were in the possession of the christians, they went slowly and slowly and they could feel the bridges swaying and creaking beneath them. For miles and miles in many places the water was nothing but water. Farm houses stood partly submerged, and in many places persons were seen crawling out of windows into boats, carrying clothing and bundles with them.

Every stream seemed to be racing at top speed and most of them had left their channels completely. It was hard to tell the depth even in the flooded Glandelinian cities and towns because everything was water. Many of the marooned soldiers had built crude rafts, and were poling these about through what was supposed to be the streets. Some of them appealed to the engineers of the trains as they passed these regions to stop and take them aboard, and though some refused as the marooned were foes of God, others complied, on terms that they submitted themselves as prisoners of war and would not attempt to get away. Glandelinia indeed was struck and devastated even more than was Angelinia and Galverinia, together.

Violet and her sisters were on one of these trains and brave as they were feared that the rescue train would be wrecked. The child slaves on board were wonderfully calm especially the little girls, and the little boys seemed more excited than they.

Hundreds of homes were observed to have been destroyed along the whole route. Dead animals of all kinds were even seen floating around in the water, the railway tracks were covered with water, and at times the engineer was forced to halt the train on account of being unable to see the track and was forced to explore the conditions of the rails for yards ahead. Indeed it seemed to Violet and her sisters as if homes taking chances in going at such a high rate of speed as he did at times over the tracks he could not see and this at times made the Vivian Girls somewhat nervous.

Indeed the scenes along the track of the flooded regions and flood swept towns was the most pitiful sight that was ever witnessed, houses being doormed before the eyes of violet and her sisters, as well as cows pigs, and thousands upon thousands of chickens and other fowls. Hundreds of thousands of persons were many times seen walking the tracks knee deep in water carrying with them the most precious of their household effects. The women were in tears though the better of them declared within hearing at times that Glandelinia was suffering a well deserved punishment, and the sooner they stop the war, the better it will be for their governments. Many families were in small boats which were so heavily loaded that they appeared on imminent danger of overturning. Miles of the tracks had been swept away after the train had passed over it. The water had risen to the second floor windows of many houses even to the roof of two story houses and ever higher, and thousands of houses had been demolished and were floating about in the streets. Later on the train had stood motionless over night only seventeen miles from the christian lines, and poor violet and her sisters narrowly escaped with their lives while attempting to get food for the child ren. Violet and her sisters however safely arrived at a farm house half a mile away through torrents of rains. The water had risen more and more while they were gone and rose so rapidly that it was waist deep in low places before they started to return. One of violet's sisters Joice was swept from her feet, and fortunately a wire fence saved her life.

When the train was able to proceed onward the lives of all were in peril when it crossed a tottering bridge just out of Maricatta, which twenty minutes later was swept away. The train traversed tracks that were under water all the time. They arrived into this small town more than nine hours late. In this town the water was more than four to eight feet deep, each street looking like a mountain torrent. The upper floors of officer buildings were crowded with people who had either deserted their homes or were marooned. In coming over the flood the train had traveled over six different railroads, being switched from one to another as words reached the engineer that washouts had occurred. Sometimes after proceeding several miles from a junction town, the engineer was compelled to back up his train and take another route. The town of Labedan was so completely covered with water and houses were seen that had been torn from their foundations as if made of paper. Just after the left this town the train crossed a bridge which barely stood above the surface of the water. It swayed dangerously as it crept across it and violet and her sisters prayed as they never prayed before. Twenty minutes later they actually observed it being swept away with their own eyes. They had crossed it just in time.

It was indeed a horriblesight for violet and her sisters. They saw the great bridge gone, the yellow swirling flood behind them and at their feet, and done the channel were tossing whole houses, with persons screaming from the roofs. Violet and her sisters watched spell bound. When they got to another swamp town the engine and tender and baggage coach ran off the track and it took until midnight to get them back.

It was staggering to the imagination to attempt to conjure up the picture of desolation, famine and pestilence that would follow the recession of the waters. Indeed to violet and her sisters the flood itself was like a horrible nightmare. Nearly on every house top was a family of what was left of the family, clinging to the ridgepole and chimneys and praying for deliverance. Many of the glandelinian soldiers risked death on the flimsy rafts in their rescue work, but they never hesitated, and did as well as they could. Some of the houses could never be reached at all, the rafts being unmanageable, and the few boats were smashed one after another as they were caught by the eddying currents.

Violet and her sisters prayed at the walls of the unfortunate glandelinian woman and children only a few houses away were borne to their ears. Closed windows could not keep out the sound. Now and then a woman was heard to shriek above the general lamentations, and they knew that when that sound reached them, that some one had seen a loved relative, an aged father or mother, or perhaps a child lose the grip of numbed fingers, and slide off into the black chill waters. Well such is war.

Violet and her sisters saw a house, with one woman and three children clinging to the roof floating down the stream. The house was whirling and bobbing up and down in the water, and the woman was screaming for help. Glandelinians persons on the edge of the frightful flood had a small boat but they could not row fast enough to catch up with the fast drifting house, which bore down on the Pandora McHollister railroad bridge and with a mighty crash and smashed against it. The mother caught the bridge and held on, the children going down but coming up again under a tree. The oldest child helped the other two and held on to the tree, until the boat put out and rescued all of them.

A few minutes later violet and her sisters saw a house with an old man about 75 years old and his wife floating down the flood stream. The woman was lying on the roof. The old man was holding her. Suddenly the house struck a tree and the brick chimney fell off. Also the woman. When the rescuers put out in a boat and caught up with the old house one of the rescuers tried to draw in the woman who was dead but could not get her and so went off with the old man on place of safety. Simultaneously the little girls on the train saw another house on the house with a man and woman clinging to the chimney to keep from falling off. The house also had struck a tree, and the chimney crumbled, and both went down before the boat reached them and they were never seen again. There were only a few instances of the horrible things seen by violet and her sisters in passing along this flooded districts.

"God save us all," said violet to her sisters. "The Abbian Abbianmians did right in doing this but they made it as bad for themselves as us, or the enemy themselves. If this flood keeps on it will be awful. And there is no way of stopping the Ermita and Easter Starring rivers as it is rushing through this region to day. There are no banks to them whatever and it flows only a few blocks from the main section of the city of Goodnow. Only a miracle can save the glandelinian inhabitants who live in the lowlands. The christian armies are surely driving hard at their enemies." 88

At the small town of Stanok the little girls saw at least 500 people standing on housetops, waving table cloths, towels and other things in an effort to attract attention. Even while the train was proceeding on slowly over the flooded tracks they saw several hundred people mostly children standing on the rickety railway bridge, and then the vivid girls saw the bridge suddenly swept away, taking with it the women and children who had endeavored to cross.

It was impossible to aid them, and they sank in a whirling pool before the eyes of violet and her sisters. The scene of destruction and desolation were almost indescribable. Everywhere violet and her sisters saw men women and children weeping and begging for water to drink and food to eat. The Glandelinian rescuers were carrying mud-bed-ragged, haggard women and frightened children to the boats. Their limbs were temporarily paralyzed from standing in the water to their arm pits for over thirty two hours. Many had had babies and children children in their arms.

Thousands of frame cottages from many towns which had been carried two miles to the sight of violet and her sisters were smashed into kindling, in front of hundreds of yards and streets. Thousands of wrecked automobiles, street cars and wagons interfered as violet and her sisters saw with the rescue boats, dead animals were swarming all about, and a team of horses blocked the entrance of a large house where fifteen hundred persons were marooned and at the Fefe-dling station were five thousands persons were reported drowned eighteen dead horses were being forced out by means of poles by the men on boats, the relief train which had been on the way to take five to six hundred refugees to the camps having been seized by the Abbianmians before they got there. Fires even broke out among the taller buildings in the flood and the burned regions covered many blocks, but there was little danger of the fire spreading as the fifteen to forty feet of water inundating the buildings proved an effectual barrier.

Many times the glandelinian soldiers guarding flooded towns had to fire incessantly on Abbianmian looters and in neither case were the Abbianmians wounded, and the Glandelinians after exchanging shots like wild men for days were driven from the region altogether. The principal cause of the flood destruction, was the breaking of the levees of rivers by the Abbianmians, by using tons of explosives, and these explosives tore holes so big that all gave way letting in tons of water and piled up hundreds of thousands of houses and barns against the principal residences and buildings. The force of the current had washed deep ditches through the asphalt streets of towns from which it had subsided subsided, and carried the mud of the levee of the rivers into the buildings, filling them in places as deep as six feet.

Despite all the water in the flood the real necessity of the helpless seemed to be water, and there was no means of distributing the little water on hand on account of the sniping by Abbianmian sharpshooters who were everywhere but not able to be observed, and nearly all the rescued were through outly soaked and chilled though the climate of glandelinia was always warm throughout the year. There was no way of warming them of furnishing them with dry clothing, and so in the region of desolation nothing could be done and 1,675 automobiles running continuously from this point carrying refugees to homes and churches were gradually seized one by one by the Abbianmians who used them for their own rescue work.

Turrales between the Abbeismians and Glandelinians over the boats were frequent and often resulted in killing that was horrible. As the train was passing on Violet and her sisters saw fourteen people on debris jammed between a lamp post, and a telegraph pole. The jam was starting to break up and the people were climbing frantically up the telegraph pole. Many of them were women and children. One woman held a baby in her arms. However all of the fourteen fourteen reached a safe place on the pole, and several attempts to reach them was impossible on account of the fury of the current but out of sight of Violet and her sisters they were rescued.

Even in Glandelinia in all rescue work women and children were rescued first, for in the many thousands of rescues made not a man of Glandelinia attempted to violate the law of "Women and Children first" though this adherence cost the lives of many. There was many cases where boats were overturned and rescuers and rescued alike perished in the muddy waters, indeed rescuers police, and soldiers had no relief, they working untill until exhausted and carried to the huge log fires where they slept in the mud.

Everywhere was found a frantic despairing, half starved lot of people. They were huddled together, wherever high spots in the city afforded a place of refuge, the streets were raging torrents of in many of the cities, and so many persons were marooned in their homes that God alone could count them. Worse of all the waters were becoming higher and higher, and new panics broke out as it was reported that the Frandern reservoir had been broken by the Abbeismians and that a worse part of the flood was on the way..... There was even stories of fearful tragedies mingled with tales of remarkable bravery and heroism to be gained from those who had fought through the trying hours and days to save the marooned. The number of deaths remained a mystery, and one account of heroism which ended fatally was of sixteen Glandelinian soldiers who had rescued at least one hundred and fifty men women and children, from marooned residences, carrying load after load to higher land, and who when they started out upon another trip of rescue they encountered a rapid current, the boat was captured within sight of the persons they had rescued, and so the heroes went down, their bodies being carried away never to be found. The Glandelinian heroes whose deeds could have been recounted were too numerous to list. Men struggled in the work of rescue untill their muscles gave out and their strength failed. Large numbers of boats were at hand having been sent from all neighboring towns and localities, and immediate rescue of those marooned in the large buildings in the business sections of the large cities was impossible because of the swiftness of the current, and this could not be attempted until the waters had receded considerably.

The method of rescue was unique, as the current in most of the streets of the flooded cities made it unsafe to attempt to row toward the buildings. Ropes and cables were hurled into windows and made fast, and electric cables were cut and brought into use in many of the buildings. The batmen used these ropes and cables to propel their boats making progress hand over hand.

Hunger was the chief cause of the suffering among those who had been marooned in the higher buildings but plenty of food was at hand once the work of rescue became possible.

THE BATTLE OF MARCUCEAN. A HORRIBLE STORY OF CARNAGE. A DISASTER AND ITS RESULTS.

A A In the meantime while Violet and her sisters were riding through the flood on the train Evans had concentrated his army upon Manley at Marcucian twelve miles away from Vanity Fair, and so apprehensive was Manley that he saw nothing else to do but to throw precautions to the winds, and assault Evans as he had never assailed him before. It was lucky that Violet and her sisters were not here at this critical time, for so furious had the battle been that it was almost possible that nothing could have survived.

At first it was the purpose of the wicked Manley to make a heavy concentration upon the mighty christian army, but his other generals were not approving of this, as they believed it was a too big a slaughter of men. They knowing that general Evans whole line was too strong, to give way before a general concentration. Learning of the conditions elsewhere, of the devastation caused by the furious Abbeismians, the horrible flood and other disasters, Manley became still more apprehended, and so decided to make an assault upon Evans no matter what the cost and break the line if possible. He knew that he had weakened Evans army considerably by his desperate assaults in recent battles, and realized now that if he could

crush Evans army before general Vivian arrived all would be well. He first sent out scouts to learn the distance that the christian army under Evans extended, and received word also about the location of general Vivians army as follows;

"Your excellency general Manley;

The army under the christ ian dog general Vivian is located about twenty six miles north of Marcucian, and is encamped, and not advancing. It seems that he is barred by a portion of the flood that is moving that way so it is advisable to attack christ Evans before general Vivian arrives to reinforce him. If you fail Vanity Fair and probably the cause of Glandelinia is lost."

Manley regardless of the results that would occur if he assaulted Evans lines immediately on the morrow ordered general Beelzebub, to assault the central position of Evans army, while Apollyon was ordered to assault the left. The assault came like a headlong avalanche of destruction, and raged for two hours with unceasing fury, but though the Glandelinians fought with the greatest bravery they could not obtain the position they wanted, and Apollyon, saw his grandest and mightiest columns of men, shattered and torn to pieces, and all his efforts unavailing. Beelzebub, simultaneously made greater efforts than Apollyon, but also with the same results, and Manley was dismayed by his horrible losses.

But he was not undaunted, and he sent then, upon the christian line twenty big divisions of Mc-Hollistinians under generals Plausible, Obstinate, Carral Policy, Worldly wiseman, Slough Despond, Legality, morality, Civility Johnston, Passion, Henry Dives, George Mann, Formalist, Hypocrisy, Difficulty Francis, Mistrust, Timorous,, Hidian, Apollyon, Pope, and Pagan, and these came forward with the tremendous fury, but were met with a fire along the whole christian line, that was like a devastating monster of horrible annihilation, and these twenty divisions were hurled back crushed and mangled and what horrified Manley more was that all these new generals fell some severely wounded, some killed, and the others internally injured.

A section of the christian line counter charged, but when opposed too furiously were recalled, and now ten other divisions of Glandelinians added by those already sent back under Talkative, Shame, Worldlyglory, Selfconceit, Arrogance, Pride, Discontent, Adam, Wanton and Deciet, came sweeping forward to make another assault, followed by a stronger line in the rear led by Beelzebub himself.

Scenes of desolation and horror followed this monstrous assault against the christian line. The assaulting columns when first noticed, had seemed to be forming southwest of Marcucian, and the Glandelinian columns yelling like a thrillion demons gone mad with frenzied came seething with almost irresistible fury over the lane cut offs just west of the points where the Northwestern Frandeseania hills line passed underneath. At one part of the christian line the Glandelinian assault was so terrific and irresistible that it carried all before it, the christians were thrown into confusion, and that portion of the christian line swept back. Another section of this Glandelinian wave swept through the valley of Humiliation and suddenly bent to the north passing directly along the right of way of the Mc-Hollister Pandora Railroad, striking the whole christian center and cutting a wide swath between Concordia Run and the main christian right wing. At the beginning of the assault six of these ten other Glandelinian generals fell mortally wounded, and as the assault gathered in fury and the christian fire reaped a frightful harvest over ten miles long, it was proved that in the ghastly path of the Abbeismian cannon and masonry fire nothing could escape and all of the ten generals were down when the assault was at its worst. That the list of the dead generals was not already much larger was inexplicable for the obliteration, complete and incomprehensible, of whole divisions of the Glandelinians furnished clear proof of the irresistible force of the christian counter charge. The rear line coming on after escaped for the time being almost intact, but the ten other divisions coming on first became for the most part but a dismal reminder of what had been, and as the survivors gave way, the fields and plains, and the valley itself was so smothered in the bodies of the dead and wounded Glandelinians, that travel even on foot was practically impossible without treading on them.

The second great wave however under Beelzebub was not daunted by the most frightful slaughter, and came on with greater fury struck the crest of the christian position g under general Farmer, plowed on through the solid front line until checked by a deadly converging fire that threatened them with

complete annihilation. But all this could not stop them, and the survivors came on with all the wildness they could assume. The carnage was something terrible to behold, but early in the struggle along this section of the line general Beelzebub was severely wounded, and so heavy was the losses of his glandelinians that the survivors appalled recoiled in confusion, and at Once Evans ordered a general counter charge. He sent fourteen divisions to keep the enemy retreating, while he cannonaded the enemy's lines fearfully in the meanwhile. Opposition was too strong for these fourteen divisions of Abbeidanians however, and Evans had to recall them and sent fresh forces to replace the broken portions of his lines to repel any further attack from the enemy. The losses of the foe was already 5,678,888 in killed and wounded, while those of the christians was 6,789,999.

Evans in the meantime concentrated all his artillery in front of the main line of works, for his line had fought with only little artillery support during this portion of the battle, and now all was prepared for the renewal of the assault. Two hours lull followed, then suddenly without warning Hanleys artillery let loose a tornado of shell fire all along the line and this was added by a storming assault from his first main line. The attack came on with such irresistible violence that the whole portion of Evans left wing which received the main shock of the assault, was almost annihilated, general Flanders was killed and the survivors were thrown into confusion. Richardson Halsted, was sent to stop the wild attack in this location, and he went forward with his forces, but within an hour desperate fighting sent word to general Evans that he could not do anything to check the assault unless more troops were sent to him. So Parson came with his infantry and artillery support, and also those under Kindermine and the efforts to repulse the assault of the enemy was redoubled in the fury of the battle became so terrific that the thundering crash of artillery and musketry was something like heard at Glorinda.

The wild assault of the enemy was indescribable, the columns being torn and mangled only to rally with fierce yells and come close within reach of the works each time. The christian divisions under generals Evangelist, Help, Goodwill, James Interpreter, Patience, Comforter, Watchful, Discretion, Piety, Prudence, Charity, Gideon, Jai, Sisera, Shammur, David Glo-Golliath, Gath, Je Jeremiah, Faithful, Decie Josie, Knowledge, Experience, Sincere, Greatgrace, Good Confidence, Hoppeful, Honesty Wise, Sagacity, Jack Mercy, Reliever, Gadus, Taste-that-which-is-good, Meason, Contrite, Holyman, Lovesaint, Penitent, Hill Jaure, and Valiant For Truth, arrived to Halsted's aid, but all these divisions seemed unable to stop the enemy's wild headlong assault, but Evans had in the meantime sent a large portion of his army around through the valley of Humiliation, and these soon came upon the flank of the assailants and made such a driving attack, that they were driven into confusion, and so Halsted was able not only to repulse his assailants but also made a furious counter charge which drove the retreating Glandelinians into a panic and so he finally carried all before him.

The assault was also as violent along the central portion of the christian line, but the artillery did good execution and for a time held the enemy at bay until the second line came up, and after four hours bloody fighting drove back the assailants. Along the right the assault was not quite so severe, but it had been almost successful before it was repulsed. But all this success of the christians did not help any just now, for after an hour's lull new forces of Glandelinians came on to renew the attack.

No terrific storm in any time of the world's beginning was as terrific a sight as this Glandelinian assault, and it fairly tore Evans' line to pieces. Who could describe the fury of this violent assault. One lad of fourteen years who was a lieutenant in his army told of his experience to Evans himself after the bloody fray.

"I saw the enemy coming as it were like a big tidal wave. I was commanding one portion of my regiment in a by trench, near a group of trees between which stood a small barn, cumbered with small pit pictures of children looking straight at you as it seemed, and I saw that if something was not done enough for the christian line all would be lost as the foe was coming on so furiously that all hell and its demons could not stop them. The roar of the firing along the christian line almost deafened me, and as the tremendous shock came, from both front and rear, my force was thrown into confusion and almost annihilated. Now my regiment under Captain Joe Hayman stopped the attack along its line I could never tell but he did.

It simply was awful, like some terrific typhoon let loose along us."

Indeed the assault was so violent that Evans was worried, and feared that after all the battle would be lost, and so sent Colonel Sanders to go and find general Vivian and warn him of his peril. His army was good and strong it was true but the enemy when attacking always drove every assault home though repulsed as it was, and his losses was becoming unspeakably terrific, and his survivors exhausted. This brave colonel at once set out to do his duty, and no sooner had he left the christian lines when he observed that he was pursued by a large party of Mo-Hollestonians on horse back led by a colonel too. To meet these dangerous Glandelinians in a pistol fight was suicide, and so he strove to outdistance these hooded demons, and slowly did so, though the Glandelinians let fly a shower of lances, and the leader ordered him to halt.

"Go to hell" was his answer, and with a deliberate shot he killed the Glandelinian colonel which threw the Glandelinians into confusion.

This incident delayed the pursuers somewhat until he gained considerable headway, but now the Mo-Hollestonians were only enraged at the fall of their leader, and came tearing after him as fast as they could drive their horses on the gallop firing their pistols as they did so. Sanders saved himself from being shot down by lying low on the horse, the bullets whistling close to him, and he reached the vicinity of general Vivian's line safely and found the army already moving forward on the march. Watching the advance of the cowardly forces which it was always evident

that general Vivian would always ride with they inquired for him and found him just coming up with his staff officers.

Riding up to general Vivian he saluted and said:

"Your excellency general Vivian, general Evans has reached Maroucian ahead of you and is violently attacked by the Hanleys armies and if you do not hurry to his aid the battle will be lost."

"You don't say" answered general Vivian. "I thought something was wrong, for I heard the noise of the firing way out here. I'll go to his aid as quickly as my armies can advance."

In the meantime it happened that Evans' army again repulsed the enemy's headlong onslaught, but now the first line of works was in possession of the enemy, and it was seen by Evans that another onslaught would be fatal, and worse of all most of the ammunition was spent, and all the fresh ammunition he had was captured by the enemy who had seized all the provision trains. He also was terribly worried over the long absence of Violet and her sisters and feared that they had either been seized and slain by the enemy, or perished in the raging floods caused by the Abbeidanians. He knew where they had gone, and was sorry that he had allowed them to do so, for they were absent longer than he had expected, and he almost felt like crying as he believed that they had surely perished. But these worried feelings put him in him his furious fighting spirit, and thus already since the battle began the losses of the Glandelinians was about 10,789,999 in killed and wounded while the losses of the christians was only 8,999,876. Evans believed if he could reform his broken lines he would be able to hold back any attacks of the enemy until night fall, for he knew that general Vivian could not arrive until the next morning, and so the most energetic efforts were made and partly succeeded, so that once again the christian line was in strong reformation, and awaited the next attack of the enemy.

But Manley had foolishly decided to wait until the morning, which if he had not done, he could have easily forced Evans from his position before general Vivian arrived and won a battle which would have insured a great victory for the Glandelinian cause, and drove out the christian invaders quicker than they had rushed in. But this delay brought in the next morning to Manley's army a horrible disaster, and caused him the greatest mortification in his life.

Seeing that Manley had no intentions of making any further attacks Evans set to work to fortify his main second line and in at three o'clock in the afternoon, made suddenly a tremendous headlong onslaught on the enemy in possession of his first line of trenches covered by a battering storm of fire from 100,000 cannons of every calibre. The slaughter was horrible but for four hours the enemy held the works, and the terrific inferno and now

the worse of the battle raged. Evans speedily commanded the flank of the captured position bring up more and more artillary until the whole Glandelinian force in possession of the works was inflamed in a conglomeration of shell fire, and driven into panic they retreated back toward the main line, with the victorious christians in full pursuit.

The pursuers swept onward driving the Glandelinians clean to their main line, and then recoiled themselves as they were under orders not to assault the enemy's main lines as yet.

On account of Manley delaying his renewed efforts, Evans had recaptured his second as first line position, and cut up the defending columns so dreadfully that Manleys whole army was so badly depleted and impaired in strength that he did not know what to do. He was confident of success however as more forces were reported advancing to his rescue, and so he decided to wait until morning and begin the battle again with redoubled fury. Evans did not believe it was prudent to wait for Manleys attack, and so during the lull at four o'clock sent forth a large scouting party to locate the enemys main position, and find out their strength, but when these returned they brought him reports which discouraged any intentions to attack Manley that evening. He tried to force Manley however into an artillery duel, but after firing

for several minutes and receiving no response Evans gave it up and so the remainder of the evening was spent in quietude, and at this moment from the southeast the train with the load of child slaves which had passed safely through the flooded districts arrived within the christian lines to the joy of all the soldiers, and these children were quickly secured, and placed in proper portions of the line where the foe could not get them. Violet and her sisters were among them, and were received with the greatest welcome by Evans and the soldiers. Violet and her sisters on the train had heard the roar of the conflict, but did not know as yet that it had been

Evans army engaged, but apprehended that the children would be rescued and sent away to Freedom, as he had learned of the arrival of the train by his scouts. Manley had been over worked with frenzy, and so toward eleven o'clock that night, when Violet and her sisters were with Evans in his headquarters telling him how they passed the flood, were surprised by a sudden yell a tremendous rolling crash of musketry, and sudden thundering of cannon all along the whole christian line. Again the enemy had made a terrific assault, and Evans rushed out to suppress orders.

It was indeed the worse assault of the battle yet, Manley having thrown forward nearly one quarter of his army against the christian line and so violent was the assault, that at first a large portion of the three christian wings had been driven back from their works in confusion, and in the midst of the fray a large division of Mc-Hollestonians had carried the christian works in the vicinity of Evans headquarters, and came rushing toward the building with tremendous bull fury and before Evans could escape he with the little girls were good as prisoners inside the building, with many of the soldiers who had entered the place to seek shelter.

The Glandelinians learning that Violet and her sisters were inside the building tried every effort to force an entrance but all those within were sharpshooters and brought down the assailants by the score. Cannon was brought up from the captured works by the Mc-Hollestonians and opened upon the house committing terrible havoc and scores of the christian soldiers were killed and hundreds wounded. Threatened with annihilation the soldiers prepared to fight to the last, while Evans and the little girls went down to the cellar of the house to avoid the fury of the exploding shells in the already badly shattered room. It is evident that all would have been annihilated, and Evans and the little girls captured, had not the frightful assault all along the line been repulsed by the Abbeannians who shot down nearly the whole line of gray-coated assailants, and counter-charged with such crushing fury, that they carried all before them. Neither did the Abbeannian line stop in its mad rush but stormed Manleys main line and despite frightful losses almost carried it and would have if general Goodwill had not fallen wounded.

Then he gave way but in order contesting every step of the way and now Evans being fully aware of the danger, concentrated all his available forces, and met the assailants with a withering fire, crushing back and annihilating charge after charge, and ending the conflict again in a short lull. If a terrific thunderstorm had been going on with a hurricane of typhoon violence at the same time it could not have compared to this frightful storm of battle raging in the dark, with the flashes of musketry, and cannon and added by the different hues of flashes from exploding shells, and the din of the terrific firing. Violet and her sisters had been surprised at the suddenness of the bloody attack but at first thought that the enemy had already just started a fight. But the soldiers told them that the conflict had been raging all day, and that it had been a frightful one indeed. Again and again, and still again the enemy renewed the assault with the wildest frenzied fury but could not break the christian line at any point, and suffered the annihilation of line after line and so Manley again became more prudent, and realizing that he could not accomplish anything in the dark awaited the following morning.

But by this time general Vivians army had arrived, more and more of his army was coming, and Evans was being strengthened ten fold, and instead of waiting for Manley to renew the attack opened a general cannonade with all his guns and came forward with his whole army to storm Manleys army, holding

general Vivians in reserve. As Manley saw this monstrous tidal wave of Abbeannians coming forward he had all his artillery primed, and discharge after discharge tore through the whole christian line galling and mangling whole columns, but as quickly as these columns would give way others would mingle with the gaps and so the whole christian line came on, closing all the gaps made, and pouring through the valley of humiliation poured over the enemys works in a perfect surge and close with the first line of Glandelinians cutting down hundreds of thousands in that one rush, driving the survivors from the works and capturing all the cannon. Horrible was the fury of the Glandelinian counter charges, thirteen being made within four hours time and crushed back with almost complete annihilation. Finally however Manley made such an overwhelming concentration, that to hold the position was impossible, and after repulsing equally a hundred bloody assaults in endless succession in which a hundred thousand Glandelinians fell in each assault Evans had to withdraw his shattered lines and the enemy following pursued him clean to his own position and tried every effort to take it also but was repulsed with excruciating losses.

Now it came time for general Vivian to try his luck. He had been preparing his army all this while, and concentrating his army he moved forward his whole army, Evans joining and the biggest charge of the battle was on. The whole christian line advanced in three monstrous divisions each over thirty six miles in extent and in perfect order, but as fast as they could run yelling so fiercely that the Glandelinians were apprehensive. This onrush was unspeakably terrific in the extreme, general Roswell Guster Johnstons Concentinians and Abyssinkilians holding the center, with on their main left the Dandobians and Tripolygonians of kindermine and Halstedes and on their right, the Calvinians, Abbeannians, and Abyssinkilians of Evans, and there were also Protestantian and Mormonian divisions in the attacking force.

Evans army however was the first one to press the terrific charge home. After having started forward, and leaving their own positions the christians had two miles of ground to go in their oncharge across the valley of Humiliation or Shadow of death, and as the ferocious Abbeannians moved forward in their headlong rush they bent their line slightly to the left so as to prevent a gap between them and the Abyssinkilians on their right. Magnificently, and like a soothing storm wave against a breakwater the christian lines came on roaring hideously with the yells of the Abbeannians and other assailants, and as they crossed the Pandora right of war, the eight hundred thousand Glandelinian guns no cool and in good shape opened upon them with a ear-splitting barrage of shot shell and high explosives, making great gaps hundreds of feet long at every step, but the purple and red clad soldiers closed up to the center, and came on with a fiercer rush, the color bearers leaping to the front sinking and waving their beautiful flags just as the whole Abbeannian line dissolved away into a sea of smoke, and so

many gaps were observed at once in Manleys lines that what was a conglomeration of confusion when a horrible uproar prevailed everywhere. It was awful, the second line of Glandelinian infantry and artillery reserve vainly reserving their fire until the Abbeannian tidal wave, was within easy range, then all along the line the musketry crashed out like a trillion cannon the big cannons adding with grape, canister and shells at close quarters. The havoc among the Abbeannians was intolerable, but it could not stop general Vivians wild swooping onrush, though his men fell in hundreds of thousands, the colors fluttering on both sides like a forest, the scene was a smoke and slaughter hell, color bearers fell by the score and the din was nerve-racking. The Dandobians were exposed terribly to the terrific Glandelinian artillery and musketry fire, more than any of the other attacking christian forces, and they were horribly broken before they reached the Mc-Hollestonian lines but nevertheless did not falter. Unfortunately for Manley there was a wide gap ten miles long mowed by the covering christian artillery fire in Manleys center, between the Garmian and Masonic forces, and this was taken advantage of by Evans whose army was way in the lead, who rushed the trenches like a roaring cyclone, and thrust forward it into it. Simultaneously Roswell Guster Johnston started to change his own front with his divisions and closing with the enemy in a horrible death struggle, turned a portion of the Mc-Hollestonian force and in the melee that turned hell into a paradise from its horror, Guster relieving Roswell who was wounded continued the attack, caught the Mc-Hollestonians in the flank, and when thus struck in the flank, the Mc-Hollestonians though defending themselves like a thousand million Christians against the same number of Apollyons could not hold their position, and crowding off toward their own center to avoid the horrible pressure they were almost surrounded and forced back in the wildest confusion.

All of these Mc-Hollestonians were driven driven back, hundreds of thousands killed, and millions wounded, or captured, and the whole Abbieannian line like a tidal wave forced their way forward to the enemy's main line position, all of the Glandelinian batteries of eight hundred thousand cannon firing to the last moment moment, untill of every gun despite the many there was all but two officers had been struck, all the artillery horses had been slaughtered, and the gunners mowed down. Indeed it was a massacre.

But it accomplished nothing for general yivian, for during the assault his right wing was turned, overlapped and completely annihilated, Manley brought up his fresh forces, and hurled them upon the christian assailants who were in possession of the works, and after four hours of frightful slaughter that exceeded any battle in the invasion yet, in which both general yivian and Evans fell severely wounded, sent the Abbieannians back across the ground they had captured, a hundred divisions being crushed to the frightfulness that God alone could predict.

Following the repulse so frightful and bloody came a counter charge made by the Glandelinians which though proved unsuccessful and which caused the Glandelinian assailants the loss of 13,456,566 in killed and wounded caused the capture of general Evans headquarters, and also of all who were in it including Violet and her sisters, and all their child friends who were in the building at the time. The struggle along the whole line was horrible to behold, whole lines ten miles long being crushed to fragments by their losses, general Roswell Buster Johnston taking Evans place fell severely wounded, Parson and Halsted were disabled and many of the divisions had all their general and regimental commanders shot to death or wounded.

It was a leaderless army fighting for existence, to try and reestablish their lines after the frightful disaster that occurred, and though the frightful headlong onslaught of the enemy was repulsed, it was speedily resumed by more divisions of Mc-Hollestonians, Manley sending more these forward than the others, as these he trusted to win the battle for him than the others. This new attack was terrific, and the battle raged with redoubled violence, as now Kindernine had taken the place of Evans and proved himself an able bodied commander, though all the new generals had fallen killed or wounded, besides many of the old time fighters. The scene of this conflict now was indescribable, it was a literal hell of slaughter, a scene almost resembling the approach of the end of the world.

Ten divisions of christians were driven into frightful confusion, the assault of the enemy driving forward with the roar of an avalanche, and battery after battery of the christians poured in a fire of devastating fury, which swept away column after column by the score, but in vain on and still on came the Mc-Hollestonians yelling like demons demons and fighting with the same fury. Kindernine was exerting his utmost to help in keeping the line firm, but in many places by the violence of the assault it was broken, and now the foe came within close quarters with the whole line like a surging tidal wave, and all now seemed lost.

General Beelsabub however on the side of the enemy fell mortally wounded, and this gave the christians some time to reestablish a part of the broken and shattered lines. Good God who could have seen this frightful Mc-Hollestonian onslaught and not be horrified. Whole divisions of christians were rushed to fragments, and Manley now was throwing forward his whole entire army to the assault, and the great battle of Maroucian or Vanity Fair was raging at its highest fury. All the christian cannon were in action, every man on the Abbieannian side was put into the desperate struggle, and so terrific was the din that the air rang in deafening salvos of echoes, as if a hundred million thunderstorms was going on at one time.

Many of the wicked Glandelinian generals had fallen, but it did not stop the assault, and toward night fall, when the conflict again closed, it was in favor of the enemy who were in possession of the first tree trenches again.

Evans and general yivian had been borne from the scene of carnage the moment they were wounded, and it was also reported in the evening that Kindernine was also disabled, and that there was no general of any able kind to take command of the army which was completely without a leader, and was also jeopardized. When Evans learned of the capture of Violet and her sisters though wounded and lying helpless in bed he ordered the full force of the strong Abbieannian and Concentinian cavalry to charge the enemy, now at the portion or in possession of the works but Manley's main line and do their best to recover the stolen children. Indeed the capture of Violet and her sisters brought on the fiercest cavalry fight in the war. General Walter Starring was in personal command of the christian cavalry, and Francis Schmidt Stuart the famous Glandelinian commander, moving forward in the mean time to check any effort to regain Violet and her sisters, was met by the Abbieannian cavalry under Starring, and there followed a contest at close quarters with "the white arm." It closed with such a desperate melee

that the angles of hell seemed to let loose with demons fighting together on horse back, a scene enough to appall all in heaven itself, and in which the Mc-Hollestonians charging under general Hamptson Wadson, and Leo Janit were not in mid career by the Abbieannian general Gusterson Mc-Holleston Darger, and Francis Mc-Holleston Mc-Intosh. All four fought like mad wild fiends sabre in hand, at the head of their troopers, and though 23,456,789 cavalry men were on both sides every man on each side was put into the bloody fray, and no one could describe the real scene unless it was literally witnessed. The two Mc-Hollestonians their long hair flowing their faces aflame with the eager joy of battle, was in the thickest of the storm in a melee rising in their stirrups as they called to their famous Abbieannian lancers, and swordsmen. "Come on you wolverines of Abbieannia come on. Give the Glandelinian dogs of hell all the position they want."

All that the long lines of inactive Abbieannian infantry watching eagerly from their lines could see was a vast cloud of dust and smoke where millions of flint flakes of light shimmered as the sun shone upon the swinging sabres, pistol butts or barrels, and lance points.

Time and again the forces broke through each other like a thundering series of avalanches of men and horses, fighting fiendish duels at close quarters, even wrestling with each other and using their fists. Time and again the Abbieannian horsemen were beaten back, but again and again they rushed wildly to the attack, and the field was covered with a sea of dead and wounded horses and men. This desperate cavalry melee lasted fully two hours and finally the Glandelinian cavalry proved to be the masters and the Abbieannians silently withdrew. Evans was disheartened over his failure, and begged one of the couriers to go to the nearest christian army that would be imitative and ask for aid. Starring failing in his cavalry fight decided to go on the dangerous mission but was refused, as general yivian himself would not hear of it. Elsewhere the battle was still raging, for at many points the Abbieannians were striving with all their might to retake their lost positions, and the loud thundering of guns fairly shook the earth. Manley having rested his troops decided to renew the attack before any other christian army hearing the wild roar of the conflict would advance to the rescue. It was his purpose to save Glandelinia from defeat by destroying the christian army under Evans, and so he did not intend to let up until he accomplished his purpose. Of course despite being leaderless the christian army was equal to his in strength, but this did not daunt Manley, and what made him hope for success more was that it was evident that without a leader the christian troops could not fight properly and soon would have to give in or meet annihilation.

He decided to throw his whole army into the action, and making three turning movements at the same time. So at nine o'clock that night the struggle was resumed with tenfold fury, and millions of christian soldiers opened fire at once upon the assailants with a terrific withering roar destroying thirteen divisions of Glandelinians.

This put them into considerable confusion, but the main wave came on followed behind them by three other great waves. Each wave was torn to pieces, and driven back within six hours of devilish fighting, but sixteen times fresh waves came on repeatedly, and if the ocean waves ever tore at a ship more violently, then when could have it happened. All these waves were torn shattered and rangled, with horrible loss in officers, but the assaults were repeated again, and again, and still again with unceasing fury and it did not desist until the dawn of day when Manley began to realize he was crushing his army against a solid wall of christian troops leaderless though they were.

His three turning movements had met with disaster, and all assaults at every quarter was repulsed. Early in the morning it was expected that the frightful storm of assaults would be resumed, but for two hours all was quiet. General Melachirno had been offered the command of the army early in the morning and he did his best to establish the broken lines and place fresh guns in the places where others had been blown up or disabled. Evans directed everything from the point where he lay wounded, and so did general yivian and then when it was seen that Manley was delaying the attack, it was thought best to force matters, and a headlong assault was made on Manley's right wing, but it did not accomplish anything on the line of victory but in the headlong fury of the assault many prisoners were taken besides all the children had been retaken and brought safely back to the christian lines though many were shaken up by their harrowing experiences, as they had observed the full fury of the bloody conflict, and saw the frightful slaughter during the most desperate cavalry melee in the war itself. Following the repulse of the christian right wing came another headlong Glandelinian onslaught and thus put an end to anything imaginable. Both sides suffered losses that was unaccountably cruel and barbarous to one another, but it ended after five hours of furious slaughter slaughter as another slight christian success but the works were still in possession of the foe.

Federal Hanson's, Raymond Richardson's christian forces mostly Abbieannians simultaneously made a assault of great desperation against the glandelinians in possession of a portion of the works along the central line, making great efforts to throw the foe into wild confusion by a driving movement and so fierce was the resistance of the enemy, and so terrific was the fire that the christians met that it is probable that a most serious disaster would have occurred, had it not been for the arrival of a portion of Dargers' army which was advancing that way, and followed by his brothers August Dargers. They were thus able to avert the threatening new disaster, but never theless their advance was barred and checked in that location, and a roaring counter charge of the glandelinians was thrown back with the loss of two main commanders.

Evans ordered that fourteen desperate assaults should be made on the enemy's lines in a desperate effort to try and recover the lost ground ordering Shoemunn's Abbieannians to attack the glandelinian center and right, and though these forces were thrown forward as incessantly as the storm waves of the sea, it was unavailable, the whole assailing line of Abbieannians being cut up and thrown into a pandemonium of confusion fourteen times, again hundreds of christian generals were falling dead and wounded in the face of the murderous glandelinian cannon and musketry fire, and other officers who had tried to rally their shattered and mangled divisions fell mangled and bleeding, and though panacea's forces came up in time to take a part in the desperate conflict, the whole line of the enemy was pouring a simultaneous first and then a continuous and incessant withering barrage fire of musketry and artillery, but in the face of this steady assaults, determined and obstinate was made by the Abbieannians the battle raging with frightful fury, these stubborn stubborn assaults continuing for four hours, and though again and again and still again the whole line of christians who made the assaults was torn to pieces, their shattered columns rallied again and again, and went to it with might and main and almost won the field when general Mc-Cantler and Dargen fell dangerously wounded. These christian columns were then counter charged by the glandelinians with the most tremendous fury, cut to pieces and routed with the loss of all their main commanders, and hundreds of thousands of the christians were slain during the retro retreat.....

Other big waves of Abbieannians came rushing on to the assault with redoubled fury, the firing on both sides now became exceedingly severe in the extreme, again desolation was spreading over the distance of fifty miles, shells were bursting in a perfect confetti storm everywhere, whole columns of the Abbieannians rushing clean up to the muzzles of the glandelinian guns were laid low like a forest torn by a tornado, a curtain fire of artillery and musketry breaking out along the enemy's lines and the battle was heard throughout the whole region for the distance of one thousand miles.

Nevertheless the surviving christians went to it with all the force that they could muster raging a nother Francis Atlanta almost. All these christian assaults had been covered by all the available guns of the christian batteries, but the enemy had replied with might and main while leveling and mowing their smallest artillery upon the Abbieannian assailants committing such incalculable damage among the christian troops that they were frequently thrown into great confusion, division after division having been torn to fragments, whole armies were again and again mangled and cut up, the main line by a blasting artillery fire being torn through and through by the greatest artillery fire ever experienced, many of the assailing forces also having been banded back so far, that soon the whole assailing line was again thrown into confusion, the enemy made another desperate counter dash with the fiercest yells, and now the enemy were in possession of the second line of christian works.

In repelling the desperate counter charge however the other portions of the christian line had nevertheless held firm, but soon their own right and left was turned and exposed to a blasting artillery fire on all sides, and threatened with annihilation were compelled to give way in the greatest confusion.

A good portion of the main line then had to give way or be destroyed, and Henry Darger coming to the rescue with the remains of his forces did all in his power to stay the ferocious glandelinian onslaught, meanwhile sending to his brother to hurry up his army, and give aid. A seething storm of carnage was raging everywhere, and as he was reforming a portion of his broken lines poor Darger fell dangerously wounded, and his forces unsupported had to stand for five hours, against eighteen desperate headlong onslaughts which each time threatened to almost carry all before it, and finally the remainder of Dargers' forces was compelled to retreat and again the field was abandoned to the enemy.

Terrific indeed now was the terrific uproar of the battle, along

the christian lines under Evans and general Vivian. All of the country seemed to be vibrating with the terrible convulsion of the battle, and both sides surged back and forth all day in series of desperate onslaughts, the battle being more general and the roaring of cannon and musketry never ceasing. Soon however general August Dargers' armies was approaching within view followed by the Abbieannians under Go George Sparr, and these soon forming into line, placed their batteries, opened fire with a roar and crash of a billion cannon and swept forward with tremendous fury, yelling like fiends, their front main line was pounded to pieces by the glandelinian artillery fire, but on swept the survivors survivors, and though columns were shattered, to such horrible dimensions that only one quarter were left and main divisions were hurled back, the remainder of the main line of assault continued to rush forward with terrifying fury, the glandelinian center was stormed and swept to piecemeal by the headlong rush of August Dargers' Dargers' Abbieannians, many of the glandelinians holding their oars to the very last creating a regular fiery battle storm of great intensity. At this section a great glandelinian column made a furious counter charge but was vanquished with frightful slaughter.

It seemed now that the christian assault was going to be successful, and again and again in desperate efforts to strike back the christian onslaught Manley drove with all his might scores of millions of horsemen who rode against the assailants like an avalanche, following an avalanche in endless succession, but they were mowed down by the Abbieannians in such frightful numbers that they left a conglomeration of horses and men lying in that merciless slaughter slaughter inferno.

General James Scott on the christian side was killed, and so was Mc-Holleston Agricola and Dargen's Gaidicalla, while generals Caledonia Johnston, and Severus Higgenbottom were mortally wounded, Bodocia Henryton and his brother Catus were killed, Gaul Francis, and Anglesay Johnson fell mortally wounded, while Mc-Holleston James Suetonius was cut in two by the fragment of a shell.

Indeed like the same shattering storm waves of christians at Gloriana the Abbieannians along the center was pressing onward, but now the glandelinians here were reinforced by other portions of the main body and these were concentrated upon the christian assailants who had already lost over 16,789,999 in killed and wounded, a battering storm of artillery tore up their remaining lines, and the assault was again repulsed with such frightful losses that by night fall all fighting again ceased and again there came a lull in the titanic conflict.

This lull lasted only for two hours and then at eight o'clock general Manley seeing the advantage he had again made ordered a general attack again, and once more the battle storm was raging in full sway at nine o'clock, the christian armies closing upon the glandelinians and falling upon them with such great slaughter that within an hour's time they were glad to give way, the christian cavalries pursuing and dividing a large part of the assailing force and mauling them all as none of the foolish Glandelinians would not surrender. Ten times the Angellians rushed again to the attack themselves like a shattering storm wave, and fourteen times that night in endless succession of assaults the enemy rushed to the storming, and in the morning both sides withdrew exhausted by their innumerable losses. Again had raged the fiercest conflict of the great invasion raging three days and one night, and ending as a draw, with no advantage won on either side. On one occasion during the frightful conflict Violet and her sisters had heard one of the christian generals say;

"General Marcocollio talk about the times of the Anti-Christ? And Anti-Christ; why I think any one would rather meet him than the fury of any of the Manleys of his glandelinians. Good God see how they are attacking us. They will be destroyed, or destroy our own armies. I never saw the like and I fought at Gloriana too. Ain't it terrible."

For three days Manley stayed where he was changing his position, and then started a retreat the christians following slowly, not expecting that the enemy were only deceiving them, and on the following night when the christians were encamped near the southern portions of the Place again battle began with redoubled fury, and raged all night long with such dammning fury that Logan Zoe has seemed to be raging in glandelinia.

The enemy came hurling his himself against the christian line like an overwhelming tidal wave, and carried all before it. The whole christian line was in action once more, and the uproar of musketry was like a trillion cannon. Many more fell in this part of the battle of -arocian than in any other battle up to this time in the invasion. The losses of both sides was too shocking to describe, and August Darger taking chief command of the armies, kept all the whole christian line firm, and drove in his counter charges with such violence that finally toward the morning the enemy withdrew with the losses of 30,000,000 in killed and wounded that one night.

Violet and her sisters were horrified at this long and tremendous conflict, and were also surprised and startled at the fighting fury of the savage glandelinian soldiery. Driven to desperation and despair, by the ravages caused by the enraged Abbieonians, the flood, the sacking and burning of so many of their towns, villages and cities, the glandelinians and the little girls realized had aroused themselves to a fearful fit of frenzy and so the fighting was more desperate and battles more severe and violent than any ever heard of in Calverinia out side of the three most violent battles of the war. Again and again during the whole battle after its first days duration Violet and her sisters had observed the enemys assaulting columns come rushing forward, and after wards to see only remnants go back in shattered fragments. That had been almost saddened again when they had learned that their great friend and guardian Evans had been severely wounded, and also their father, and frequently went to see them, and saw that their condition was bad enough to keep them both out of action for a season. To then this battle of Maraudian was too horrible to believe, and after the second battle had ceased that morning they had hoped that it was over, but not so for later on the enemy only rushed on to the attack again, and so fierce and deadly was the conflict that they fairly begged God to speedily bring it to a close.

They abhorred such a dreadful slaughter and wondered if both armies were going to annihilate one another. They saw the fearful concentration of the Glandelinian soldiers along the whole christian line within their view saw the fearful firing, the inferno like scene, the snowstorm of bursting shells, forests of tattered flags fluttering here and there, and of columns at times giving way in some confusion only to be rallied again, and give more sturdier resistance than ever.

They were shocked by the terrific din of explosions, the crash of cannons, the drumming rattle of musketry like boom of sharpnell fire and knew that it was indeed a furious and bloody battle. Twice the left wing of the christian line was rolled up with heavy loss, and twice it was rallied and regained the ground driving the glandelinians before them.

Violet and her sisters had rembered their frightful experiences during the other bloody battles, and so during this frightful conflict kept their distance far to the firing line, but they would have given anything to have borne the flag into battle. They had the spirit of battle in them, and shouted with glee when ever they saw the christian line surge forward to drive back the assailants. All day long and the rest of the night the battle continued the enemy making at least sixteen desperate onslaughts with unceasing fury and and as many times driving the christian line into confusion, and

breaking it and tearing it to pieces time and again. During that frightful night of battle storm and tempest, Violet and her sisters dared not try to go to sleep or lie down for fear that the enemy would make some successful rush and that they would be captured again. All night long they listened in excitement, apprehension and horror to the wild thunder of cannons, the frenzied insane yell of the combatants, the crash upon crash of musketry, the boom and bang of exploding shells, and the cries and commands of officers to here and there. It was indeed a wild and battle storm that night making a din worse than any typhoon could have ever done, and was unapparelled with the recent horro caused by the erut eruption of the calverinian volcano so long ago before the wars outbreak, and sometimes made the little girls believe that the same thing was going on again. It was Manleys purpose to stop the christian advance at whatever the cost and thus the reason for the desperate fighting going on so incessantly.

Then morning dawned there was a lull in the fierce and bloody conflict but scouts came in every now and then reporting that Manley was exerting his utmost to drive a general and final assault against the christian line, and so the officers were keeping their men well prepared, so that they would not be taken by surprise.

Finally the horrible assault came, covered by a tremendous artillery fire and the din was now terrific in the worse part of the battle. Manley hurled three mighty divisions forward to the assault, against the whole christian line and for four hours that morning the firing was so incessant and fierce that nothing could be seen so thick was the smoke. Time and again under cover of the smoke the foe drove their onslaughts home, closing with the christians in frightful merciless deathstruggles, but they were only driven back crushed and mangled.

Darger proved to Manley that he was able to do all that he wished for general Evans in winning this tremendous conflict, and so did not spare a man and kept the whole christian line as firm as a wall of rocks. Fourteen times the glandelinian generals hurled their cavalry forces forward in a fierce effort to capture the wildly thundering christian batteries and those cavalry column came back a dismal reminder of what they had went through. This furious firing left a conglomeration of wreckage in its path mingled with the bodies of the slain.

Darger now decided to assume the offensive, and after preparing his troops drove at the enemy in a fierce attack that surprised them completely. The battle raged with more redoubled fury, it was a screaming hell of fury, but after desperate fighting all that afternoon the foe finally withdrew from the christian positions they had captured earlier in the conflict, and Dargers armies pushing on forced the whole line to give way, though the christians met fiercer opposition at every step, and by the time they had reached the enemys proper position they were so weakened by losses that they did not assault the position right away, but prudently withdrew. The battle however was totally ended now, having ended again as a draw but with the advantage to the christians. At the advice of Evans Darger did not make the general attack he had intended and so the slaughter was over again at last, and at night time the enemy withdrew slowly abandoning their position but taking with them all their provisions and artillery.

This conflict had been a fearful battle and both sides had been so exhausted by their losses which though not stated nearly equaled that of Logan Zee Mac Run, that they were for a time out of commission and could not hardly do any more fighting for nearly two months.

Violet and her sisters were delighted that the conflict had ceased and cheered the men as they marched by in persued of the enemy.

The whole christian army was advancing again, and during the march, which was slow at times, and swift at others, Violet and her sisters stayed with both Evans and their father.

"I believe it's you dear little girls that inspired the men to fight so gallantly and win the big battle," said their father kissing them each. "I can just imagine how you little girls will look when the cruel war is over."

"But when will it be papa," asked Violet. "It's the only words we have been hearing so long and still it continues."

"Well I'll in assure you that without a line it'll be over before next Christmas," said general Vivian. "What do you say Evans my boy?"

"What I say," he answered "is this; I'll see to it that it will end sooner. It will be I who will show that damn fool of a Manley that I'll revenge this crushing of my armies like this and my being wounded."

Violet and her sisters felt that Evans meant what he said and so did not say anything more on the matter of the war but turned their subjects on the conditions of the armies.

"Oh all our armies are very strong I'll ass a assure you," said their father. "They are rushing on everywhere with ir restible forces, devastating the enemy, and nothing will be able to stop them. But there is one thing that I do not like the prospects of. There are already over 100,000,999 glandelinians already intrenched at Fountain of Perene De La Greece and all the armies at the central portion of seried retreats are giving way toward that one objective point. If we cannot force that place our armies will redouble such a serious set back that the war will be lost, for then the foe will crush our invasion can completely. What we must do is to prevent at all cost the enemy from concentrating too strong there. Other wise they will grow to the strength of over 900,000,000 and make such a horrible battle that will make Aronburgs Run look like a skirmish. I have ordered all the generals of the armies who are leading against these hosts of glandelinians to prevat this at all cost, and I hope to God's help they will. It was also my orders to prevent the three Manleys from making a reunion which they are trying with might and main to do."

"Yes Fountain Of Perene De La Greece seems to be our main goal and if we lose there all is off," said Evans. "We ought to do our best to get all of our armies there first and close in so tightly that the place will yield before the many armies come up and can concentrate there. Could not we make a race for the region?"

"No," said general Vivian. "It is well observed that the further we go southward into glandelinia the more fierce the defence is. All that we have already been teachd this lesson from the many conflicts already that had raged throughout glandelinia during these four or five months of bloody invasion. The war is fearful enough now but what will it be by the time we are within sight of Fountain of Perene De La Greece."

CHIA PTER SEVEN.

CHRISTIAN VICTORIES AT LIBERTANIA, THANDHUBER, AVEZZANO RUI,
MONTROSE, ORACONIA/COPIA, REDDA ZEPPEVIANI, AND
OTHER GREAT BATTLES.....

One day during a halt in the christian advance, violet and her sisters came up to the ambulance to see general Evans on a very important matter.

"Evans said violet who intended to speak for them all. I do not like the actions and conduct of sister Angelica. She has our suspicions."

Evans was surprised at this for it was very unusual for him or any body to hear Violet or any of her sisters to speak so of a man.

"Why Violet what is the trouble?" asked Evans.

"Why she refused to attend to the wounded soldiers, without reward and she shows great disrespect toward us. We don't have no ill feelings toward any sister or man, but Evans we don't believe this person is a man or she would not act like she does. She struck my sister Jennie once. We firmly believe she's a man spy in disguise as her voice sounds like a man's."

Evans did not say anything for several minutes, but pondered upon what Violet and her sisters had said. "It does seem strange that they would have any accusations against a man." He thought to himself. "All of the Sisters have been good to the little girls, and yet they complain of the doings of this one. I'll have to look into this."

Then he turned to the little girls and said:

"I'll trust you little girls to watch that man, and I'll have my officers do the same. But don't let them or even the man suspect that you are suspicious of her actions."

"We'll do just as you say," answered violet.

Indeed Evans being suspicious also decided to have the man watched, and see what was wrong with her. Later one of the officers came in with the report that no one liked her, that she was very sarcastic in their manner and words, words, that she spoke more like a man than a woman, walked more like a man, and had the face of a man.

"This is surprising, indeed," said Evans. "This must be looked into right away."

Orders were at once given that the man should be summoned before Evans but that day she could not be found by any of the soldiers, and her going away so suddenly like that made them all the more suspicious. They began to feel that it was a spy within their lines, a sneaking lander spy posing as a man. Such spies when caught spying, and imposing as a man would as a rule be shot whether successful in their mission or not. It was decided to wait for her appearance again, and as soon as she was seen orders were that she should be seized immediately, examined, and if evidence goes to show that she is no man but a man in disguise it will go hard with the spy. It would be utterly unusual for a man to be seen acting like this one is reported to be doing, and not only was it a temptation from violet and her sisters, but also many of the officers had complained and this had got the superior officers suspicious and angry.

Violet and her sisters had also watched every action of the man, unseen by her however, and saw actions that was confirming to them that it was a sneaking glandelinian spy. At first they had thought that she had been a real man, with a disliking character, probably selfish and surly, but now they thought different, and finally one evening when all was quiet over this subject, and she had been left alone, her manners being forgotten violet and her sisters came in to Evans and showed him a slip of paper which they had found in the man's tent on her table. He glanced over it and said:

"This note is certainly suspicious. It is evident that the person is no man, but a spy. I'll give an order immediately that no one is to be permitted to leave the camp until this person is seized and examined."

He at once gave the order to several of his officers, and then he proceeded to examine the note.....

His orders in the meantime were carried out and soon every sentry had been instructed as to the command and no one was allowed to leave the camp. In due time the spy happened to be seized by some Angelinians as she was endeavoring to leave the lines, and examinations, and investigations proved that the spy was really a man in the disguise of a sister, and so he was forthwith brought before the court marshal to be tried. In Angelinia it was considered a serious offense to wear the garb of a man or priest, or any religious when in spying on christian armies during war, as such spies are liable to be more successful than any others, and so in these theses no mercy is shown in no conditions.

He was sentenced to die, and was put to death that very morning. All during the week during a halt of the christian armies under Evans, the army had been infested by many spies, all of which however had been captured.

One case of a spy was this:

A man was seen in the disguise of a soldier of Abbieannia, looking all around the christian camp, asking for many names of generals, counting with a great carelessness and aliveness the ammunition wagons, seized a document giving the number of divisions in the christian army, and so on. He was seized questioned, and searched and many things were found on him that proved that he was a sneaking spy, but as he proved to be an unsuccessful spy he was held as a prisoner only. Many tricks had been tried by spies during the week before they were captured.

One entered the christian line pretending he was a christian officer arresting a glandelinian soldier who had assaulted him, but his story did not go, he was held for investigation, found guilty and shot. His mission had been unsuccessful but the Abbieannians had seized him, and not the Angelinians, and Abbieannian ways are not Angelinian. Another spy had tried to get great information, pretending to be a great friend of the Vivian girls, but his close attention to them, being extraordinary, they were so suspicious, and by threatening to shoot him forced him to confess, and he was placed under arrest, and many important papers were found on him. He fortunately was arrested by the Angelinians who finding proofs that he was not successful in his mission only sentenced him to ten years of hard labor.

To make matters more serious, it happened that while Evans was now being able to get around a sneaking spy tried to trick him. He had entered Evans headquarters on the pretense of being a new Angelinian officer sent by Hanson to take command of one of Kandermines leaderless leaderless regiments. Evans of course readily consented to his purpose but never the less later on was suspicious on finding that the man committed offenses that made the christian officers under him or over him completely angry, and at last Evans had caught this very man running off with one of his most important plans. He had the man pursued but the sneak got away, and never was heard of since. So Evans had to cancel this plan and form another, so as to frustrate any attempts that the enemy would make in an endeavor to prevent his advance.

Evans himself had planned many different moves, in which to order all the varied armies under Hanson to advise, to as to prevent so many of the glandelinian armies from retreating, and then concentrating at Fountain of Arab Prens De la Greece, and to his dismay and embarrassment many of these every plans were found missing one day, and in his vigorous search in which many of his officers and soldiers helped these documents were found in Violet's bedroom under her pillow torn up with this note tied to it:

"I Violet Vivian hate Evans and his friends and show it by tearing up his plans so that he cannot follow them out."

Of course Evans was not a fool enough to believe her really guilty of the deed, and he knew she was not either, for the day this could have happened the little girls had never been away from him once, not a single moment, and he was bound to capture this sneaking and treacherous spy if he had to go through hell to do so. It was unsuccessful however for this spy had succeeded in escaping through the christian lines without detection, and when Evans learned of this fact he was sore afraid, for there was evidence evidence that this spy would bring the information to the foe and that the glandelinian armies would exert all their utmost to gather there during their retreat, and that all possibilities of capturing that place would be out of the question. Nevertheless Evans was not going to allow himself to be outdone by any sneaking glandelinian spy.

No matter how impossible it did seem to reach that place Evans was bound to try and race for it. His army had rested for a week without any engagements of any kind since the great chase at Marousian, and so the men were in fine shape, and could march fast. On a Sunday the order for the race was given, and Evans also immediately sent orders to the nearest christian armies under the other various commanders to follow after as fast as possible. As soon as the advance began, general Vivian at all laid up got word of Evans intentions, and decided to follow as quickly as possible to keep in un in union with him so that the forces would not be weakened in case the enemy would give any fierce opposition.

Hanley and the other generals leading t of Evans swift advance, and the intention thereof, send the alarm in every direction, and such fierce opposition was threatened at Banbooser, that Evans was checked and found himself unable to advance further. Who the foe was he did not know but the Glandelinian soldiery was wilder than those formerly engaged with him and as he did at dare to try any general engagements with this unknown army Evans decided to wait a little and find out if he could not march by another route, and so outwit this Glandelinian army.

Scouts were sent out in many localities, and those returned with the report that the Glandelinian army was A Ambrose Fullers, and that every route known was strongly guarded.

Evans decided to defy all and press on no matter what the opposition. The advance was begun after a wait of forty eight hours, the Glandelinian army began to retreat in his front, and he was confident, that they did not want to engage him, and so ordered the race to be resumed. But it was Ambrose Fuller who had outwitted Evans for two days later Evans found his army in a trap and almost surrounded by a army of Me-Hollestonians ten to his one.

Evans knew at once that he was trapped, and that to avoid an engagement was impossible. General Vivians army was far off yet, and it was the only outlet. To retreat would mean disaster, go ahead he must at all cost cost and Evans decided to do so if Satan and all his angels were opposed to him.

He therefore pressed on with great wildness until he reached the town of Liberman.

Here a large portion of the appar apparently retreating enemy had quickly halted its southward move and suddenly struck Evans a terrible blow on the rear of his right wing, crushing its two divisions and driving it back all the way it had come with most terrible loss. Thus Evans two wings had been spe separated by this terrific shock, and his army was in terrible danger. Fierce attempts was made to restore the wing, by many of the officers in particular Kindermine and Roswell Buster Johnston did most of the work, but all the efforts to bring the wing back to its former point seemed impossible, and Evans therefore was forced to retreat, until he could reform his army near the northw northern parts of Liberman.

Bad news of disaster reached him from many points, but he was not discouraged, and in the afternoon, he returned the blow with ten fold violence violence, and though he met crushing failure, and though his whole army was thrown back in confusion, Evans was not discouraged, and as the enemy attacked fiercely and violently, Evans brought up all his artillery and cut down three hundred waves of glandelinians, and then threw forward all of his infantry once again, and gradually forced the enemy slowly back toward Liberman. It was a terrible and horrible battle, and both sides were shocked themselves at the terrific losses they suffered. 20,000,000.

This however proved that Ambrose Fuller had not lost any of his fierce and sturdy ways of fighting, and that he really was his equal in any battle on even ground. Evans then decided to press on again, and the assault of the christian army was resumed resumed and the battle redoubled in violence and fury, but again the whole christian army was thrown back in wild confusion, and with exterminating losses to boot. Following this repulse came a terrific storming assault by the whole Glandelinian army as it seemed, which lasted with frightful fury for five hours, and Evans army was cut up so dreadfully but that he was forced to withdraw his divisions and retire for the distance of eight miles. The enemy did not follow up their advantage, which if they had done would have turned out as a great victory, but for their imprudent delay, Evans was able to reform his army, and while attacking the enemy all along the line he sent his strongest force of Concoctinians caverly with an extra division of infantry, to crush Ambrose Fullers flank, which was accomplished in fine style, and though it had the effect of striking back the foe for all the distance he had won, it did not as yet benefit Evans a complete victory, and the enemy rallied and again stormed the christian line, until Evans had to gather his whole army to repel the assault assault and crush Ambrose Fullers army which he finally did, but after the battle the foe's retreat was so slow that Evans was delayed.

General Vivian who had been following after had been opposed by a great Glandelinian army under W Swichenracker, and general Vivian had been checked in his advance. It was the purpose of the Glandelinian commander to prevent general Vivian from joining general Evans and so he had threw his whole Glandelinian army in the way, and with the result that general Vivian was unable to advance as he should have done. He tried every means to get around the enemy like Evans had done, but could not and overlapped he himself was forced to retreat toward Thanhouer without a single blow.

General Vivian made a retreat northward of thirty miles, and then receiving reinforcements pressed his advance again and now it was the enemy's turn to fall back which they did, until a wooded and hilly region was reached. Here both armies halted at the same time, and then general Vivian tried of the delay decided to force his way onward at all cost and so decided to make Swichenracker retreat.

Twice he endeavored to turn him out of his position by making a diversion upon his rear but this was unavailing, and for three days both sides made petty attacks and fought several artillery duels. General Vivian was impatient over this delay, and so proceeded to force a general action no matter how it would turn out.

A slight and desultory attempt was made to take the hill positions during the night but it did not succeed, and once a fierce artillery fight raged for two hours and a half. For a week this kind of action continued, it being more like a quarrel between the two armies than a regular fight. Finally general Vivian grew impatient. All his tricks, and maneuvers, and demonstrations had failed, and Swichenracker was even now receiving reinforcements.

THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF THANSOUR.

So general Vivian decided to lay off all these slight actions, and starting on the following morning a strong demonstration against the enemy's left he suddenly, and without warning hurled a violent assault against the Glandelinian center. The foe were surprised in seeing a monstrous tidal wave of red coated yelling demons surging toward their lines with tremendous fury, and they offered fierce resistance, and did all that men could do in fighting with the fury of desperation and energy of despair, but the onslaught was so wild, and the shock so terrific, that nothing could withstand it the whole Glandelinian center was fairly torn to pieces, and the survivors driven back, the christian troops carrying all before them until stopped by the second line. So fierce was the fighting at this part in particular at close quarters that the uniforms of thousands of soldiers were set on fire by exploding cartridges.

As the other two wings were free from assault Swichenracker withdrew large forces from either one and hurled it to the support of his center, and it checked the strong assault of the Abbeannians, but at this critical moment, a nother wild headlong wave of Abbeannians, Abyssin kilians, Dombobians, Abbeannian Concoctinians, and Angelibians came surging furiously and with irresistible force toward his right wing, all opposition was offered in vain, the right wing was cut to pieces, and rolled up in a great storm of confusion, all the foe artillery was captured and turned upon the panic stricken fugitives and threatened with annihilation they commenced a general retreat and all efforts to rally them was met with complete failure.

All the reserve forces was thrown headlong against this wild Abbeannian wave but in vain, ten times the fierce Me-Hollestonian caverly, added by the sturdy Glandelinian fight fighters, the Quarian Curdes and Gargolians was added to the horsement, but they could do nothing and were so horribly galled that all fled in the wildest confusion.

Swichenracker however had a second army at hand which he was bringing up, and as his left was also overpowered he withdrew in the night intending to resume the struggle in the morning and regain all the lost ground and artillery. General did not think it wise to allow the Glandelinian general to begin the battle anew, so on the earliest possible moment of the morning, general Vivian himself once more resumed the offensive and made a fierce attack on the enemy's lines than ever.

The battle raged with redoubled fury all that day long, but all the efforts of Swichenracker to drive a back the christian was impossible and in the evening he was forced to retreat, confident however that he had delayed and checked the christian advance good deal anyhow.....

Both sides lost nearly 5,000,000

Both of these batt on batt les had been fought withn a close reach of each other, were equal in violence, and ended the same way. The combined losses of both sides in these two battles together was nearly 45,678,899 in killed wounded and prisoners. Violet and her sisters had not fortunately ober observed the battle Evans had n fought but during the battle they had a somewhat trying experience. They had been sent on a message by general Richardson Halsted and going through n thickly wooded country Violet and her sisters had found themselves lost. In endeavoring to find their way out of this wooded stretch they had time and again choose a new direction and moved on silently.

"We are surely lost" Said Violet. Oh Jennie and you l other little girls we are in the heart of the enemys country, and its worse than being lost in a snakes den. Do you think any of the foe will see us Gertrude!"

"No, but we must see that our guns are well loaded. We may need them and need them badly. Mark is that a battle I hear."

After listening for several minutes Jennie said;

"Do you think we'll ever be able to find out way out of this dreaded woods."

"Of course we must or we'll be lost from the army and then something dreadful will happen to us."

All of the brave little girls were determined not to cry though they wanted to do so very much for they were indeed in a dreadful situation. Lost in a Glandelinian woods, and Glandelinians swarming everywhere like hornets.

"I'll tell you what." Said Gertrude. "Let's see if we can't find the road. If so we are safe."

The little girls nodded their heads, the woods seemed suddenly full of whispering and howling spirits, and the noise of distant battle grew nearer. However it was not five minutes later when they came upon the road, and the little girls heaved a great sigh of relief. Gertrude also sighed and dropped Jennies cold little hand.

"My Jennie but I was scared for the first time. Think of being lost in a woods in the enemys country itself. I thought we were never going to get out of the woods again. Now we'll have to find out where we are and carry our message before it is too late. General Halsted expects an answer from us as soon as possible."

Jennie did not say ant anything but caught hold of Gertrudes hand again. In a country like this with perils everywhere, even the open road seemed a fearsome place. They hurried on apparently in the direction of the christian line, and walked and walked but there was no signs of any of their destl destinations, and side excursions in every possible direction met with no success what ever. Nevertheless the little girls cont immed on looking off into the haze with a hopeful expressions.

J "Joyce we'll never find the christian lines again" Cried her sisters.

"Yes we will." T She answered encouragingly: "We must or perish."

They continued onward and onward with the tears trickling down their cheeks. It was dreadful to have to go off alone this way without any escorts and now they wished they had the whole army with them. But they had not gone far when there was a shout in the road, and a squadron of gray coated cavalry loomed up through the haze, their horses cording on with a gallop. They were Mc-Hollentians and led in person by general Boobhead.

Without a chance of escape the little girls were almost ridden down by the Glandelinians who had not seen them in time to halt their horses, and one of the men hollered;

"Why don't you fool Vivian girls keep out of the road. Do you want to get killed."

These Glandelinians however were good fellows, and Boobhead halting the column dismounted and asked them why they were here.

"We are lost." Said Violet. "We cannot find u our way to the christ ian lines."

Boobhead however happened to know just which way they were and directed them as coresorrectly as possible, the men adding also with information a treatment unlike from any other Glandelinian and then cheered by the Glandelinians the little girls went off in the direction indicated.

They were truly on the right road, but they had only t raveled for a mile when reaching a large stream they saw a large squad of Onarian Infantry approaching led by colonel Robin Hood Johnson. They were seen, and they yelled and shouted for the little girls to stop as they started off, and pursued most wildly beating through the thick bushes on all sides, firing at the little fugitives in an effort to bring them down.

Knowing who were after them, Violet and her sisters did not hesitate in opening fire upon these Glandelinians and brought so many down with their well aimed shots that they threw the survivors into confusion, and just as they were rallying a large squadron of christian d cavalry dashed up rescued the little girls and brought them safely within the christian lines.

It was evident to Evans and the many christian generals from this fierce opposition they were meeting that to reach Fountain Of Pr Porono De 'a Greece was an impossibility at that time, outside of losing in t he race as it were. Manley himself was reinforcing general Huebman Manleys army to the number of 600,000,000 which were to oppose the advance of Evans and general yivian, and general Jimmie yivians army itself had been attacked a and frightfully beaten at a battle that was fought at Gondolia Junction, and crushed again at the battle of Candonia.

To avoid the disaster that was feared was impossible. It was the work of the spies, Evans well know, and his rage knew no bounds. During a halt he held a council about spies, their offenses, and works, and later passed a decree, that spies successful or not successful here after shall receive to mercy, and that all sentries shall be held responsible for the entrance of a spy also and shall meet t he same fate. All military laws was made still stricter, and Evans made it that all armies were to have it too and not his own only, and told general Hanson who was advancing in the east of it also, and also asked him how long was it before he could force his way through the region of Bristle Toe Station.

Hanson did not know how long he was going to take at this work, or how he was even going to do it. The Glandelinian armies made a regular hornets nest out of the region, may a worse place even than Christian had to face in going through the Valley of the Shadow Of Death, and so he was at a loss what to do and sent this note to Evans;

"Your excellency general Evans;

Just now I am unable under any conditions to force a passage through the regions of Bristle Toe Station. The enemy have opposed me very often in series of battles along the Easter Starring, having whipped me every time, and it seems suicide to make any more attempts to go through again just now. I have begg begged general or King Cannon to hurry up his forces, to my aid, but he even cannot advance, as the enemy have opposed him so furiously that he cannot advance a step. It is not so easy to force down the enemys opposition and slacken the war as we thought it was. God help us if we cannot force F Bristle Toe Station, even if you and the others succeed in capturing Fountain of Perono De La Greece. I'm confronted by the Glandelinians under Johnston Jacken Manley."

GENERAL HANSON VIVIAN."

Evans gradually broke the news to Violet and her sisters, how the situation was, how Hanson and King Cannon was held at bay y the enemy, and how the advance of all the christian armies was slackening up.

"I don't believe we will win this war then." Said violet. "I feared at the start that the enemy would make such resistance that we would be checked. I felt it coming but did not say anything for fear that it would discourage you."

"But if we don't win, and our invasion is broken up, and our armies are driven out of Glandelinia it will be all of with not only us but you little girls also said Evans. We have all agreed among us, that is all us christian generals that we'll never leave Glandelinia now no matter what happens, untill she is crushed, or we'll all die and give up u our lives rather than suffer the disgrace of being driven back out of the wicked country. We got to end the war no matter how it turn out."

"But maybe we have hope yet." Said Ev Joyce. "I Heard that more Abbiavian and Angolinian armies are pouring through Angolinia to join in the invasion, and if need be we could call upon the armies that is still stationed, and inactive in both countries. We have enough men to follow out our purpose. It is true that christians suffer hardships, and all seems to go against them, and there is no chance of success whatever, but in the end all things turn out well. The me main danger m we must avoid is overconfidence, recklessness, overcautiousness, Presumption, and discouragement, als o Despair."

"Maybe you are right at that." Said Evans. "Most of the officers are discouraged also u discouraged, but many of the others especially the two Dargers are bound to rush all before them if they have to go through hell and Purgatory to do it. It's then two Dargers that I depnd upon wholly to carry the war through to a success for us. They can do it too I'll wager. And no dispute either."

AVEZZANO RUN.

Evans had remembered his personal experiences when captured by the wicked Glandelinian general called Francis Madden Smith, and remembered also that this rascal had called him a rattle snake, and so on. Now my dear readers you must know that a rattle snake strikes suddenly and sometimes without any warning from its tail or rattler either, and so did Evans prove himself to be what Madden called him. The Glandelinian army opposed to him consisted of the fiercest and intolerable Zimmermannians, Omarians, Omani Gurdes, Omani Kurds or Gargolians, Condencians, and Mc-Hollesianians, numbering about 192, 345,555, a greater army that had ever opposed a christian force during the invasion as yet. Striking against these suddenly Evans had for two days waged ninety two desperate onslaughts, fifty nine of which were repulsed repulsed with great loss, and the same two days Evans army repelled with most frightful fury one hundred and fifty six wild glandelinian attacks, and during these bloody glandelinian onslaughts there were three hundred and eighty Glandelinians who gave up their lives, being mortally wounded, eight hundred four more were killed outright, and six hundred & eighty one severely, dangerously or slightly wounded, making a total of 3,434 in killed and wounded during those two mad hellish days of battle, and the charges of both sides had raged with the fury of devastating torpedoes of hell. Total losses of officers on the enemy's side during the mad and insane glandelinian onslaughts of all ranks amounted about 50222 50,222

d During the two days of the frightful battle it is probably that the whole Glandelinian loss in killed and wounded including those taken as prisoners was about as far as 23,455,666 killed and wounded, and 31,000,000 prisoners singly, and the whole glandelinian army in the two b days battle numbered about 407,708,462. The enemy had also made terrific and wild headlong onslaughts during the night after the second day of the bloody conflict, where the Glandelinians suffered extreme extreme losses, and these glandelinian onslaughts had been so exceedingly fierce, that the losses had been either withheld or were not correctly known. This battle which raged fully three days was quite near as violent as either Francis Atlanta, Glorinia or Logan Zoo Rae Run, but the main fury of the frightful battle raged on the third day when Evans without the slightest warning struck a sudden and most terrible blow, the combined Abyssinkilian forces under Halsted, Halsted, Parson, Roswell Buster Johnston, Roswell Buster Johnston, fiercer though, and Roswell Buster Johnson, with Walter John Harrison, and Thr Theodore Linquist, and many other generals leading Abbieannians in the rear made a sudden and fearful assault, on the Glandelinian center commanded in person by Germania w yivian whose forces it appeared to be. At first all the frightful violence of the storm of battle had no more effect on the glandelinian center than a child's fist would have in striking a wall of stone, but general Rudolph Rassendale, made a vigorous turning movement, by moving around by the left flank, the enemy's center was torn to bits, by a withering tempest of bullets, and a screaming thundering hell of shell fire in a perfect infillade, and then upon the whole flank of the glandelinian center came the whole christian line under Rudolph Rassendale, and Desperate Desmond, and Claude Delair, and again, and still again the glandelinian center was torn to pieces by the christian fire as they tried in vain to rally, Germania w yivian was severely wounded, Pemberton Tamerline, and two Mc-Hollesians were killed, and Maudlin Jensen was cut open by a sharp well shell. A serious disaster threatened the glandelinian center, in fact complete annihilation as it was almost surrounded in that frightful massacre of wholesale carnage, but Huebaum Manley brought up the Mc-Hollesian forces under Osborne Hanson, and Madgelinia Hanson Evans, and these being thrown forward with wild ferocity, fought the christians at close quarters with the fury of millions of enraged fiends for four hours and though unable to drive the maddened Abyssinkilians back they managed to check their driving advance, and now the firing on both sides roared and crashed like a trillion cannon.

It was awful, Rudolph Rassendale was killed and the dreadful carnage and Roswell Buster Johnson was mortally wounded, but it did not slacken the fury of the Abbieannians themselves though the Abyssinkilians were finally driven into confusion, and they prevent the Abyssinkilians from giving way by showing their own madlin fury, delivering fourteen to fifty fifteen desperate and irresistible onslaughts, attacking the right of the glandelinian center with all their might and preternatural violence throwing the red forces forward as furiously as a hurricane storm and in the frightful melee Hansonia

on the side of the glandelinians was mortally wounded, and Judge Linia Hanson Evans was killed. The whole glandelinian center was like a stranded ship battered by waves driving forward against her in a typhoon and finally being without supports, and their lines in mere tatters broke and fled in the fiercest confusion, their own left was cut up and thrown into a panic, hundreds of others general and officers of all ranks fell dead and wounded in trying to rally the shattered divisions, and all seemed lost.

But Evans had not as yet received time to attack the enemy's other two wings, and at the critical moment the remainder of Hansonia's Mc-Hollesianians arrived to the rescue of the torn and mangled central wing, and came on with all the fury they could assume to recover the lost ground. The Glandelinian wave of assault met a sudden and simultaneous withering fire all along the christian line that also tore up their lines, but recovering from the confusion they rallied and charged as wildly as ever a wave of men could charge, and this frightful attack continued so steadily, and Manley made such a strong concentration for four hours that he that the whole christian line in charge of the captured works was torn to pieces, by the foe's return fire, who though crushed and mangled rallied again and again and it seemed apparent that the foe would have recovered the works had not two of their other main commanders Yens Yensin and Badlin Goharwer fallen dangerously wounded, their horses like Federalists at Francis Atlanta having been blown to atoms by the explosion of the same make of shell.

The second line of the Glandelinian army under Hansonia within the four hours with the loss of all their general officers, and regimental officers was cut to pieces and routed like the central wing and so many hundreds of thousands of glandelinians fell into the hands of the christians as prisoners that Manley was dismayed.

And Evans been able to attack the enemy as quickly as possible he would have been able to win a sweeping victory, instead of the incomplete victory that he did win, for in his efforts to relieve the fearful attack on his center, which was carrying all before it Manley had drove a like fearful assault upon the left wing of Evans main army, and here also the battle was exceedingly severe, whole forests were again laid low by the fearful curtain storm of artillery and masonry fire of both sides and the din could be heard for hundreds of miles, and shook the country for a thousand miles, and a fearful Glandelinian wave nearly ten miles long in sweeping against the christian line in a raging onslaught, was almost desolated, and the few survivors swept back terrified and appalled at the incomprehensible fury of the Abbieannian and Abyssinkilian soldiery.

Along the left of the christian line the enemy had assaulted the Abbieannians with all the frenzy, insanity and fury they could muster yelling worse than any demons or fire fiends could have done, and these desperate onslaughts of the Glandelinians had been covered by all of the guns on the Glandelinian right that could be brought within range, and which received a fiercer answer than they expected a perfect barrage of shells from forty thousand cannon, and to make it worse the christians had massed all their smallest artillery upon their assailants, committing incapable damage among the surging glandelinian waves one after another, tearing scores of divisions into flying fragments, a mauling whole armies, that swept forward to the assault, annihilating whole lines every time they surged to close quarters, and tearing all the main waves of glandelinians through and through, the firing of artillery on both sides being of the greatest intensity, and made a din almost as severe as heard at Francis Atlanta, and finally repulsing this thirteen Glandelinian onslaughts in which again millions fell on both sides, the left wing of the christians charged themselves, the main assaulting line was bended and buckled back, the left of the enemy's right wing of assault was overthrown in a wild close quarters rush, and which threw the Glandelinians into confusion, and sweeping on the foe again tried to rally, and for fifteen minutes the melee was terrific every man on both sides being engaged in all kinds of terrific duels hand to hand, then the whole line of the foe was overthrown and driven back to their own line of works from which they were also driven, and the christians were in possession of all the glandelinian artillery. 70,000 color bearers died in this terrible battle.

Later while this was going on an assault equally as fierce and deadly was hurled ten times against the enemy's left wing, and toward two o'clock Manley's whole army, almost dissipated and dismayed had withdrawn to their second line of works.

Huebaum Manley on account of the marching up of his main center and the serious disablement of their chief commander Germania w yivian was at a loss of what to do, his own main left wing had been turned was exposed to a blasting artillery and masonry infillade, and so he had to withdraw and his other two wings had been rolled up toward their second position in great confusion.

At four o'clock in the evening of the third day Hanley having brought up his second main army made a great effort to recover his lost ground, and this new army did all in its power to drive the christian line from the captured position, it being a regular smothering storm of death and destruction, but the Abbieannians along the center line withstood against a eighteen desperate assaults very firmly, a million of the foe falling dead or wounded on the side of the foe in each of these desperate conflicts at that, and soon again the enemy had to give up the desperate assaults and retreated slowly toward their second position. The line of the christian army on both sides was fearful indeed, the country was viler with the confusion, and the losses inflicted was dreadful to behold. For another hour the two armies lay glowering at one another like two red fangs fighting dragons all this while a blasting artillery duel going on on both sides, and at eight o'clock that evening they again arose against one another with redoubled fury and the main fury of the battle raged.

The christian line swept on sweeping forward to attack the Glandelinians themselves and force them from their second line of positions. As the christian lines advanced to the attack twenty thousand glandelinian artillery let loose with a frightful thundering roar, everything around the advancing christians was pounded and great trees torn to pieces, and stretches of trees splintered, masses of Angelinians and Abbieannians were fast swept away by the shower of Glandelinian shells, and even high explosives tore huge gaps in their lines, and the shattered christian columns were hurled back with stupendous losses, but as they withdrew Evans

threw forward another whole line under cover of his own artillery fire, and again and again wave after wave of christians swept forward to the attack, Evans storming the Glandelinian central wing in person, but his forces that he himself led in person was swept to pieces, a portion of his column of Abbieannians were routed by the glandelinians. In retreating fell into a frightful ambush set by the Gargolians, and in that fiery inferno of circling little the christians thus surrounded fought to the last with utmost desperation, and cut their way through dropping the glandelinian so fast, and cutting and beheading such fearful numbers, that it would have taken a whole vast hill of gravestones to mark their graves.

Though repulsed repeatedly the christians rushed again upon the Masonic line and closed with the whole gray line with terrific yells but after a hours desperate hand to hand fighting in which every man on both sides was again engaged in that fearful melee, the Abbieannians was again vanquished with dreadful wholesale slaughter.

Evans then tried his whole army of cavalry, consisting of Abbieannian, Angelinian, Dord Dordobian, Abyssinikilian, Horn omanian, Protestantian and Concoctinian horsemen, and these rode up first to the Glandelinian position in the face of the Glandelinian cannon and musketry, which had done much and horses in windrows, and then being repulsed, was charged with frightful violence by all of the Glandelinian cavalry, but in a terrific encounter in which both sides fought like savage demons the foe cavalry was cut to pieces, and routed.

The christian assailants had time and again been forced to give way only a little and then Evans started to throw forward his whole line into the action, the battle being so fierce that the very heavens seemed to be hursting from the din of exploding shells, crash of musketry, and the Glandelinians of thousands upon thousands of cannons, everything of inflammable material seemed to burst into flame, a volcano of fire and din roared on along the lines of the opposing sides, and time and again a

death storm of destruction descended upon the assaulting christian lines, during the time, the very atmosphere seemed to be all fire and smoke, so fierce was the firing that the woods for scores of miles was burning being set on fire by exploding shells, the small hill tops was hidden in clouds of thick smoke from volleying cannon the small valleys seemed to become valleys of the shadow of death, the mouth of hell seemed to open everywhere, and possess the air with all the hobgoblins and fiends from the loud universal "Devil" yells of the Glandelinians, and the loud caterlows of the Abbieannians, the living garments of the earth was withered and torn and thrown into the air, the world seemed withered, and seemed on its approaching end, the crash of cannons, and the exploding storm of shells of every calibre seemed to stun all living creatures in the heavens or woods and hill hills with the shooting and ear-splitting din, and so horrible was the noise that scores of thousands of Blonglomonian Serpents living in the region at the time took themselves to flight as it was enough to drive any sane creature insane. The glandelinians seeing the christians starting to give way pressed forward themselves with greater fury but like a stone wave that smashes everything it sweeps the Abbieannians counter charged, and encompassed the glandelinian wave so horribly that

by the time they had been forced to give way over sixteen million had fallen on both sides, the glandelinians recoiling fast and swiftly but this time not in any confusion. The Abbieannians then again swept forward to attack the enemy second line of positions this attack being covered by a battering storm of artillery fire from 100,000 cannon of all calibre, and as the christians were cut down in allibados as the harvester does the wheat by the musketry and artillery fire of the enemy, a portion of the assaulting line of Abbieannians on the right began to give way, the infuriated glandelinians following, but the retreating Abbieannians not having been decimated were rallied speedily again, and closing their shattered and badly galled lines they fell upon the glandelinians with inconceivable ferociousness, driving the glandelinians back to their second line of works with great slaughter wounding severely the glandelinian general Tamerlane Dicknell.

General Hanley even while the Abbieannians was attacking his lines so wildly ordered a general counter charge with the bayonet and pikes, which was made but this gigantic attack was useless, and the Abbieannians being halted in their advance shot the glandelinians all down, and drove back the few groups that survived. They then made fourteen more onslaughts until eleven o'clock that night but Evans saw these cut down like grain before the thrashing machine, and so he had to be finally contented to remain in the first line of the enemy works, and the enemy after making the worse charge of all finally withdrew leaving the field in the hands of the christians. All of the Glandelinian generals in service under Hanley suffered from wounds, mortal or venial, and scores upon scores of his best generals were killed. The number of christians surprisingly to say engaged in this battle was little over 100,000,000. They had been outnumbered a little over three to one, and Evans did his Passa Pazaza work all over again whipping a bigger force than his own, a second time in the war in a more horrible battle. Fields were desolated for miles by the exploding shells, forests were shattered and burned, and the nearest vil/ villages and towns were shaken down by the concussion of the battle.

During the remainder of the night and the next day the total number of renewed onslaughts made by the enemy was up to one hundred and twenty three, indeed a grand total to the others made elsewhere along the line by the christians who assaulted the enemy positions at all various points with a great violence about one hundred and seventy four times, nineteen assaults of which set annihilation.

The total/ total number of assaults made by the enemy altogether during this inconceivable battle with results successful or disastrous to the enemy amounted up to three hundred and fifty six. The main Glandelinian leaders who lead these main assaults in person on the third day of the battle were Logan Zoe Rae Hanson, Girkneel Johnston, Willow Harvest, Pheln Phenlentomburg, Henry Cedernine, Anna Maria, McWhirther, Evans Madgeosnia, and Haroccellic, and these Glandelinian generals suffered the most sanguinary losses of all in the entire battle.

Though the battle finally ended with the christians holding their ground to the last, the enemy finally and defiantly, and desperately maintained their own positions and Evans still found himself unable to advance and begged Hanson to do something to force his way through Bristle toe Station came what may, or lose the war entirely. This is what Evans wrote to Hanson:

"Your excellency general Hanson Sirian,
At Bristle Toe Station

June Fourteenth;

I have had already a frightful battle at Avezzano Run lasting four days and though I was equally unsuccessful in trying to force back the assaults of the foe who made three hundred fifty six attacks, until I had to dislusion their lines. I was also equally unsuccessful in trying to take their second line of works after I had captured the first, and this battle was nearly as severe as Francis Atlanta. This shows that the foe mean business, and I advise you to try and force the enemy back from Bristle toe Station no matter how you do it, and if possible I can get my army turned around and outflank Hanley from his position I'll do my best to come to your aid and hurry up our advance against Fountain Of Perena De la Greece. Your efforts must succeed under any conditions.

"GENERAL EVANS."

Johnson however did not know what to do and reason nothing saw that the one force there overwhelmed his ten to one. He heard however how pressing was the need of many of the Glanclintian armies driving their efforts home in their endeavor to check the advance of the Christian armies, and so Manley was forced continually to send armies from his own to reinforce those so badly jeopardized. Evans Christian army, and general yidians just now were the only two who had won victories, or progressed so far as they did. Evans was ahead of any of the other Christian armies, and was now checked at Avezzano Run. He therefore wrote in answer to Evans letter:

"Your excellency general Jack Ambrose Evans.
I'm glad to hear of your work in depleting the Glanclintian armies in the desperate battles you have won and this only encourages me to make another try. I can maneuver Manley from his last positions where he is at present, and compel him to retreat and fight me at Montrose. This will probably give me a chance to press on. As yet Cannon cannot advance and he has appealed to be for aid. I notified him to strike his enemies suddenly like you did and he could then escape and rejoin my armies here at Montrose.
General Harrison yidians.
At Easter Starling."

Violet and her sisters, who had been surprised at the way the battle of Avezzano Run had turned out, and two days later they went up a large hill to get a better view of the country, and saw to their surprise that the enemy was still within sight and did not know what to make of it.

"It is fearful their stubbornness," said Violet. "I don't see how wicked armies can be so disdainful and desperate. I have read the Pilgrims Progress and how Christian met and beat Apollyon, but these Glanclintians are like millions of such Christians themselves and contend against us Abbaonian armies like Christian did against the four fiends. I never thought we would hear of such frightful resistance, and then when a sanguinary battle ends turn out in this fashion."

"Listen Violet keep quiet and hear voices somewhere," said Jennie suddenly. Listening they found she was right, and going toward a clump of high trees near a glen on the hill they were surprised to see Manley and three Glanclintian generals standing in a group and so near the presence of the dark robed Abbaonian army at that.

"Ain't they nerry though?" said Violet in a whisper. "They are within the Christian lines, and no doubt know it. They are plotting something. I'll be bound. I'm going to find out what they are saying."

"Well, go with you Violet but you must be careful," said Joice. "If they discover us we'll have to do some damage which we hate very much to do just now."

They crept forward cautiously, until they were within hearing distance of the Glanclintians, and then listened. For a time the generals were talking so low that the little girls could not hear a single word they said, but finally Manley broke out louder with:

"Yes I guess it's so. Well I'm not sorry anyway. That general called Roobhead was a friend of those dastardly yivian girls anyway and so his reigning command will not make any loss to us. I believe he hindered their capture a good deal. And I shouldn't wonder if the fool would not go over to the Christians and join them also."

"Well if he does he is a traitor and will be shot for it if we catch him," said one of the other generals. "And so that Christian pig called Jack Evans thought he could force us out of our positions oh, well we have not gone yet."

At this the Glanclintian generals set up a general uproar of laughter, and their laughter was so loud that it was almost contagious and Violet and her sisters had all they could do to keep from laughing out loud with them. After they cooled down the third officer said:

"The main fellows to be dreaded just now is those two generals called Henry and Angus Augustine Barger. Henry Barger is another dangerous adversary, and his cousin Harry or Joe Spragg. They have been making advances and movements that are not only puzzling us but the whole world. If we cannot learn any of their intentions we are worried. They are outside of Evans the worst Christian enemies we have to contend with."

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"If any of our other generals who are and armies would investigate the movements of these generals all would be well," said Manley. "But they don't do anything at all. They must be afraid that is all there is to it. If I had something to do with it I would. And I'm going to and I do duty all in heaven to stop me." And he said this furiously indeed.

"He certainly is very wicked," said Jennie. "He even defies God to prevent him from finding out what the Bargers are doing, when the other authorities cannot locate the movements themselves. He ought to have his brains examined, and hang a piece of crap on his head."

"As I was saying," continued Manley. "I have a good plan in which to force the armies under Evans clear out of Glanclintia and in one sweeping rush too. I am sure that Evans is further into Glanclintia than all of the other armies of Christian dogs, but if my plan works I'll show the very world and God too whether they like it or not that Evans will be the first to either cross the Angelinian boundary line in a headlong retreat or even surrendering his army."

"How are we going to do it?" asked one of the four other generals. "Manley produced a small geography and laid it out on a stone. He turned page after page until he came to a particular map."

The officers crowded around until they all saw what he pointed out. Violet and her sisters in the meantime had climbed a tree whose thick and strong branches extended over the generals and the they also saw the map. To get hold of that map or geography they must.

"You see this map?" asked Manley.

The officers answered yes.

"What river is this flowing between Evans army and Avezzano town?"

"It's the Avezzano Run," they answered. "Beyond is the hills by the same name. But how is that going to work out your plan?"

"Easily," said Manley. "We are situated on the opposite side of this river, and our central wing is in possession of the town. If we could move around these hills," he added showing by movements of his fingers, "we could by a long detour bring half of our army around, unnoticed by Evans or any of the Christian scouts and form a second division north of the Christian army. Then I would telegraph these plans, while I attack the Christian armies in front they are to move down from the north and strike the whole Christian army a terrible blow in the rear."

"I see the town of Glanclintia," said one of the officers. "I see it on the map and by the distance it shows from Avezzano Run I calculated that that general yivian army is only within a days march of Evans army and is unopposed also. If he hears the noise of another battle he will surely come down upon the flank of the would be fighters and cut them all to pieces and reinforce Evans in the bargain. And no doubt he is advancing already."

"I'll provide against that alright don't you be fear!"

Said Manley. "I have two reserve forces in readiness and I'll station the whole division in that location (pointing at the map) and these will be instructed to look out for the coming of general yivian army and if he appears to strike us swiftly and suddenly suddenly. I'm bound to carry out these plans, and I defy again all in heaven to stop or frustrate me too. It all depends that it can be worked in time, and that it would not be discovered. Those yivian girls since being now in our country seem to keep their distance from our armies, and do not spy on us, and so there is no danger from them. I'll bet that they have got cold feet now. It's different than being in their own country now. Or either they are afraid of their guardian will not let them out of his sight. But anyway we do not need to dread them little brats no longer. So we can work out our plan without any one hearing what we are talking about and show those Christian dogs that we can and will whip them."

In the meantime Violet and her sisters had realized that it was impossible under any conditions to secure the geography, but nevertheless one of them had a paper and a pencil and she and her sisters being able to draw any map known, and being able to see the map clearly drew it and every point that Manley pointed out, and his explanations also which they could make use of in showing it to Evans. If Manley only knew who were up in that tree wouldn't he feel fool cheap. So Violet and her sisters were afraid to leave the Christian lines. Well they were very much indeed. As they were proving themselves. Well Manley your plans are not good after all for they will not work. Violet and her sisters all worked on the map that was being drawn until all was finished, and every direction that Manley mentioned in his plans figured out and placed to show Evans.

"Another one of the officers said:

"Manley I think you are wrong about the yivian girls being scared. If they are not spying on us it is only because Evans won't let them. Their little brats would dare to go through hell and fire to spy on us. Their duty all peril there is."

"Well we don't have to worry about those pigsties
7000 birds and I don't want to hear any subject mentioned about them again
that's all there is to it." Said General Banfill. "I want your attention
aid to this plan. I know the situation of events here very well, and have a
another plan which I can work very well. Both can be worked simultaneously.
I have through spies discovered how the direction line under general Ewing is
strengthened and has left a great break in it his line toward the center.
If I can catch a strong force into that gap I'll surely win a victory that
will end all invasion of this country about these plane boys."!!!

"Fine" Answered the other generals in a chorus.....

"But," said one of them, "I have heard that you and hundreds of our lordly generals besides your father and brother have made hundreds of desperate attempts to capture those living girls called Violet and her sisters. I can tell you the reason why you don't succeed. You always rush them on sight. And surely you know how desperate those little gutterbrats are! And their mission is to 'blow mine.' If you could by some trick capture them it would succeed in halting the general plan to burn suddenly Hiroshima."

"Today gave a lot of trouble."

"You don't know those yellow girls and I do or they do," he said. "There is no way to trick them, they trust no one wearing a Japanese uniform who is no true friend, and true friends of their cannot be tricked either. I did not want to put poison the minds of starving, Fredrick and I argue against those little brats, but they discovered my intentions because liberal traitors, and want to protect those little devil against me. And it seems no impossible to capture those three lads as it does the yellow girls or even more impossible at that. Those lads have become my dangerous enemies too. I have even a full list of all the officers and privates shot down by those little girls, of how many times they were captured, and how often they broke away when it seemed impossible for them to do so. If you believe my words I'll show you the list. They even railed my brothers headquarters in California and carried off everything we had. That was the worse trick those little gits ever did to me or my father and brother, and my brother John Hunter blamed the whole thing on father and me because the guards we re abusing. So you see how desperate those little devils are. A hell in a Chinese den is better compared with those dogs and little girl murderers. I have given up all my attempts to capture them because I have found out it is useless."

The generals now started to move away and Violet and her sisters quickly slipped down from the stairs and descended the hill without being seen. They had not time to take any surprising the generals and make any attempt to arrest them, but then she believed that the generals would be too desperate to give themselves up even if they had been surprised by Angel Gabriel and St Michael the Archangel, and so thought it best to let it go at that, and may general Evans of the intentions of these rascals before it was too late that he be carried down out.....

lines." Said Violet, "If he was ignorant of being within the Christian Union nothing could be said. He knew where he was but did it for defiance. He defies not only all Christianity, but God as well, and takes it for granted that if we try our level bobbin to conquer his armies in the end the war-devils of hell will come to his aid."

They soon reached the bottom of the hill and strode toward the places where they had left their horses. They quickly mounted their horses and as they rode onward for some distance the little girls were surprised to see a forest of wagons drawn covered and the horses were harnessed to them. Fortunately the little girls found the places apparently deserted as these wagons belonged to the Hollentintinnu, but the soldiers were approaching with the intention of recovering the trip and the little girls decided to secure these wagons at all costs. The first suggestion however of John to the little girls shrink a little as to the idea seemed a suicidal attempt as it was the severest test of their trained courage.

"Up on Jennie," said John giving her a little push. "You

can get down from your horse and jump into that back wagon, and so see that is under the old quilts there. Watch out now that no one of the clondike boys sees you."

Jennie's horse reared up, she jumped up on the step, and quickly exhaled everything under the quilt and then came back. One of the soldiers who was walking at one side of the wagon turned away to attend to his unruly horse, and suddenly saw Jennie leap away from the rear of the wagon. He went a crowd to see who it was and suddenly the little girl surrounded him, made a prisoner of him and then leaping on the seats of the eight wagons changed the direction of the horses and lashed the forward to their utmost speed by at least 15,000 of the famous Mc-Hollisterians who opened fire with a roar and crash as they drove forward their cowardly horses in an utmost efforts to overtake the little girl.

This was indeed a bold attempt of Violet and her sisters in the face of such dangers that they knew damned, and they looked back now toward a horrible death. The Glandelinians surely were leaving their horses - wildly, and clouds of smoke came from their carbines as if from the bottomless pit enveloping the dark distant hills, and the yell of the Glandelinians sounded as if all the demons of hell were persecuting them, and spattering their fearful jets of blasphemy, and flogging their filthy wings around the souls of the brave little girls so blinding and distracting them that they could not hardly tell whether the evil words and yells that filled them with such anguish and unparelleled horror were the atrocities of real human beings or the noises of fiends flying after them in the mad rage. As if from the vault of hell floods of blasphemy poured down upon the racing warriors, and the noises for a while was like as if a midnight typhoon was raging.

It was the first time in their lives that the little girls had ever committed such a brave deed in the face of such furious glandelinian foes but they did it though they themselves hardly realized how they did it. They were confident of successful work however for the christian position was looked up before them and racing on and on they came right up to the breastrokes and raced past the sentries before they could be given even time to challenge and on onto the surge of glandelinians, being readily deterred to recover their margin, though briefly not knowing who had stolen them, and as the little girls had taken the men with them when they surprised and seized. Realizing the truth, on seeing the approaching No-Hollsteinians the sentries gave warning, and a large force of christian navy quickly cut the glandelinians horns de combat.

Indeed Violet and her sisters had made a great haul for the night wagoner went contained the choicest provisions. A lot of shik chicken was found in one of the wagons, and in the others entablés of every description besides a great amount of ammunition and furs. The prisoner himself was led off by several of the Angilinhans, but before he went off he managed to creep up to the little girl and say:

"To keep up the little girls and say:
"I'm a Me-Hollentian, the fiercest of glawelthins but here's
my hand little girls. You are the bravest children I have ever seen, and
I'm sorry the glawelthins are so cruel to you. If they folk like I do they
would not continue the war against Christianity any longer. I'm true to
the cause of glawelthins, but I admire you little girls and here after we
are firm friends. And its you little girls who have made me a changed man
though I'm glad and proud to say that I have never spilled the blood of
a single child or any religious person and never will. I hope you children
better luck in the future and hope that Medley will die before he can lay
a hand on you."

Violent and her sisters saw that he meant what he said and shaking hands with him knew how he answered:

"We appreciate your good words very much and apologize ourselves for the way we tied you up in that wagon. If we known you were a good man at first we would not have done it and trusted you."

"And you little girls were too quick at that," answered the man. "I would not have betrayed you any how but would have only warned you to be careful. I'm heartily glad you little girls made a prisoner of me for I'm away from my wicked comrades, and hope never to be set free untill the war closes. And before God I hope you christians win."

When the 1 soldier was led before the courtmartial he was discovered by the tribunal to be a man that was surprising indeed. This very soldier during the battle of Big Birdhook had saved general Vidvan from being assassinated, had been a prisoner before, and was liberated for his deed, and then later saved general Hanson from capture by the gerginians by pretending he was their leader and saying that he refused to go with it."

He would have been set free even now but as he protested against it saying that he was not in favor of the war and did not want to go back to the armies until after the war they permitted him to remain, but he was put in a prison tent by himself, and being trusted was allowed privileges that men of the enemy prisoners never got. This man soon changed however and put up his lot with Glaxelulnu and joined the Abbekeendans, and soon became an officer of high rank. He served until the end of the war and settled in Abbekeen in which he afterwards called his real home. So wicked as Glaxelulnu is there are nevertheless many good soldiers among them. As soon as the little girls had brought the wagon upon into the Christian lines they went straight for general Evans headquarters, and showed him the map they all took turns in making out. Not at first knowing its real character he said:

"You little girls are wonderful, and flabbergasted me. How did you ever learn to draw such pictures and maps that you do. Even all the pictures of battles and children you have were drawn by you little girls."

3142. "We do not feel like answering your question now," said Violet. "It is true we can draw maps well but then this map is not for pleasure work or showing how we can do it. It is literally a plan of Manley's we copied." "WIA-- -AT! Spying again! What the devil-- Say you little girls must be celestial persons indeed to take nerve like that. How did you do it?" "Why we went on a hill within your lines to see the view of the country and whether the enemy were still within their old positions, and actually came across Manley, and four of his generals in conversation and learned great information from him. I wrote over everything on that map to what he planned. If you look closely Evans dear you'll understand." Evans did so sitting down by the table and looking over it closely. He got up did not say anything to the little girls, just then and then summoned an orderly dispatched him to call a certain officer, and then worked this telegraph message.

"To general Vivian at Glencoe)
Enemy plan to march half of army around Avezzeno Hills and move down on my rear and strike front at same time. Simultaneously plan to bar your advance on my rescue. Done at once or I'll be in a bad fix. G
General Evans."

"I'm glad you little girls discovered this," said Evans. "I-----
At this moment an orderly came in, another one and a saluting said calmly:
"Your excellency cannot that telegram as it will go to the winds instead of general Vivian. He has already arrived. He will in person be here to see you in another minute."
"Recall the messenger who has it then," said Evans after finding the report true. Then turning to the little girls he said:
"Your father will be proud of your deed this afternoon. Learning this intention and bringing within our lines eight wagons while even pursued at close quarters by 15,000 wild Ho-Jollestonians. I can't conceive how you did it."

Violet and her sisters felt no effect from this praise and said:
"There is another danger y that you know nothing of Evans. In the center of your lines as I and my sister heard from Manley also is a dangerous gap. If you do not close it it will be fatal."
"Oh you don't say," exclaimed Evans. "Why I'll simply refuse to close that gap and if Manley knows what is good for his army he'll keep it away from that gap that's all. No army will live going through that gap. I suspected treachery on the part of the foe from information I have learned from secret service men. If Manley only knew the character of that gap he would sooner stick his head into a dragon's mouth than rush any part of his army through it. It's no real gap at all. It's a deadly ambush. I'm sure that my weeks of planning worked out wonderfully. As long as that gap remains there no matter whether you learned this information or not, Manley could never force me from my position, and the longer he would try the more losses he would endure unavoidably. So don't you little girls worry a bit about that gap. It's disastrous to me if I close it."

"But Evans what do you mean?" asked Nettie Anton.
"I'm beyond words."

"It's a well formed ambush of the deadliest shape," answered Evans. "No enemy can run through it and come back to tell the tale. I've made it to insure that in once my rear is ever suddenly attacked, it will be of no effect to the enemy in winning. And with the arrival of general Vivian's army now coming I can reinforce that ambush with cannons and make it far worse. I'm bound to hold this position if I have to go through Purgatory and hell for it and I will. No enemy of God will make me retreat."

At this moment it was announced by the orderly that general Vivian had arrived, and once again the two great Christian men generals were together discussing on the events of the war. Then Evans showed him the plan Violet and her sisters had copied and then told him who done it, gave information about the captured wagons, the kind prisoner, and of the gap he had purposely made to trap any army that would try to force its way through it.

"My lines thank God in practically impenetrable," said Evans. "And with your unexpected arrival it is now more stronger. How did you force your way through so soon?"

"After my last battle I found no other army in the way to oppose me," answered the great general. "And accordingly what my daughters told me you of Manley's conversation I have decided to take the chance and show Manley that they are not afraid to spy on him in spite of being in the enemy's country. Ah! How about it children?"

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"Their words made us feel so cheap that we are almost glad to do any thing," said Violet. "It is probably we will learn nothing new but we can seize something anyway and prove to him that we are the same as ever." "Off with you then," said Evans with a laugh. "Show Manley that he is mistaken." Poor Manley. I can hardly help pitying him for what is going to ensue;

"For the sake of Neptune come here every one of you officers," cried an angry voice in a certain had a handsome building in the glandelinian camp. "Tie me loose will you. For the sake of damnation. HELP. HELP. HELP." A bunch of gray clad officers dashed in with some privates, the building being filled with smoke, and flames were leaping from one of the nearest rooms in a perfect furnace. And there in the middle of the parlor was general thebaun Manley fairly covered with ropes that were entwined about him and a round table that had been turned over, and the whole room looked as if a cyclone had struck it. Papers were littered everywhere, windows were smashed, a door was off its hinges, and his bed had been stripped of every thing and the mattress itself was a smouldering.

"What happened gap gasped one of the officers as they proceeded to untie the five hundred yards of rope.

"It was those dratted Vivian girls," he fairly shouted in a maudlin rage. "They surprised me in this room, and set the place even on fire with the intention of burning me alive because I struck their sister Angeline in the jaw with my fist. They damaged everything that they could not carry off."

"We'll have to catch them," cried one of the officers who was an onlooker and who was examining the damage.

"It's no use shouting Manley still fastened to the table. They have been gone for five minutes, and they are out of the line by this time."

"For goodness sake how long is this damn rope anyway," growled the officer who was still untying it and yet Manley was encircled in it. Finally they got him loose and one of them testing the rope found it was five hundred yards long. Manley was so tickled over this experience that it was a wonder he did not explode.

"Ornabra I'll kill everybody that is a damn Christian pig dog," he yelled dancing as if stricken insane. And he shook his fist as if he would ram everything in pieces that came his way. Despite the fact that the little girls had been gone for fully fifteen minutes, Manley ordered a vigorous pursuit, but the pursuers found no signs of the little girls who had safely reached the Christian lines.

"You see it was like this," said Joice in explaining it all to Evans. "Disguised as dirty glandelinian peasant children we being not recognized entered Manley's lines easily, and pretending to sell the soldiers and officers fruit which we brought along with us, succeeded in gaining entrance into Manley's headquarters after learning from one of the men where it was we saying that we wished to sell him some swell apples. He recognized us the moment we entered, but we at first threatened to shoot him if he uttered an outcry, and while seven of us kept him covered Gertrude ransacked the place, and secured the letters of importance which we have given you. He finally surprised us, and almost had us but aly little Gertrude had secured a ropes end from a cupboard and suddenly tripped him and tied him fast and gagged him before he could make a yell. In a trussle he struck Angeline in the face with his foot or shoe but we managed to tie him with a long rope to a round table. We accidentally set one of the rooms on fire, but I'm sure he was discovered before the flames went too far."

"You little girls have given him proof that you are not afraid to spy on him, in a way that he will never forget," said general Vivian laughing. "It would have been worth seeing. My but I'll bet he's mad."

"I believe he is for the way he cut up when we tied him up," said Joice. "We gave him a good lesson however that to be over confident is fatal." And she and her sisters also laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks.

Indeed Manley was angry angrier than a raving lion or mad dog. He blamed even all the guards for not watching, and threatened to do over everything that would be a mortal sin to explain, and blasphemed God fiercer than the very devils in hell would have done. He was also fully aware now that he may have been spied on before, though he knew not where, and felt like if he could fairly kill himself over his bad luck. Driven to frenzy by his rage, that very evening he set up his mind to get the children at all cost, and was unexpectedly and without warning of any kind hurled a most frightful and tremendous onslaught against Evans whole line that after noon the Christian line was thrown into confusion by the sudden and mighty shock which was like a midnight tropical hurricane, the whole battle line was sheeted with intense flames of cannon fire and musketry, where the helpless christian columns amid the bursting confetti rain and thunder of shells momentarily expected to be crushed or annihilated for their whole line was torn to pieces, by the shock of the assault, and by the fiercest firing of the enemy the very breastworks were set on fire and trees and bushes and grass grass was blazing furiously. Rain of shells lightning from cannon and musketry, and whirlwind of assault. However the wing rallied again and again and stood gallantly against the raging tidal waves of frenzied assault floods of blasphemous yells poured from millions of attacking glandelinians as if from a million vaults and mouths of hell, so filling the air and overweighing the atmosphere with their number, continuance and fiery force, that the Angelinians felt that there was nothing else inessantly, and room for nothing else, and as if God had in the very wrath to the world given them up to be carried away with the wild and uncanny Glandelinian "Devil Yell" as if with a mighty whirling Typhoon gale on the McWhirtherian seas.

It was the fiercest devil yell ever uttered by the glandelinians and the assault had been so fearful that no one knew for a while what to do and worse of all Evans though hearing the tremendous din of battle from his headquar headquar headquar and who was talking to general ivian, and as at the same time a terrible thunderstorm was raging with mighty force did not know his lines was being so assaulted by the enemy.

But the assault soon extended along the other portions of his lines and suddenly both he, general ivian and Violet and her sisters were startled, overawed, and appalled as if a roaring scream as if a hundred million fiends and devils had been suddenly let loose among them in a more palpable and heinous reality frightful and malignant. This was followed simultaneously by a tremendous crash of cannons and musketry all along the line and then a wild salvos of explosions tore the air like a storm of bursting planets around general Evans headquarters, and the roof simultaneously caved in burying many beneath it though injuring none.

General ivian and Evans in the lower quarters with the little girls realizing what had occurred rushed out of the building, gave stern commands to hold ground and sent orders by telegraph for the remainder of the line to come up and join the bloody fray.

So complete was the surprise that it had thrown a good portion of the whole christian line into confusion, but it was only the suddenness of the violent attack that did this, the Abbeismians were speedily rallied, and gradually more and more divisions came up to their assistance. Artillery was brought up and opened with double charges of canister at short range, and every arrangement was prepared for a final struggle. Evans concentrated his own right so heavily that the enemy made no head way, while general ivian himself prepared his own forces for action, deciding to throw them forward at a moments notice.

So fierce was the firing that each discharge of musketry intensified the smoke so that it appeared as if a forest fire had broken out, and now as general powell guster Johnston and Kindermine arrived with their divisions the enemy was checked at all points, and at the given orders, with a fierce yell the Abbeismians with fixed pikos and bayonets charged upon the Glandelinian waves and with a terrifying pandemonium of series of devil yells closed with them, forced their way through the gray line, and for fifteen minutes it was every man for himself.

Despite the shock of the fearful christian counter charge the enemy did not waver, but rallied their shattered columns and pushed back the Abbeismians step by step, millions of men facing each other, fighting and shouting like pirates and driving each other back and forth in a horror of battles confusion.

Evans in the meantime had brought up general Graners divisions of Abyssinians and these also were thrown upon the glandelinian surge, and now adding to the wild din and fury of battle the entire line of batteries of Manleys began firing as wildly as they knew how, and five hundred and sixty five thousand cannon volleyed and thundered in earth rending salvos of cannonading heard for a couple of thousand of miles, and then in answer

in universal uproar came the loud thundering crash of general Evans long chain of batteries, followed in chorus by all the batteries of cannons cannons along general ivians line, and the clamor surpassed any battle fought on glandelinian soil yet. The battle had become general, and during the shock in the Glandelinian assault general Manley was pushing large bodies of McHollestinians forward toward the whole christian center under cover of his artillery, and being shielded by the great glandelinian shell storm hurled within four hours fourteen desperate onslaughts against the christian line, while simultaneously he was gathering forty million McHollestinians to throw into the exposed gap, which Evans had purposely made to fool the enemy of god.

The fury and violence of the battle was exceedingly horrible and as it grew in redoubled fury toward six o'clock Evans decided it was time to put in other great divisions, which he did and so all the furious attacks of Manleys divisions was unavailing. Within the hour of seven o'clock the heavy column of glandelinians in series of waves came headlong for the large gap, and poured through apparently successful, but the succeeding waves of Glandelinians saw them disappear and melt away in a circling inferno of musketry, and discovering that the gap was a trap the officers halted the remaining waves, and telegraphed word to Manley that it was suicide to assault the christian lines, and that no army pouring through the gap would come back to tell the tale.

Manley then realized that his plans had been discovered, and the great army that was moving around the hills would be trapped also. He hastily sent a recall, but too late, the shock came on the rear of Evans army, but the battle again was finished, the flankers were crushed and torn to pieces, ten of their generals were slain, and every regimental and brigade commander shot down or captured, while five hundred ragged flags were taken by the victorious christians.

Nevertheless Manley was determined in his wicked defiance to god to retain his positions nevertheless, having the same determination as Evans had but the next morning Evans made an assault, and series of other assaults that lasted all day, crushing and crippling Manleys armies, and capturing not only all of his positions, but all of his military stores, and artillery and hundreds of more battle flags. The second battle of Avezzano had ended gloriously for the christians and Manley was forced to retreat as his army was too badly impaired to resist any longer at this part.

Now that the way was open again Evans decided to press forward and move against Fort Fountain Of Prens de La Greece. Violet and her sisters realized how bad they had made Manley and said to Evans during the time the advance was starting;

"Manley was so angry over our treatment of him that he actually attacked your lines to get revenge. And I bet too that he did it because he was terribly determined to get us no matter what the cost, but it did not avail him nothing at all."

"Well it was good that he attacked as I was growing impatient and intended to wage another battle that following day anyhow." Said Evans. "He started it sooner than I had intended it to come and now we are able to advance again. The sooner we can reach Fountain Of Prens De La Greece the sooner we can capture it and titanic fair and crush the enemys opposition. After you came back from the spying attack, and when you told me how you had tied Manley up so firmly I expected something serious would result from it but did not expect it so soon."

The advance was soon on the way, and Violet and her sisters the glorious little heroes he heroines rode around him as if they were his fairy body guard. In the meantime Hanson himself had been having serious trouble. He had succeeded in his plans well enough but found serious opposition when he attempted to move around the region north of Montrose. Cannon was still unable to advance, being held back by the armies under Phellinia Tamerline, and finally Hanson after striking a series of blows had been forced to retreat northward until he got to the grounds of Easter Starring. The enemy followed but Hanson made another movement around the enemys rear and again forced Manley to retreat.

THE BATTLE OF MONTROSE.

Finally Hanson decided to try his luck and he hurled a heavy and deliberate assault against the whole glandelinian army raging a frightful battle that lasted sixteen days in series upon series of bloody combats. He came off victorious and succeeded in driving the foe back toward Montrose but still all efforts to move across the paster Starring and against paster Toe Station was unavailing. All depended that Cannon could force his way past Phellinia Tamerline and come to his aid.

The events of the war was following thick and fast. At the region of Onion River there occurred a volcano of explosions that committed such incalculable damage that the Abbeinnian armies in the location under the Werner were crippled, raids by the thousands was being made, towns and villages were being seized and burned and the Abbeinnians had even started a general and big forest fire that was surprising the world who marveled at the fury the war was assuming now. The fortified cities of Gushmann, Thanhouse, Thanhouse Run and Mellenberry were captured without a conflict, snowflank gap and Pepper Necklance were in possession of the Abbeinnians and they were pouring through this portion like a ravaging tornado of hundreds of miles in extent. For Glandelinia indeed "War was hell." Scores of towns and ten cities crisscrossed with child slave factories and mills were captured by the Abbeinnians, and the number of children rescued by the Christians numbered 13,456,789 and three quarters of them were all little girls.

Every railroad in Northern Glandelinia was seized, railroad tracks ripped up and tiles burned, all hay stacks seen in great and beautiful farms were burned, the farms were desolated, and every thing of good value carried off. Fierce opposition threatened general Germaine Vivian at Gracelandia which checked his advance, but learning of Evans great success as he was not daunted and prepared to wage a general battle.

Evans army itself was advancing fast now without a check at any quarter, and Violet and her sisters had hopes that all would turn out better than before, though they heard that all other Christian armies were receiving fierce opposition at every step of their advance and that small battles numbered by the tens of thousands. Evans army led the van and general Vivians the main section of the advancing Christian armies.

As soon as the enemy made a halt in front of Evans army and threatened opposition Violet and her sisters lusting for more adventures decided to take the chances and spy on Manley again that evening. They dressed themselves as cleverly as possible, making themselves look like conspicuous Glandelinian boyscouts and then telling Evans where they were going, and taking their boyfriends with them they started off toward the enemys gloomy and sullen lines.

As soon as they reached the vicinity of Manleys lines there came a sharp challenge;

"Halt you little rascals. I recognize you as Starring, Fredrick and Powden and the doggedest Vivian girls. You are under arrest."

At once before he could make an outcry they were upon him like little beautiful fiends, and bore him to the ground, Violet in the struggle grasping the mans bayonet from his hilt and running him through the body. Then the boys quickly hid the dead sentry and entered the lines cautiously. They reached a city of tents beyond the wooded regions of the enemys encampment and then proceeded toward the main section of the camp.

"Who are you kids and where are you going?" Asked a sergeant coming up with a squad of privates who were on drill.

"Can't we rubber around without being bawled out like that?" Asked Violet in a voice that Starring did not recognize.

"Well excuse me but you look familiar." Said the sergeant. "I believe at least I have seen some of your companions before."

"We are strangers to you." Said C. F. Fredrick. "So leave us alone or we'll call for help." And he started to weep on pretense.

"You are a cry baby." Said the sergeant. "I was only fooling. Be on your way and I won't tease you any more."

They went on further and soon came upon another officer who was a lieutenant.

As soon as he saw them he made a move as if to draw a pistol but the little girls covered him at once and cried;

"You have discovered us despite our disguise lieutenant but if you draw on us or open your mouth to raise the alarm I'll kill you and so will my sisters."

The lieutenant had recognized the little girls alright, but knowing their desperate ways did not care to take any chances in trying it out with them, and the little girls backed him into a vacant part of the camp, Jennie secured a tent rope which she cut with her pocket knife and tied his arms and feet with it. Then they sat leaving him sit there said;

"It's up to you to tell us where Manleys headquarters are or we'll keep our threat now."

"It's up to you in company B." He answered sullenly.

"You lie." Cried Violet not believing him.

"No truly and honestly I'm not. It's up to Company B. But you will not be able to fool Manley this time I'll warrant though you have me at your mercy. He watches for you now."

While Violet and her sisters were proceeding onward toward general Manleys headquarters, a series of great outcries, that might neither seemed human or earthly echoed and reechoed through the woods and came penetrating the hearts of the brave little girls as they heard it it being the wild Devil Cry of the frightful Mo-Hollestonians. Then a stillness apparently as deep as if all the noises had been stopped at such horrid and unusual interruptions followed, and after a few minutes of terrible suspense Violet and her sisters listened intently as if expecting that the same sound would be repeated.

The cry that was bad and shocking had seemed very unearthly indeed and it again filled the air and made a creepy feeling go through the little girls and their boy companions. For several minutes it continued very steadily undulating through the air during the conclusion in distant and dying cadences seeming to be indeed very unearthly, and changed to the same yells but a perfect tumult and which made the little girls deaf. It seemed as if all the demons and fiends of hell were possessing themselves of the air around and about Violet and her sisters and were venting their savage humors in the most barbaric sounds ever heard in all the whole entire war.

The cries and terrifying yells did not seem to come from any particular directions though it seemed to penetrate the whole northern part of the Glandelinian camp, then came bright flashes, puffs of smoke, and quick reports of a three score of muskets at once rending the air in deafening echoes and a bullet grazed Violets cheek but wounding her only slightly..... She and her sisters drew their revolvers but were dismayed because they could not see any of the wicked Glandelinian assailants, though all the trees and shrubs around them were being cut and torn in a hundred places by bullets, eight of which the little girls had stepped behind, and again and again, and still again the muskets flashed, and the leaves and barks of the trees in front of Violet and her sisters flew into the air and were scattered by a fierce wind then blowing from the southwest. The little girls realizing they were discovered by the Glandelinians and that the rascals were trying to assassinate them in cold blood dashed behind trees after trees, firing their pistols every time, but soon the leaden hail flew thicker than ever, the rolling volleys making a great din, and now the little girls seeing moving objects opened fire again and saw eight men drop.

Then with a increase in the wild yells there came a rush of Mo-Hollestonians, and off the little girls sprinted in a frenzy as if a million lives was concentrated in that one single moment, the Glandelinians dashing after Violet and her sisters like hounds after a deer, but scarcely did the feet of the little girls seem to touch the ground, and in that dizzy moment the little girls came to a network of dangerous rifle pits and knowing that it was the only way from being shot down, they seized a Glandelinian flag, glaf flag and waved it in the breeze. This stopped the firing of the Glandelinians but nevertheless they came on, and again started a fusillade but took care that they did not fire on the captured flag, and moved with strength such as God gives only to the most desperate in need, the little girls with one wild cry of defiance to the enemy, and giving a flying leap vaulted sheer across pit after pit it being a series of desperate leaps in impossible to anything but madness and recklessness of death defiance and the wild Mo-Hollestonians instinctively of cried out in their rage; "Halt you little dare devils. What in hell is the matter with you, you'll not escape." and then discharged a rolling volley as the little girls continued on flaunting the flag in their very faces as it were. Bullets whistled close to the little girls but never touched them.

However there was danger of their being fired on from those treacherous Glandelinian rifle pits, but regardless of the danger Violet and her sisters did not stay a moment, but again with wild shrieks of defiance, and desperate energy followed by the boys they leaped across another another-- and still another though each pit was about six feet apart, stumbling almost into one--leaping--slipping--springing upwards again, and firing wildly at their pursuers, and crying out their defiance "Come and take us if you dare" bringing down the Glandelinians by thirtens at every volley from their pistols. Violet and her sisters losing their shoes and stockings from their feet, blood from a cut foot from Starring marking every step. But the fugitives in their excitement of the pursuit and chase and filled with glee at the disdain and rage of the foe saw nothing felt nothing and continued on shooting at the foe again and again causing frightful havoc among the perishing ranks, and even bringing down a colonel. The Glandelinians however had bloodhounds with them which discouraged at the speed of their fugitives, and of their own losses and driven desperate let them loose but Violet and her sisters shot them down, as they came dashing and baying up to them, fired again at the enemy and reaching the other street of the huge camp saw a new regiment of Glandelinians swarming through to intercept them and at first Violet and her sisters and the boy companions seemed caught for to go down another company street was as risky as to face either pursuers,

but the little girls plunged into a hastily erected Mess Hall as the foe again yelled, hooted, and opened fire, bullets whistling dangerously close to the little girls, and one cut off a foot of Gertrude's leg. The Glandelinians swimming around the building besieging the Mess-Hall but Violet and her sisters were not to be thus caught napping, and reaching a side entrance they hid in a cellar place. Looking out Violet and her sisters saw that all the nearest company streets were swarming with the excited Glandelinians and that a score of the boldest cowardly were on horseback, and were caving a tearing through the first company street at a swarming gallop. Violet and her sisters opened fire from their hiding place and on sight of the horsemen sprawled from their saddles into the dust, and the survivors rode about shouting a cool conglomerate of words and commands to each other, being excited and dismayed not knowing where the shots at first came from. A shower of bullets from every Glandelinian rifleman whistled incessantly against the house and a command was heard given to shell the Mess hall but it was also contradicted by some other officer.

"If we could only hide somewhere else we probably could elude them." Said Hettie.

Suddenly looking toward the roof, and seeing below it wide beams stretching across below the ceiling they clambered up and reached it by means of the beams and there they hid, though Jim T. Jennie with a large stick smashed a window at one blow to make the Glandelinians think they jumped out.

In a moment a swarm of men came in and the little girls clinging desperately among the upper beams above them were fortunately undisturbed or they would have been brought down with one volley.

"Those little brats called the Vivian girls and some companions with them got away, and are gone somewhere." Said a Familiar voice.

"I don't see how they got away so quick." Said another Glandelinian officer.

"But where have they gone to?" Cried a Third. "They cannot be in here for by the sound of breaking glass they leaped through that darn window, and if they were in this mess hall we could see them. Even the beams could not conceal them from us."

"Maybe they are hiding among those beams stretching below the ceiling at that." Cried a fourth man.

Some of the soldiers and officers looked up there but as the beams were eight feet wide the little girls had been able to slide out from in such a position that they were invisible to the searchers, who looked diligently everywhere but in vain. Even when soldiers started to clamber up to the beams the little girls had in the meantime escaped through a secret trap door which they discovered to the roof, and down to the ground unseen, and reaching other quarters of the camp without being observed and watching for signs of pursuers and wondering how to get to Manley's headquarters Violet and her sisters had observed that they were being criticised and sized up by every man that passed them. It was starting to rain now in big drops, the feet of the brave little children having been cut during their wild jumping over the rifle pits and they began to feel sore, but nevertheless they continued on being determined to find General Manley's headquarters at any cost. On they went slowly passing less watchful sentries without mishap but being at times questioned closely by officers who felt suspicious of the strange children within their lines. The little girls however passed many company companies in drill or parade, and squads exercising and then going forward more cautiously they finally saw to their surprise twenty eight watchful guards posted on an intersection of roads two on either side and many standing right on the road. It was their only outlet to the Christian lines and nevertheless it was evident that all roadways and fields were being watched so that the children could not escape from the lines. Violet and her sisters knew that they could not pass these sentries, but decided that when desperate needs came to pass anyway if they had to shoot them all down to do so. They then made across a meadow unseen by Glandelinians where they came upon one sentry pacing up and down and where in the distance loomed a grand building which evidently was Manley's headquarters. This sentry was as watchful as a cat and kept on marching up and down without a pause, and the little girls coming nearer cautiously cautioned the boys to be careful, and then all the children dropped out of sight, and every time he passed worked themselves further and further away until they came close to the building unseen.

"He is quite a slow polk, and seems to be looking in all directions as he walks but have not seen us yet." Said Jennie with a smile. "But there is another guard walking up and down in the yards of the house and I wonder how we are going to pass him, as he has a machine gun to work against prowlers in case they try to surprise him."

"We will do it." Said Violet. "We did it before. But us children will have to be good and quick so that he does not let out a shout or yell or fire his racket and raise an alarm. If his gun goes off we'll have to do some clever hiding mighty quick. Indeed this attempt will be a desperate one but we are bound to pass him. We have even if he was the King of the demons, and we will pass him if we have to kill him to do so."

The little girls watching him as he came closer spread out separately in a wide diminution, and the boys working themselves closer and closer were the first to spring at him, then following came the little girls, there being for a moment a desperate struggle, but Angeline grabbed his gun from him and hit him over the head knocking the guard senseless, and then tied up his hands and feet and gagged him good, and then covered him up with bushes so he would not be seen.

Then the little girls continued on their way through the meadow which was bordered with the distant city of white tents, though being met and questioned by many Glandelinian boy scouts and officers and even privates. Passing the entrance to the house the little girls saw a piece of paper lying on the stone walk and Violet picking it up went behind a wall followed by the five little boys and her sisters, and as she unfolded it, they all glanced at it to see and this is what they read;

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL ABERDEEN STANISLAW:-----

You are under orders to make a flanking movement at twelve thirty to morrow mor against the Christian right under Roswell or Baldwin. The attack must be made upon the flank of these two armies in the greatest force for one of the generals must be captured and the Christian bulldogs routed at no matter what the cost. But be cautious as general Evans have too many scouting parties out, guards out, with a tremendous number of boy scouts and signal stations. And look out for the famous spies known as the slick Vivian girls for though I thought they would not have the nerve to say on us because they are now with the armies in Glandelinia they have showed me in a way my mistake that I would not care to experience again. They are still as slippery slippery as eels, and are as dangerous as demons now and would shoot any one on sight. In particular look out for them I bid you for your own safety as they are great sharpshooters, and too quick at it to suit me. As to my plan we must get around Treceas demmer by the east bank and then descend upon the rear of the Christian line under Roswell, under Johnston and then rout him before the noise of the firing will arouse the main line, and if a simultaneous attack can be made on the whole line at the same time all good will be accomplished. If we could also get upon the flank of the Christian divisions guarding the Vivian girls and surround them and capture them all we could easily bring the Christian dogs into submission. It's a dangerous task however as they are most watchful the men are all ferocious Abbeian warriors, and we got to keep the doggie Christian armies from advancing on Fountain Of Fire De la Greece and shall. But be careful of the Vivian girls as they are reckless as tigers, and what ever the nature of the Christians are a flank attack will decide the conflict at all costs and make a grand victory for us indeed.

YOUR CHIEF DIRECTOR GENERAL.

ORDERS FROM GENERAL HUBERT MANLEY.

General Gordon

C.B. Smith.

G.S.C.D.E.L.I.N.

Folding the slip Violet put it inside her waist, just as several privates came running up...

"Those children are spies and the Vivian girls with their companions." Violet and her sisters heard one of the men shout. "They were besieged by one of us in the Mess-Hall and escaped through a door in the roof and eluded us cleverly. Give chase double quick."

"How do you know those children are spies?" Cried one of the officers coming up.

"I recognize them as the same children whom we besieged in a Mess-Hall. I know them by their clothes and their picking up a paper and reading it is a very suspicious act. I observed them pick up the paper and read it."

Violet suddenly drew her gun and brought two of the telltale men down with quick well aimed shots, and then the little girls and boys ran as fast as they could, the glandelinians dashing after them well-nell shouting and yelling just as a party of cavarly men came riding down a company street and seeing the commotion and knowing what it was all about started after the fugitives a like the wind. Violet and her sisters were passing down one of the company streets and reaching the meadow again observed that the Gargolian cavarly was coming after them at break neck speed and that there was no time to lose.

These reckless Glandelinian cavarly men were driving their horses so swiftly after the fugitives that they would have rode the little girls down had they not jumped out of the way, and as the glandelinians whelled with a shout the little girls brought down exactly twelve of the glandelinians and the boys sixteen more, causing such confusion that it gained time for the fugitives to be enabled to jump on the empty sa saddles and dash off before the glandelinians recovered from the panic and amazement. Hundreds of other cavarly men were dashing after the little girls from several new directions.

"Stop you little female devils." One of the Gargolian leaders shouted wildly and with a curse. "We are bound to capture or shoot you down and you cannot get away from us now." Violet brought him down with a well aimed shot, the other little girls also opening fire followed by a volley from the pistols of the boys, and thirteen glandelinians dropped causing more confusion.

"After those guttersnips!" yelled a sweet faced officer. "Head off those little desperadoes. They must not escape, or we'll be frustrated. They are spies."

"Now already two hundred glandelinians were coming after the fugitives, at a thunderous gallop, yelling and firing for further orders, but the little girls had taken the lead across the meadow, though Jennie received a painful wound in the left foot but nevertheless she managed to keep her seat and shot down the man who had wounded her. The Gargolians were fast riders but nevertheless the fugitives were steadily gaining the distance on them galloping at a still more furious rate than the enemy was.

"Why but we are gaining on them though they seem worse than the Omnians." Said Gertrude Angeline. "I knew their true nature before and we are in for it now if we don't keep our distance from them for we'll be arousing the whole camp against us."

A large force of infantry had now lined themselves up in front but violet and her sisters dashed through shooting to right and left wildly and without missing a single shot captured several forced them to mount their horses and led them inside a large house stripped their captured victims of their weapons and tied the men firmly to a bed. Then violet standing at the door in full view of the near approaching Gargolians who were already dismounting to charge the house said:

"If you men attack us we'll burn the house and the prisoners who are with us. You will not capture us and that is all there is to it."

"Go to Hell ye little devils." Cried one of the officers and the men opened fire but the little girls had slammed the door shut and violet was not harmed. While the glandelinians were attacking the house, and while three of her sisters were returning the fire and shooting down twenty of the glandelinians within a few minutes and holding the foe at bay.

Joice set the bedding in the house on fire filling the room rapidly with smoke. By desperate attempts the glandelinians who had been made prisoners by the little girls managed to work the ropes loose and flinging the remains in the pail strove to overcome the little girls but three of them were shot and mortally wounded, the licking flames were catching the window shades and draperies, and half choked by the blinding smoke the little girls fought on driving back many attacks of the enemy, then joice seizing a chair hurled it against a window on the side of the house where the foe had been unable to get around and smashed it pane and all. The smoke was filling the room in thicker volumes but the little girls were setting other things on fire also, then after delivering one volley which brought down thirteen glandelinians simultaneously the little girls and boys sprang out of the window one by one, just as the glandelinians succeeded in breaking in. They had broke down the door with a battering ram, and then rushed into the smoke filled house, and as two rooms were like furnaces they were driven back by the heat, the whole floor of the hall also being a mass of flames, and not being able to stand the heat the men edged away as quickly as possible.

"Well if those spies and child fire bugs are not clever I'll eat my hat." Said Lieutenant Sanders. "They have escaped after setting the house on fire and slew their prisoners because we attacked the house. Go some of you men and search for them."

Along the ceiling now the fire was spreading fur furiously, also along the corridors and between the walls.

"The blaze is beyond control." Said another of the officers in a surly manner. "Let's get out. This is no place for us, and the fugitives have escaped through that window after setting fire to the house. See the smoke is coming through the cracks in the floor." Fifteen minutes after the Gargolians had left the hall and whole building became a roaring inferno, the little girls lying in hiding near the building watching the flames leaping out of every window in glee and admiration, and then slowly and cautiously resumed their way across the meadow. Their hearts beat fast for they saw three score of Gargolians looking in all directions for them, and also another cavarly force was coming up being lancers the most dreaded men of all.

"We must be careful that they don't trace us." Said violet. "We don't wish to leave the camp yet as we have not paid Ganley a respective visit yet."

"But two of the cavarly men among those just coming up and who were the lancers saw the fugitives crawling through the high grass in the meadow and yelled:

"There goes the yivian Girls and their five com

panions."

"They are escaping you fools." Cried an officer to his men at the same time. "After them and don't be slow about it either. But be careful or they'll pick you men off like flies. Follow them and don't make a reckless dash."

The soldiers bounded after the little girls yelling for them to stop but violet shouted back:

"Enbaie Memie Minie Moo, Catch a Nigger by the toe, and if he hollers Make him pay fifty dollars every day." And singling out a lieutenant and he brought down his horse. Jennie was suffering from the wound in her hand and seeing that blood was dripping from the scratch Jennie wrapped her clean handkerchief around it, and tightened it with one of her small blue belts. Bullets in the meantime were whistling about the little girls incessantly while through the meadow a perfect swarm of the Gargolians were slowly following after them while the lancers were moving in a oblique direction to head them off.

This did not daunt the fugitives who continued onward, the little girls now reaching a cornfield close to where gunners headquarters stood, and suddenly to the eyes of the men the fugitives suddenly disappeared as if into the very ground. They gasped, looked around for the little girls but could not find them. They saw a depression in the ground at one point which looked like a old sinkhole and into this the little girls had dropped, but having landed on a ledge which prevented them from falling sheer two hundred and fifty feet to the bottom, they had clambered up again and were safely lodged in one of the rooms of the building. The little girls found their ammunition badly exhausted and realizing that if escaped spies are to have need of ammunition it was then, and realizing that those who hesitate are lost, the little girls seeing on a door the sign: "AMMUNITION ROOM" crept stealthily toward it, and pressed it open wide enough to discover a score of glandelinians come in suddenly. In the little girls went just in time not to be seen. Looking around after carefully fastening the door on the inside they saw weapons of the guards hanging by w racks all around the four cornered walls. As they touched one of the weapons with the intention of drawing it it gave a resentful groan so loud that violet and her sisters felt that their chances of escape now was jeopardized, and with hearts standing still with excitement and little fear they waited for the expected attempt of some one to open the door from the outside.

As several footsteps stirred, and fearing that now they must see the adventure through violet and her sisters made a spring as swift and as noiseless as cats and landed on each side of the door to offer resistance should any one try and break down the door to come in and seize them. They had drawn their pistols and waited for the moment when the door should fly from its hinges, it seeming an eternity to their overwrought nerves as they remained beside the door, but nothing more was heard from the outside. All was quite quiet. As the little girls drew a small gun from its hostler a scabbard on the opposite rack scraped against the wall and holder with the sound of cast iron being filed violently against a great rasp, and with their hearts beating wild wildly violet and her sisters expected to see the room immediately filled with alarm and attacking Glandelinians and the door bursted down. But not a man came to the door. Four other revolvers they drew noiselessly, but as Jennie drew one from another hostler and proceeded to remove the bullets in them a cutlass fell from the rack and in dropping clanked against the iron floor with a most frightful and deafening clank.

Surely to Violet and her sisters it must have aroused some of the men outside on inside the building, and fouring again a break in at the door the little girls were on the point of forestalling the expected attack by a charge for the now open doorway but to their surprise not a graycoat appeared. But all of a sudden a door did open from the outside and in a moment looking then full in the face stood general Phollinda Janssonia who evidently took in the situation at one glance and appreciated the gravity of it as quickly as Violet and her sisters did and was about to arouse the alarm when Violet and her sisters fired as one and he crumpled to the floor with eight bullet wounds in his leg. The sound of the ten shots were ten times louder than the noise they made with the work inside the ammunition, and so fouring detecting and deciding to cause confusion they lighted one of the fuses of the powder barrels, and just as men dashed into the place were through the windows, and as a maelstrom of confused shots rang out the little girls dashed for a corn field just as the explosion occurred causing a series of explosions which sent the building flying into the air an avalanche of wreckage shooting through the black clouds of smoke. An alarm gun bellowed simultaneously from the battery nearest to the place its deep boom reverberating in deafening tones adding to the series of crashes caused by the explosions, which rained debris in every direction and scattered bricks mortar and timbers for the distance of four hundred yards. The whole camp teemed with glandelinian soldiers who were aroused, shell and rifle fire was opened furiously toward the cornfield, while men came dashing forward in every direction by scores yelling and shouting like demons, the pandemonium being deafening, hundreds of rifles cracking, scores of cannons booming and roaring deafeningly, officers shouting various orders to the men, men shouting directions to each other, and cavarly galloping here and there, and the glandelinian fire department clanging up to put out the big fire caused by the explosion. Violet and her sisters were rushing through the cornfield and came upon a party of infantry without warning and seeing that they were outnumbered and in danger of being over taken the little girls and boys decided to fight with the fury of desperation because they were bound at all costs to get away.

"Halt ye little rascals." Yelled the soldiers but the little girls paid no attention to them. What happened was the work of an instant: for the only reply the glandelinians received was several shots from the pistols of the little girls, three of the glandelinians sprawling while a sergeant caught a bullet in the left shoulder, he having fired at Gertrude Angeline whose gun cracked simultaneously with his own and the Gargolian sergeant fell from his horse like a bundle. Simultaneously a major was hit by Violet and collapsed with a groan of anger and rage, and then a colonel a fierce looking man broke forward toward Violet and her sisters followed by several Mc-Hollestonians the rascal rushing violet in person, and Jennie who was white with excitement fired and missed, but Violet fired herself knocking the gun out of the colonel's hand, and as he still lunged toward the little girl with savage outstretched hands Violet fired again and as the bullet only grazed his forehead he uttered an obscene blasphemy and giving forth a brutish roar of rage, his eyes protruding in his passion and fury managed to catch her in his hand but even as he did so Jennie fired a shot at close range, the savage hands fell back from violet's shoulder in a convulsive manner, the huge form of the major jerked sideways from her and the next instant he lay dead at her feet. Yet the other glandelinians being maddened by this came rushing toward Violet and her sisters who fired volley after volley so fiercely and incessantly that over fifty of the men fell, and in the confusion the little girls secured eight horses, the boys leaping on the same and off they dashed pursued by hundreds of the glandelinian soldiers who fired confusedly, the bullets whistling all about the little girls but doing them no harm at all and on and on they dashed.....

"If we must escape those wicked glandelinians we'll have to run down that steep incline over yonder." Said Jennie to her sis sisters and boy friends. "Come on we must be quick."

They raced for the incline and down it they dashed outdistancing the freemasons who opened a rattling ringing fusillade as they teemed above their rise. Simultaneously a large force of the lancers under general Aronburg came dashing swiftly up a tumpike, and discovering the fugitives quickly spread out to intercept them firing a terrific volley, but expecting what was coming the little girls had leaped behind the nearest trees and the shots missed them, and now the little girls found themselves placed between two fires. Violet and her sisters were calm, though at first the boys were bewildered, and as they were confronted by two high ledges of boulders, and knowing that it was instant death to be captured for the foe would shoot them down without mercy Violet and her sisters determined to make a stand against the Mc-Hollestonians and escape further to escape further when opportunity presented itself to them.

Besides the pistol the little girls were armed with automatics mostly colts, and so Violet and her sisters drew off their bolts and waited for the gray coats to come within range. On came the glandelinians not expecting any resistance as these rascals did not know that the children were armed but all of a sudden the little girls started firing, and fifteen glandelinians rolled down the ridge, the survivors cursing and swearing. Nearer and nearer the glandelinians came more swiftly now despite their losses, and though they went down like flies scores crawled on their hands and knees and got close to the ledge. In a few minutes the wicked glandelinian infantry outdistanced before were now upon them and finding themselves surrounded on all sides the little girls and boys fired away with their pistols with such effect at point blank, and as fast as they could fire and reload that the glandelinians gave back, scores of the glandelinians then trying a rush and leaping over but were shot down without reckoning by Violet and her sisters, who secured several men whom they bound hand and foot and placed in front of the stones in defiance of the foe. One of the glandelinians unseen by the little girls had rolled a barrel of gun powder with a lighted fuse attached into it and pushed it into the trench held by the little girls and then cried:

"Now you infernal striplings die!"

"Ha cried another of the men." "Those little devils shall pay for their rashness. Off you nearest men before the keg explodes." The nearest glandelinians dashed off full speed and the infantry and cavarly started firing anew to prevent as it seemed the little girls from escaping the danger. Violet and her sisters had not seen the keg of dynamite powder until the men had shouted those words, and this at first almost terrified them for if that big keg ever exploded they would be blown to pieces. However the fuse was seven inches long and the little girls struggled desperately to get rid of the keg as it was impossible to put it out the fuse and so hard did they struggle that they finally hoisted it over the wall to the dismay and surprise of the foe but back again it fell. Another minute and it would be too late the barrel weighing a hundred pounds. Again the thirteen children struggled and the seven inch fuse was now only two feet. At last they again got it over to the top of the pile of stones, and now more desperately they works as now they must make haste as the flame was already half an inch to the hole. The glandelinian infantry at the distance of five hundred feet and still firing in vain to stop the children from getting rid of the barrel for it would roll down upon them saw the barrel topple over at last and come bounding down toward them carrying all before it and uttered an imprecation and scattered wildly. They were too late, there was a report like a giant high explosive going off, and a great column of smoke shot upward among the glandelinians mingled with clouds of dirt and wreckage a hundred feet high. Two hundred glandelinians were fairly killed and five hundred wounded. There was a hue and cry among the men enraged and badly shaken survivors who were so demoralized by the incident that the little girls had succeeded in getting through their besieging lines and away and now again they swarmed in pursuit.

"Well who ever saw the like." Growled the main leader Aronburg in a rage. "Those little devils must be death proof. Can't kill em with a keg of powder and can't hit them with bullets."

"And my but the are slippery as ice." Another officer said in answer. "It's impossible to hold those little girls at all when you do catch them."

The cavarly were in the lead of the fugitives but the little girls were able to run down faster than the horses, and now the glandelinians were again firing, and cursing, blaspheming and swearing and yelling to the fugitives to stop but in vain, the brave little girls did not pay any heed at all but continued on until they reached the base and then sped across a wheat field, and setting fire to the wheat, with lighted matches dashed over a high fence the infantry again opening fire but not hitting any of the fugitives.

Shouting and firing the cavarly men alone dashed after the children their steeds jumping the high fence, and again slowly but surely they started to over take the child fugitives but the little girls had reached a barn and going on in and securing a bunch of cavarly horses that was found within dashed off again across a cabbage field, coming in sight of another row of tents. The fugitives having outdistanced the other pursuers kept their horses going on at a good speed when suddenly a countless number of glandelinians swarmed toward them from the tents.

"We have galloped right into the enemy's trap." Cried Joice. Hundreds of graycoats came swarming up armed to the teeth but in answer to the leaders' stentorian command to:

"Surrender you little dogs or we'll shoot you down!" The little girls charged them and caused such confusion that again they got away

after shooting a horrible number of them down. To give themselves up would have been utter rashness for they knew that the glandelinians would have killed them anyway and so the thirteen children at the command of the foe leader to surrender had wheeled their horses sharply around in a flash and opening fire on all sides simultaneously had galloped upon the men in the way knocking them down by tens and causing confusion, and then dashed off in another direction, and now the glandelinians recovering opened fire so fiercely that the many rifle reports were incessant. Hundreds of bullets whistled incessantly about the little girls making rips in their clothes and all of the little girls were unhorsed.

"Those dratted little devils certainly do possess charmed lines." Said one of the officers. "We have over 1,000 men in pursuit and all firing incessantly as it seems and we can't catch them or shoot them. Can't hit or kill em, and when we have them surrounded they charge us and break away. I believe the men are not good at target practice."

"Wouldn't that get your goat?" Said another officer. The glandelinian cavally made the dust fly with their furious galloping as they raced after the little girls and quickly overtook them, but the little girls fairly unhorsed thirty and securing thirteen of the horses during the confusion, kept up a furious fire until they were all mounted and then again dashed away in the eyes of the really astonished Glandelinians. The little girls urged their horses over fence after fence the enemy in hot pursuit it certainly being a stirring time.

At this moment a shot struck the horse violet was riding and it fell but she jumped before she was thrown to the ground, and Joice quickly helped her onto her own, and the whole party fairly raced for freedom followed by almost a thousand glandelinians and Mo-Hollestinians, and now again Violet and her sisters headed for a fence, which the horses leaped with perfect ease, but the wicked glandelinians were close on their heels, and seeing their peril the little girls stopped momentarily and aiming at the foremost soldiers, but before they could fire these glandelinians wheeled their horses and made a dash for safety. A score of other soldiers made for the same fence uttering their weird devil yell at being pretty far ahead by this time the little girls did not care a bit how loudly the pursuers screamed, and rapidly outdistancing their pursuers taunted them with a handkerchief.

A portion of the glandelinian cavally column had separated to intercept the fugitives and were seen by the children to be advancing from another direction, the little girls fortunately seeing them coming in time, and made for a deep stream they had crossed over to get into the heart of the enemy's lines. Into the roaring waters they plunged to the surprise of the foe laying low on their horses necks to avoid the danger of flying bullets as the foe was again firing incessantly, and Violet looking behind saw the foremost Glandelinians also plunging into the water after them, while a line of others were racing along the opposite banks shouting and yelling to the little girls to stop. On continued the little girls heedless to the shouts of the foe continuing on down the stream their horses submerging as fast as they were able, but nevertheless the glandelinian horsemen seemed to be gaining on them again and the foremost soldier who happened happened to be their old time enemy general pick later ordered the little girls to halt or be shot down and del declaring that it was the last time that he would warn them to do so.

In the meantime violet and her sisters had approached a tree which was now which had a long branch overhanging the stream, and by means of climbing onto it the little girls managed to pull it down, and though receiving a good ducking for their work, they succeeded in barricading the advance of their pursuers, and as the men and horses got entangled in the network of branches the little girls swam after their horses, and dragging them toward the bank remounted and continued on their way. The men were caught fast in the strong twigs and leaves of this palm tree and there was a babel of confusion, and a volume of cursing and swearing, as a score of those on shore had to ride into the stream to the rescue of general Aronburg, Slater and the others, thus making a long delay which caused violet and her sisters and their little boy friends to have a good chance of outdistancing them, and ride to the shore with comparative safety, and then dash off into a woods.

The remainder of the glandelinian pursuers were led by Jorden, and these sturdy Glandelinians continued the chase riding in three directions so as to head off the escape of the fugitives, and violet and her sisters and the little boy companions seeing that they were in danger of being horned in dismounted, hid their horses in the thickest shrubbery, and climbed up to the top of a good sized tree, and hid in the thickest of the foliage.....

In a few minutes each party of Glandelinians met suddenly to the surprise of each other at finding the fugitives gone so unexpectedly and so mysteriously mysteriously even their horses.

"It cannot be denied that they are hiding somewhere in these woods." Said one of the officers to colonel Jorden. "And you know colonel it is manley's orders that they are not to be taken as prisoners but shot down on sight."

"The only way we could root them from their hiding places is to either set fire to the tree tops or the whole forest." Said general O'Donnell, and as he gave the order a score of the best tree climbers skinned up the trees very close to the ones the fugitives were hiding on, and applied lighted torches to the dry leaves in an effort to break up the hiding places of the children and capture or destroy them. Several even started to climb up the trees in which the fugitives were hiding, but violet and her sisters drew their guns, violet herself striking the first man that reached the top a stunning blow on the head, and the rascal fell fully eighty feet to the ground. At this unexpected occurrence the others thinking he only fell quickly decided to descend, the officers and the general rushing up to the one who had fallen.

"Did he fall?" Asked one of the men who was the first to descend. "Yes he did after he was struck on the head with something." Cried the general in a rage. "Men get those little brats. Fire a volley into that tree and kill them curd outright." "

"Twenty soldiers aimed upwards and let loose a simultaneous volley and the little girls and boys feeling the wind of the bullets, and hearing the whistling, and seeing the leaves drop like snow, and that the furious flames from the burning tree tops was catching the foliage of their hiding places clambered like monkeys to a tree opposite, and descended as cautiously as they knew how taking advantage of the thick clouds of smoke to that hid them, and reaching the ground, they stole silently and carefully to where they had left their horses, which they easily found, and mounting them quickly dashed off just as several of the Glandelinians saw them, and who ran after them, and then stopped and fired several times bringing down two horses.

Quickly Jennie and Gertrude were helped onto the horses of violet and Joice and off they went again, then some more shots were fired, and Jennie and Joice felt a stinging sensation in their right arms, but regardless of the wounds they continued on.

"After those little devils." Yelled O'Donnell in a maddened rage at having been outwitted this way. "They are escaping, getting away you men. What are you standing gaping like that for. FIRE!"

Half a hundred of the men were remounting their horses, while a score of others pursued on foot for a slight distance and opened volley and were satisfied at seeing all the remaining horses go down in a heap with all under near underneath as it seemed. The little girls however managed to free themselves, and the boys also and plunged out of sight of the wicked glandelinians into a thick line of brush wood. To the Glandelinians they had again mysteriously disappeared and they were as flabbergasted as any man would be at witnessing the greatest freak on record.

"Why don't some of you men relight your torches and set the brushwood on fire?" Cried O'Donnell. "Are you asleep. If so sleep where I can see you do it."

"But it is no use" Said some of the under officers. "They are surely not hiding up in that brushwood."

"I said set--"

All of a sudden one of the men interrupted; "There they go yonder across a bridge and clear toward general Manley's main headquarters to the east."

At once those already on their horses raced after them, while those dismounted leaped on their saddles and followed after them. Finally they divided into two parties one going westward, and the other southeastward, so as to cut them off from escape before they even reached the bridge. However the movement was more completely successful than expected, but before they could get near enough to open fire upon the fugitives apparently at a loss of what to do at finding themselves trapped on the bridge, the little girls urged their horses over the railing and into the water below, and then hid in the darkness as of the bridge house underneath. General O'Donnell was more so furious than ever before, for this was the fourth time that the child fugitives had so cleverly outwitted him and his soldiers, and being outwitted in this manner by mere striplings as he called them was tantalizing in the extreme. Part of one of the parties went back swiftly, and even their horses under the bridge with the intention of searching for the fugitives

While the remainder swarmed along the two opposite shores of the river, he remained to guard the bridge.

"Those kids who ever they are must be caught and slain at all hazards." Said O-pennell. Before those yivian brats used to spy alone and now they bring more to make it worse for us. "I don't know who those other kids are who are with them but by heck they are the most desperate beings probably just as bad as the yivian girls and may cause just as much harm to our armies. They must be caught at all hazards." About a score of the Gargolians on horseback waded carefully and cautiously under the bridge and started a diligent search, but could not find the little girls, or those with them at all. As they waded far beyond, the little girls saw a chance unseen before to slip away without being observed and so leaving the hiding place plunged into the water once more, and swam to the shore, dodging in a thicket, just as a glandelinian saw them and fired. Some of the glandelinian officers saw them also, and brought the place to be continued though already their horses were badly jaded by so much wild running.

"It seems possible that those glandelinians are bound to get us no matter how much time it takes." Said Jennie. "We are in great peril indeed and in the first place we ought to have avoided contact with the Ho-Hollentinians and not let them see and surprise us as they did, for when those rascals set upon an intention to do a wicked thing, they never give up unless they are compelled to do so by tremendous odds against them. We'll have to do something desperate before long or we'll never have the chance of paying Manley another visit."

"I see a flower field yonder and a couple of bee hives." Said Violet. "We could throw those hives at the enemy, and the confusion caused by the bees would enable us to escape them."

They reached the hives in no time and as soon as the foe came near enough the little girls throwing their hats low down over their heads, and stuffing something down the backs of their necks, grasped the hives and threw them right into the midst of the glandelinians. If I was to die I could not do other the rout. You would only realize it by witnessing it in person. Some of the glandelinians dove into a creek, others ran and tripped one another in the confusion, and the remainder did all they could do to beat off the bees with their coats. Violet and her sisters had been stung slightly by some of the bees, having been pursued for a great distance by a small swarm.

Despite the fact that the enemy had pursued the little girls so relentlessly, Violet and her sisters had reached general Hanley's headquarters, and entered by one of the rear doors unobserved by any one. They lodged themselves in one of the spare rooms unobserved by any one, but had to wait fully a whole hour before any one showed up. It was general Hanley alone, no one being with him, but nevertheless he appeared to have a fierce growl on about something, for his eyes flashed, and his fists were clenched.

Suddenly one of the privates entered and saluted.

"Have you found those little brats yet?" Asked Manley. He had heard of the entrance of the yivian girls into his lines and of the way they had eluded their pursuers despite all the desperate attempts to capture or shoot them down outright, and thus his reason of being in such an ugly humor.

"No your excellency they have not taken them." Answered the soldier sullenly. "The men have tried with the fury of desperation to kill them even but in the end the little girls even turn a hive of bees loose among us. It's tantalizing, and we won't stand it your excellency any longer. If something ain't done to cause the destruction of these little snakes the whole army will rebel against you. They are murmuring about it now."

"That is just what I feared." Said general Manley. "But there seems no way to catch those devilish children called the yivian girls. It's enough to make any one commit suicide. But how dare they rebel when they are conscious it's their own fault by not catching the little fiends."

"Well they say it's your own fault your excellency."

"How dare they use such words against me! My fault! I've offered every reward known and possible for the destruction of those little gutter-snipes and they do not try to obtain it. I've placed the rewards in thick red letters all over throughout Galverinia and Amelinia during our own invasion of that country and now they blame me because the children spy on us. But then poor fellows I pity them and cannot blame them if they did rebel. It's really John Hanley's fault, for he blundered by being their enemy after what they did for him during his quarrel with Hanson and have thus made them his enemies one less that we all dread. It's up to general John Hanley to catch them and not I. I also thought they would not dare say on us since

they know they were in the country of dangerous enemies but I have been foolishly mistaken as they have proved themselves. I always hated those yivian girls, and cannot describe how I hate them now. I'd give my soul for their destruction itself. And I mean it too."

After a few more words the soldier left and general Manley was left alone. He seated himself at the very table under which the children were hiding, and knowing now that it was impossible to hide themselves any longer and that they would surely be discovered, the little girls suddenly revealed themselves. Joice of course looking the door as the key was in it at the time Manley was so flabbergasted at their appearance that at first he could not utter a word, but losing his temper suddenly he drew his gun and tried to shoot the little girls down, but they being prepared for just the very thing, had taken every advantage of protection in the room, and after returning a fusillade of shots without however harming Manley as he stood behind a thick stone pillar, the little girls managed to escape from the room and dash away, Manley bursting open the door to let in those who were pounding madly, in desperate attempts to get in and see what the row was about.

Manley told in the briefest words possible what happened and ordered a pursuit. Fortunately for Violet and her sisters this headquarters of general Manley happened to be on the outskirts of the glandelinian camp, and though being pursued wildly than ever before in their lives by the glandelinian cavalry soldiers, they luckily ran into a squadron of byzantinian dragoons who made a sudden frantic dash upon her the pursuers, and in the clash cut down forty glandelinians and routed the others like frightened sheep. Again Violet and her sisters had accomplished a great spying exploit at the expense of the glandelinian armies and they made Evans and all the other christian armies all the more proud of them, and they were considered great heroes indeed.

.....THE BATTLE OF GRACE-DE-LINDA.....

In the meantime Germaine yivian was confronted by the great glandelinian armies under general Morgan Sturgeon, at the town of grace-de-linda or along a stream of a wat or called the Jorinda jorindel Run. Germaine had finally wished to avoid an engagement with the enemy, and had tried many various and desperate means to force his way past them, but in vain, and during the time Evans was waging the battle of Yezzeno Run, Germaine felt heavy assaults along his own lines and finally was forced in two days hard fighting, and a good portion of his army cut to pieces, and routed for the distance of twenty eight miles. Fortunately for him his second division of the army had not as yet been engaged, and when the battle was renewed on the third day, all the desperate efforts of the enemy was not successful and they had been forced to retreat back to their own works. The battle was resumed the next day with redoubled fury, but nevertheless the enemy could not break any part of the christian line, though they managed to hurl the left wing across the river, and in the afternoon Germaine yivian was able to crush the main line of assailants, and then move forward to the attack himself, and captured a quarter of the glandelinian army, cut the remainder of the glandelinian army up to pieces, and scattered it to a distance of a hundred miles, capturing all the military stores, the town itself, with all the fortifications, and every piece of artillery, and 10,000,000 small arms..... It was a great victory for Germaine yivian and made general Evans marvel when he learned of it, and he sent a note by wireless to Germaine yivian, praising him for his success, and advising him to keep it up, and that soon his own armies will be hurling assaults against the foe at Fountain Of-Perene De la Crece.....

Violet and her sisters enjoyed the good news of this great victory won by one of their good brothers, but they felt very bad about the fact that it was so long ago that they had last seen either one. They had prayed for their safety day after day, and indeed God was hearing their prayers, for neither brother had fallen in the battles since the frightful carnage at Jorinda or Aronburgs Run. In the meantime it was rumored that a great army of glandelinians was advancing under general Ah Amble-Wad to reinforce general Manley, and Evans realizing more reinforcements which had been advancing swiftly toward him lines decided to beat Manley once again, but Manley was willing to leave off fighting for a while and so withdrew completely leaving the new glandelinian army twice as strong to oppose Evans.

It was during a halt against the glandolinians under Ah Annie told that Violet and her sisters and a shocking experience, which though they proved that they could save any one they loved no matter how great the odds. That night while Violet and her sisters were in the dining room along with William and Francis, then gray coated glandolinians who had stolen into the christina lines unobserved sprang into the room with fierce and devilish blasphe mies. The vivian girls were giving Francis their Geril when these rascally glandolinians entered. They stopped sniffed the breakfast with relish then observed the children, Francis and William alone being paralyzed with fright.

Frozen with amazement and astonishment Violet and her sisters stared at the rascals but was instantly aroused to action when two of the Huanan monsters rushed forward and graps grasped or jerked Francis towards them with a brutal grin and a savage curse. Leaping from their seat at the table the Vivian girls drew their weapons and went to the rescue of little Francis and shot down the rascals, but was charged upon by the remainder of the brutes and hurled across the room. At the same moment Gertrude Angelina struck the angl ankle of the other man grasping the child, but with a fierce oath he seized Gertrude by the collar and with an easy backwards gesture threw the little girl clear out of the window. Fortunately the distance go to the ground was only three feet or she would have feet injured by the fall. Inspired by their love for little Francis and William, and forgetful of their own danger for the rascals were Ho-Mollet Indians, the little girls tackled the brutes, Joice and Jennie attacking the man who was shocking Francis.

At first their clinched hands flittered frantically like a humming birds before the rascals eyes, but after beating at the rascals hardened chest, and straining to loosen his grasp on poor William, Joice shot him dead. Just what purpose the men had in mind of attacking her and not William or her and her sisters was not clear, but their attention was fixed upon the child, and the attack of the vivian girls gave them no concern whatever, for another of the rascals hands circled the throat of the little one and strangled her terribly, while Lil/ William screamed piteously. Violet shot this rascal also down and as Francis dropped to the floor Violet seized her in her arms and looked toward William, but the remaining rascals sensed the meaning of her glance, and seizing William around the neck threw the little girl across the room and was about to run her through with his bayonet when Jennie shot him dead. Joice darted to where William lay and then both children were pushed into a closet, locked the door and then Violet and her sisters in leading Gertrude who came in again stood defiantly before that door with leveled doors daring the glandolinians to charge them.

"Get away from that door roared the leader. "We want that little girl and are going to get her. "And we want you too."

"Come and take us if you dare." Cried Jennie. "There are only six of you rascals left and there are eight of us."

The men however rushed the little girls with wild fury, but all were shot and mortally wounded, just as Evans and a number of his officers having a been aroused by the shot sound of pistol shots, and the shouting and cursing, and children screaming burst in to the room.

Evans under stood the situation at once. The glandolinian soldiers who were found only slightly wounded, were taken prisoner and those already dead were thrown out of the window with little ceremony.

After Evans tried to force the confession out of the rascals not badly wounded, but no matter what was said, promised, or threatened they would not give the reason of their attack on Francis and William.

"Well then I'll confess that I'm sorry for you foolish glandolinians." Said Evans. "You are in the hands of the Abyssinikilians and not Abbeonians or Angelinians, and you ought to know the penalty these kind of soldiers impose on those who attempt to harm children. They punished me that they would let it go at that if you confessed the reason of your attack on the children, but as you won't do so I cannot save you from their wrath. Tell me and I'm wise, or they'll even burst in on me, and kill you like dogs. There is a roaring mob of them outside now."

At first the glandolinians believed that general Evans was only saying this to compel them to confess and still refused. Evans saw that they doubted him and said:

"You are greatly mistaken if you think I'm lying to you, and I'm a Christian as I'm trying to be. If you don't believe me just look out of this window!"

The men obeyed and were startled at what they saw. There was before the house a multitude of frenzied redcoats with high long hats about in the shape of those worn by the Pope or bishops. They were the dreaded Abyssinikilians and they were besieging the hos house, and already impatient a mob of them was swarming furiously up the steps with the intentions of already breaking in.

"I won't be able to hold them much longer." Said Evans. "They think you make the attack on the vivian girls instead and are going to lynch you without more unless you confess the reason. They won't wait a another minute."

"We were sent by general Ah Annie to kill the little girl called Francis Schmidt." Said one of them. "We really truly intended no harm on the other children as we were not so married to do so. She is wanted as a runaway child slave, and Stanley himself was bound to have her. It's the truth your excellency."

"And the vivian girls showed you what they were made of." Said Evans with a grin. "They overpowered all of you yourselves, though one of you threw Gertrude out of the window as she told me. I'll report to the enraged enraged gallowinians that you confessed."

"They have confessed." Said Evans as he opened the outside door so if you will let them alone it will be as you say. But if you think they are worthy of hanging why of course do it. It was their intention of stealing Francis Schmidt who was a runaway child slave as they claimed, but who was rescued from slavery by myself."

A murmur of assent came from the throng somewhat cooled down now.

"We thought the rascals attacked the vivian girls." Shouted one of them hoarsely.

"The little girls fought for her." Said Evans. "That is the cause of the shooting you heard."

The mob of soldiers gradually and suddenly dispersed and the glandolinian and glandolinians felt relieved. They however were taken off to the prison camp under a strong escort to be later brought before the court Marshall and tried.....

THE BATTLE OF MEDDA ZIBERMANNA...

In the meantime Jimmie Vivian in advancing in a southeast course with the intent intention to try and gain ahead of Evans in his advance toward Fu Fontain of r Porene De la Greece was opposed by the glandolinians under general Zee Res Becklinia Zibermann, Bernard Zibermann, and Zibermann Stanck three armies opposed against Jimmie and still overwhelmed by the a distance..... Bernard Zibermann opposed general Jimmie Vivian right grand division at Medda Zibermann, and after some of the most sanguinary fighting of that part of the christian invasion was thrown back with the complete destruction of that portion of the glandolinian army, and with the death of Zibermann.

Jimmie Vivian then forced himself across the pursuit and Harper Junction and made a fearful onslaught against the glandolinian forces under Becklinia, but it took five hours to force the foe from the position and not without the most fearful loss. Twice the foe had made terrific onslaughts, ten times had swept forward against the christian lines in roaring counter charges, only to be wiped out, but finally this army gave way in confusion and Jimmie Vivian at night took possession of the city.

Zibermann Stanck's army did not arrive in time to take part in the battle that day but he arrived with his forces in the night, and then early in the morning with redoubled fury resumed the battle and a most sanguinary conflict raged all a long the time for the whole live long day and charges were numbered by the three hundred on both sides. The glandolinians however were worsted on this day also, and Jimmie Vivian found his advance unimpeded to his good luck.

Evans later heard of his good luck and urged him on in his race. Corlette True simultaneously clashed with the enemy during the frightful battle of Yimo Childrens Gule and this battle raged with greater violence than even Medda Zibermann. He had learn learned of King Cannons failure to advance to the aid of Hanson and so had endeavored to advance to Cannons aid and also send a large portion of his army to aid general Hanson at Priete too station.

He, Glandelinian army who stepped in his way to oppose him was under general Heller Johnston. Heller Johnston had been moving northward to reinforce Manley at Bristol Station and hearing of the advance of Everette True had changed his course and came upon his army just at the junction of the Easter Starring and Mc-Hollister and Pandora Railroad, near the town of Mine Childrens Gulch. At first he had hesitated in attacking Everette True for his army were all Abbeianians and conscientious the worse of all the Christian soldiers, and not only that but the Christian army was five to his one.

THE PART OF THE EVERETTE TRUE.....

It was soon to be found out by the Glandelinian generals however that this Abbeianian general was a different fighter, than any other Christian general known. He was no fighter, oh no. Heller Johnston made his great mistake by delaying too long in waiting for reinforcements which had been promised him. Ever True as Everette True was called did not believe to be attacked first, always having the opinion of who strikes first strikes to win. Seeing that the armies under Mc-Hollister was delayed in its advance the Heller Johnston did strike a sudden blow on the eighteenth of June. The battle raged desperately for two days in series upon series of savage encounters here and there, but gradually the whole Glandelinian army under Johnston was cut to pieces, and routed, and rolled co, completely from the field.

It was a surprising defeat for the Glandelinians at that but at this critical moment the armies under Aberdeen Mc-Hollister arrived, and his army was equal to that of Everette True. The next day the third the battle was renewed with greater determination, ten times Everettes right and left was rolled up from the field, his center broken once, and as many times did he recover all the lost ground during the early part of the third day of the great contest many attempts were made by the Abbeianians to take the enemy's works, and though successful, the enemy had counter charged so fiercely and with such almost desperate determination that they recovered every position taken and rolled the Abbeianians back crushed and mangled with their fallen lying in monstrous heaps.

In the afternoon after a fearful artillery duel of three hours in which three hundred thousand cannon roared and thundered in tremendous salvos of broadsides, the whole Abbeianian line with clouds of skirmishers in front swept over the whole plain under the deadliest Glandelinian artillery fire which tore their lines through and through, and as rolled the Glandelinian positions with such violence and violent fury that they tore the enemy's lines to pieces in turn, rolled them from the field and then as the enemy rallied again and again, fought back twenty eight charges with might and main within an hours time.

Fearful was the struggle indeed, and the losses were fearful but nevertheless the enemy held their ground until night fell and then retired in order, but in the noise in the early afternoon Mc-Hollister had been mortally wounded, and the army was practically without a leader. It was also a dead deadly tough victory for Everette True, and despite it being a Christian victory, his advance was too slow and finally barred altogether as the two Manleys were hurrying heavy armies to the aid of Heller Johnston and Everette True not wishing for another desperate struggle so soon decided to call it off and halted his armies to rest.

It was truly evident that the enemy was resisting the invasion with great fury indeed, showing themselves to be heroes wicked as they were, and giving the Christians great opposition every step of the way.

Evans army itself continued its advance day after day the enemy under general Ah Annie-Wadd retreating slowly before him. But as the Christians reached the town of Blander the those going through saw that the retreating enemy had massacred all the child slaves, for they were found lying in the streets brutally mutilated.

The air of the abandoned town smelted of death and the scene was frightful horrible. The number of children slain was about 70,000

1,000 of whom were boys and the rest girls. Violet and her sisters had been with these soldiers who were going through this town, and saw on a curb on which lay a little naked shapeless heap, and they horrified looked down on the face of a little girl. She was not more than five years of age, there being a glimpse of white beneath the long curving lashes in of her still white lips.

A curl of soft brown hair lay over her cheek half hiding a wicked cut, and except for the fact that the face was untouched and calm.

"It will do those wicked Glandelinian assassins good to have some of their own little girls butchered this way." Said one of the Abbeianian soldiers who saw the sight. "The man who killed her must have wanted to study on her interior Christian children it seems never have a chance to live during this damn war."

Violet and her sisters had recoiled covering her eyes staggering back half fainting at the sight.

"We can't stand it." They cried. "She's like my own little girl friends. who we have loved so dearly and lost."

The little body indeed was twisted and mangled a gaping cut almost a foot wide exposing everything inside the child ran from shoulder to navel one small round leg had been crushed almost into a pulp from knee to foot and her arm was torn and blood covered.

"That ain't what human beings do." Said another Abbeianian with a curse. "It's the deed of fiends in human form." "If it did not horrify us we would and could have been mean enough to do the same to their kids."

In utter silence the white faced shaking African girls forced themselves away from the horrible sight. The rear guard of the soldiers set fire to the town and some Abbeianian was heard to cry:

"BEFORE AN EIGHTY GOD, MAY THE BLOOD OF INNOCENT CHILDREN DURING THIS WAR BE UPON GANDALINA AND HER PEOPLE."

News of this slaughter had been spread to other armies, and soon devastation and destruction was continued with redoubled fury. On many occasions hundreds of thousands of Glandelinian prisoners were ruthlessly massacred by the enraged Abyssinkilians, and even by Abbeianians, but no such occurrence happened however in Evans army, though he did not make any degree to prevent it.

During the advance a part of Ah Annie-Wadd's army along the right was cut off by a large force of Abyssinkilians, who suddenly fell upon them with great slaughter, and carried many off as prisoners routing the survivors like frightened sheep. Later as the advance was halted for a day near the town of Ah Aberdeen there was suddenly upon the air a series of loud shrieks from a childish voices, and full upon the Christian guards ran a swarm of frightened children, many injured and bleeding from cuts of all sorts and pursued in full fury by a swarm of Mc-Hollisterians whose swords was dropping blood. The guards raised the alarm, the Abyssinkilians gathered, fell upon the Glandelinians and shot and cut down every one of them without mercy. Realizing now that the enemy was murdering all the child slaves for either revenge because of the Christian success or because because they were apprehensive, or because they did not want the children to be rescued Evans reported the matter by wireless to Hanson stating thus:

"Your excellency general Hanson; t

The foe are murdering all the child slaves they have in their possession. It is horrible but I'm bound to have it stopped at all cost."

EVANS.

Evans during halts investigated the serious situation and Violet and her sisters spying on the enemy once more learned the real crime and reported to Evans.

"They are bound to show you and all the Christian generals that you and they will never save the children or bring their freedom." Said Violet "That is the reason they are committing the horrible massacres."

"I'll stop it or I'll know the reason why." Evans answered boy and knowledge answered furiously. "And damn them old devils in human form I'll prove it too."

He wrote this to general Ah Annie Wadd:

"Your excellency you are I am doing the good work of annihilating all the child slaves in your path and encouraging the other armies to do so to frustrate us in our endeavors to rescue them or set them free. Well I appreciate it very much, and will reward you handsomely. If any more children do this will be the reward. I have in my army over 14,000,000 soldiers and officers of Glandelinian prisoners of war, one eight of whom are spies.

"Now, there are about eighteen great generals and forty-three other high officers. We'll massacre any more children as you have been doing. I'll tell you fair and square that it won't take me long to decide to set my prisoners free. If you valuable the soldiers of Glandelinia. So are prisoners in my hands and do not wish them to be assassinated in return stop massacring children. This is the last warning. I'll not warn again."

GENERAL EVANS."

At first Ah Annie Wad did not believe that Evans meant what he said but then he had heard of the massacres of glandelinian officers and soldiers committed by other Abbieannian armies over this massacre of children, and as all his officers warned him to be careful, that Evans would not only keep his word but might do even worse, Ah Annie Wad stopped the massacres of the children but millions were carried off further to be out of way of rescue.

Evans pressed on in his advance, the enemy steadily retreating, and not offering to do battle as Evans was expecting. It was also reported that the glandelinian army at Fountain Of Perene De La Grecco already numbered about 234,567,000, and Evans learning of this decided to force Ah Annie Wad back at all hazards, sweep him aside and try and make a race around so as to oppose any more armies moving there. It was his purpose to get down ahead of other retreating armies, before they got there, cut them off by fierce opposition, and so prevent the army at Fountain Of Perene De La Grecco becoming so large that no army could be mustered in time to force the position.

So under cover of a dark stormy night Evans set his armies in motion and notifying general Vivian of his intentions advised him to do all he possibly could on the same line and to follow him as quickly as possible.

Ah Annie Wad seeing Evans despite the feint he was making doing this suspicious action retreated hastily to the southern bank of the great Easter Starring, and then learning the purpose of general Evans Evans extended his army in such a way as to frustrate any attempt of Evans to get around Ah General Vivian himself was simultaneously checked at the northern bend of the same great river by an overwhelming force of glandelinians under general Ben Logan. Evans was enraged at this being frustrated so cleverly by such a dauntless enemy of god and all the saints, and felt so humiliated, humiliated and mortified that he acted like a man about to kill every body that got in his way. Again Evans plans had been frustrated, and he blasphemed the devil and all his angels and defied them all to come out and help the glandelinians fight him single handed. Evans had heard a lot of this glandelinian general who though having a queer and funny name was as wicked as a hellish fiend and a hellish child butcher, and who deserved to be slain for the hundreds of thousands of frightful sacrilegious sacrilegious he had committed during his service in the glandelinian rank. And Ah Annie Wad the man who had murdered his father and mother and sister, and Evans thirsted for revenge.

To think of being humiliated, humiliated and mortified by a man who had murdered all he loved so dearly, by being checked in this manner was maddening, and Evans was filled with the desperation of despair. Get to the region of Fountain Of Perene De La Grecco he must before the foe armies gather there too strong, and get there he will if he had to wring from heaven the host of angels to help him. He tried many various maneuvers to get around the rascals army, and while out reconnoitering with Violet and her sisters was fired on by the foe's batteries and all were dismounted and scratched and bruised though it was a wonder they were not all killed. Evans was still for intensified with his mortified feelings, at seeing his dearest friends thus mortified, but in their presence he said nothing.

That night he held a council, and after informing of his officers of his intentions to get there at all costs Roswell master Johnston bringing his fist down violently on the table said:

"Damn it we can do it easily enough. He don't dare attack us because he is overwhelmed ten to one. If we keep on letting that devil outgeneral us we'll never get by. Crush the sneaking child assassin's rank and we'll get by. I'm for battle not demonstrations and maneuvers. They do no good."

Violet and her sisters who were in the same room though taking no part in the council was in favor of Roswell's decision, and so were most of all the officers themselves including Underline and some others.

Evans in the morning commenced to the disgust of his generals more concealing demonstrations and demonstrations, which made the enemy work their armies as before, and the christian generals began to think that Evans was wrong in the head to act this way time and again, but at ten o'clock that morning he changed his tactic.

FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE AT SOUTH BEID.

1000 10 10

Increasing the threatening formations of his demonstrations and maneuvers, Evans had brought unseen by the foe a large army around the rear of Ah-Annie Wad's whole line, and at Eleven-O-Clock, struck such a mighty blow that for four hours the whole left wing of the enemy was demoralized and panic stricken and when later in the evening Evans withdrew from this maneuver he brought back with him 10,000,000 prisoners, two of whom were generals Pemberton, and Pictoral. He inflicted a loss on the enemy in killed and wounded amounting to nearly three million in that bloody sortie.

During the rest of the time all was quiet and nothing occurred for a while. Evans was for assailing the enemy right on the morrow and not wait for another week as many of his officers had decided, but Violet and her sisters did not think it wise just then to do so. During daylight however the enemy also made some sorties, and surprised a portion of the christian center and fairly captured general Evans headquarters.

Fortunately he over the christian generals and violet and her sisters escaped before the enemy came, having observed the approach of the gray wave in the nick of time. New christian forces however concentrated heavily upon the glandelinians and after some fierce fighting of an hours duration drove the enemy back with considerable loss. Many prisoners were taken by the Abbieannians who threatened to massacre the glandelinians for their rash attempt, but Evans managed to restrain them though it was difficult work. Violet and her sisters were indeed surprised at the nerve of Ah-Annie Wad's glandelinians and believed that it was the forerunner of some great attack that was threatening. In the excitement the little girls had fled from the building with their nighties on, and so had their other little friends there hardly being time to put anything on.

They had been aroused from their sleep by a wild fusillade of firing seemingly in every direction and having gotten out of bed ran to the window and had seen the glandelinians surging forward toward the building just in time to arouse General Evans and the others, and all had escaped from the building before any of them were captured. The enemy however had obtained some valuable reports, and the main field dress uniform belonging to general Evans and many other supplies that the glandelinian officers themselves were in great need of.

After the excitement was over Evans and the others including the children returned to the building, which though set on fire was saved in time by the army fire department which had arrived on the scene just after the repulse of the assailants. At other points of the christian lines came reports of many sorties made by the enemy, but as yet there had been no general attack, and it was believed that the enemy were taking revenge for the blow Evans had struck them on the left flank early that day.

The sortie however in which the glandelinians had captured Evans headquarters was the fiercest, and had resulted in heavy losses for both sides.

During the remainder of the night many of the sentries observed suspicious lig lights, and movements among the distant lines of the enemy and sounded warnings now and then but nothing unusual happened though sorties were reported every now and then, and Evans expecting that another would occur in the region of his headquarters told the vivian girls not to go to sleep any more if they valued their lives.

At times the enemy was reported to be advancing, and then to be moving around the christian left, but such reports could not be confirmed though the sentries kept a strict watch nevertheless, and sounded the alarm at the slightest sign of a suspicious sound or movement anywhere on their beat. Violet and her sisters had dressed themselves, and so had the other children, and then they went outside to join the excited throngs of soldiers outside. Violet and her sisters wished to go and see some of the picket lines, but many of the under officers warned the children not to do so for it was dangerous and so violet and her sisters did not.

Scattered violet and her sisters would be surprised by hearing sudden volleys of scattered shots, which would last fifteen minutes and then slacken and all then would be quiet again, except the excited voices of soldiers and officers here and there. Finally toward three o'clock that night Evans came out of the house, and said to violet and her sisters!!!!

"I just received reports that general Evans' army is also checked at the North Bend of the Easter Starring river, by a large force of the enemy under general Ben Logan, and that he is checked just as completely as I am."

"I told him that I was checked too but I'm going to force my way past it all cost, and told him to do so too."

"I believe it is right," said violet. "And as these soldiers are all excited over the sorties made by the enemy to night I and my sisters think it would be best to force our way through the enemy's lines instead this morning itself, and show general Ah Amide-Wad that we will go just where we please."

"I think it is the best plan also," said Evans.

Toward daybreak Evans prepared his divisions for more maneuvers not saying to his officers what his intentions really was, and they thought Evans was going to make another sortie on the enemy's rear. Of course the same movement which had been expected by his officers was repeated, and all too much to the surprise of the enemy, which again drove them into confusion, but this time instead of withdrawing his forces as he did the day before, he concentrated to the front and threw a tremendous and a wild hail storm of attack upon the whole glandelinian center, covering it with a pounding artillery and hurricane storm of fire which demoralized the enemy beyond description.

While this was being done Evans moved a other forces of his around to the left of the river South Bend and struck the enemy's right wing a terrific blow at Twelve O-Clock. The enemy were surprised at the suddenness and wild violence of the great attack, and as they their wings were cut to pieces and mangled, the glandelinian generals had to withdraw. Ah-Amide-Wad's extreme right division was outflanked, and rolled up in great panic and disorder, and the main line withdrew across the river toward night fall, and though hurling a good portion of Evans' army across the river, general Memie Zimmerman's division of 11,000, 897 Gargolians were caught in an ambush at the crossing of the Bantushy and Sorden railroad lines and three quarters of the divisions not shot down were taken prisoners.

Though Evans' army had been driven across the river he had at least succeeded in driving the foe out of their position, just what he wanted, and as the glandelinian army still stood defiance and disadvised he decided to reform his armies and resume the struggle as quick as possible.

At two thirty Evans resumed the attack at all quarters of the line, and again the struggle raged and waxed fast and furious. Amid a dreadful storm of carnage that broke out all along the line the glandelinian general Henderson, Handamdon, Henderson, Hanson Gish, Handon Jennings, Henry Johnstonin, Hindale St. Clare, Hindlerd James, Hindalsand, Hindale, Hoo-Hoo, Handon, Hentaine, Hellingor, Hellington, Hemlin, Hemberton, Hantoria, Hemberton, Heldon, and Memie Picknell, drew from the main right wing of the glandelinian army forty eight monstrous divisions and with tenfold fury hurled these in as many bloody and successive assaults against the attacking christian line, and as the fury of the battle became devastating, and the losses terrific, and as officers fell in wholesale numbers on both sides, they saw their four strong forty four eight divisions sent back in a flying repulse a dismal remnants of what had been monstrous columns.

They had however seriously broken and weakened a good portion of the Abbie anian line, but Evans had learned of this beforehand and sent in large divisions to take the places of the weakened divisions and they with their tattered colors left that wild inferno and strewn a broken and bleeding mass of humanity to the rear. All of Evans' batteries of cannons were roaring in a heinous manner making an ear-splitting clamor that shocked even the vivian girls, and the whole region was being torn by the terrible firing that was waged on both sides.

These twenty glandelinian generals were not discouraged at such heavy losses that they suffered, and again attempted with night and main to break the christian line, but again were repulsed and Memie Picknell fell mortally wounded. Evans kept up the fearful assaults upon the enemy's lines all day long but at first could make no impression though he inflicted heavier losses upon the enemy than he received himself.

Harrison Kauffmann tried to flank the right wing of Evans' army during the lull that followed in the evening but if in a desperate melee lasting four hours he was repulsed, and he himself slain.

During the night Evans straightened out his lines, and made preparations to re-see the struggle, while the enemy generals were doing likewise.

Millions more of the glandelinians were approaching to the aid of the wicked glandelinian general, and it seemed evident that Evans would never be able to push his way across the river at all. But he was not daunted, and when morning came he started fiercer attacks on the enemy's lines, and hurled back all the counter charges that his divisions received.

While the battle was on in full sway again violet and her sisters had taken up their position, on a high hill to watch the battle at a distance and actually saw a large force of the enemy moving around Evans' flank, or any way it was a large force of men who wore a strange gray uniform. But instead of attacking the christian rear as they had expected, and which it would have been too late for them to tell Evans about, the new stream of troops poured on across the river to the extreme south, and making a long detour, came descending down upon the enemy's rear like a roaring cyclone pushing a wild inferno of fire and smoke before it.

The glandelinian army was driven into confusion by this unexpected attack made by the Calvinians, and Evans taking advantage of it, pressed forward to make a general assault, the whole christian line was called upon and soon all were pressing forward, and after resisting desperately for four more hours the enemy broke ranks and fled, and Evans' army ordered army. In a two days battle Evans had again crushed a large glandelinian army to fragments, was still ahead of all the other christian armies and was gaining more and more. Now fortunately for Evans there was no other retreating glandelinian army to oppose him and so Evans at once started a swift rush, and toward a week and had come within sight of the city of Fountain of Perene De la Grèce, and viewed from high hills the whole vast glandelinian army. After pulling through inconceivable difficulties, and being opposed step by step, and being forced to fight many desperate and bloody battles Evans had with his army reached Fountain of Perene De la Grèce first, and was now able to make maneuvers to oppose and hold off all other armies from retreating that way and to hold them until they the christian armies could come to swell his army to the size of that of the enemy now confronting him under general Mc-Hollisterino Heller.

In the meantime general Evans had found himself opposed by armies too great for him to contend with just now and had waited just as long as Evans had before being able to start a battle.

THE BATTLE OF NORTH BEND.

This battle was which raged simultaneously and lasted just as long as Evans took to fight his out raged along the North Bend of the Easter Starring River and was hereafter called the battle of North Bend. General Evans in moving southward had unexpectedly made a junction with the army under Everette True and now he overwhelmed Ben Logan's Mc-Hollisterino army.

General Evans had made the same demonstrations and maneuvers that Evans had until Everette True's army had arrived. Everette True had that morning after his arrival endeavored to push on not knowing of the enemy's presence and of general Evans' failure to advance, as general Evans had not told him of the presence of the enemy quick enough not having had the chance to do so. So Everette True came upon a portion of the enemy's army unexpectedly, was attacked furiously and for a moment thrown off his guard.

He in no time changed the shape of the glandelinian columns entirely wrecking a good portion of that part of the glandelinian army, and then notifying general Evans of the state of affairs going on pushed forward without orders, and cut the whole army to pieces that was opposed to him, capturing 10,000 guns of a series of batteries, ten headquarters headquarters held by the highest generals, and millions of prisoners besides a good quantity of ammunition, and provisions. He went so far as to be able to get way around the enemy's rear, which he wrecked so badly that the foe was in confusion, could not stand before his crushing assault and retreated in such wild confusion that he carried all before him, tore the enemy's whole army to pieces, and routed the survivors before general Evans had a chance to be engaged. At this time another glandelinian army under general Maldon Starring was advancing to Ben Logan's aid, Everette True's army was checked and after five hours and a half furious fighting, in which charge followed charge on both sides in endless succession Everette True was able to prove that no foe could daunt or worse him and hurled back the glandelinian

army with the most frightful slaughter seen. Night ended this bloody conflict which was only to be renewed in the morning, by both general Avian and Everette True. It was the enemy however who did most of the attacking this time. On this day General Logan's force numbered about 33,500,000 men the majority of these heavy columns being massed upon general Avian's armies, in fearful assaults, along of which there had for the whole entire day been concentrated the heavy fire from 110,000 cannon and these batteries had for hours and hours swept with terrible effects the thickly massed glandelinian assailants in an effort to stop the headlong attack of the wild glandelinian hordes, leagues glandelinians alone making some of the most wildest assaults of the day, having again and again rushed forward across the North bend of the stream to attack and force back the christian lines, but this time and again their columns were torn and mangled by a fearful tornado of shells and hurricanes of musketry and canister.

Simultaneously the glandelinians had succeeded in concentrating all their own guns, but brigade after brigade of the Abbeismians was concentrated upon the crazed assailants, and general Mc-Hollister's Franciscan divisions instead of forming into a single line of defense broke and simultaneously into two big separate columns, enveloped the fore most glandelinian assailants, thus cutting off this part of the force from the main body of assailants and annihilating them all as they would not give up but fought desperately.

Simultaneously still the christian line of Abyssinkilians under Eastman Estrabrook were reestablished across the Easter Starring River and 200,000 glandelinians were taken prisoners.

The fearfulest part of the the glandelinian onslaught was the assault made by general League's forces of Mc-Hollisterians. His biggest columns of Glandelinians swept over the plains and meadows shoulder to shoulder advancing again and again to the general assault, but had their infantry lines been as good as the pounding effects of their storming batteries the glandelinians might have succeeded in breaking the wall whole christian line and hurling them back crushed and mangled, but with an ardour and persistent tenacity that had never been surpassed in battles before the Abbeismians poured in a fearful counter artillery fire tearing wave after wave to pieces and hurling back the survivors, cutting down each succeeding wave, the mighty surges of the foe breaking helplessly to mere remnants against the impassable wall of christians whose guns for fourteen hours fired four hundred thousand shells per hour completely changing the appearance of the country side, crushing the enemy's trenches itself tearing hundreds of thousands of trees and columns of men together to shreds, and barring all efforts to approach by way of the south.

The glandelinians however redoubled their efforts League throwing forward the entire main line to the headlong assault, column after column making a double quick charge and leaping at the first line of christians closing with it in a frightful melee, but the main christian line counter charged with irresistible fury, the clash being frightfully murderous to both sides, but nevertheless the thinned glandelinian columns were not to be denied but went on to the second wing of the Abbeismian line with irresistible violence themselves, while reinforcements were being hurried to their support. The masonic lines wavered west of general Avian's right wing the ardour of the christian counter attack being redoubled with frightful fury while the artillery fire surpassed far any firing of cannon in any battle fought in glandelinian before.

These glandelinian forces were then forced to recoil but League had continued to hurl heavy masses whose attacks was terribly incessant the losses of the enemy being horrible but as fast as whole swarms fell fresh divisions came on but again the foe were driven back leaving hundreds of thousands of dead behind them.

The main and last assault of the battle was fearful. It was an unparalleled attack of the whole invasion. During the attack broken and mangled christian brigades were being withdrawn to the rear these being forced to fall back under the diabolical fire of the enemy's infantry lines. For that whole frightful four hours of battle the whole region was the object of a tearing frightful christian cannon and musketry fire, the air being for all those four hours filled with hundreds of thousands of screaming whistling and exploding shells, and these with the roar of hundreds of thousands of cannon and musketry produced a din that was truly infernal. All these frightful engines of destruction was for four hours concentrated on the assaulting glandelinian columns, and in the midst of this frightful inferno could be seen general League who was sometimes half hidden in smoke, but every time he reappeared he was as tranquil as if nothing had happened, the glandelinian general and his aid continually and frantically urging their men on to the assault. Hundreds of times per hour scores of hundreds of enormous explosions made the earth fly around and behind the christian positions, but their own huge shell fire

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score huge gaps in the enemy's line, and so fierce was the terrific Abbeismian musketry and cannon fire that it presented this and again a frightful spectacle. Every time the enemy rushed forward in the heaviest columns and every time the christian fire burst out anew, where there had been enormous columns of glandelinians nothing would remain, while barbed wired intanglements and barbed wire had all been cut down or had disappeared under the very earth the exploding shells had thrown on to them. But despite the awful losses the whole main glandelinian army continued the desperate assault in closed formation despite the deluge of shells that burst among their lines and the musketry and canister that galled them so scathingly, but thousands of the front columns were flying to pieces, while myriads of regiments of others covered with earth and blood sought to shelter themselves behind the walls of dead. The first main wave had been wiped out in that fearful inferno of battle there being piles of dead bodies on all sides, and new waves just as monstrous tried desperately to make headway headway against the hurricane and tornado of shell and steel, but incessantly the christian fire cut wide lanes through the glandelinian columns, but more and more glandelinian waves formed more formidable and more furious the glandelinians swarming like demons, the christian fire seeking to throw great arches of flame among the enemy's ranks, fields of bodies time and again obstructing and forming a barricade before the glandelinians who could not make any headway, but the main solid columns still tried to come on loading and loading their rifles without cessation in their answering fire to that of the christian line, hundreds of christian militiamen also entering into the action, and soon it was no longer an army that was charging. It was a few scattered groups of men that could be observed torn by the hurricanes of shells and bullets squeezing close against one another as though for mutual protection. One of the groups disappeared before the explosion of one shell as if they had been swallowed into a maelstrom.

The terrific Abbeismian fire. What horrible havoc it did. Never would the christian officers forget the small fragments of human beings that fell just at their very feet, never could they forget that very picture, the complete annihilation of the main line of glandelinian assault.

So loud had been the cleaver of the christian fire and that of the enemy, mingled with exploding shells, the screaming of shells, and the frightful noise of the yells of the combatants that the whole world had seemed to give way, the air had seemed as if continually all day long been filled with a sheet of flame, while the horrible roar was a fury of thrillions of distinct sounds that almost paralyzed all in its pressure and irresistible force.

The main glandelinian commanders especially Ben Logan did not wish to continue the horrible and bloody struggle any longer. They realized it was useless to try and force back the christian line and so they withdrew their shattered army leaving 10,000,000 dead where they had fallen.

All the time the glandelinian armies had fought the christian invaders with all the superhuman strength that they could ever muster, but in vain, the Abbeismians were not Angolians, neither did they fight like the Angolians did, and these with the Abyssinkilians were continually carrying all before them, winning battle after battle like they did before in the war of Eighteen fourteen one and crushing the foe every time.

Even Evans purpose had succeeded grandly, his army had increased to the strength of 1,845,978,999 to that of the enemy over 200,000,000 and Evans had thrown such opposition in his way that no other glandelinian army had been able to move on Fountain of Perseus De La Gresson a strong and beautiful glandelinian city, with a 1,889,999,999 Fountain there by the same name large enough to cover four square blocks.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

THE VIVIAN GIRLS AT FOUNTAIN OF PIRANO DE LA CHIFFRE.....

THEIR SPIRIT WORK..... A DESPERATE BATTLE.....

.....AND NOW THE MURDER BATTLE BEGINS.....

The big city of Pireno was so delightful to Violet and her sisters in its scenery that they decided to take the chance of making a trip to the place despite the fact that the glandolindians themselves were in possession, and decided not to wait until the christians ever took the place to do so....

They told of their intentions to general Evans, and though he decided himself that it was a good plan, most of the officers believed it a very dangerous undertaking, for should they be discovered or caught they would never escape for the prisons there was like those in the city of Norma (Calvernia,,,). But Violet and her sisters knew how to take care of themselves and told them that they had no intentions of spying on the enemy, just to view the beauty of the city before the cruel Angolindian guns would demolish it.....As soon as it was favorable to do so the little girls started off but soon found to their surprise that to get to the city they must work themselves through the enemy lines. Nevertheless they were not daunted and proceeded on their way. They slipped past the enemy sentries, and being in disguise as Glandolindian boy scouts they managed it easily enough as the army of glandolindian soldiers were strangers to the little girls and all their general officers also and so there was no danger of them being detected with their clever disguises.

They were questioned however by many of the glandolindian boy scouts, but their answers were so satisfactory and clever that the lads suspected nothing, and even gave them passes into the city and passes for the return out. One of the boy scouts recognized the little girls however and it would have been all of with the little girls too without any dispute, but he was a good little boy despite the night he fought for, and told them that he knew who they were, but chided them to be careful in their undertaking whatever it was for to be captured now meant certain death.

The little girls then told them that their intentions was only to view the beauty of the city, and not do any spying exploit unless necessity compelled it. Finally they reached the city and were indeed surprised at its magnificent beauty. Most of all the big public buildings were like palaces of olden times, the streets were well kept and clean and very large. The city itself however was small, every tree was smothered on both sides in beautiful foliage, and so beautiful was the sight that Violet and her sisters decided to ask Evans to try and not demolish the city, as though it was the enemy country they did not like to see it done. After being absent three days the little girls returned without any adventure of any kind and went at once with their plan to Evans.

"It certainly is a beautiful city for I could see its buildings from here with my glasses," said Evans. "But spare it I'm afraid I cannot unless the enemy gives my without a battle. They would even probably destroy it themselves and so what's to be done. I will try to preserve it but the question is will the enemy? No. Rather than allow it to be captured they will destroy like the fools they are...."

It is well known that if the enemy fail to hold the fortified positions here all the fortifications of Titano Fair would be captured without bloodshed for the enemy there then could not hold and it was a win for the christians one of the most sweeping victories of the war little intirely. Titano Fair was east of this beautiful fortified city and so were the hundred fortifications, and there the enemy were anxiously awaiting developments at Fountain of Pireno Of De la Graeco.

Evans was as anxious to end the long and horrible struggle as the enemy was to maintain it and so he was bound to capture the positions in front of him as soon as possible. His armies was not ready for any action as yet, though occasionally he did let open upon the enemy a series of petty artillery bombardments.

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Evans finally wished to find out the strength of the enemy and so sent Violet and her sisters to find out if possible. This was more work for the little girls but they enjoyed it and did not flinch. They entered the enemy lines with the same ease as they did before, and readily learned the strength first of the enemy sentries. But for a time they could not obtain any other information and so they went into a big house which proved to be some sort of headquarters of the great generals. Not being known by the enemy they were greeted cordially, and admitted into the room by the generals.

These new glandolindian generals did not recognize Violet and her sisters though they had heard a good deal about them and of what they have done for the christian armies during the entire war. Hanley had warned them this and again telling them of the various ways that the little girls put on their disguises, but these officers still did not know that these very children were before them.

First the generals were conversing among themselves about the showing out come of the war, but anything else of importance however was not heard and finally one of the generals strode up to Violet and handing her a package said:

"I want you little girls as I recognize you are to take this package to general Hanley. And hurry back before evening."

Violet did not say anything but took the offered package, and followed by her sisters went out. They decided to make for a clearing and examine the package but then they felt it was not safe to do so until they were well inside the christian lines and so they continued on until they reached the outskirts of the glandolindian army and passed the sentries.

Two of the sentries stopped them, but the message was there to prove they were sent out by the generals and so they let them go on their way not in the least suspecting that they were indeed Violet and her sisters. They reached the christian lines toward evening and forgetting to look what was in the package, gave it to Evans who examined it.

"Why Violet and your dear sisters," he cried. "If you little girls had not obtained this it would be this coming to morning driven from my position and totally beaten. The glandolindian generals saw a clear way behind my rear and it was a long letter to Hanley asking him to move his army around my flank and crush me before general Vivian would arrive to my assistance. I want you little girls to go to general Vivian and hurry him on while I'll see to it that no enemy surprises my rear. I'll see to that for me."

"Certainly," said Violet. "We'll be glad to go."

Violet and her sisters made their preparations to go and soon as it dark set in started off under a strong moon and on the swift horses. Violet and her sisters had not galloped far when all of a sudden the woods seemed to fairly blaze like a blazing furnace from rocketry fire and all of their horses sank to the ground, and twenty of the soldiers were slightly wounded. Just as soon as they fell and arose to their feet disabled and demoralized there was a rush of feet the sound of clattering muskets and then up flared a score of camp fires.

"Good god," cried a soldier. "We made a mistake."

"The more they," cried another man.

"They are the Vivian girls with a party of soldiers twenty of whom we shot down and wounded. We are sorry dearest of friends but so swift was the horses coming toward us that we thought it was a charge of light cavalry of gaudiness or gaudiness. Were the enemy chasing you?"

"No," said Violet. "We are sent by Evans to find general Vivian who is not far off to hurry him to come and join Evans before the enemy close around the rear. They are going to make a tremendous flanking movement and it is expected that Hanley's army will do it."

"There was no need of sending you little girls," said the officer while the wounded soldiers were being attended to. "You are within general Vivian's lines now. We opened fire because we thought a surprise attack was being made upon our lines. It's a providence of god that we did not kill you."

"There was a thousand of us who opened fire so suddenly," said Violet. "We were galloping our horses fast enough to scare any body," said Violet. "But we did not think general Vivian was so near. Could we not see our papa?"

"Certainly we'll lead the way," said the officer.

After a long distance of traveling they came within sight of a beautiful house and in their own hearts and minds a faced their loving father. General Vivian was glad to see his beautiful daughters and after he had found out their story told him of the enemy's intention and so he got right to work to help general Evans crush the enemy for good and so on for all.....

In a few days general Evans' army numbered about 343,500,000, and about three quarters of these Abhianians Evans decided to mass upon the whole Glandelinian army concentrated at Mountain of Virgo de la Grasse, and the attack of these Abhianian columns were to be supported by the fire of nearly 345,499 cannon of every calibre..... For two days preceding general Evans had with unceasing fury with his five hundred batteries smelt hotly massed at all points of the Christian line the whole region in possession of the enemy in his desperate efforts to prevent the vigorous and abrupt concentration to the left of general John Hanley's armies which had arrived to reinforce those already concentrated before general Evans, who again and again those two bloody days rushed forward making hundreds of violent and most fearful attacks that Evans had ever seen since the war began.

Evans' batteries tormented the enemy lines every time they did rush forward to the attack, and as the Glandelinians had failed to renew the frightful onslaughts added the desolation with canister, which swept their scores of columns to fragments.

The Glandelinians had not been able to concentrate their own batteries in time to give Evans any serious reply and had they done so Evans would never have won this great and glorious victory. As on the second day the assault of the enemy had grown in fury and violence and was like a hurricane lashed sea dashing against a strong iron wall, Evans massed brigades after brigades which in concentrating upon the assailants enveloped all of the furious Glandelinian surges, and cutting off this body from the main force drove it back with great and terrible slaughter, 2,000,000 Glandelinians were taken prisoners and the center of the Christian line once broken was reestablished by reserve forces.

At other points the attack continued with the same frightful violence the Glandelinians having no idea at all of abandoning the attack at a time when success was expected by attacking first, and keeping up their attack and at last their own heaviest artillery was brought up, and pointed the whole battle line of the Abhianians in an endeavor to prepare the way for another general infantry attack, the attackers again advanced to the attack shoulder to shoulder, the infantry lines were about as good as their guns in their desperate assault but the order and tenacity of the whole Abhianian line that had never been surpassed by the Abhianian soldiery before hurled each succeeding wall or wave of gray coats back with frightful losses, but each succeeding wave of Christians in counter charging broke helplessly to pieces, against an invincible wall of Mc-pollestinians whose guns firing seven hundred thousand shells per hour completely changed the aspect of the Abhianian counter attacks into frightful mass waves of troops, tearing hundreds of columns of Abhianians to shreds and sweeping all southward approaches so that the Abhianian advance was barred.

Taking my advantage of confusion that would ensue the Abhianians redoubled their desperate efforts, but again the Glandelinians made a charge that was almost irresistible standing their way across the plains in a double quick charge, and leaping at the first lines of the Abhianians with the most irresistible fury, but nevertheless the thinned Christian lines were not to be daunted but repelled every assault and crushed the second wing of the Glandelinians while reinforcements were being hurried to their support.

Before the resistance of Maurice's position the Glandelinians wavered, the ardor of the counter charge was redoubled by the Christians with tenfold vehemence and again the Abhianian artillery surpassed all intensity in any previous actions since the battle of Gloria, and the Glandelinian forces were forced to retreat again leaving general Planterfords out off and surrounded by the Christ line.

All along the line the Christian fire had raged with unceasing fury but Hanley had brought up still more heavier masses to throw against the Christian line in a fearful assault, and the attacks of these more heavier columns of Glandelinians were made so repeatedly and in such heavy force as to continue the bloodcurdling slaughter with unceasing fury. As the titanic onslaughts continued on, and as the Glandelinian onslaughts were becoming more terrible a portion of Evans' line became broken up but as fast as their men fell fresh forces came up to take their places and while simultaneously a deliberate assault was being delivered on the whole position of Godfrey's divisions, the Glandelinians along his right after a fearful storm of carnage carnage was compelled to withdraw by a overwhelming concentration of Abhianian troops leaving hundreds of thousands of dead and wounded on the battle field. At this moment an attack unparalleled in any battle outside of the three bloodiest ones of the war was made upon the Abhianian lines under general Donald Aronson, but it also had ended in bloody failure, the broken and mangled Glandelinian divisions being forced to fall back crushed and mangled under a

most diabolical fire of all of the Christian artillery. Thus ended the second day of the battle and during the night itself the whole region was the object of a most frightful bombardment, the air all night labor filled with hundreds of thousands of various exploding projectiles, and their whistling, and singing, and shrieking and screaming and growling like frightful fiends providing the atmosphere, and explosions, added by the prolonged drum-drum roar of hundreds of thousands of big cannons which fairly shook the earth fiercely enough to level trees and a conglomeration of sounds that was as infernal as the uttermost depths of hell.

In the morning the battle was redoubled once more by a fiercer infantry assault made by ten gigantic divisions of Mc-pollestinians, and in the midst of the storm of exploding shells among the enemy ranks could be seen their various general officers who were sometimes half covered with the earth suddenly thrown over them by the exploding shells, and sometimes they disappeared completely in the thick clouds of smoke, but when they reappeared they were seen to be as tranquil as a calm sea, continuing only fruitlessly to urge on their men to the desperate assault.

Suddenly an enormous explosion burst forth as if from the whole Christian line and before the eyes of all was such a frightful spectacle as to shock the very fiends of hell itself. Where there had been a supporting column of or line of infantry nearly ten miles long nothing had remained of them, while all the other columns which had been following were cut down or had disappeared in a smother of smoke from bursting shells. But undaunted the survivors continued to advance in solid formations despite the deluge of shells and then yelling fiercely made a tremendous rush against the Christian positions and almost closed with the Christian line, and after a shocking melee lasting forty minutes, thousands of the front ranged Glandelinian columns were sent flying in a total rout, while myriads of others covered with earth and blood, and failing to find safety from the terrific hurricane storm of Christian fire threw down their arms and surrendered, others shattered themselves behind piles and walls of dead bodies and opened fire upon the Christians, and encouraged by the appearance of new Glandelinian waves which tried to make headway against the rain of steel swept forward again but this Glandelinian surge was wiped out, the surviving waves found it impossible to advance and began to give ground.

The Christian fire being terribly rectified, their projectiles, and masonry fire cutting wide lanes by the hundred through the great Glandelinian columns.

But the Glandelinians were redoubling the assault in to fury for more and more waves were gathering more formidable and more furious, and like a legion of yelling demons came swarming on, the Christian fire or artillery increasing in a truly terrifying manner, the thousands of huge shells in exploding throwing jets of flame on all sides, the whole battle field having become like a veritable volcanic crater in frightful and eruption. Thousands of dead bodies had finally obstructed the Glandelinian advance itself and formed a barricade, and again several Glandelinian columns gave way to seek safety in flight as the Christian fire was more than they could bear. The main surviving column in solid lines still pressed on in the frightful attack the Christians being forced to fire furiously and reload and reload their firearms and cannons without cessation, while the seventy fives from the 70,000 Christian guns along the Franklij Creek and then the hundreds of Mitrailles entered into action with an added storm of carnage and the charging column was no longer a wave of men to twenty miles long. It was going back confused and panic stricken in a few wildly scattered and separated groups of men, that violet and her sisters viewing the bloodcurdling assault saw torn by a terrific rain of shells and bullets squeaking themselves close together as though for mutual protection and consolation. One of the groups was hit by one of the shells and disappeared as if swallowed up by quick hands.

The Christian fire did indeed most frightful work wiping out almost a whole line of a Glandelinian assaulting force, and never did violet and her sisters forget the fragments of human columns that fell to pieces within their view, and never could they forget that horrible scene, and only then was the full brief brief for Hanley was sending general Zeigfelds great wave of Mc-pollestinians which advanced in a wild rush and in masses protected by their own severe artillery fire, but at times before the severity of the Christian fire their foremost columns halted, wavered, halted, disappeared their attack having failed after terrible losses and time and again the Christian generals had said as they saw wave after wave of the Glandelinians come forward to make a tremendous assault only to be wiped out or crushed to fragments.

"No the Glandelinians will never force back our line of Abhianians. They will only break their teeth and bodies here." The thing for us to do

is to make the glandelinians have meant pay dearly for all their recent wanton destruction of town, towns, villages and forests in galvordia, and Angellina and for all the massacres of children."

ANOTHER GREAT WAVE OF GLANDELINIAN THIRTY MILES LONG IS WIPED OUT.

The main fury of the battle in the meantime had advanced against the christian line center commanded in person by general Roswell Buster Johnston, and the roar of cannons and musketry along this portion of the christian line itself made a most odious and horrifying and deafening a conglomeration of sounds. The glandelinian twenty six mile wave was making a desperate and wild rush across the creek, and moved upon the lines commanded by Halsted, Parsons, Maurice Costello, Walterington, and now Roswell Buster Johnston, and under a terrific firestorm on like a seething cyclone through a portion and the preternatural fury of the battle grew in such severe intensity that no one could have any idea how it would have turned out, and like a legion of yelling, screaming, and blaspheming fiends savage in their desire for swooping revenge the marians pushed on and simultaneously a large portion of this christian column swept upon the main column closing with the solid christian line, and so furious was the rush of the glandelinians at this point that it carried every massive division and brigade before it like a tornado does in sweeping through a corn field and the bloody carnage and destruction. Simultaneously the attack of the foe along Costello's lines was equally as vehement, but at this point the christian artillery let loose a storm of exploding shells that blew scores of divisions to pieces, and annihilated hundreds of large platoons. Along general Hermann's lines the glandelinian attack was also pressed with the greatest fury and utmost determination, but the whole line of assault at this point was swept and torn to pieces, but reinforced the foe went to it again and crushed themselves against Hermann's christian line like a seething avalanche, but the christian machine guns sent forth such withering showers of grape and canister, and the bigger guns adding their shell storm concluded by a withering tempest of musketry fire almost annihilated this surging wall, the very heavens seemed to sway from the battle's terrific din, the roar of destruction became so terrific that the ground shook harder from the concussion of the din, the remaining attacking columns of glandelinians progressing toward Nelson's lines, but all those attacking forces that struck against Nelson's christian line were shivered to pieces in the frightful fury of the battle, and a strong chemical action seemed to take place so strong was the stench of powder smoke.

Indeed now the battle surge was becoming a seething horror.

The remaining surge of the glandelinians and marians were crazed with the fury and frenzy of the destruction still going on all around them, and still advanced in strong force against the christian divisions itself with a most mad and furious yell, and soon any one would have been terrified in seeing suddenly a furious blizzard of debris, bodies and wreckage that flew up into the air for the length of six miles, as the christian shells exploded by the thousands among the enemy's surging line and the few surviving graycoats only in few scattered groups here and there terrified to insensibility and crazed by the slaughter they saw all around them, and the frightful massacre of their comrades, dashed madly on over this ground of death, charging furiously like the avak avalanches of demons rushing out of the jaws of hell to seize some more christian and carry them off into the bottomless pit where whether god wished them or not. They were all shot down. The glandelinian column under Pynchon also plunged on recklessly against Parsons' christian line attacking in a fit of frenzy but they were thrown back in fragments, though a portion had succeeded in pouring over the works yelling like a million fiends, but in the first frightful devilish noise the christian forces under Carlisle had rushed up in time drove back the foe and opened upon the retreating masses a withering fire tearing to pieces all the columns of the enemy. Making the whole surge into mere pieces, every surviving group giving way before the oncoming streams of Concentinians, and over the reserve columns rushing up to the top the Concentinians were dashed to pieces and once again a mighty wave of glandelinians had been annihilated.

In the meantime the assault of the glandelinians was equally as fearful along the left wing of general Evans' army. Here the glandelinian forces had continued to pierce their way on in unbroken lines one of these glandelinian waves dividing into two as it came on, and for a time it seemed as if the tremendous glandelinian attack at this point was going to be finally checked by a barrier of stone walls defended by christian artillery which was cutting; to pieces every division that charged it, but so horribly was the avalanche of human shrieking human fiends swelled by reinforcing columns, that the attack was redoubled in strength and wildness and fury, and the artillery defending the series of stone walls was captured the infantry line of Abbiau mine there going to pieces before the pressure of the attack, the frenzied glandelinians delivering their wild "Devil Yell" progressing onward with irresistible forces seeming to abandon themselves wholly to insanity and rage, indeed fearful was their fits of fury, the assault was exceedingly dangerous, the glandelinians again and again dashing themselves furiously and violently against the christian line and closing with them more than ten times only to be hurled back again with the most stupendous losses.

The roar of the battle as it seethed along the lines of Evans' left wing when added by the crashing storm of shell explosions and cannons in perfect salvoes was such like the sound of a series of exploding words being dashed to pieces against one another or like a tremendous growling million cannon like roar, the fearful unearthly sound of the desperate battle being heard within the distance of 2,345 miles and seemed to awe the very heavens. This peculiar roar of the battle echoed and reechoed throughout the whole region, and which made even the cattle and horses to tremble with fear and horror in their barns in the farms many hundreds of miles followed indeed with intense anxiety exhibiting symptoms of the most intense fear of some approaching danger that was unseen by them. The first in assault of the enemy struck Kindermann's position with the most terrific fur, and in their frightful "Devil Yells" the glandelinians bellowed most lustily but the christian fire here almost now moved down every glandelinian soldier in its range. The glandelinians under general Vancouver Aronburg rushed a part of Evans' left wing with tremendous fury, whole thousands of men at once being tangled by the bayonet as the opposing lines closed, whole platoons of men were cut to pieces, and as the enemy increased the fury of the attack as more swarmed to their aid the fallen formed windrows of dead and dying making a most horrible scene as many divisions fairly melted away, hundreds per minute having been mangled by the bayonet per minute.

he appalling fire of the Abbiau canon made a terrifying uproar that was maddening, added with the redoubled resounding crash of musketry, that was incessant, and it all was added with the shrieks of the flying shells the screams of the mangled, and though the glandelinian attack was increased with inconceivable fury and frenzied violence and though whole thousands of men were mangled by the powerful explosions of the shells, the survivors did not desert in the frightful onslaught and as more and more Abbiau brigades concentrated upon the assailants the horrible roar of the battle increased very rapidly, the very very heavens reechoing the horrible conglomeration of sounds, whole platoons of men at every discharge being wiped out divisions were torn to pieces and mangled amid the choicest of destruction, and Sedwick's front line of Abbiau men at the same time with stood the fierce attack of of three big surges of the glandelinians, and in the fury of the onslaught thousands were mangled by bayonets on both sides but seventy platoons of glandelinians were being moved down and a score of thousands of the Angellians themselves who were also fighting at this portion of the line had the skin scratched from their bodies by the very concussion of frightful explosions, thousands having their very skulls fractured, and many scores of thousands of fallen had their bodies lacerated frightfully.

However though the assault of the enemy was wild enough to carry all to hell as to say he managed to hold his lines to the last though suffering the most frightful losses, but carrie's elements divisions attacked furiously by the foe under general ignorance were dominated by a frightful volley of shells and amid the dreadful and indescribable tumult enormous masses of the assailants fairly melted away one by one, and then a fresh fire from the Abbiau canon musketry tore the men assaulting line to fragments.

but at this point the attack of the enemy was too violent to be checked at this critical time, and the whole of Sedwick's army being again heavily assaulted and with the most tremendous fury, that his whole line threatened to give way, their lines were going to fragments, every ancient pile of dead and wounded fell, the surviving graycoats and that inferno were pushing on with the most terrific fury, and soon his advanced front line was dreadfully cut up and rolled for the distance of two miles from the field.

son of vast clouds seemed to sweep the whole battle field as it were, and among the christian line which had been driven back the wildest confusion prevailed, but gladiators Massivallians were in the way the confused masses were rallied and the huge billows of gray coats whose right column was under Gopis was smashed back with frightful slaughter the hundreds of thousands of glandelinians rangled and wounded screaming and cursing; horribly and the wicked glandelinians who were mortally wounded blasphemed in their death agonies. The same force which had forced Sedwick's lines attacked the Abbeismannian battery under general garrie, but the parapets there were soon submerged in the dead and wounded glandelinians who fell in that mad charge against the thundering cannon, and all of the dead were later on found entirely covered with mud, their eyes starting from their sockets, in all the expressive horrors of a most violent death, a hundred thousand Mc-Hollistinian soldiers having been killed, during this terrific part of the violent charge against the christian batteries itself, which showed indeed the extraordinary fury of the Mc-Hollistinian soldiery.

Indeed so fierce was the attack of the glandelinians and so terrific was the firing that the christian soldiers could have believed that the throat of the whole universe was near, and instead of being thrown into confusion or demoralized and driven back as was expected the Glandelinians were highly irritated by their fearful losses which they suffered, and as their reserve forces came up to their support they threw greater vehemence into their assaults, and though for a time they threatened to carry all before them the main Abbeismannian batteries letting loose a general fire bore down everything in the whole stretch, and this for a good time managed to check the wild onrush of the glandelinian foes, but the other portion of the roaring and shrieking line of Mc-Hollistinians came on again with the most terrific energy, the fury of this assault finally forcing the whole of general Aronburg's divisions clean from their position while Sedwick was already regaining his ground amid terrific wholesale slaughter, but a deadly fire of machine guns mowed down thousands of platoons of Mc-Hollistinians, Aronburg was reinforced by the arrival of Concentinian Aronburg's divisions, and though the glandelinians roaring and screaming with rage tried with might and main in that conflagration of horror to press on, an inferno of musketry and artillery was loosened upon them by Concentinian Aronburg's Abbeismannians, explosions seemed to tear the very air to death and destruction, thousands of glandelinians were suddenly buried under hundreds of tons of debris thrown on top of them by the salvoes of exploding shells, those dying of strangulation and suffocation, any having their mouths and throats fairly packed with dirt, but all this did not check the maddened insane survivors who sped on across the Helian works with terrific alacrity, and as two other of the surviving columns made a junction, these again swept upon the christian line with the most savage manner which was terribly indescribably and simultaneously one of these columns came violently into contact with the psatabrooks line of brigades and closed furiously with them with the frenzy of a hundred thousand prize fighters against demons and though in the frightful engagement at close quarters they did scatter the Abbeismannians in all directions cleaning out this part of the line of breastworks completely the main line of psatabrooks divisions threw themselves forward to resist the foe and poured in a fearful annihilating fire that shot them all down and sent the survivors flying for safty like frightened sheep.

On progressed the other column these Mc-Hollistinians coming on at a fearful charge, and these columns though galled and torn up by the christian fire came tearing on like a screaming cyclone across and through the captured christian position on the right, where the fury of the christian cannon fire fairly began to blow the trees to pieces, and dash the mangled corpses in all directions, whole windrows of men ten miles long were being precipitated to the ground, by musketry fire, shells and canister, and though the survivors here was checked, a large portion of this crazed column did succeed in getting to the rear of this part of the christian line and taking the flank by surprise came on in a headlong rush yelling like a hundred million demons and then with one deliberate yell that sounded like one shout from the whole line closed with the rear of the christian line in a most frightful and inconceivable conceivable paroxysm of furious hand to hand fighting, and the glandelinians pressing on like a tidal wave cut the Abbeismannians down, and hurling them back again and again upon the line lines in front, breaking the whole christian line to pieces at this quarter, throwing the remainder into confusion and increasing the frenzy of the fury, continued to smash down whole platoons of christian soldiers, the fury of the attack at this portion of the line being so extremely furious, and the headlong sweep of the enemy so irresistible, that this portion of the christian line was driven from the field and surely

at this very moment the battle for the christians would have been lost and the whole of Evans' army fairly annihilated, had not general Vivian himself drew up his armies in time and thrown his strongest forces to the counter assault again and again with obscene fury, smashing the jagged lines of the wild glandelinian surges, and fairly hurling the fragments back in all directions, and rushing them furiously over the recaptured works, moving the retreating foe down like snow flurries in a blizzard. It is impossible to describe the horror of the slaughter now going on, and the only chance for the surviving glandelinian troops at this point of getting out of the bloody inferno into which they had ran was by defending the first line of works they had carried, and back to this the hurriedly flung themselves, and fairly smoked the region into insensibility with the tremendous intensity of their musketry and artillery fire, but the vivianians continued their frightful charge, and general Vivian bringing up his artillery let loose a withering fire of shot and shell that tore and blew this line of works fairly to pieces, but reinforced and driven to madness by this devastating havoc the glandelinians opening fire like an inferno of hell's conflagration shot the christian gunners down by the thousand thousands, and fairly rushed madly over the whole exposed place, and with such force and wild fury was the onslaught made, and so sudden did it come, and without the slightest warning, that the series waves of christians was forced back several spaces the artillery was in possession of the foe, but so fierce was the christian fire that the front line of the assailants had been wiped out completely, and the remaining lines had been riven to pieces, and the columns which had closed with the christian line in a frenzy of fury was annihilated by the cruel Abbeismannian bayonets.

Mowed in by millions of glandelinian assailants one portion of this christian line was so furiously attacked that their whole line was shattered to pieces every time they rallied to the counter charge, and thus the enemy at other portions of this line of assault was enabled to press on with increasing and redoubled fury, but general Vivian had not as yet brought up his whole force, and as Evans also had not thrown all his armies into action a most heavy concentration of troops all Abyssinians, Abyssinians, Abbeismannians, Angelinians, and Galverinians were massed upon this point alone there was an ear-splitting roar of firing, and so terrific was the losses of the glandelinians that it was murder not war.

Never before during the invasion was there ever such carnage going on, or neither was there ever known such fierce onslaughts made in any battle during the whole invasion to the close of the war except what was witnessed at Hon. Catherine, and pristle Toe Station which are to come. The glandelinians under Hanson's Apooloons continued the fearful charge despite the heavy concentration of christian troops, but a large section of the gray wave was ripped to fragments, hundreds of platoons were blown into the air by exploding mines, and as still more came to the support of the christian line, the uproar of firing increased to redoubled fury, and for every explosion of shells or even bursting cannons dirt and wreck ago was hurled high into the air, and now as two lines of Mc-Hollistinians closed with the Abbeismannians time and again, the rattling of clubbed muskets, the multitude volume of cracking pistols, the crash of muskets at point blank, the yells of the combatants, the ring of steel on steel, made a hideous noise, the effects of the close quarters conflict was something terrible, and could not be described, being enough to horrify any one who witnessed it, and every time the assailants were repulsed, fierce streams of canister would be poured upon the retreating foe, but again and still again the few frenzied graycoats dashed forward to the charge, charging again and still again through this withering storm of death and destruction, and though galled and withered, only recoiled to rally again, and during the bayonet fights the noise made a metallic roaring, and the whole scene for the distance of forty miles was truly an inferno, explosions by the score of thousands tearing up everything, the smoke hiding the combatants, and mine explosions threw dirt and debris time and again high into the air with stunning crashes, which descended in hundreds of torrents among the combatants.

Undulating almost like the monstrous waves of the sea the long surges of glandelinian assailants extending for many leagues, poured on over the windrows of dead and dying dying, some waves having a death of fourteen fourteen feet, and plateaus of bodies fairly covered the fields and meadows as the men fell in such frightful numbers, it being a horrible slaughter indeed.

Even all the near by plains for miles was covered with the frightful sea of dead and wounded, where the dense columns now repulsed which such horrible loss had swept with tremendous fury, but at other points of Evans' lines great and now floods of glandelinians poured against the christian line with indescribable fury, the roar of the conflict seeming about to split the

earth. The assaulting columns multiplified and swelled into a vast wave, their flags and banners making myriads of sea, colors. But as a truth before God the assault was of no avail for more and more reinforcements were arriving in the support of Evans' lines, the struggle and resistance gradually increasing in violence, and continuing steadily, and now the christians themselves made a desperate counter charge with irrepressible fury, shells shot across and through the assaulting columns in the wildest manner, yet this did not stop the half crazed survivors from keeping up the assault, their yells were in the most savage uproar and as they closed with the christian lines the rattling of clubbed guns was universal, and the shrieking yells of those trying to cut each other down, the groans of the wounded made a most appalling tumult, but even the assailants amid a burst of new and horrible thunders from fresh cannons were hurled back pell mell the assailants being almost deafening and blinded by the horrible ear-splitting din, their main line was rent and split into many small fragments, the adding musketry fire tearing their line again to pieces as they tried to rally and the shouted torrents of canisters swept among the panic stricken survivors with a deadly whistling.

The main assault of the enemy in the morning part of the battle was an appalling circumstance this gladiatorial assaulting column stretching for the distance of thirty miles and with a fury that was beyond description this mighty surge came on with a rush and roar of yells, and the shell fire of the enemy covering this onslaught seemed to wither and set whole forests of trees on fire, wrenching and uprooting thousands of trees and the whole christian line exposed to it was threatened with annihilation for minute by minute scores of columns in a twinkling of an eye were driven into confusion and started to retreat as they themselves now were in fragments and could not stand before the mighty assault.

Those thousands of Abbeinnians lay stunned and bleeding, and the left wing of the wave of desperate assailants rushed swiftly and struck Rowell Buster Johnstons' lines, but crushed themselves again and again upon the massive front of red coats, and indeed it was won to the multitude of these assailants who faced this annihilating scourage of the deadliest christian fire, for nearly this whole section of the line of assault was lost even at a long distance from the hammering christian cannon multitude after multitude being literally mowed down as in many other great battles, trees numbered by the hundred thousand were blown up by the roots, the violence of the war thousands of exploding shells rending the trees into fragments, and multitudes of the dead and wounded were completely covered by the awful storm of falling foliage.

In the meantime Evans realized that the assault of the foe was wilder than he had ever expected it to be, and wondered how he could stop it without such slaughter among his own comrades. He decided to try the unequal test on Violet and her sisters. Evans reports that he received all the time from various officers, Evans realized that the only way to win this tremendous battle was to turn the enemy's rear, by a movement that would be most desperate and require great courage and skill.

And yet there seemed no chance to do this, and later in the day it was reported that the heaviest firing was heard for four hours already along all parts of general Vivians' army, and that the enemy was fairly raining can in the fury of their attacks. To stop the enemy Evans realized he must for without any stratagem or some trick on his part the enemy's continued and stubborn attacks would soon prevail and Evans would receive not only a sound thrashing but his army being in danger of an overwhelming movement which had been observed faced complete annihilation.

General Vivian himself had all he could do himself to stay the desperate assaults of the enemy and Evans got the report from telegrams that for four hours already without cessation the cannon along general Vivians' lines sounded like a hundred thousand cannon hursting to a piece.

Evans' right wing and center had already been partially rolled up for a great distance his left was caught between two fires and threatened with annihilation all his first line positions were still in the hands of the foe. Evans' headquarters was captured, besides those of all the other generals too and thousands great danger indeed, for Hanley was being driven from the north having gotten around as far as he could and advised and now Evans must do something mighty quick or it would be all up with his army and Violet and her sisters too.

Violet and her sisters had watched the outcome of the battle with unspeakable horror, and decided upon something for themselves, and so went to find general Evans before it was too late, and however taken the little girls over an hour to find general Evans but at last they found him and reported to him what they feared and soon he asked them to advise as to what should be done to turn the tide of the battle or it seemed if the whole christian line was becoming exhausted.

There is another christian army stationed about twenty miles of here under general John Evans my brother. Said Evans. "I don't know whether to fear the battle or not, but I don't think it is wise to wait and find out and so I must do the best that I can and would allow you little girls to go on the mission successfully."

"Sure we'll go as soon as we want us." Said Violet. "Which way is his army concentrating?"

"The little girls will have to go northward through the lines of the enemy under general John Hanley." Said Evans. "There is no way around him for he has extended his lines so far that it would take many days to get around and that would be too long. I don't doubt it at all but that I will be able to hold against all the assaults the enemy make in front but should Hanley be prepared for his movement too soon he'll come down upon my rear like an avalanche and crush my army beyond repair. It will take general Hanley four hours to make preparations for his flank attack and I know you little girls can get there quicker than an hour if the enemy don't detain you."

"But we can never find a find the place where he is concentrates unless you tell me." Said Violet. "To heck with the enemy we want to know where your dear brother John Evans is situated."

"At South Bend where we previously had a battle as you little girls know."

"At South Bend?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll go right away."

"But remember Violet." Said her sisters that we'll have to disguise ourselves an not be overconfident. The enemy are more watchful now since they know we have any on them though being in their country as it is."

Violet looked at Evans and said: "But have we time enough to disguise ourselves. It takes an hour to do it." "No you will not." Said Evans. "It's best to trust to luck while on the way. All depends on the quickest hands. I hate like drinking poison to send you little girls on this dangerous mission, but I have already sent a score of men out on this morning and none of them have returned. I trust that the mission would be successful if I send you little girls. You may realize the danger, for I'll take time to explain. Every where outside the rear of my lines the enemy having cavalry forces out scouting for any one would wait try to go for aid, and there are ten chances out of nothing that you little girls will ever return. Go you want to save our armies from failure and the loss of the war to the christian nation, but refuse you can and I'll go myself."

Violet and her sisters laughed heartily.

"We'll go and we'll assure you we'll return." Said Violet, while her sisters nodded. We have many ways to disguise ourselves and we'll do it right away too. Good sisters. And good bye Evans dear. You will be welcoming us this evening and win a good victory too."

Off the little girls started. They started to put on their disguises and:

"Stop a minute where in hell are you eight little housecats going." Cried the leader of a party of cavalier riding up to eight little housecats, but who seemed to have been with a family of pigs they were so mud bedabbled and dirty. "And why so dirty. Are you living in dirt or what?"

"We were perused by the christians and had an accident." Said one of the boys who in reality was Violet and who was really perused by some Abbeinnians by mistake and that she and her sisters had only escaped by hiding in a yard where a swarm of pigs were kept. "Perused by those dirty smothering christian dogs who are trying to capture our whole works." Cried the leader. "Well I believe you for I thought I saw it myself but did not know you were the fugitives. But how is the battle going. Did you see such of the fighting which is going on?"

"They are fighting the gladiatorial soldiers like bloodthirsty wolves." Said Violet assuming a serious expression and in lying as if she meant to tempt the christians when in truth it was an insult for the enemy in disguise. But how it is turning out your excellency we do not know. But sides seem to be holding out just as good as the other."

"But why do you call me? Your ex-excellency." Asked the officer.

"I'm no general but only a lieutenant."

"But you look like a great general." Said Jennie herself. "You are so dressed in badges and medals."

"Those medals and no badges ought to be in pordition." She inwardly said.

"Well any way you children had better keep away from those christian dogs and never go near them again." Said the officer. "You boys are to do scout ing, report where the wounded are lying, and bring them in, and signal when you see danger but not get on the foot. It's dangerous enough with the duty you have to perform without saving on those christian curs." And with that the column of cavally moved on not suspecting it was Violet and her sisters when they had stopped for that few minutes.

Violet and her sisters had chosen a straight ahead road, but every half mile of the way they were stopped and addressed by the groups of cavally cavally they encountered, but as they were not disguised they were not molested as they were not recognized by the glandolinians. "Hans' lines were about two mile away from the rear of general Evans' lines, and it took Violet and her sisters about forty eight minutes to come within view of the first swarm of tents. They now began to wonder how they were going to get through without detection. It is true that they probably could fool many of the under officers and even the privates, but many of the higher generals could recognize them despite their disguise and thus they wished to avoid contact with them, especially John Manley.

"We'll have to be as careful as a cat." Said Joice. "We are now before general Manley's lines, and we are exactly at the center for there in the dark distance looms the enemy's main headquarters for the general officers. I can tell the building from the flag that flows above it."

At this section the camp appeared to be deserted, but never theless the little girls used the utmost caution, and being questioned by the sentries as they rode up, gave such satisfactory answers that they were allowed to pass without resistance and soon they were within Manley's interior lines.

Sure enough who must approach them but general Manley himself. But fortunately this time the disguise of the little girls through the Mercy of God happened to be so complete that he hardly recognized them, but he immediately demanded:

"Why do you boyscots leave the lines without permission to go and spy on the christian lines when you know it isn't in your line of duty. You have committed an offense which will have to be looked into. Come at once to my headquarters. I'll teach you little fools what I say when I tell you not to go out during a battle."

He went off at a gallop the little girls apparently following but later surprised at the sudden quietness Manley wheeled to find no one with him.

"The in dependent little devils!" He growled. "Disobeyed me again."

He looked everywhere for them, up and down many of the company streets, even inquiring of every private and officer he met walking back and forth of where the boyscots had gone but they answered that they saw no one follow him, or any children in the camp, that really no boyscots among the full list had left the camp, that no one had been absent all that time.

"But I came upon eight little boyscots dirty as pigs." Said Manley. "If they did not leave the camp then who were they I'd like to know. Call all of the boyscots that are here and have their roll call. I'll see that there is no joke being played on me."

The order was obeyed, all the boyscots about fifteen thousand in number were lined up and their names called out, but every one answered "Here" and when examined and asked questions proved themselves true that in their statements that no one of them had left the camp or entered it since the day before.

"At once Manley was suspicious, and the number of the group he had detained made him more suspicious.

"This is the first time that their dogged disguises fooled me." He said angrily. "Then it was those beastly yivian girls. How in the name of thunder and lightning did they pass all those cavally scouts without being arrested and detained. Well if they are not the slipperiest little fishes that God put on this earth. Oh how I hate him for all this. Those yivian girls must be overtaken before they leave the lines. That their purpose is I do not know. Spying most likely."

He issued orders, and soon a force of cavally was off in the direct ion apparently in which the little girls were supposed to have gone. They not knowing the real intention of the little girls did not go in the right direction and so the little girls managed to leave the enemy's lines within three quarters of an hour without a pursuit of any kind.

They could still hear the frightful roar of the distant distant battle as loudly as if it was raging where they really were themselves, and the fact of this hastened them on more swiftly, and they did go on a tearing gallop now that they were out of the enemy's lines at last.

They knew the direction in which they must go and so they took the turnpike first and then proceeded down along the two main railroad crossings or junctions and thence down the river bank. How far they were from the christ ian lines Violet and her sisters could not tell as yet. But they were to have a great advent ure indeed. Three times violet and her sisters had terrific battles with quick sands into which they had been caught, a bridge which they had started to cross gave way under their horses and threw them head long in the deep water, and a tree nearly fell on them too.

But they did not pay any attention to these incidents though of course the bath had cleaned off the mud a good deal from their clothes. But the next thing they wished to do was to discard discard their uniforms but then they did not believe it wise to do so too soon. On they progressed until they came to a stream of water which joined the Easter Starring and which was just as large as the latter at this point. Here there was no pon toon bridges, and let not across they must, and so they urged their horses into the stream. As they had made about three hundred feet of the river Violet and her sisters suddenly heard the whistling of bullets around them and ducking their heads, Violet chance to look around and saw a large swarm of gray coated horsemen entering into the water after them.

"Glandolinians." Uried violet. "I thought we were passed them long ago." At this sight the little girls urged their horses on faster, but the they were swifling as fast as they could, and could go no faster while the horses of the pursuers were about to gain on them. Violet and her sisters then whipped out her pistols and aiming at the main leader who appeared indeed to be a general of some high rank violet said:

"Withdraw your men from the pursuit or we'll kill you like a dog." "You dirty Glandolinians will never capture us and so you might as well give up. We are all dead shots and if you believe it not we'll prove it to you in a way that you won't like."

There came sharp exclamationations from the men, and some confusion ensued while the leader hollered through his hands:

"Who are you kids anyway and what are you doing with that uniform on?"

"It's a big business affair of our own." Said Jennie. "We have you well covered general and if you pursue an inch further we'll fire. We warn only once."

There was a loud murmur among the men and then the leader shouted:

"By your determined words we know that thou art the yivian girls in disguise and that your uniforms are glandolinian. You have invited me greatly by thus showing your defiance, and shoot me if you dare. You are going on a message to bring aid to the christian army under general yivian and Evans for we have discovered the way you went and came out here to get you. We will not turn back for you and you cannot make us. Forward men. They won't dare to open fire."

"Stop!" C Screamed violet.

"FORWARD!" Talled the leader.

The men started forward when eight shots cracked out loudly and the general toppled from the horse. At once the glandolinians were driven into confusion and dismay. Violet and her sisters in the meantime had reached the opposite bank and while most of the soldiers were attending to the wounded general the little girls progressed onward, the enemy not pursuing for good reasons for suddenly violet and her sisters found themselves surrounded by a large swarm of Red coats with fixed bayonets.

"So we have caught some of you dangerous glandolinian boyscots at last!" Uried the officer of the party. "What is that noise we hear so plainly. Tell me you little rascals, enemies of God or we'll run you through boys though you are."

"We'll tell readily enough, and we are not enemies of god and do not wish to be called so either." Said Jennie. "We are the yivian girls and if you don't believe it we'll throw off our disguises and prove it."

"Don't need to take off any of your gray clothes." Said the officer. "We know you from your voices. How in the name of the goodness of God did you get through Manley's lines and reach us. You little girls are clever. And we beg pardon for our conduct toward you but your disguises fooled us. You are within Hanson yivian's lines."

"Good god and we were heading for general John Evans army." Uried violet in despair. "We were sent by his brother Jack for him to come and throw Manley out of the way. Evans is attacked by a great indian army at Fountain de Firens de la Greece and old Manley is in his rear and may crush his rear in another two hours. We have failed to reach him having gone the wrong distance."

"But there must have been some mistake in your directions then as to the army." Said the officer. "He is in our command. Your mission is no failure for I'm sure Hanson can spare him, and allow him to go to his brothers aid."

Violet and her sisters were conducted within the lines, and brought before their old time friend general John Evans.

"I Oh thank god and I've been longing to see you dear little girls." He suddenly cried folding them each in turn in his fond embrace. "And what brought you on this visit?"

In as short a detail as possible violet told him all. He listened in surprise and alarm and then calling his orderlies sent him to bring one of his officers and telegraphed an order to another general.

"Ain't there any armies near by to go to his and general's aid?" He asked demurely.

"No," answered violet. "He sent me to find you and ask you to aid him." He wants you to stop any attempt that Manley will make on his rear."

"I'll go," he said. "I'll telegraph the news to Hanson. I'm sure he will allow me to go for any way it'll cause the lost loss of the war if Evans fails there."

He at once telegraphed this order:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL HANSON VIVIAN
ARMY OF ABREATHA AND ABREATHA"

Big battle going on at Foundation of Pirene De Ja Greene-----Armed under general Evans and your brother. Abreathans with serious defeat and disaster probably annihilation-----Manley's army, because of Evans-----If Manley is thrown off it will be well---Have sent to the aid of Evans.
JOHN EVANS."

The message went off off quickly and presently came the order from Hanson vivian himself:

"I have had good luck press only through the love of god almighty for general Everett True and King Cannon have pressed on themselves and joined me. Go to your brothers and as quickly as you can and I'll not cease praying until you get there. Hurry as time is precious. You have only an hour."
GENERAL HANSON."

John Evans receiving this note at once issued an order for the advance and Manley himself did not get the news of the help that was coming to general Evans either for the men who had pursued the little girls half way across the river, had been pursued themselves by the Abreathans overtaken, and shot down or captured and so no one was returning to warn Manley that the little girls had escaped.....

Manley in the meantime was preparing now to start his advance, and when about ready he had received a word that a big force of christians was moving down from the north, but he at first did not believe it and so did not guard his own rear. He posted his batteries however to prepare for any surprise, and advanced half of his force to storm general Evans' rear. Just as the whole force was well under way more runners came that the christian force was nearer, that it appeared from the shape and uniforms to be Hanson's army and Manley now became alarmed, for his scouts came in and told him that he had better be prepared for he was overhauled by a christian force that was approaching under general John Evans. But he had not taken precautions quick enough. He realized that he had to fight his own part of the battle without giving aid to those attacking Evans and now he realized indeed that the battle was lost. He knew that there was no difference hardly in either one of the Evans and that he had a terrible and cruel fighter to contend with now under the name of John Evans the very one who had by the terrible and horrible effects of his cannon proven that his advance was a great success on the eve of the battle of Pirene.

Which way the christians army was coming he did not know, but nevertheless he prepared for battle as quickly as possible. However Manley did not realize that Hanson was moving also around him and that he was to be attacked on two sides at once until on his whole rear and front all of a sudden there came such a tremendous crash of cannon and musketry that the earth seemed to open at the horrible explosion, this uproar sounding far and wide in a continuous and rattling crash as if a billion cannon were in action in a space of less than ten miles, the horrid roaring of the volleys pouring out in a prolonged crash that was almost insupportable, and as Manley advanced his cavalry squadrons to the scene he saw to his dismay streams of redcoats pouring across the whole region in front of his position the uproar of the answer answering fire of the thick red wave being so terrific that it was beyond description, the storm of cannon seemed to fairly wither the grass under the feet of the christian assailants, and as the closing quarters of the lines met the scene was as if the world was approaching to its sudden end, and the violence of the Abreathan attack fairly tore its way through the main front line of Manley's army, and whole sections of the army went to pieces, other portions were unable to withstand the assault, gave way after meeting for twenty minutes a terrific fire, and Manley now hastened heavy reinforcements to rally them, but now the Abreathans had brought up their artillery and opened a storm of fire that fairly shook the ground and threw men off their feet from the concussion, the din of a billion cannons it seemed increasing with redoubled fury, the very heavens also in Manley's rear seemed to be filled with a most indescribable uproar that tore all before it with the volume of deafening sound, hundreds of platoons of the enemy every minute being literally blown to pieces, and dissolved into whirlwinds of dead and dying by the fierce fire of the christian cannon.

The assault on his rear being almost simultaneous was still more frightful for the Abreathan line of assault extending in the shape of a long thin wave advanced with frightful velocity and as the enemy opened fire themselves the scene was so terrible that probably the angels would never go forget it, the whole region within that short time being covered with burning fields or whirlwinds of dead and dying of both sides, but the surviving Abreathan line had come on with irresistible force and tore the main front line of the enemy rear into a thousand small pieces, and then a closing with the rest, and thus by surging two and for, but finally the foe yielded ground back by inch, the mingling of the men being frightful, the Abreathans attacking with such indescribable fury that Manley realized all was at last.

Along his main left the horrible battle had increased with redoubled and most amazing fury, the resisting Abreathan column being crushed to pieces as their counter charge and closed with the christians line who furiously cut their way through them like savage red coated demons, despite the terrific resistance more and more of the Abreathans came on the pressure of the charge increasing with redoubled fury, and the millions of bayonets clashing against each other mingled with shots at close quarters and the series of frightful universal devil yells making a perpetual conglomeration of sound that was startling to the heavens itself, the Abreathans meeting the Abreathan charge without flinch flinching, and pressed themselves against the onslaught waves of purple and red smoke snatching column after column, but the fury of the attack at every quarter of the two sides of the army was still increasing in violence and increased to such an extent, that the left of Manley's line was swept back and forth in a seething fiery and bloody inferno that was shocking to behold and finally that portion of the whole line gave way and retreated in general confusion and panic and no effort to rally them could be effective.

Never before in the invasion was there ever such a frightful christian assault made and as they rushed on and met with the fleeing fugitives spreading out their columns far and wide they sent them flying, and Manley realizing that he was placed between two fires and that he was attacked so furiously that he his army could not withstand it long became almost disheartened.

The opposing lines actually fought in titanic throes and the most terrific confusion of battle, and nothing could check the furious onrush of the Abreathan assailants who gained and kept every inch of ground they did seize, and general too countless army before rent asunder was now actually blown or smashed to pieces, whole columns having dissolved and Manley's whole left was rolled up from the field for ten miles and fairly cut to pieces, and threatened with dissolution.

Along the other portions of Manley's lines the Abreathans charged again and again with the furies of a legion of hell, and though the gaps made in the Abreathan lines were wide and many it was impossible to disorganize the assailants, the whole assaulting line along Manley's southern front being forty miles long and advanced on and the trillion like roar

of cannon and musketry and rain was never thicker than the hailstones that fell before the violent christian assault. Along Vanley's center both on the southern and northern front the attack of the christians was redoubled still more new frenzied columns hurrying on furiously uniting with the foremost assaults, this column being a terrible force of christian attackers and the attack torn all the foremost squares of Vanley's front line to pieces. It struck general Gibson's square of divisions and Vanley's divisions who resisted to the last man, and the whole gray line at this point seemed to dissolve into dead and wounded as the main christian columns both front and rear swept on and on, and Vanley's center indeed found itself over whelmed by this monstrous arm of Abbeismunna, and all those remaining under Bonanberry met annihilation.

In the meantime in desperation too gossellie had moved twenty parks of artillery upon the christian assaults, and opened fire with a fury that knew no bounds, and a portion of the assaults at this point fairly leave left a sea of their own dead and wounded behind them, but they made such a tremendous rush that the batteries did not get time to fire but twice and then they were captured the Abbeismunna's snoring, cutting down and bayonetting all the gunners and scattering the infantry like bees.

THE ARABIAN LEANS APPEAR AS IF THEY WERE THE RED
FRIENDS OF THE UTTERMOST DEPTHS OF HELL.
VANLEY'S ARMY IS CRUSHED AND ALMOST DESTROYED.
THE DEFEAT OF THE GLANDLINIAN ARMY IS COMPLETE.
VAIN CAPTURES THE CITY AND TRENCH OF VICTORY IS."

To the glandlinians it seemed as if some monstrous swarm of fiends from the bottomless pit was trying to wedge themselves against the whole line

on the front and rear,, so terrific was the assault of the christian line, and despite the column of men that dissolved away or into pieces the assault continued, and of the shriek shrieking yells, screams of fury, and howl of the Abbeismunna, and of the glandlinians being overwhelmed by the tremendous human flood was completely heart rending, and so fierce was the Abbeismunna's yell that it sounded as if millions of screeching demons were filling the air, and as they lunged forward with fixed bayonets and closed with the glandlinians they destroyed multitudes, in their rush, as shattering to pieces whole massive brigades, and fairly mowing down every glandlinian that opposed their onslaught.... By the horrible din of the christian all thousands of glandlinians were almost rendered deaf, the Abbeismunna all the time making up a new series of frightful yells, that made a clamor that became universal, like as if a thousand tornadoes were forcing into one at this point of the battle, the hand to hand fight being most terrible in the extreme, muskets clashing against each other in a general turmoil, the fighting becoming frantic, and to the desperate glandlinians the Abbeismunna were indeed like a strange legion of fiends and devils rushing on in drunken rage, thousands upon thousands of the glandlinians going down in mangled corpses, their main front line was falling to pieces before the headlong Abbeismunna's tidal wave like millions of small airplanes, the Abbeismunna charging on and fighting like a sea of madness like a regular hell legion of christian soldiers gone mad, the christian line literally cutting their way onward, tearing wave after wave of glandlinians to pieces, ripping many soldiers apart with their bayonets ripping many other wide open, hinging the heads of thousands into mere pulps.

Indeed the furious onslaught of the Abbeismunna was crushing the enemy's lines to fragments, whole sections and masses of Abbeismunna mingling with the confused enemy like a frightful hell of destructive fiends, whole masses of Abbeismunna were then any ever seen in a charge before rushing onward unchecked, and the shrieking yell of each line the whole battle line seeming to be wreathed in atmospheric fire the force of the assault becoming more and more violent every minute, increasing most furiously, and soon continuing to increase.

At Vanley's rear a hundred platoons of Abbeismunna came again onto close quarters with the retreating glandlinians, but the enemy at this point was pouring in a musketry and cannon fire that was making a noise as if to fill the air with a countless million deafening echoes, thousands upon thousands of deafening earthshaking detonations per second proceeding each

other in a continuous uproar, the exploding shells making the heavens loud with their rattling uproar, the noise being horrible and here multitudes of men were literally killed, and debris was scattered in all directions by the great explosions. The two columns of Abbeismunna that assaulted the rear and front of Vanley's army so simultaneously had shaped like an awful endless stream of wild human beings, the advance guard having at the beginning of the charge struck forward with corps like a crashing avalanche, and it had disappeared in that inferno of slaughter though for all the time afterward during the fiercest conflict the whole two opposing lines had been hidden in smoke of the fierce firing of cannons and musketry. One dense dense column of this Abbeismunna tidal wave late that afternoon had struck and swooped down upon Logan's square of Mc-Pollastians, annihilating all his squares, and pressing on toward Mc-Pollastians lines with wild frenzy, and at the charge of this most dangerous and stupendous column of Abbeismunna the opposing glandlinians under Clinton had spread out bit bit in the noise which made the battle look like some hideous night mare of hell his line was annihilated himself killed, and the great army of assaults having crossed the western part of the faster starting run, spread out to greater width, and as it went on it formed two huge streams of men which advanced as fast as men could ever be expected to run, and no portion of the glandlinian army in the rear could be expected to check them, despite their desperate preparations to bring up more and more cannons, and on and on pressed the frightful torrent of Abbeismunna with the most appalling fury enveloping general surgeons multitudes of fugitives amid the crash of musketry at close quarters, and in the noise thousands of lives were lost in that one rush, and those though thousands of cannons sprang to their guns and fired them again and again, and still again, with night and main, a great yelling surge of Abbeismunna overwhelmed them out and slew them with the bayonet and sabre, crushed the main infantry supporting lines and swept it back pouring the musketry shells and solid shot from the captured guns until the remainder of the christian surge came up and then on it pressed.

At all points the christian line was rushing forward and from the very heart of the fearful slaughter ran the cry of hundreds of thousands of mangled, the christian columns were fairly torn by the main line still resisting, scores of thousands of mangled were still revealed along the broken foliage and it was as if the hand of death had covered them with a thin veil, and crashing clouds of dirty dirt, and clouds of dirt and wreckage from thousands of bursting shells still wrapped the victims in agonized death, it being a regular seething hell of death and destruction tenfold in fury, Antonio's ten divisions of guerrillas had been crushed to pieces in clashing with the frightful wave of assaults, and glandlinians left wing was crushed to pieces, but the remainder of his force spread out in separate columns and again and again made a sweeping charge upon the attacking Abbeismunna only to be swept down in hundreds of regiments at one time, for every charge, but nevertheless the counter charges of the glandlinians continued to rage with the most terrible violence, their own column columns extending seventeen miles, and attacking amid the most fearful inferno of firing ever heard and seen, and the quantities of red regiments, and brigades crushed, shal shattered, or annihilated completely by the terrible storm of fire along the christian line was frightful.

Whole columns of the enemy fairly dissolved in making these sweeping counter charges and the christian lines having spread to the length of fifty miles continued the assault with redoubled energy, the battle continuing to rage with increasing fury. The solid purple and red lines were time and again driven into many parts amid the blinding hellish uproar, but the main lines rushed forward again and again in solid waves, and though every one of the first waves extending for ten miles seemed to go to pieces pieces along the line of assault before the Masonic fire, the surviving waves moved for a moment, but rallied, and again swept on, and again the foremost lines about forty miles long almost dissolved away into fragments leaving before the view of the enemy a horrible field of dead and wounded, but the other waves pouring in a fiercer fire than they received pressed on without failure and by this crushing onrush which carried every thing before it the Masonic lines under Lannoe was driven back and mangled, and for a minute not now the firing was so fierce that for many miles the men on both sides together seemed to dissolve into dead and wounded, the losses of both armies being frightful, but still the christian lines only rallied again and again and again swept upon the whole Masonic lines in possession of the guns, the fury of the Abbeismunna attack increasing to such an extent that most of the guns were abandoned without firing another shot, the glandlinians retreating in greatest confusion at this point.....

and along this point the works for the distance of forty miles could not be distinguished for here the dead and wounded lay so thick that who could count them correctly..... Never before during the war did the Abbeian fight with such frightful fury, or neither did the glandelinians offer offer such wild resistance,, and the worse about it was that Manley continued to increase the frightful struggle by throwing in all the still inactive forces, and the rallying garrisons, and Mc-Jollestonians were making the most desperate efforts to re take the guns,, the battle everywhere being a noisy inferno, and every assaulting wave of glandelinians that swept up upon the captured guns, were rangled to pieces, the left grand division of Mc-Jollestonian army was crushed to a mere handful of men, in making one of the great counter assaults,, and under Nelson the strongest force of 10,000,000 Mc-Jollestonians were rendered to fragments, in an hours series of assaults,, dead and wounded glandelinians lying all over the frightful battle field, and the works and deep trenches were fairly clogged with the fallen of both sides and the valley of the Shadow of Death could probably fall to make a scene equal as horrible.

The battle between general John Evans, and general John Manley indeed seemed to be drawing forward toward its height. During their frantic efforts to retake the works and artillery seventeen divisions of garrisons had been crushed to fragments, and again they had swept forward in one long line only to have it swept and torn to pieces,, and the christians now were concentrating so heavily that the foe along this section horrified at their losses as millions had fallen ceased their assaults,.

At other points of the rear the Angelinians and Abbeianians still advanced with their extraordinary rapidity, advancing in a fearful force that nothing could stop. The awful uproar of the battle seemed to burst the very ground asunder, the advancing christians dividing into many separated columns, and now as more and more added to them, they continued the frightful onslaughts anew,, and general Hansonian christians rushing on wildly like a tidal wave of water struck the Masonic lines, under general Quincy Marcha, Marchaian wedging the wolves again at his solid lines with the pressure of a windmill of wreckage against a broken and frail wooden house, driven forward by a flood of water, and after some of the most desperate fighting the glandelinians were forced to give way,, though the firing at close quarters seemed to shake the very heavens heavens,, the Abbeianians pressing on with the most amazing fury,, but one whole right wing of the christian line was a fast dissolving into fragments, while the central portion seemed to driven,, and then general Garries divisions collapsed and fell back in some confusion.....

During this frightful onslaught the enemy had managed to open fire with all the artillery which they had succeeded in bringing into action, the shells blowing men to pieces by the thousands, and riddling whole platoons with bullets,, and even fragments of hundreds of troops, thousands of stones, fences, and masses of wreckage were blown high into the air by the bursting shells,, and clouds of debris, dust and tons of earth were scattered all over the combatants,, like snow the dust being as thick as the powder smoke itself.....

In trying to reestablish his badly broken lines Manley in withdrawing a large force from his extreme center had left a wide and dangerous gap through which the Abbeianian torrent had poured, and though exposed to a severe cross fire from the glandelinian cannon whose shells shattered myriads of beautiful trees, and hurled clouds of stones fifty tons in weight into the air and galled the christian lines blowing whole sections of the christian columns to pieces, and bursting every column that followed under the surviving Abbeianians however advanced with the most irresistible force and fury, shattering every opposing mass of glandelinians that still opposed their advance, advancing upon the Garrison lines with a still greater fury and almost closing in the Glandelinian center, tore whole sections of the graycoats down capturing hundreds of thousands of prisoners, and completely destroying general Mc-Jolleston's Left Wing, and reducing his center into heaps of killed and maimed.

The surviving columns of the glandelinian center still tried to stand its ground, but were borne before the furious sweep of the Abbeianians who charged as furiously as they knew how and rendered the whole center to pieces and rolled it upon those attacking in front. All was in the greatest confusion, and the enemy who were retreating had to swim the river they endeavored to cross as the shells had blown away all the bridges, the explosion of the shells tearing immense gaps in the panic stricken columns tossing tons of dirt and wreckage among them burying many,, the high explosives indeed threw an incredible quantity of men into wild confusion killing thousands of the panic stricken fugitives and all along the line of retreat nothing remained but an appalling medley

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of slaughter. The whole line of battle for many miles presented a fiendish scene of wreckage and mangled human forms, a sight more fearful than Dantes Inferno, and so completely were thousands of the glandelinians covered by the earth and wreckage wreckage lurled back and forth and in every direction by the terrible storm of explosions that one could only see a half covered head here and there, a horrible gaping mouth, or a hand or leg miserably crushed, and thousands of dead bodies had been found after the battle honey combed with bullet holes, or so terribly mangled by shell fire that to look upon them turned one sick to his very soul.

The Abbeianian assault on both the rear and front of Manley's army had been made with the most extraordinary violence, the series of immense christian columns having succeeded within one afternoon's time in fairly cutting their way through the most thickly populated parts of general Manley's lines, and so terrifying had been the din of the battle between the armies under Evans and Manley, that any witness had they observed the terrific conflict could have instinctively expected the opposing lines to literally destroy one another.....

The avalanche of christians had pushed on at every point of the two sections of Manley's lines with awful force and fury, creating a hell of destruction for over five hours, and on one sunken road near the center left section of the enemy's main line tangled heaps of graycoats were seen. The christians had pressed on like a wild storm of incarnate spirits of destruction, cutting Manley's left and central wings fairly to pieces,, it being both a fierce and magnificent sight, the fury of the Abbeianian advance having been indeed so stupendous that the two wings had been unable finally to withstand it, and as the eastern wing of assault had reached out and banded toward the terror stricken swarms of fugitives in gray under Anderson, and as their escape was cut off, they had all thrown down their arms and surrendered.

Though Manley's left and center was rolled up completely from the field and almost dissipated, the right had still held its formations. The Abbeianians who had been yelling like a hundred million demons being checked many times, their columns dissolving into vast windrows of dead and wounded, and all along the line of battle at this quarter the onerays had put cannons had put into the christian ranks such a storm of fire that not only were the christian columns galled and scathed, but hundreds of thousands of trees were swept down and shattered, the terrible storm of shells making a noise as if the whole universe was blowing to pieces,, but the christians had only rallied to the attack again and again, rushing upon the foe in series of desperate onslaughts, and mingling with them at close quarters time and again and causing the wildest confusion before they were checked.....

The first main loss that the christians suffered since they started their great attack on Manley's army on both sides was from the close quarters fighting which occurred so often during the series of wild onslaughts, being at one point alone over 745,678 in killed alone, and in addition to the unsurpassing horrors occasioned by the horrible battle the devoted survivors of the Abbeianian columns had been frightfully exposed to the ravages of the greatest cannon fire.

WHAT VIOLET AND HER SISTERS WENT THROUGH WHILE ON THEIR RETURN TO THE CHRISTIAN LINES UNDER GENERAL JACK ATROPS EVANS.....

In the meantime while Evans had drove his main forces against the two sides of John Manley's army, Violet and her sisters had made their way back toward the direction in which they could find general Jack Evans and bring him the good tidings, which they knew would encourage him to fight all the harder and win the great battle. But it was not so easy in returning as it was going out on the mission mission and violet and her sisters soon found this out and without very much time to consider about it either.

Knowing what would be the result of going through the enemy's lines while a wild battle would suddenly open had decided to make a long detour this time and get safely back to general Evans' lines. They had no sooner started out when violet looking around saw what appeared to be a little girl, looking out at them from behind trees, and realized that they were almost walking into an ambush set by the fierce garrisonians or Mc-Jollestonians. To progress onward recklessly meant certainly their destruction and so wheeling their horses the little girls opened fire and raced off for the shelter of the nearest overhanging ledge of rocks

which they observed in the distance. To reach this they must or all would be lost. Just then they heard the sudden crash of the sudden outbreak of the christian attack, and knew that John Evans had struck John Manley's army the blow that would insure general Jack Evans the great victory that they wanted to see him win. Onward the little girls raced, and then looking back saw over forty gray-coated soldiers racing after them full speed on horse back, and coming on so swiftly that there was a certainty of their being overtaken. However the little girls had reached the ledge of rocks, and leaping from their horses scrambled swiftly up to the top and at once opened fire upon the horsemen below before they could make a charge bringing down nearly ten of them at once.

The glandelinians dismounted, for it was impossible to bring up their way on horse back, and then started racing up on all parts of the hill that they could find a footing on firing as they progressed onward, but finally the little girls fired upon the assailants so furiously that the glandelinians became more wary, and halted their advance but poured in an answering fire that kept the little girls hugging the ground for cover.

Jennie received a scratch from a bullet but was not seriously injured. Knowing that were long the glandelinians would completely surround them Violet and her sisters seeing the way clear to the rear decided to retreat, but to fool the enemy as to their real intentions they left the place one by one until they were all gone and the enemy had not started up the hill as yet for oversight, and overcaution.

Finally seeing no more shooting going on from the top the glandelinian soldiers started to climb upward slowly, halting every moment in expectation to be fired upon, but finally they reached the top and saw to their mortification that the children had cleverly outwitted them.

By this time the little girls had cleverly worked themselves around to the side of the hill, had recovered their horses and were racing down the road southward before the glandelinians on the top of the hill discovered them.

By this time the little girls were surprised by hearing the redoubled crash of the distant battle, and believed also that they could plainly hear the roar of battle in a more southerly quarter and knew that it was the conflict along general Jack Evans and general Vivian's lines. The glandelinians now started to scramble swiftly down the hill, but by the time they reached the foot they saw that their means of pursuit was gone for the little girls before setting off had dispersed their horses, and it would take fully over an hour to find them again.

The glandelinians were not ignorant of the character of the children however and the leader cried:

"If those dog-gasted Vivian girls are not the cleverest little devils I'll eat my hat. It's certainly impossible to catch them. Why in hell does Manley sent us to capture them. For any way when he ought to know it cannot be done. If he thinks it so easy why don't he go after them himself. I'm true with concluding them for good. What say you men?"

"The same horse they all cried. 'We will never catch them. We are God's foe it is true, and we do hate him and all that is his, but that does not make us ignorant, that no matter what we try we cannot get the best of him. No one can conquer god or his intentions and Manley ought to know it. And I bet Ten thousand million dollars that the christian dogs will whip us in the whole war. And some day Manley will see it is true too. Christianity is as easy to conquer as it is to over-see overcome god and his angels and crazy Manley ought to be clever enough to know it.'"

Though these glandelinians abandoned the pursuit that did not relieve Violet and her sisters from other perils which they were facing. Once upon passing under a group of trees when hearing the son of a zone of the terrible battle a stray shell burst far above them showering them with a blizzard of leaves and sticks and one of the horses received a cut on the head and it was Violet's.

Fortunately however the little girls had not as yet discarded their disguises, and so when progressing a certain distance the came suddenly and without warning upon a squadron of cavalry that was approaching at a tearing gallop. So swift had they appeared that the little girls had been engulfed and surrounded by the mass of gargolians at once, but as the cavalry surprised as at the children's presence and not recognizing them stopped, the leader retorted in a grilly:

"What is the matter with you boys anyway. Are you going dippy?"

"You want to be run down by our horses. Why don't you look out of the way?"

"How could we know you were coming so fast?" Answered voice in a disguised voice.

"That's no excuse." Retorted the officer once more. "You ought to keep to the side of the road and not in the middle." "A

"And don't get away either." Cried a superior officer. "You boys know that is an offense. How did you come to be outside the lines?"

At first Violet and her sisters did not know what to answer to this question but then thinking how they were surrounded by John Evans christian soldiers a little while ago Violet answered:

"Your excellency we were sent on a message, and were captured by some christians probably the men of the army who is attacking us now. We just escaped them, by bribing them who were worse, and telling them lies and so on we belong to the command south of here, not Manley's."

"How comes it that eight of you had to go on the errand?" Asked the other officer. "Our generals generally only sent three or four boys. When I ever seen eight children no matter how they look they remind me of those dog-gasted little Vivian girls, called Violet and her sisters."

"I do not know." Answered Violet truthfully. "But down yonder road just a few minutes ago I observed thirteen boys going toward your lines and that surely is more than eight. But pray who are the Vivian girls? Are they women?"

"Women?" Laughed the leader. "If women would be as fearless as they we could love women no matter how homely looking or pretty they are. Why no those Vivian girls are merely your size, and there are eight of them called Violet, Jennie, Joise, Catherine, Evangeline, Daisy, Nettie and Gertrude Evangeline Vivian. They are eight of the most dog-gasted spies that have ever come within our way, and they are more dangerous, and more dreaded than the strongest Abbieannian armies attacking us."

Violet and her sisters had in the meantime counted the men and saw that there was about five hundred of them. Not being recognized the little girls felt at ease, and said further:

"What would you do to the Vivian girls if you saw them?"

"What would we do except the men themselves." They just bring them here and you see pretty quick. We are Gargolians but we cannot help loving those Vivian girls because their unusual bravery makes us so filled with admiration that we do not know what to do. And if we ran upon them unexpectedly we would not molest them because we don't think it is right. We hope them success in their work, and we would be glad to see the day that they themselves would be wise enough to shoot that damn Manley down like a dog. We hate him worse than a snake. Us Gargolians were fools to join the war. We are truly fierce fighters, and all that but not child butchers as you boy scouts know. Many of our soldiers have perished the little girls because it was duty not murder, and yet they did not realize the intentions of the soldiers and shot many of us down. We are all instructed by Manley to shoot those little heroines down on sight but we'll be damned if we'll do it."

The officers as accented to the words and said:

"If you boys want to remain our friends leave the little girls be and do not persecute them. Us Gargolians have seen the real truth and from now on will never persecute them. And if you see them give them my compliments and tell them that we'll see to it that they do not meet ruin."

And before the astonished little girls could answer the Gargolians rode onward.

They had suspected something of this from Gargolians right along however from experiences with them several times. During the time they had been pursued by the gargolians these soldiers could have easily shot them down if they wanted to and this they had realized, from the fact that when ever pursued by hooded glandelinians, and when these glandelinians were open fire their horses always had been shot down. They had never dreaded these soldiers so much since, never believed what bad things was said about them and never believed that they ever butchered children. They remembered once when Hanson making a speech to his staff officer had concluded with:

"All sects of glandelinians known as the Mo-Hollestonians, Kurds, Orian Kurds, on Orian Kurds, Zivemmanians and Amm Americanians and Gondenians are the worse of the lot they butcher children as cruelly as any wicked rascal could have ever done, driven children off to slavery and make them suffer untold misery, and worse of all they show their wicked fury when ill treating our doctors and Red Cross nurses who attend them when in suffering from wounds and wants, while the gargolian soldiery are only frightful and ferocious in methods of fighting, but have never harmed a child under any conditions and have pursued my noices because of duty. It was gargolians who had said to me once,

"Keep the foolish Vivian girls within your lines and we'll leave them alone. We don't want to persecute them but have to when commanded by Manley. It's the children own fault but not ours."

Hearing the increasing sound of distant battle the Vivian girls came turned on they were heading first toward the east. They had turned in a bend of the road when suddenly meeting them face to face was a other column of Gargolians. They were just now unhooded and Violet and her sisters could have sworn that never in their lives did they see men so had hands looking or so tall and green-skinned in front.

"Hello!" said one of the lieutenants hitting the column of men who were about five thousand in number. "If you had value in valuable your safety you had better keep your distance from the lines for a while. The army had taken the whole of our army by surprise and is attacking Manly's army both on the front lines and in the rear. We are also that the war is lost for we'll never win this do or die battle."

"I thought something was wrong," said Angoldus. "We heard this terrible noise for a long time and thought indeed that it sounded like a battle. But why are you not fighting with the rest of the army?"

"We are going to," was the answer. "Forward men! We have to get there before we get charged with the tardiness of delay."

And off the whole column galloped and the little girls were able to continue on their way again.

"We met the Gargolians twice," said violet. "I hope at least we can keep ourselves clear of the others."

Violet and her sisters now continued on their way as before riding along sometimes at a lively clip and sometimes trotting along slowly, as to avoid suspicion as most of the peasants noted suspicious and they feared that they would be recognized and either seized or shot down without warning. The country here was somewhat hilly and so the little girls for a short out started up one of the foot hills, and then viewing from the top the whole surrounding country, and looked for the direction where the two sections of the battle was raging but all they saw was clouds of smoke north and south of them and puffs of thicker smoke which no doubt were cannons firing or shells exploding. Finally they started down on the other side, and seeing a farm house in the vicinity halted their horses, and violet rode up to the door and knocked. No one answered. Violet then pushed open the door, and going in saw two glandelinian officers sitting at the table playing cards when they should have attended to their duty when their own country was at stake.

"Hey," cried violet. "And the men jumped up with a start. 'Don't you know that Manly's army is being attacked. Where are your divisions?'"

"Say go alone with you and add your own business," growled one of the officers. "We had enough of fighting this morning."

"Well give us something to eat and we won't tell," said violet stepping in also. "We are hungry."

"Why don't you go and steal something on the christian dogs and not come here begging for eats," said another of the officers with a horrible blasphemy which shocked violet and her sisters.

"You are certainly a blasphemer," said violet looking fiercely at the man who had cursed God. "And if you use such language again we'll revenge it and shoot you dead where you are. We are coming in to get something to eat and we'll get it if it is whether you allow it or not."

"What did you say," said the two officers angrily. "You dare turn traitors by shooting one of us down and stealing our food and you'll suffer for it."

"Not from you anyway," said violet. "We are not glandelinian boy scouts but the Vivian girls, and we will accommodate you with being fastened to those chairs by your belt-belts." And the little girls covered them with pistols. The rascals made a menacing movement which predicted a rush but the little girls threatened all the more while Gertrude tired them to the chairs and then they proceeded to ransack the place. Right in front of the enraged Ho-Hollesstinians the little girls ate a hearty meal saying their Two Graces, and blessing themselves devoutly which still more horrified the glandelinians. Then the little girls supplied them selves with the ammunition belonging to the men, and went out leaving them still tied to the chairs.

"Here come back here and tie me and my companion loose," cried one of them wildly. "No one will come this way for a long time and we'll be killed."

"You will cause us no end of trouble is if we release you," said Jennie. "No remain where you are. Some of your comrades will come this way soon and will release you."

The little girls paying no attention to the further shouts of the two officers went their way, and reaching the main road, soon found themselves at the banks of the river near the south bend. At this point they could hear the roar of battle still nearer and louder, it being probably the battle along Jack Evans line, or along the lines under general Vivian, and so the little girls now knowing that they were right continued on more swiftly. Soon far behind them there was a thunderous roar of horses galloping after them and looking behind violet and her sisters saw a swarm of Omarians tearing after them at the highest speed their horses could go.

At once the little girls urged their own horses on full speed, and now the Omarians set up a shout and started firing. Violet and her sisters however rapidly outdistanced their pursuers, but nevertheless they saw that the glandelinians were not giving up, and so the little girls not wishing to make their horses jaded decided upon a trick. They each separated and disappeared to the astonished eyes of the glandelinians who rode up to the place where the fugitives were last seen. Violet and her sisters had outwitted the these glandelinians by going suddenly down eight roads, arched on both sides by thick foliage which completely concealed the fugitives. The foe however seeing the roads and believing that no one of the children could have went any other direction continued the pursuit, divided dividing into eight small parties and going down the eight roads.

But again the little girls had outwitted them for they had all skipped separately across a field and came together once more and the glandelinians continued down the roads a good ways until they at last realized by the disappearance of the horses feet in the road dust that the children had not continued down the roads all the way and so were flabbergasted than ever.

They saw the field however and after uniting their parties together started across in a long line, but the little girls had gained a great distance by this time and were far ahead. The foe however had swept flected horses, and believed surely that it would be no trouble to over take the fugitives, and so raced after them. Violet and her sisters crossing the field reached another road and passed on encountering suddenly a small body of Gargolians who seeing the men racing across the field so wildly, realized that the children were fugitives. They however did not make any attempts to detain them, but continued on their course until the Ho-Hollesstinians and Omarians came up the leader saying to the Gargolian leader:

"Why did you not stop those fugitives? They were the little guttersnipes called the Vivian girls."

"It's your work to catch them not mine," growled the leader. "We fight in the war and so on but do not make war against children. They were not spying on you and so why hinder their joy. I'll not persecute forward men."

The Omarian leader looked surprised and dismayed, but he expected this of the Gargolians and so did not say a word, and ordered the pursuit to be continued. Violet and her sisters during their progress down the road had fairly bumped into another squadron of horsemen, who however detained them for information, and seeing danger violet said:

"If we trust you with a promise will you keep it?"

"Yes we will boys was the answer."

"Well be quick cried violet. "What if a number of little girls were persecuted by a lot of Omarians and they did not do anything to them and were only persecuted because they were wanted for reasons of being murdered?"

The leader realized indeed from this that the Vivian girls were before him and surrounded them with his men just as the others came up.

"You got them I see," cried the leader of the Omarians.

"Yes they bumped right into my men," said the Gargolian leader.

"They are the Vivian girls safe sure enough," said the Gargolian leader who was smoking a cigarette. "As we were busy will you take those little girls to the camp right away. We ask you that because we know nothing will cause you to kill them on sight as they deserve."

"We'll see to it that they are taken care of," said the Gargolian leader.

The Oai Omarians then rode off followed by the Omarians, the Gargolians going down another road. At first violet and her sisters thought they were prisoners in the hands of the Gargolians but as soon as the others were out of sight the leader said:

"Now my little birdies you see what it is for doing a good turn for me when I was so cruel to you. And unveiling himself the little girls were surprised to see that it was the officer called general Boobhead. They knew he had not resigned from his command as expected for his resignation was not accepted and they were glad in one way for it shielded them all the more.

"But we are prisoners any way anyway," said violet. "What more can we expect after you saved us from those murderers?"

"No you little girls are free to go on where you want," said Boobhead. "It was only pretense. We did not want to reveal the truth or those murderers would have taken you children from us by force. You see they were too many. So hurry along little girls. Go to the left of your way on and you will easily find your way to the christian lines without encountering another party of glandelinians."

The party of soldiers then went on their way waving their hands to the little girls who waved their own in answer. The fierce Gargolians had proved to be the children's friend after all. And violet and her sisters were glad.

3190. The roar of battle had increased by this time and this haste hastened the little girls on still faster. Suddenly the little girls found themselves surprised for far ahead of them was approaching a column of panic stricken soldiers who no doubt were worsted by the enemy. Here is where for the first time the little girls showed their real bravery.

"We ourselves must rally them," cried violet.

She and her sisters set their horses going in full speed, and then when near enough violet and her sisters started screaming to them to be brave. The soldiers saw the little girls and tried themselves to turn the little girls to go back for safety but the little girls paid no heed to their entreaties and seizing a flag which a color bearer had, violet and her sisters rushed through the column of confused men and waved it back and forth.

Each of the little girls raced to the very sight of the enemy, forgetting themselves in the excitement, and in their efforts to rally this part of the line which they succeeded in doing, though at once a swarm of men pulled them down from their horses, and carried them to the rear out of danger and then had them sent quickly to general Evans with the tidings of their deed.

Evans was surprised for he saw that the little girls had not only been successful in their errand, but had returned far ahead of time, and even rallied a panic stricken column.

Evans had received this message before violet and her sisters had returned.//////

YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL JACK ANDROS EVANS://////

It is surprising to say that a great army of Abbsennians under general John Evans your brother have taken the enemy under Manley by surprise, by not only preventing him from attacking your rear, but also closing on his own front and rear and crushing his whole army in a five hours terrible struggle. The battle is still raging but Manley's armies are cut to pieces, his two wings are rolled up and his right is gradually being forced back also. A portion of your brother's army has moved far around your army and that of your assailants and will strike your enemies a terrible blow at any time now. You can give credit to your best little sisters the Vivian girls, who have went through great risk to do this for you.

GENERAL CARO.....

He Evans was happy indeed over it all. Violet and her sisters had saved his army and that of general Vivians from defeat, and it did not take Evans long to have the little girls one by one folded in his arms for a short time.

Then he directed the officers to take charge of the line of battle while he raced for general Vivians line to tell him what violet and her sisters had accomplished. Reaching the region of general Vivians line where the firing was something terrible he asked one of the officers who raced up at his reports where he could find general Vivian.

"General Vivian is dangerously wounded your excellency," said the officer shouting. "But believe you could see him."

The officer led the way to the place where general Vivian had been brought. At the highest point of the battle along general Vivians line the attack of the enemy had been so furious that the Christian line had been driven completely into confusion, and in endeavoring to rally the panic stricken columns, general Vivian forgetting himself had seriously exposed himself, and was slumped in the hip, thigh, leg and foot. He was lying or half sitting up by a tree surrounded by a number of his generals still giving directions, from his position, and telling them what to do and so on. He was glad to see the little girls and Evans.

"General it's too bad your are wounded," said Evans regretfully. "And we have such good tidings for you. Manley is crushed by my brother, my assailants are being worsted and dreadfully cut up and will soon be able to push on and carry their own positions and capture the city. And it's all on account of your dear little daughters!"

"You don't tell me," said general Vivian. "Why I did not even think that Manley had gotten around to our rear. How did your brother know it?"

Violet and her sisters went and told him. "Said Evans. 'I sent them to bring him and they did.'"

3191.

For a while general Vivian did not know what to say for this news was astonishing but nevertheless he hugged his little children tightly to him and praised Evans for taking such good care of them. Later on as the battle was now progressing the other way, violet and her sisters watched the scene with awe, and then taking up their work at signalling, asked for all their boyscout friends to come and help. The whole swarm went up a high hill to watch the battle from there and each had took his position a long distance from each other and awaited for developments.

From where they were violet and her sisters could see the battle surging back and forth, but just now there was nothing unusual or suspicious going on, and the little girls began to believe it useless to be up there and were about to change their post position, when being behind a ledge of rocks violet and her sisters were startled by hearing a voice suddenly say:

"Those Vivian girls have surely been the undoing of us Landelinians now. They have brought down upon Manley whom we depended on to help us a strong overwhelming force of Abbsennians under John Evans, and now that his army is crushed we cannot hope to force the two Christian positions under Evans and general Vivian though Vivian is wounded."

"But if we wish to win something must be done," said the other man and looking through a clump of bushes violet and her sisters saw six men all generals standing there and there but closely to each other all watching the progress of the battle and talking to each other.

"But what can we do," asked a third general. "There is no way to send a force around the Christian rear for all is too strongly guarded by the artillery."

"See," cried one of the other officers. "Ain't that a suspicious column moving around this hill and going toward Mountain Of Fire De La Gruesse?"

The officers became excited and first straining their eyes to look, then pulled out their eye glasses.

"Abbsennians," they gasped.

"And where are they going?" gasped another.

"I do not know," said the third man. "But their advance is in a suspicious direction."

The officers watched for a few moments and so did violet and her sisters, and then the main leader cried:

"They are moving around to flank general Brunel's army. We must warn him before it is too late."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," suddenly cried violet and her sisters making their appearance to the surprise and dismay of the Landelinian generals. "We are too few however to take you Landelinians prisoners but we can and will prevent you from leaving the hill to warn the foe."

"He! Here you little devils get out of our way or we'll shoot you down like dogs," cried the leader and he ordered his men to separate and rush down on all sides of the hill, but violet and her sisters opened fire as they started to do so, and brought actually all of them down wounded in no time. At the sound of the shots on the hill Roswell Starring, Fredrick, and Drager, and Penrod with several other lads came rushing up from another part and seeing the Landelinians lying there relieved them of their weapons and tied their arms behind their backs with their waist bands.

"You see we can do it when we said so," laughed violet. "But we hope all of you are not seriously wounded. You fools could have averted this if you had listened to our words."

"You little devils shall pay for this defeat," cried the leader.

"And do we look like devils?" said violet. "Why we thought we were such pretty little girls. Are we devils?" She asked turning to Starring with a wink of her eyes.

Knowing that the enemy must have this hill for an outlook station the children did not think it wise to remain here and so descended as quickly as possible, and took up their quarters at another place. Here they watched the battle and observed every movement which was taking place. As they were thus engrossed, violet heard a slight noise behind her and looking back saw a man in the act of drawing one of Starring's guns. Quickly she drew her own gun and covering the man cried:

"Starring look behind you."

He did in amazement, and seeing the man jumped up, while the other sisters did the same.

"You have me so for goodness sakes don't shoot," he cried.

"Oh no we won't shoot," said violet. "We are only playing war and you are playing the leader."

Starring searched the man, and then tying his hands behind his back marched him up to a tree and tied him to it with another band. Then taking the package of paper he found on his person he proceeded to examine it and then showed it to violet and her sisters.....

"What was your intention of drawing Starrings revolver." Asked Fredrick of the man while violet and her sisters were looking at the papers.

"I wished to shoot you christ ian dogs down." Was the surely answer.

"You are a dirty cur to try such tricks." Said Fredrick. "I am sorry that we did not shoot you as you are."

Violet and her sisters looked through package after package and found them all important. One was a letter addressed to Joshua Manley and the others were plans and maps. Just at this moment violet happened to be glancing toward the direction where the great battle was raging, and saw a hill which they were very anxious that the christ ians should get hold of. Should the enemy take possession first all would still be lost. So they proceeded down the rise of ground they had been on and went up this hill. Reaching the top however they saw hundreds of thousands of trees scarred by bullets, and worse of all bullets were flying like hail and the place appeared unsteppable. However the little girls took shelter behind some high rocks and with bullets flying above them, like a storm and humming them a shrieking war song, the little girls started a signal toward the christian lines. At first they could not attract any ones attention, but finally they saw a red and white flag flying along a certain portion of the active line in the rear and gave this information:

"Am on a hill exposed to terrific fire of enemy. If this hill is not occupied soon the enemy will be in possession and will be able to sweep all of your exposed flanks. The vivian girls."

Soon as they received an answer the little girls hurried off from this dangerous place and descended the hill just as a salvoes of shells exploded with a deafening ear-splitting roar high above the summit. The christians were cannonading it and now a large force was seen hurrying forward to take it before the enemy could make possession of it themselves.

The enemy had however in the meantime seen that hill, observed its great importance, and simultaneously a large force of glandelinians were advancing to get it themselves. They were too late however, the abbie anians were there ahead, were in possession and after repulsing the first assault with frightful slaughter were enabled to bring up artillery, and no desperate effort of the enemy could take that hill, thanks to the watchful eyes of little violet and her sisters.....

But still violet and her sisters were keeping their eyes open for other things to happen. They took post of another slight rise of ground this time dangerously near the roaring battle line where they could observe everything that was going on, but at the same time being exposed to the stray bullets of the christ ians which flew everywhere there as thick as snow.

They prevented themselves from being hit by first crawling and lying down at intervals, and then swerved the deadly fire from the hill by signalling to the lines who were on it. But this really put them in peril. The enemy had observed the signalling, and a large body dispatched itself from the assailants and swarmed for that particular hill with the intentions to destroy that signal station at all costs.

Violet and her sisters saw the glandelinians coming, and seeing that their weapons were well loaded, all of the little girls but gertrude started firing, while gertrude signaled their danger. The enemy rushed up the hill step by step despite the fact that the little girls brought down a man at every shot, but the angelinians fortunately saw the signals saw the enemy swarming up that hill, and let those rascals have a shower of shells that tore them down in hundreds and sent the survivors flying for safety. Again and again the enemy tried to get at the bold defenders of the hill, but the artillery of the batteries interfered every time and the Glandelinians finally discouraged gave it up, but some of them signalled to their own artillery battalions, and soon violet and her sisters had to crouch low in a deep ravil ravine as a salvoes of shells were bursting over their heads.

Here violet and her sisters seemed to be caught for good, and they decided to watch out and not let a shell make them. But this shelling was stopped in no time by the christian batteries opening fire upon the glandelinian artillery shelling the top of the hill, and then violet and her sisters were warned by signals to leave the dangerous spot before all the foes between batteries would be concentrated upon it.

Violet and her sisters willingly did so and just in time for at once a hundred shells dropped with frightful reports upon the summit of the hills while the little girls were rising down the side, and it looked as if they were running down the clevery of a active volcano so terrific was the scene and the loud clamor of shell explosions on top which were blowing everything before them. But violet and her sisters had accomplished their purpose and so they now proceeded back toward the safety of the lines.

But here again violet and her sisters were found themselves face to face with an insurmountable peril. As they crossed a creek a squad of retreating glandelinians fired at the little girls and endeavored to catch them when missing their aim. Violet and her sisters were too quick for them, and shot ten of them down and escaped the rest easily. Worse of all for violet and her sisters however shells were exploding everywhere, and they had to pass through a regular inferno like glen, where bullets were whistling a furious concert, and whose shells were screaming and thundering in a frightful manner. But they got through this without any mishap, and soon reached the christ ian lines without any more trouble. The assaults of the enemy finally however had failed at every point. All the utmost fury of the enemy failed to force the christian lines, and they had to give it up and withdraw to defend their own lines from capture.

And the sad rumors of the almost destruction of manleys left and central wings, and the defeat of his whole army unerved this glandelinian army, and all the way of their retreat they fought with the energy of despair, and for a time evans realized it was impossible in his demoralized condition to obtain possession of the enemys works. Nothing as yet had happened to the city and no attempts of the enemy were being made to burn it as yet. Night drawing on the fighting had to cease, but nevertheless Evans kept up such a fierce activity at other quarters of his lines that no surprise could be made by the enemy, and all that while he made preparations to assault the enemys works in the coming of the morning.

During the evening he had received a note which reported the conditions of the enemys lines. It ran as follows:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL EVANS.

The enemy under Manley and Brunselaw is already badly worsted, Manleys armies are almost dissilusioned, and Brunselaws are in a terribly weakened condition. This is our list of prisoners in the attack of on manley and the list of other trophies:

Prisoners: 10,000,000.

Artillery: 10,000 cannons.

Baggage wagons: 10,789 captured.

Small fire Arms: 10,000,786.

All this during the struggle this afternoon with manleys army. Evans crushed his rear and his front in no time and broke up the whole of manleys army and almost routed him. The condition of the enemy at Fountain Of Firens De La Greece is such that if you take advantage of it, you will win a sweeping victory on the morrow. Brunselaws army is in strength and other things as follows:

Army 67,899,888 strong.

Amount of ammunition Almost 0.

Artillery: 1456,789 Pieces. Ammunition almost exhausted.

Cavalry: 1,897,999.

So this proves that you can easily sweep all before you and by your grand victory the enemy will have to abandon all the fort fortifications that guarded vanity and itanis Fair. Yours Truly;

General Darger."

Evans examined this note carefully and then went to find violet and her sisters and see if they were asleep. They were not as yet, having just now finished their supper in his dining tent which he had cooked himself for them.

"We have good luck he" He said as he greet them. "The enemy have almost exhausted their ammunition in their attack upon us and we'll clash them out of their works to morrow."

And he showed them the note.

"Thank God." They cried. "Now we know the war will surely be won."

And they one by one threw their arms around him and kissed him like the loving little girls they were.

Evans himself was elated over the good news and fairly danced with joy and the little girls fairly danced with him.

Morning dawned bright and fair and warm. All night long had been spent in gathering the many wounded and the burying of the dead. The enemy were sure however that the Christians would be contented with the advantage they had gained and that they would not attack themselves. While Evans was sorting out some papers in his room a man was seen standing near him and Violet and her sisters recognized at once this man as an old time enemy and a spy who had been successful many times in his exploits.

He gave a start as he saw the little girls and realized they recognized him and Violet as stepping up to Evans said:

"This man is a treacherous enemy of us little girls, a traitor a spy. This man Evans if is an Arabian spy in disguise. He has sold the secrets from your offices many times and escaped, secrets even from the offices of the Abbasinian governments. He has sold even the Galverinian codes, and the Abyssinkilian codes to a glandolinian agent named Henry Page. If Von Godfret knew what had happened here he would have had this man killed for his treachery."

The spy gasped in amazement. He had lost his tongue so astounding to him was the turn events were taking. Violet gave him no chance to recover but pointing her finger at him continued vehemently:

"And there is other tidings we discovered about that man; he is one of general Germain's private agents."

Being still speechless the glandolinian spy which really he was replied in the only manner he could think of. He sprang up and aimed a swift blow at Violet's face with his fist, which she dodged, Evans being on his feet almost as at the same moment with revolver drawn and covering the enraged glandolinian he exclaimed:

"You rascal if you make another move toward the little girls I will shoot you down like a dog where you stand."

The spy now found his tongue and tried to offer to some explanation but Evans cut him off saying:

"I will not hear a word. You are a scoundrel a spy, and a rascal that ought to be hanged. You are under arrest."

Several men seeing that Evans covered a purple coat with his gun through one of the windows came in and taking in the situation, took hold of the spy and turning to Evans waited for some directions.

"Search him," was Evans order.

This was done and was obeyed in fine style. They found several letters on the man, a large flat piece of package and a bundle rapped up in a cloth. Those were handed to Evans with sharp exclamations and Evans proceeded to examine these. While Evans was examining the contents of these packages and letters the spy suddenly turned upon the three men, knocked them down with one blow, almost threw the little girls to the floor and made a dash for one of the nearest windows. Finding it locked he seized a chair and smashed out the pane but Evans was too quick for him. He sprang at the rascal and bore him to the 1 floor, and pinning his hands to his side ordered the men to get him a rope which he did and with this he tied up the hands of the spy and then jerked him to his feet. The men were enraged from the blows they had received from the rascal, and would have run him through with the bayonet but Evans forbade them to do so saying:

"It is not worth the waste of time boys. He is a spy and will be shot successful or not."

The man was led away by the men and placed under guard until his examination and court was a marshalling should be done.

In the meantime the army was prepared and Roswell Puster Johnston came up and finding Evans inside saluted and greeting the little girls with a cheery good morning asked Evans when the attack should be made.

"You can start it right away if you like," answered Evans. "But cannonade the enemy's lines first before you make the attack at least, so as to test whether they really are short in ammunition or not."

"I'll do so," answered Roswell and after saluting and bowing politely to the little girls he left. Kindermine got his instructions by telegraph, and soon one hundred and sixty six cannon along the whole Christian line broke out in a tremendous uproar, and a long line of exploding shells was observed along the enemy's whole line. Evans kept up the cannonading furiously for quite a while and found indeed that he received a spirit spirited reply. But this did not daunt him, and at eight o'clock he ordered the attack to be made right then.

Violet and her sisters were permitted to go up on the highest hills to watch the Christian charge and so up they went with a large column of their boy scouts and reached it just as the long lines of Christians started for war.

For a time the little girls watched the long billows of Christian Christians sweeping toward the enemy's lines, saw them go across fences and fields and still not a speck of smoke came from the enemy's lines. Onward and still onward pressed the red and purple lines, and now Violet and her sisters saw Roswell Puster Johnston's army starting to surge forward at another quarter and as soon as these had extended for miles along the fields, and gone across half way, then appeared Kindermine, and Richardson's platoons, and all these combined swept on ward toward the quiet and sinister lines of the glandolinian army. Still all was silent and now the assaulting party which had gone out first reached within some hundred yards of the enemy's parapets.

All at once it was sheeted in smoke and flame, there came a tremendous earthshaking roar that shocked Violet and her sisters to the heart, and almost paralyzed them with the sound, the hill shook beneath them, the leaves in the trees though there was not the slightest wind blowing stirred violently, and the little girls thrown off their feet by the concussion saw a good portion of the first Christian wave fairly melt away.

One line halted, other still pressed on then halted too, and suddenly let loose the same awful uproar of masonry themselves, while Kindermine's forward columns seeing the sudden firing of the enemy along the extreme left, and the terrible decimation of Charles Brown's divisions began to move forward more slowly and firing as they went.

"I don't believe the enemy exhausted their ammunition," said Violet. "And I think Darger was mistaken. I--"

At this moment one of her boy scouts came riding up to her and saluting said general Glannon is coming up to see you little girls."

Up came the general and he said:

"Evans has told me to tell you little girls to watch any suspicious movements of the enemy. Last night the foe received ammunition and heavy reinforcements, and are resisting us more fiercely than we expected. We can force them if no force of their own moves around our flank. I'm going to signal to the nearest signal stations and find out if John Evans is able to advance. If so I'll have him come and strike the enemy's position in the rear."

"I'll watch every movement," said Violet. "And so will my sisters."

The officer saluting galloped away to work out his second duty.

In the meantime while the assault of the Christians was now on in general Evans received this note:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL K JACK AMBROSE EVANS.

FROM YOUR BROTHER JOHN EVANS:

I have defeated the enemy under Manley yesterday, but was unable to prevent him from retreating southward, and he has joined general Brunesslav's army during the night, and received reinforcements from glandolinia also. I learned of your intentions of attacking him, and so while you do so I'll move my armies around the enemy's rear and take his forces in flank, and while I do this you can then force your whole army upon him. I'll let you know why when the blow is struck. Your loving and kind hearted brother; GENERAL JOHN EVANS.

UNDER ORDERS AND COMPLIANT
FROM YOU OR HANSON."

This again was good news for general Evans and now he knew for sure that for the foe the battle was lost. In the meantime Violet and her sisters watched every column of Christian soldiers who swept toward the enemy's lines and saw that Evans indeed was meeting with serious resistance. But no suspicious movements were being made by the enemy, and despite the strong resistance it was evident that the assault was on the verge of success for though he was later in advancing than the others Johnston was already in possession of a portion of the enemy's works and holding it against a fearful attack that was being made by the enemy in series of gigantic waves. Violet and her sisters felt like cheering when they saw this occurrence and signaled to Evans the good news. For a time now all was hidden from the little girls by immense clouds of smoke, and then to the surprise and sorrow of the little girls they saw the monstrous Christian columns flowing back firing furiously as they went. Evans knew this would happen however, and their signalling was headed. Violet and her sisters saw a monstrous swarm of gray pouring forward against the recoiling lines in purple and red, and ever and anon the firing of both sides obscured everything to the view of the children.

Now Violet and her sisters felt better for they saw that Howell's master Johnstone's lines were rallying, and starting to press forward again, and even the little girls forgetting themselves seized one of the regimental flags that the boy scouts carried and started waving it when starting pulled it out of Violet's hands saying:

"Don't do it Violet or we'll have the whole Glandelinian hell upon us. If they see that flag waving here they'll think the Christian troops are charging from here also and will open fire with all their artillery upon us and we'll all be killed."

"That's right too," said Violet. "But we did not think."

The other Christian columns were now starting to rally and Evans himself started to move his whole line forward. Suddenly Violet and her sisters looking in another direction with their field glasses saw to their surprise and excitement a long stream of men in red moving southward far to the east. It was John Evans' army about thirty miles away and they were heading for the attack they were going to make on the enemy's flank.

All for a time seemed nil for Evans' violent assaults. Frightful assault had been made again and again on the enemy's lines and the enemy had opened fire of such intensity as to scath the most intensive lines of the Christians and still they had continued the attack until counter charged by the enemy. Suddenly Evans looking through his glasses saw the enemy moving forward in a mighty body as if coming forward in a wild charge but all seemed a storm of confusion and he wondered what was up. He started to telegraph to all officers in a mad hurry, and Violet and her sisters observed the same watched closely.

On pressed the mighty column and then back it went again the Christians pressing forward. Ten times this surprising scene was repeated, and then using their glasses Violet and her sisters looked further to the south. But they could not see anything, though they felt that it was the blow struck on the enemy's flank. Indeed it was. Placed between two fires the enemy's army were driven first down upon those massive assailants in front, and these in turn drawing backwards for a short distance from the pressure only turned to the charge with redoubled fury and such confusion that prevailed could never be correctly described.

Evans realizing the truth also threw his full army forward to help those in front while then receiving a note sent this message to General Vivian:

"Your Excellency General Vivian;

"The battle is won for Evans my brother has again struck the enemy on the flank. It is still raging but nevertheless we'll soon have their works. If you are feeling better to day I would advise you to come along with us to the city for I believe we'll be in possession this very evening. Come and see how the enemy are in confusion. They are literally driven wild with it.

Your great Friend

General Jack Ambrose Evans/
of the Army of Angelina
and Abbeaudia. C.D.E.S.A.

General Vivian received the note with pleasure and as he was not half so seriously wounded as he was reported to have been he got on his horse with the help of his men and viewing the scene through his glasses, became wild with joy and praising God with hymns and prayers, and exultations finally ordered his own large army forward, and this new assault fairly crushed the enemy's right wing. Caught as they were between two fires the Glandelinians fought with the utmost fury of desperation, counter charging a hundred times that fearful bloody afternoon but their columns were shot down by the whole sole line twenty miles long a score of times were annihilated, and the whole line the entire main line though already crushed to fragments foolishly fought on. Nightfall finally brought the struggle to an end and the enemy were still in possession of their own works. They had held their works against all the most furious onslaughts of the Christian line as successfully as if they had won on them a gloriously fought victory, but

nevertheless they were badly beaten. Early in the night Evans decided to press on and did so. The enemy had already abandoned their positions early without resistance any longer, and started off toward the south many of their torn and mangled divisions retreating through the city and leaving their millions of wounded behind to the mercy of the Abbeaudians. On pressed Evans and toward night his army was in possession of the city and once more Violet and her sisters were in the city also. All the inhabitants had fled at the first news of the enemy's defeat, and so there was no one there, and so quick had the inhabitants fled that they abandoned everything taking nothing with them but what they had on.

Millions of dollars worth of goods fell into the possession of the Christians, provisions and eatables for the army, and clothing and materials of all kinds. It would have been a great scene to see so many Abbeaudian soldiers trying on the Glandelinian shoes, and other clothing material and Violet and her sisters also had a pair of new clothes and shoes besides anything that they needed and wanted. All materials were taken possession of by the Abbeaudians, books worth reading were saved and those not worth reading made big bonfires bonfires which Violet and her sisters enjoyed to their hearts content.

The battle had indeed turned out as a glorious victory for the Christians and the enemy had abandoned every section of fortified works within reach of the great city which had escaped destruction on the request of Violet and her sisters.

And the little girls had some fine sleeping quarters too believe believe me sleeping quarters better than the best king or any lords or rich people could have ever enjoyed though Violet and her sisters belonged to poor parents who were or had been rich themselves before the war broke out.

CHAPTER NINE.
WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

THE results of the great battle of Fountain Of Pirene De La Grece was simply tremendous. It had caused the defeat of two great and main glandelinian armies, simultaneously, the sudden fall of all the fortifications around Titanic Fair and insured to the christian side that the war really was going their own way and was going to stay their own way that it was lost for glandelinia's cause, and that all child slavery would soon be done away with.

Violet and her sisters were astonished at the way the great battle had turned out and especially more so astonished at the violence of the battle itself and of the unspeakably heavy losses occasioned by it. To them it was like another Jennie Turner or Francis Atlanta and also it ended to grandly in behalf of the christian cause that the little girls were overcome with excitement and joy.....

During the evening of the next day after the bloody battle Evans entering the room where Violet and her sisters were occupied asked them what they thought of the great fighting just passed....

"Why it's just grand," said violet. "We have seen many battles and went through their horrors and experiences but have never observed a battle like this one which raged so long fully four days. We term it another Francis Atlanta, and do marvel how two great glandelinian armies one under general Brunelaw Paszyński, and general John Manley, were thrashed so tremendously and so quickly and simultaneously. And we at first believed that the situation looked so serious for us that all was lost, and that the glandelinian armies would quickly drive us out of glandelinia and win the war after all our trouble and efforts we have made to go as far as we did in our successes."

"The battle was certainly a great one," said Evans himself. "And fiercer than I had ever expected it ever would be. But no matter how sanguinary it was we won just the same, and won a glorious victory at that."

"And what makes us think of it more and more is because it caused the other armies to be enabled to capture the fortifications around the city of Titanic Fair," said Joice.

"And how many forts were there guarding the city?" asked Evans who had forgot the actual number of the fortifications.

"We have forgotten," said Angeline. "But then there were over a hundred and all great forts too. And our armies won these forts without any blood shed either. Now surely I don't doubt but that we'll win the war to a finish and crush glandelinia down her on her knees."

"There is one thing that we think about the great battle," said Nettie Vivian. "We have been advancing and fighting nearly day after day since the Abbieannian and Angelinian armies commenced the invasion, and we have not been checked ourselves hardly, though the other armies lost many battles before they could progress very far. This great battle of Fountain Of Pirene De La Grece now enables us to advance full upon glandelinia itself and we believe it's you Evans who will besiege that city and bring the war to a speedy termination. This battle has actually opened your way to the enemy's capitol, and if you don't receive any more checks during your march your armies will be the first ones to get there. Bloody as it was this battle nevertheless has been a fortunate occurrence for your armies are far in advance of the others."

"Yes it's true and there's our uncle, and general Everett True and King Cannon," said Oct Gertrude Angeline. "They are still held at bay at Easter Starring, and all the western armies of Abbieannian and Angelinian though they are winning battles are far behind and would not reach the city of glandelinia for a year from the serious resistance they are meeting. We are the only ones who have advanced so far your army and papas. And we give great credit for your brother John Evans too. He helped you to win the great battle of Fountain Of Pirene De La Grece."

"Put how did you accomplish your mission so soon as you did?" asked Evans of Violet. "Then I sent you you was not sure whether you would return until that evening and it was not three o'clock yet when you were back within the christian lines."

"We know we got back so quick alright," said violet. "Put we ourselves do not know how we ever done it. We had little trouble too, and only three times were pursued by the glandelinians. The Gargolians themselves appeared very good to us whether they recognized us or not. And we thought they were such bad men."

"No one claimed they were bad soldiers as far as I know," said Evans. "Put they are well noted for the terrific charges they make, and their fury of fighting. It's the plain gargolians who were well suited for good conduct and for their refusal of obeying the commands to murder helpless children. Those we got to look out for are the Gargolian Kurds."

"Gargolian Kurds?" asked violet. "Why we did not know there were two kinds."

"There are four kinds," said Evans. "Omarian Kurds, Mo-pollestinian Kurds, Zimmermannian Kurds and Gargolian Kurds. All four sorts of gargolians dress different in uniforms. The plain Gargolians who are good dressed themselves in long robe robes like overcoats of deep gray color and wear hoods over their heads. The Zimmermannian Gargolian Kurds, dress like you probably observe before the war like devils. They are well known for the bloodcurdling slaughters of all helpless peoples they have committed, and of the horrible ways they gut the bodies of children they slay. They are the only ones who would slay children like this. They are all fierce and frightful savage fighters equal as fierce as the Zimmermannians and Mo-pollestinian soldiery, and can lick ten Abbieannians pitched onto one of themselves."

"The Omarian Kurds called the Damarian Gargolians are the worse of the lot. They do also hood themselves but are dressed in coats and pants like the Omarians and are as fierce and as savage as the very dervish demons in hell. It's mostly these frightful Omarians who give the terrifying

"Devil Yells and they are as cruel as the Mo-pollestinians themselves to children in massacres, and put them the same as the Zimmermannian Kurds though do not always do it. The Mo-pollestinian Kurds are we very little known and whether the massacred children during the war no one knows. They are the ones who have pursued your little girls relentlessly, and probably when you took for Omarian Kurds. Watch all Gargolian soldiery closely the next time you see them and you'll observe the difference in many."

"We saw many of you during the battle just passed," said violet. "Some appeared like Zimmermannian Kurds and some were under Boobhead whose resignation was refused. Yet they saved us from our Omarian pursuers."

"But they must have been plain Gargolians," said Evans. "But I can tell what they were for real if you explain this question to me how were their hair fixed?"

"Every one had their hair bobbed short, and had black hoods slung down over their shoulders," said violet. "They were fierce and savage looking men armed with long lances, and sabres four feet and a half long he besides two long braces of pistols. Some of them were fairly dressed like Arabians."

"Then it must have been Boobhead who saved you and his men for facts at that," said Evans.

"And they waved their hands in a friendly manner at us," said violet going on with her story. "And some of them even wished us very good luck. From their fierce looks however we had at first been suspicious of them as they hardly looked like Gargolians. But they dressed like them."

"Something must have changed them, probably it was Boobhead," said Evans. "They are the Mo-pollestinian Kurds or Gargolians. I believe if it had not been for Boobhead's ways with those under his command all would have been off with your little girls. Only those under his control have got so that they will not harm christian children. But is only those under him and no one else."

"We were lucky then," said violet. "We thought they were some kind of Mo-pollestinians, because of their dress and the form of their hair and head wear. And there were about 10,000 of them."

"We met other Gargolians who were only hooded but whose uniforms were more soldier like," said Jennie. "Those probably were the plain Gargolians. We asked them what they would do to us if they knew where to find us not saying of course that we were the very children themselves. The way they spoke about us, Vivian girls surprised us and made us feel that we were mistaken about the bad news of Gargolian cruelty to helpless children."

"Put the main thing we marvel over is the battle just past." Said little Daisy Vivian. "But though we did win that great battle how do we know whether we will still win the war or not?"

"And what makes you say and think that?" Asked Violet. "It opens the way to the city of Glandelinda for Evans!"

"I don't think so." Said Daisy. "And I remember Hanson declared to Evans in one of his last letters that if Bristle Toe Station is not captured and the enemy lines forced all Christianity would be checked, and the enemy would be given time to rally and gather against us in such tremendous force that we could not withstand it, and even if all that did not win the war for the enemy, and if to the Glandelindians would lose it for sure, Hanson's failure would lengthen the war for another year or probably two years, and we want to end it as soon as possible."

"I believe you are right Daisy." Said Evans. "And I do not know how long it will take Hanson to force the enemy back either. A mob of pullers army is stationed there with general Manley, and while Manley had escaped us despite his defeat already at Fountain of Fire De La Grace he is as reports came in to me retreating toward Bristle Toe Station to relieve General Manley."

Indeed Violet and her sisters thought much about the battle and its immediate effects. They thought of the way the battle had raged, how long it has continued, the tremendous charges they had witnessed those four terrific days of fighting, made by the enemy and the Christians also and thought of the results the battle would make. But the words and sayings of Evans was contrary to what they had expected. Why was it that so many of the other Christian armies were able to forge ahead unchecked, though having been defeated in many battles, and yet Hanson was unable to move forward against Bristle Toe Station, and had also been checked and seriously defeated in a number of severe battles along the Easter Starring? They could not understand the reason at all. They were puzzled at the check that even fierce King Gannon was meeting, being unable to move to the aid of Hanson's army. Turning to Evans Jennie asked;

"Evans how far does general Hebaum Manley's army extend in front of Bristle Toe Station?"

"His army is not extending in front of Bristle Toe Station at all and never has been driven there as yet." Answered Evans. "I am saying that Hanson your uncle is or has been making fierce attempts to get there and drive the enemy from that point but had been completely unsuccessful in a number of great battles at the Easter Starring Run. Manley's armies are extended before Hon Catherine De La Poer Berestford."

Violet and her sisters gasped in dismay and surprise. "Good God if something isn't done quick enough all will be lost." Said Evangeline. "Manley must not be allowed to make a junction with his brother. If he succeeds in doing so it will be fatal for our cause."

"It is true but where is the army that is to check him?" Asked Evans seriously. "My brother followed his army as fast as possible but cannot catch up with him. I dreaded the outcome. We shouldn't have let the rascal escape."

"Couldn't you warn Hanson of the fact?" Asked Gertrude.

"I've tried to but cannot get any communications with him."

Violet and her sisters pondered for a few minutes upon the situation and then thinking of something said;

"Where is Everett Trues Army situated?"

"At Condon Bandonia."

"Do you think we could get there ourselves and see what could be done?"

"I wouldn't let you little girls go there for all the money or success that would be heaped upon the Christianians." Said Evans sternly. "Do you little girls realize what you are thinking of doing? If you little children are against suicide you will not attempt this rash thing."

"Why is it so dangerous as that?"

"Certainly."

"But couldn't we use an airship or airplane?"

"It would not do any good at all little girls. Their cannons could bring any airship down within range, and those too far up would be checked so furiously by the enemy airships that escape or destruction would be certain to be impossible to escape from. And the enemy are scanning the country everywhere with their cavalry."

"Our cause is at stake then." Said Daisy. "If it is as bad as that we might as well pack up and go home." "I believe this was caused by some one blundering in Hanson's army too. It's very unusual and even tantalizing that our Uncle whom we trusted more than general Vivian in leading his armies successfully should be so seriously and dangerously checked at Bristle Toe Station by such an inferior force of the enemy. If something cannot be done to communicate with Everett Trues and his army we'll go there if it is such to do so."

"What do you say if I would change my course then and move to reinforce Hanson, and let my brother take care of Manley?" Said Evans. "How would that do?"

"It would be just as bad to change off your course as it is to see Hanson to be so continuously checked." Said Jennie.

"But that is the only thing that could be done." Said Evans. "No matter whether you are a brave enough to make any attempt to go to Everett Trues army or not I am under instructions from your father to take care of you little girls and prevent you or from running into any unnecessary danger and so I would not permit you little girls to make the trip to that region."

"If it's as hazardous as you say we would not attempt the trip anyway." Said Violet. "For what is the use of us trying to do something that we know is utterly impossible?"

Just at this moment general Oswald Buster Johnston came in with three new Christian generals who had just arrived. Evans arose at their entrance and after saluting in answer to theirs said;

"What brings you here? Nothing serious I hope?"

"No." Answered the great general. "But these three generals are new to this army having arrived here just this morning. They were sent here by general Williamson Zimmermann, as he knows you are scarce in general officers, as so many fell in the preceding battles."

"Has Zimmermann got any armies opposing him just now?" Asked Evans.

"Not just now." Answered Oswald Buster Johnston. "Why do you ask?"

"For good reasons." Answered Evans. "John Manley had escaped our armies on account of the other barring our way southward under general Prunslaw and he is advancing fast in an effort to make a junction with his brother at Hon Catherine. I thought if Zimmermann was not too far away with his army he could advance by an easterly, and then southeasterly course, and come around by the south of Bristle Toe station and hold Manley off before it was too late. If Manley makes a junction with his brother the war is lost. We must keep the Manleys separated so for good now you know if we wish any success, and to keep up the success we have already gained."

"It couldn't be done." Said Oswald. "All must be depended upon from Everett Trues. Zimmermann is two hundred and eighty miles south west of us, and or northwest of us - mean and cannot reach that place in time. Why not find out how far the distance is from us to Everett Trues army and then send your little girls to tell him since I know you as a nun cannot get into communications with him?"

"I know the distance and I know the place." Said Evans. "But if I send the little girls on their way to destruction what will I be? Nothing doing. I proposed to march that way myself and reinforce general Vivian. Hanson but Violet and her sisters would not hear of it. And I cannot spare general Vivian, because I need his help badly. All we can do is to have recourse to God. He'll enlighten Everett Trues of the danger some way."

At night Evans and all his officers assembled in his headquarters, and Violet and her sisters were seated at the center of the table. Evans related to the officers what the little girls thought of the great battle, and then told them all how Manley had escaped, where he was heading for and how futile it was to try any efforts to get into communication with Everett Trues, and also related what the intentions of the little girls had been.

"Where is Everett Trues army?" Asked kindhearted me.

"At Condon." Answered Evans.

"Why that is not far from where Manley is heading for?" Said Richardson Halsted. "If that fool don't know of the near presence of Everett Trues he will collide with his army before it is too late, and be defeated in every detail. Between the city of Pottigazeeza and Condon lies the stream of water called Arokanobis, or Pyar for us. If Manley gets caught by Everett Trues there he will be placed between two fires and crushed entirely. I'm sure that Manley will never reach Hon Catherine."

"Can't be too sure about that." Said Fredrickson parson. "Manley has a force twice as large as Everett Trues, and it may not turn out so good at that. We must in person watch John Evans and if he keeps in touch with Manley, and arrives there quick enough he could help Everett Trues but Everett Trues cannot do the work alone. He would sacrifice too much of his army and he surely don't want to see his army slaughtered like rats in a trap."

"Yet if Manley reached his brother at Hon Catherine and makes a junction with him our invasion will be thus threatened with serious disaster." Said Evans.

"Put there is some way to prevent that." Said General Richardson halted himself....

"How?" Asked Evans.

Halted produced a map or at least he pulled out of the table drawer a geography of the country of Glandelinia.... He turned page after page hastily and then reaching a certain map threw it over to Evans Evans and said to him.

"There is the town of Gordon on the northeast corner of that map you see there. Well we are still in possession of Fountain Of Pirene or Pirene de la Greece. Well stretching from our positions, to Gordon are the towns of Rosebud, Matilda, Katie Kent and Punchinello. I'm sure these towns are in possession of christian armies and if we could telegraph to the town of Rosebud the morning they would telegraph to town after town until Everett True at Gordon would receive it. How about trying it Evans?"

Evans looked closely at the map and saw that it was true. Violet and her sisters also got a view of the map and said to Evans:

"Please make the try any way. It would hurt nothing even if we don't succeed."

"Yes I guess I will." He answered and he summoned the man who attended the telegraph and writing down this message to Gordon said:

"Telegraph this letter to the town of Rosebud and ask them to telegraph it to the next town until Everett True at Gordon receives it. Hurry and do not delay...."

The man saluted and went out with the message in his hand. They all waited for his return. Five minutes passed, then ten, then twenty, and thirty and still he did not come. Just as all the officers were getting anxious he returned.

"Well demanded general Evans arising.

"Good news." He cried. "Our worries were foolish. Hansons far reaching scouts discovered the threatening danger, and reported the fact to him early this morning. Hanley will not only fail to reach Mon atherine but if he don't halt his advance he'll run run plump into an ambush. Evans has got around Bristle toe Station by making a swift detour around and across the place, and is moving northward in front of Hanley while Hanson is throwing his left wing across Bristle toe Run, and is moving other forces between Pottsgassessa and Arokanobis. This is the report that I received from Everett True. And we are better off than ever. Everett True said that King Cannon pressed his advance two days ago after a terrible battle at Mary Hedda junction, and also fought and won another frightful battle at Durmad and Cape Casper Junction. He is only a mile from Hansons lines and in reinforcing Everett True also. We are in luck too for Everett True destroyed a Glandelinian army at Gordon."

All of the officers fairly jumped up at the news. Evans snatched the paper out of the mans hand and looked at the message which he had received and saw that the mans report was true.

"Maybe we could go there ourselves." Said Violet. "I don't think it is so dangerous after all if we can communicate with those four towns so easily. If they are in possession of the christians why shouldn't we visit King Cannon or Uncle once. Evans you will be inactive for a long time now. Why not leave Oswald master Johnston in main command of your armies and come with us. We are simply asking to go."

"Can't do it without Hansons permission." Said Evans shaking his head. "But if you little girls want to go you can."

"But we like to have you with us." Said Jennie. "We love you so that we have hate to go alone without you. I--"

"Oh General Evans." Cried an officer who had just dashed in all covered with dust. "I've a message for you from general Hanson himself. Here is it."

Evans noticed that the officer seemed quite excited but he took the message and opening the sheet of paper read it's contents.

"More surprises." He said.

"What is it?" Asked Violet and her sisters while the officers looked at him inquiringly.

"I'm afraid I'll have to hurt your feelings you dear little girls." Said Evans. "But it's my orders and I cannot help it. In this note I got the dickens from Hanson for sparing the city of Fountain Of Pirene de la Greece. He orders me to destroy all no matter how beautiful and magnificent a place is saying that in despoiling our countries the enemy spared nothing whatever. So why should we spare theirs. I hate to do it Violet and your sisters and I'm afraid it'll break your hearts but I cannot help it." He showed them the note.

Violet and her sisters did not know what to make of the letter. Hanson from his statement had evidently been very angry because the city was spared by Evans and his army, and Violet and her sisters realized that they had been responsible for it.

"We can make atonement for it." Said Violet. "I'll telegraph to Hanson that it was our fault and tell him why we wished the city to be spared." She did so but it took her a long time before she could get an answer from the first town she telegraphed at. Finally she got this answer:

"Hansons army-----situated ---at Lady Decis--- --Communications---with him---forbidden just now---by his authority---who ---who---are---you who want to ---get---into communication ---with ---him?"

Violet and her sisters were all there in the room and she explained to them what the answer was that she had received and then she sent back the answer in as short a space as possible:

"This is Violet Vivian---her niece---I must talk to---him---and won't go away---until I ---speak to ---him---Please get him and get him quick---who ever you are---or we'll charge you with not doing your---duty."

Again she waited for an answer. For a long time nothing came back and she began to think something was wrong.

"Something must be wrong." Said Jennie. "Or maybe that person does not want Hanson disturbed."

At this moment the telegraph started ticking. It was from Hanson as the light little girls knew from the producer. After conversing with him for a moment they confessed that they had spared the city because they adored it and that it was not his fault. Again there was silence for a moment and then Hanson answered back:

"I appreciate your goodness little nieces of mine---by revealing that it---was your---doing. ---But just the same there is no way---out of it at all.---The foe destroyed everything on us---in a most wanton---way and I'll spare nothing no matter how---beautiful it is.---If we do it the foe---will think we are becoming easier and will take advantage of it.---Tell Evans---it like good little girls ---that the city must---burn at once---and that he must resume his advance as soon---as possible."

YOUR LOVING UNCLE

GENERAL HANSON HANSON VIVIAN...

AT HON CHERISH."

Violet and her sisters told Evans what they had done and then said:

"You might as well leave the city and set it aflame." Said Violet.

"We hate to see it but then it is well deserved. If the foe surrendered at this moment and the war was over then probably Hanson would not have ordered this. We'll have to leave by to-morrow."

The council was soon over however and the generals prepared themselves for bed it being the last night that they would have their sleeping quarters in the city. Evans himself however did not care much about the city and felt that Violet and her sisters were foolish to have had him spare it when it ought to have burned like the rest. And what did the enemy spare in Angolinia or Calverinia? Nothing at all. All went before their destructive war

and even his own home had been burned and destroyed by the glandelinians, and his father and mother and sisters being murdered by the brutal Me-Hollensteinians. And Evans had not forgotten the frightful scenes he had witnessed in the ruined cities smitten down or blown and shattered to ruins by the cannon fire of the enemy, during the great battle of Aronburg Run or Glorinda, where it was reported that the velocity of the air waves and earthquake waves caused by the most frightful concussion was almost estimated at about a mile or a mile and a fraction a second or five thousand two hundred eighty miles an hour.

Violet and her sisters still pondered upon the effects of the battle just passed, and when they themselves thought of the scenes they had witnessed at Glorinda they began to feel that they had made a mistake in asking for the city of Fountain Of Pirene De La Greece to be spared, and now began to wish, that they had not done it. For a while they lay awake in their beds thinking of it all and also of the battle, and how they wished that the war was coming to a close. They knew that the glandelinian armies were still strong and powerful and feared somewhat that something serious would happen before the war ever ended.

In the meantime Evans was sitting up in his room not at all as yet having retired as he was pondering upon the results of his discovery of Angelinas good luck, when a heavy sack suddenly fell over his head and he was thrown violently to the floor. Who ever his assailant was he did not know but he was too quick and powerful to allow such a small surprise get the best of him, and after a valiant effort he managed to get to top of his adversary and then removed his hood which had been thrown over him. "For the love of God Kindernine what means this." Gasped Evans as he turning on the light which had been out discovered it was him. "Why did you assault me your best friend."

"No need of questions just now." Said Kindernine breathing hard and worked up to great excitement. "It was a mistake of mine on account of the darkness of your room. I thought you was a spy. We looking for one who is in this very building, and have the place guarded so no one can get out until he is captured. You leaned so far over the table in the darkness that I not seeing the color of your uniform and not recognizing your face but seeing by your shape that you was a powerful man threw this sack over your head with the intention of strangling you."

"We'll have to get him." Said Evans. "Have you got the room of violet and her sisters well guarded?"

"You bet I have." Answered Kindernine just as several officers came into the room. He ordered the officers to send for general Oswell Gustaf Johnston, and then both he and Evans arising the whole house by pulling a big bell he they saw in the hall strode toward violet's room and saw that the little girls were up and aroused by the excitement.

"What's the excitement all about?" Asked violet as

Evans came in.

"There is a glandelinian spy in the place and we are looking for him." Answered Evans. "I did not know it until Kindernine told me. I had my room in darkness and he mistook me for the spy and threw me to the floor. See that your weapons are in good order little girls and for God's sakes don't let no one in your room no matter who he is."

Evans then closing the door softly after him went down the stairs into the reception room and just as he turned on the light saw two feet disappear under the council table.

"There's your man Kindernine!" He whispered pointing under the table and with that with one shove he turned over the table, and there within full view was a grayed out graycoat with pistols drawn.

He saw that resistance was useless however and arising to his feet he surrendered himself meekly.

"Well." Said Evans. "What's the meaning of your presence here." The man was silent. At this moment violet and her sisters having heard the crash of the table being overturned appeared in their nightgowns.

"Who is he?" Asked Jennie. "I think he looks familiar."

The man started when he saw the little girls, and made as if to bolt for the window but a sinister expression in Evans face made him think twice before attempting to do so.

"You are here for some purpose." Said Kindernine. "But what it is we probably cannot get out of you. But you are nevertheless a sneaking spy and now we don't spare spys even is not successful." He called several soldiers who were looking on into the open window to come and take the man which they did! On him was found a important paper which Evans examined and found evident proof from what it stated there that it was a good deal wiser to burn the city, for if it should stand without ruin glandelinia would recover from the mere fact of it and rally in such fury as nothing could withstand.

Violet and her sisters had begged Evans to spare the spy from being shot down in cold blood, but Evans said that they ought to appeal to general Hanson and not him for it's Hansons orders now and that he would be disobeying Hansons command to let the spy go without the severe punishment.

"All the glandelinians who go out on spying trips and exploits really know the consequences if caught, and it's up to them if they are so anxious to die." Said Evans. "And why appeal for such rascals as the glandelinian spies who not only spy on us when doing their dirt dirty work but also spy on the very intentions of god himself. Such rascals deserve to die the death of a dog. If Hansons orders are disobeyed you know what the penalty would be right away. Can't do it and if you want the spy saved you must appeal to him."

Violet and her sisters knew it was useless then for to appeal to Hanson was like appealing to a starved tiger to spare its victim which it is already got within its grasp. And so they let the matter drop. But how they wished the war was over and all it's horrors. This cruel war was as it seemed fiercer than anything ever heard of before, no earthquakes, typhoons or volcanic eruptions could have caused all the damage it did, and caused such heavy losses of lives, nay to them it seemed that it was worse than even the end of the world. And why shouldn't the world end when such horrors continued. The war was already in duration for over three years and a half, and seemed to be growing fiercer and fiercer. If it would end soon when then their thoughts turned back again to the great battle of Fountain Of Pirene De La Greece, and they wondered if any more battles would turn out like that one did. From the excitement and experience of the night none of the christian generals could see sleep another wink and neither could violet and her sisters, and so Evans decided to start the advance southward right away, and burn the city as soon as the christians had all left it.

He gave the orders at once, and while preparations were being made Evans told violet and her sisters that the advance would be resumed before morning, and that they had better prepare and get all their belongings together, and the Abbeannians cannot delay.

At this news Violet and her sisters at once dressed themselves, gathered together everything they had and then went out with Evans and the other christian generals. Everything belonging to the city was taken off by the soldiers all kinds of pictures, everything that was eatable, and bedding, besides every article of furniture that could be carried by the army, and then the main army outside the city already being on the march the soldiers in the city lined up and to the command forward off they were, while general Baldwin remaining behind with his artillery was preparing his guns to shell the city into ruins, as soon as the command would be signalled to him by Evans.

A desperate attempt was made by a glandelinian army near that vicinity to prevent Baldwin from shelling the city, but in vain Baldwin repulsed their attack almost destroying the army, capturing the few survivors as prisoners and marching them off as prisoners.

Evans army soon started in full marching order, violet and her sisters going with Evans and the main christian generals in person. It took three hours before they were out of the Abbeannian city, and then when far enough violet and her sisters heard a great thundering noise behind them, and looking back saw the once beautiful city crumple into abject ruins. It was a sad sight to the little girls and for the first time violet and her sisters felt that Hanson was rather little cruel in his warfare, but did not say how they felt to Evans. Evans however delighted in the destruction of the city and so did the other christian generals who looked on the scene however with some awe. In the afternoon Evans halted for the arrival of Baldwin's army, but he did not arrive until late in the evening, and Evans already was confronted by a new glandelinian army under Ah Annie-Wad.

As soon as Baldwin arrived Evans being advised to refuse any obstacle stop his advance now, decided to push on despite the fact that a new army was in his way, and did so Ah-Annie-Wad however not showing any resistance as was expected, but retreating before Evans advance. Ah Annie-Wad was a wise general despite his true or peculiar name a good fighter, but he was also not a reckless man, and he knew just now that it was useless to oppose so great an Abbeannian army, and so continued his retreat, though several times he threatened Evans seriously on the left wing.

Violet and her sisters loved to see the sights of the country which they had already observed since the start of the invasion on invasion and it was the first time in any war that so beautiful a city like Fountain Of Pirene De La Greece was destroyed by glandelinian enemies. In the war of 1841 Abbeannia spared it at the request of other nations, and other nations who warred in earlier centuries spared it but Evans did not. It was a fact that surprised the whole world, and they realized that now the Abbeannians were mad clean through, aroused before to high pitch by the scenes they witnessed in Calverthia and now aroused still more by the fierce resistance

they met. Violet and her sisters had never actually seen the Abbieannians really severely and totally beaten in any battle yet under Evans, at least Evans seemed to be victorious in every fight. And they wondered how it could be possible that after so many serious defeats already, and even of their failure at Fountain Of Fire De La Grece, that the glandelinians could be so stubborn as to keep up the bloody resistance, when it seemed indeed as useless as to expect to live after being shot in the head.....

But then the glandelinians had not been reduced sufficiently enough to cause the resistance to cease, and this was mainly the thing that was required upon. It was not true that desolating the enemys country in as wao wanted a manner as possible would require some means as to shorten the duration of the terrible war, but then reduction of the armies was the main thing required. In truth the Abbieannian armies were larger than the glandelinian armies opposed to them, but nevertheless there were scores of glandelinian armies not as yet engaged under the old time commanders not fallen during the war, except those resigned, and these were being reinforced and under orders to rush to the aid of those engaged with the christians, and if these came up to the assistance of many armies already depleted they could be enough for a while to overwhelm all the Abbieannian armies then in glandelinia.

To prevent this reinforcing was an impossibility, and so Hanson still checked at Hon Gatherine, sent an appeal to Abbieannia to hurry on more troops and this was the note sent to the governments of Abbieannia by King Gannon Gannon himself:|||||||

"It is my request and also general Hansons that you governments exert your utmost to support the invading armies, even at the cost of drafting the soldiers. With the approach of the first Abbieannian armies in to Calverinia we had after the bloody Henrietta struggle at Glorinia, easily evicted all the glandelinian armies from Calverinia, Abyssinkile, and Angelinia, and with this driving out of the enemys armies, we thought that we could win an easy victory at the start of the invasion into Glandelinia. We have progressed far into the enemys country it is true, but like to this we have observed that glandelinia was like a hell of demons gone mad with maudlin fury that knew no bounds.

Our armies at the start of the invasion had lost scores of bloody battles, especially in the west, and east while the central christian armies have won victories over and over. But this does us no good. Entering glandelinia was like entering the mouth of Hell while defying God at the same time. Hanson has lost millions in his series of attempts to obtain a foothold on Bristle Toe Station, and the enemys resistance everywhere is simply frightful. More troops must be sent as quickly as possible as the enemy are gathering in ever increasing strength against us, and unless my request is replied with and granted our armies will be swept back out of glandelinia in utter ruin on account of our serious delay at Easter Starring.

KING GANNON

In fact this was true. It was a serious situation this delay of Hansons advance at Bristle Toe Station or Hon Gatherine. All the other christian armies everywhere else had been able to push on despite the most terrific resistance they had met, while all the efforts of Everette Truc, Gannon, and Hanson to push ahead had met with bloody crushing failure and series upon series of complications of dreadful disasters. The christian losses in the series of battles fought along the Easter Starring had been so heavy that they simply could not be estimated though during the long lull afterwards Hansons army itself buried or burned 45,678,999 glandelinian dead.

Their losses is really shocking but Hanson loathed to report the number of his own dead which covered that completely. Hundreds of generals had readily given up their lives in their attempts to push their armies across the Easter Starring, and indeed the first battle of Easter Starring early at the wars outbreak was only a skirmish compared to those already having raged between Hanson and Huebaum Manley.

Hansons reports had confirmed that these series of bloody battles along the Easter Starring had been the most sanguinary battles of the war, far outrivalling all that Evans had fought during the invasion, and each conflict had outrivaled the frightful battle of Logan Toe Rye gun, and nearly equaled the losses of the great Francis Atlanta massacre. This means each one singly and not together. Hansons losses at the last one he fought went as far as 98,765,555 in killed and wounded alone, while the losses of the enemy was 89,765,000.

Evans feared indeed that something would go wrong entirely if Hanson could not advance any further. His armies and Everette Trues, besides Gannons would be left entirely alone if the christian armies went further on, and this would enable the enemy to send a other armies north-east ward unopposed, and these would completely inc encircle the three christian armies, and either destroy or capture them.

Evans determined to prevent this and decided to act without orders too. He depended on the Bangers more than any other christian general commanding the outside armies, and so he sent in orders that their armies should not go on any further, and advised Zimmermann to remain where he was while the other christian armies could go on and finish to the goal. And it was Evans purpose that if possible he would himself move his armies to Hansons aid; for Bristle Toe Station was more importance just now than a thousand Glandelinian capitals.

"This war is just like a war between a christian, and a storm of mortal sins." Said Evans. "This horrible war will soon make history that will not be forgotten. Glandelinia I can see will not give up untill she is crushed, disillusioned completely, and her wicked armies destroyed, or scattered. My plans seen the only ones that will change the aspects of the cruel war." |||||

Many of his general agreed with his and declared that it only would take the most hardest fighting imaginable that would end the war. Desolation of the enemys country, was only as a severe punishment, but if the christian armies did not do their utmost in fighting, the glandelinian armies would soon show how easily they could revenge all punishments given to them, no matter how deserving their punishments were.

"Glandelinia is a nation so powerful that no other christian nation could have conquered or never will." Said poswell guster Johnston. "My father served in the Abbieannian armies during the very four wars Abbieannia fought with Glandelinia, and he himself had told me many times about the terrific struggles he had been in, when I was a boy, and later on when I grew up he gave me better details of the war, taught me histories, and declared that it was a miracle only that Abbieannia could have looked the wicked nation and the other christian nations who have dared to war with her over the child slave question had been so horribly crushed, and their entire population of children taken into slavery, or cruelly murdered.

Abyssinkile had one with her too, but the great struggle she had fought was only won, because Abbieannia gave all the assistance she could. Otherwise she could not have done it."

CHAPTER TEN.....

AT POTTIGAZEEZA OR AROKIANOBIS.... July 146

In the meantime general Everette True was endeavoring to press his army between Pottigazeeza and Arokanobis, but general Ambrose Fullers army opposed his way. Everette True pushed on desperately for Pottigazeeza, and the enemy maneuvered so vehemently that he was forced to retreat back to his own positions again. The next day E. True tried to push on again, and reached Pottigazeeza in the evening. But again the enemy repeated the same movement, and threatening to overlap general Everette Trues left wing he was once again compelled to withdraw his army, the enemy under general Martenque making a sudden rush and capturing of one million prisoners without firing a single shot. Everette True was driven back quite a distance this time and was again held at bay for four days.

Everette True realized that if something was not done all would be lost. He was willing to push on at all cost, and to make a break in the enemys lines which would endanger Martenques army greatly.

So the advance was again repeated and Everette True finally reached Pottigazeeza and encamped his army with a firm determination not to retreat under any conditions but to hold his lines and if the enemy should make such movements again to commence an attack that would surprise them. But in the meantime general Ambrose Fuller had threw a large force around Arokanobis, and this threatened Everette's flank, and being in dire danger Everette True after some considerable activity, but not general was again compelled to withdraw, and he recoiled toward his old positions.

Everette True was indeed astonished at this turn in the affairs but the next day he advanced again, took Pottigazeeza by main force and destroyed a glandelinian division who attempted to rush him out of the city.

Everette True had simultaneously thrown his cavalry squadrons in every direction and these by various maneuvers of their own prevented any series of movements, and in the next morning determined to force him back to his former position. Martenque himself made a most desperate assault that began again another frightful battle. It was known as the battle of Pottigazeeza or Arokanobis. Over all the plains, through orchards, over fields and through forests far and wide swept a frightful glandelinian wave against the whole christian line, and so vehement was the attack that the christian divisions meeting the crash of the collision strove madly to hurl back the wild assault but were torn to pieces by the musketry fire of the enemy and driven back in great confusion. Cries, groans, shrieks and sudden prayers all arose from the many wounded, as the enormous enormous columns of glandelinians poured on with a shrieking roar of their 'Devil Yell' and in the face of a shower of grape and canister they came on a maelstrom of glandelinians surrounding the christian troops that still dared to stand. So sudden and unexpected had been the great assault of the foe that the main portion of Everette Trues front line was fairly scattered to the four winds, the enemy opening shells and canister upon the retreating christian columns tearing and rending their lines furiously, hurling torrent upon torrent of canister in addition while the main line in gray pushed on madly and it was a sudden and ghastly charge that was rushing upon the second christian position.

Indeed amid the horror of the struggle the columns of fugitive christians taken so suddenly by surprise, were mingled with the glandelinians who fell upon them with great slaughter, and indeed it was a tremendous and frightful scene of carnage, but fortunately for Everette True he had his artillery in good readiness and as soon as the fugitives passed he opened these upon the enemy tearing their wild columns to pieces. The first frightful shell bursts increased the scorching glare of their flashes though in broad daylight rivalling their varied dyes, the flashes at times being the shape of sheet lightning, of a bright blue color as the most entire depth of a blue sky

undulating sometimes when many exploded together like the great northern lights, others shaping like arches, of livid snake green, and also of a lurid and intolerable crimson. This cannon fire along the christian line was furious beyond description and made a noise so loud and shocking as to take away breath and consciousness, followed by a rapid revulsion of the arrested blood and a tingling sensation of agony through out every nerve of the human body. The main line of the foe appearing like an army of the most horrible fiends of hell poured on unchecked by the terrific christian fire, and they extended into two awful monstrous shapes, and they came on in a rush which seemed as if they would overwhelm the whole christian line, and in six places places distinctly seen and in serpentine and irregular shapes came six monstrous waves of glandelinians and who yelling most wildly closed amid the frightful uproar with the christian lines and disappeared in smoke and flame amid an awful crash that shocked all that heard it. Indeed the roaring musketry fire roared all along the christian line in a most appalling manner the fresh fallen half concealing the quivering corpses of those already fallen. Everette True watching the glandelinian wave approaching his second line despite the fury of his artillery fire observed that the Masonic lines was a massive and impenetrable wave. Many of the retreating christian columns which were borne before that screeching yelling, blaspheming, and roaring wave of humanity seemed to assume many vast and broken and torn up shapes, one and another trying fiercely to stand ground, others trying to get ahead of the fellow columns, others hurled hurling themselves frightfully against the onrushing glandelinians, only to vanish swiftly as a gray wave enveloped them, and indeed once more the glandelinians showed themselves to be the awful agents of death and destruction. Every inflammable material that was within the battle zone was set on fire by the fierceness of the christian musketry fire along the main line.

APPALLING ROAR OF THE BLOODY BATTLE.....

As the confused christian columns poured on to the rear a stupendous arch of flame spurted out from along the whole line of christian batteries, then the very jaws of hell seemed to open as the whole christian line broke into action, as the main force of the glandelinian assault struck at all points points with such vehemence that good portions of the christian line was shattered. As line after line of christians opened fire while falling back here and there at the same time, the crash of musketry, was fearful and as the enemy suddenly opened their own fire the uproar was a continuous million cannon exploding roar for several minutes. Thousands of the glandelinian platoons were torn to pieces in a moment, and so were many christian divisions going to scattered pieces, while at other parts of the battle line a simultaneous ear-splitting ear-splitting roar resounded for hundreds of miles, and the glandelinian wave started to recoil at this point their line being almost withered.

As Everette True hurled more men to the defense and started a never ending concentration against the glandelinian attack the firing grew fiercer and as more artillery was brought up and put into action the awful uproar increased increased a thousand times louder. On pushed the glandelinian column with the irresistible force of a hurricane, and as the glandelinians closed with the Abbaunian line there could be heard the rattling of musket butts against musket butts, the sound of bayonets, and again the gray line gave way repulsed at all points.

So terrific had been the uproar that the heavens seemed to be torn to pieces. The two lines surged to two and then as the foe gave way they only rallied again and amid the mightiness of the awful roar which only the supreme beings of heaven could describe, again rushed swiftly to the assault, and as they again closed with the christian line both opposing armies seemed to go to pieces, the uproar of the battle going far above anything imagined, but Everette Trues line was broken and crushed the force of the assault having fairly shattered his most massive line.

His forces were driven back for a great distance, many of his generals had fallen, and he himself was slightly wounded in the hand by a spent ball, and the enemy continued the assault without abatement they would probably have won a sweeping victory, and drove Everette True clean back to where he had come from. But after they had forced the Christian lines they foolishly paused in their attack, and this enabled Everette True to throw in his reserves, and these toward noon recovered every portion of the lost ground and drove all the Glandelinian columns back toward Arokranobis. The battle again lulled, and toward three o'clock the enemy then came on again to try and recapture what they had lost. Now came the main fury of the battle. With a fiercer rush than at the first of the battle the enemy came on in a headlong assault and the fury of the battle was redoubled.

Costello's Johnstons Abbieannian line was overwhelmed amid the dreadful carnage and crushed to fragments, and the surviving Christian troops who did survive the terrible massacre had been so demoralized at the almost preternatural fury of the assault, the wild "Devil Yell" of the Glandelinians, the gasping forms of hundreds of thousands of mangled, and from the uproar of the enemy's musketry fire, that they fled in confusion, many hid from view of the enemy. Streams of human beings retreated to the rear despite the efforts of their officers to rally them, and all the plains, meadows and even glens and the trenches displayed the horror caused by the furious Glandelinian soldiery during the fight at close quarters, all being littered with multitudes of dead bodies of both sides: Costello's army was almost wiped out and the disaster caused demoralization in almost half of the Christian army. Fortunately however Everette True had reestablished his lines, and Manley fearing that the noise of the conflict with Everette True would bring Hanson into action withdrew from the assault.

Thus the frightful struggle ended but what a woeful losses the enemy suffered. Everette True had failed entirely to get in between Pto Pottisgazeza and Arokranobis but he had seriously broken a good portion of Manley's line and only heavy reinforcements arriving would repair that serious break.

Many of his officers desired to resume the assaults and crush Everette True, but they were not in favor of it either as they realized their shocking losses and so Manley did not do anything further, and Everette True withdrew his army back to its fortified works which it had left in its advance against Arokranobis. The battle had raged twelve hours and had been a drawn battle completely with no advantage whatever on either side.

FLOODS AND FIRE. TERRIBLE DEVASTATION, AND GREAT LOSS IN LIVES

During the meanwhile other Abbieannian armies had gone far in their wanton destruction and bursted the dams holding the waters of the great Mc-Holles ter and Mc-Whirther Run rivers in Glandelinia, and heavy rains having occurred in Calverinia at that time the rivers had been wild and furious rushing at the rate of sixty miles an hour. With the bursting of the levees and dams the greatest floods ever described in short or long details occurred. The flood was worse than if the ocean had swarmed half of the country, and it carried all before it. The vast sheeted torrents of waters swept into the streets of the city of Joania, withering the houses with the force of the current, tearing bushes, trees, and vines loose, and flooding the main forests far and wide. Before the rushing tidal wave of water and at the first shock the houses had crashed madly to the ground, in rended and badly torn timbers. The victims swimming or drowned were hurled about in all directions by the violence of the current, and oaths, groans, sudden prayers, and shrieks for help. The enormous volume of water vomited itself everywhere into the streets of the flooded city, being driven through in maelstrom eddies. It was certainly a sudden and ghastly calamity that had fallen upon Glandelinia and now it started to rain in torrents and a bad thunderstorm was on. The losses in lives was frightful.

The first night of the flood had been a harrowing one indeed. Little had been known by the Glandelinians of the nature and fury of the Abbieannians, which had advanced and advanced, and fought battles after battles amid a withering uproar of firing that defied the elements. The flood made by them before had subsided, but this new one was worse, and increased rapidly covering the whole country for hundreds of miles, and all of Glandelinia was encompassed with doubt and horror at the frightful fury of the Abbieannians. House tops were on fire, in the city of Juliania the flames darting and quivering in the darkness of the night, lighting up the flood in a weird manner. Horrors upon horrors indeed prevailed in the city of Bagdardania. The flood swirled avalanches of wreckage everywhere, with irresistible force streams of water pouring in waves through the streets, and upon many dwelling houses poured these sweeping windrows of wreckage, the cries of help from many being as cries of death, their silence of eternity.

The swirling waters roared down upon even vivian Sandorine, the wreckage having half concealing the quivering corpses swimming about in deep black and yellow waters, and many were found to be children tossed hither and thither by the waters, the waters rising higher and higher, suffocating many who were marooned in their houses. The fire burning house tops indeed in the meadows display, and the water elements seemed supernatural indeed. The flood which had scattered so deep a murkiness over all of the Glandelinian nation he had now become more extensive resembling a sea like expanse.

FRIGHTFUL COLORS OF PECULIAR LIGHTS.

But in proportion of the indescribable horrors occasioned by the floods, came hideous but magnificent lights, from some peculiar reason which gradually increasing showed a fierce and scorching glare. The rainbow itself could not out rival their horrible beauty and they varied all the colors that the artist knew. Sometimes the lights appeared like lightning flashes, sheet lightning, bursting shells, undulations, arches, and like the folds of enormous sheets, and these every night of the flood would be seen gushing forth through the impenetrable darkness, all over the sky in the distance southward, sometimes lurid and crimson, green, white and blue, lighting up the whole sea of water and whirling wrecks wreckage and swimming houses, and then as morning approached to die into a sickly paleness like the ghost of their own life, and to appear again with the coming of darkness. Many of these strange flashes formed vast mimeries of monster shapes, striding incessantly across each other, always hurling frightfully one upon another and vanishing swiftly into the awful turbulent abysses of awful shade. Every inflammable material not wet by the floods caught afire through some reason, substances in metal were ruined, and the furious waters bore such sickening vapors and smells as to drive the survivors frenzied, and the longer the flood continued the more the strange lights seemed to increase and spread flashing and lingering at times athwart and above the houses making them look weird and unearthly. At times during the days of the flood the horizon northward far beyond the flood the darkness of every night would at every intervals be terribly relieved by a intense glow that would break out fierce and sullen against the solid gloom. Indeed the whole scene of raging destruction and floods was completely lighted by the most intense and lurid glow, never before in Glandelinia itself seen so bright, and indeed gigantic through all the awful darkness of the night a cloud canopy would rise from the midst of the glow making the sides appear as if it was the skies of hell, and at times a most swift indescribable awful terrorizing pile upon pile of blood red clouds would extend across the entire northern and southeastern horizon, and the upper portions of this pillar upon a pillar of cloud would seem to form and extend two awful monstrous shapes like umbrella formations these also being of terrible blood red hue the light illuminating the whole atmosphere, and flood far and wide, and in many places distinctly seen at times by the terrified survivors appeared tongues of flame. It was a scene indeed like hell with a sea of water under the fire.

At times the monstrous shapes appeared pierced by sheets of flickering light, in the shape of stupendous arches, and at times the very jaws of hell seemed to descend from the very skies.

Indeed it was a horrible scene to witness when the flood torrent at rushed upon the glandelinian city of Glandelinia. Here the flood cannonade and advanced upon the city like a roaring tidal wave, and made a din like a trillion cannon. The mighty crash and smash of mangled houses, , , , , sounded like millions of musketry, , , , , thousands of buildings going to pieces in a moment before the irresistible pressure of the flood. Simultaneously a ear splitting uproar resounded through the streets, , , , , as the houses went to pieces ever where, , , , , and down among the swirling waters crashed the ruin echoing for scores of miles, the roar stunning the inhabitants who had the chance to seek refuge in the more firmer houses, but who were marooned. As the flood pressed on overwhelming the city, the noise of destruction increased a thousand times louder, , , , , and a tall bronze statue of a glandelinian hero supported by a tall column seemed to change to a shape of fire when house tops around it broke into flames.

Indeed amid the increasing roar of the destruction could be heard heard the violent rattling of the avalanches of wreckage, which swirled every where through the streets, , , , , and as darkness settled over the scene the sky seemed to be suddenly illumined by an unearthly brightness, which covered the whole horizon and gushing forth from the horizon came clouds of the blackest smoke, and which at times almost hid the glow out of sight.

JENNIE BAIDERME CRUSHED BY THE ROARING FLOOD. WAVE...

With a continual awful roar like many cannons the flood advanced upon this small city and for a time the mightiest houses wavered to and fro before the force of the torrents and currents, and then adding the din to the awful roar of the flood, they gave way, and soon all the houses wooden in particular were masses of floating wreckage, and the flood rushed with irresistible fury through the city, tearing down even the buildings made of brick and mortar, and indeed every building went to pieces before the onrush, the roar of destruction going far above anything ever imagined and every one in the big town lost their lives as no building stood before the flood. The furious torrents of water had been terrible having shivered the most massive building in this glandelinian town, and every one of the inhabitants not drowned were killed and maimed beyond recognition by the six swirling avalanches of wreckage.

THE CITY OF COSTELLIO (CLAUDELINIA) WIPE OUT!!.....

Terrible was the destruction of this glandelinian city called Costellio. The flood had caught the town when most of the inhabitants thinking all was safe had been in their beds, and with a fierce rush the flood had come on all of a sudden and without warning, , , , , and indeed those who had reached refuge in the tall buildings which withstood the flood, had been so terrified by the preternatural fury of the flood, the preternatural shrieking of the very elements, the gasping forms of thousands of people drowning with out their being aided, , , , , and from the roar of destruction, and the glare of frightful fires far in the distance that they hid from the rescuers, for weeks, and were found half starved, and almost dying from hunger and thirst, for to drink the flood water was deadly. Indeed after the flood had subsided streams of human beings who had been hurled about among the wreckage had been found by the glandelinian rescuers. Distant plains meadows, and glens were flooded, displayed the horror of the floods, and when here the flood had subsided it was found to be covered and littered with multitudes of dead bodies, carried by the current out of the city of Costellio. During the nights of the horrible flood here the lights of the distant fire now and then had pierced the smoke clouds, sometimes spreading in a fiery arch along the whole northern horizon lighting the watery waste for miles, making the scene both a fire and marine inferno.

Even at the moment the levees and dams were blown up by the Abissinian dead troopers, the flood had rushed from the two overflowing rivers, with a blind and deafening uproar resembling a most awful terrific cannonade, and the main an stupendous force of the flood had struck the town from north, and the uproar of a destruction of buildings, explosions of munition factories, and munitions, and other great explosions seemed to rend the heavens to pieces, and indeed an appalling outcry came from the many marooned persons in the higher buildings withstood standing the flood, and from those engulfed in the wrecked buildings or from those on housetops, and rafts, , , , , and also from those who were pinioned among the floating wreckage wreckage cries for help and succor. Rescues were made by thousands, but many lost their lives. Lives even those who did the rescue work.

Clouds of debris was carried far and wide by the flood, thousands of houses were seen floating like boats, and rowboats, and even after the flood did subside here, the air was full of sulphurous smells, the streets could not be distinguished from the ruins of wrecked houses, and scores of thousands of dead bodies of men women, and children besides many different kinds of animals.

Even after the flood lurid sheets of light continually flickered across the horizon which at times revealed the thickest clouds of smoke, which looked more awakens during the daytime.

THE DESTRUCTION OF JENNIE BAIDERME TOWN.

This town was struck at the same time by the mighty flood, and all the houses wooden or brick were horribly wrecked, the whole city seeming to have dissolved into a mass of wreckage before the pressure of the roaring flood, , , , , the flood sweeping everything before it, and within a few minutes the whole city, except the higher portions had been flooded, streets being regular rushing channels of water three stories deep, and the wailing piteous cries of thousands upon thousands of marooned was heartrending as they feared the refugees would go to pieces every time the windrows of wreckage went crashing against them, threatening to shatter everything.

ONE MASS OF SEVENTH WRECKAGE AND INJURY DEATHS.

Amid all the infernal uproar of the destruction in this great city, which looked very much like a great vortex of wreckage in the lower quarters, that at swirled in all directions, people caught in their careening houses floundered about, and indeed this city though flooded a score of times in its history was now in the destructive way of one of the worst floods known the whole city being in a chaos of wild destruction, and all houses not flooded to their upper stories, and especially the tall brick ones caught afire through some mysterious cause, fierce explosions occurred, and the whole lower quarters of the city seemed to be enveloped in seething flames, wreckage, and multitudes of dead human beings. Thousands perished in the houses in which they were marooned when they broke out into flames.

For three days the awful destruction continued at its worst, and by that time all the lower quarters of the city had carseened into swirling wreckage, and if it had not been that large portions of the city was on higher ground built mostly on hills, the whole city would have been annihilated.

REDEE JENNIE'S THEATRE.

At the beginning of the floods outbreak the inhabitants of this city had been startled by a peculiar snarling sound, and many beheld with dismay toward the northern horizon, a vast cloud in the form of those seen at the approach of typhoons, the bases of great inky blackness, and of the edges varying on hues, shifting and wavering in the hues, every time the glow along the horizon became fearfully luminous, this dull red glow appearing along the horizon blazied forth in a terrific manner, it being an intense lurid glare. They observed that the mountain cloud rolled upward to many thousands of feet, and an hour after hour passed the nighty cloud grew darker and darker, and spread far above the sky, the blackness along the horizon becoming utter and complete, and times sudden blazes of light shot through the edges of the cloud along the horizon, streams of sparks seemed to rise like a blizzard of snow, and though this city was out of the path of the great flood the streets and house tops were whitened by a strange kind of ashes,

the fall of which increased at times, and a strange sulphurous smell pervaded the atmosphere. Sometimes the inhabitants were mystified by strange gusty winds which rose and died in a breath, and as they continued to watch they observed that the distant distant scene became appalling, the distant smoke cloud settling into a solid and impenetrable mass being thicker at times than the blackest gloom, and the more did the blackness gather did the light along the horizon grow dimmer and then darkness, its vivid and scorching glare. Sometimes there came strange blundering noises, mingled with a strange grinding, and hissing murmur more like a snarl from the far distance, and the soldiers around the region knowing what was threatening sent the warning through town after town.

"Forest fires approaching. Fire town before it is too late." Flames were seen pushing through the clouds, far and wide along the horizon and the glow at times lightened up the whole city. Sometimes when flames appeared in elevated tongues, the black clouds seemed to break from their solid masses, forming many vast weird shapes, striding across each other like the some some witnessed during Mt. Calvarius eruption, and then vanishing swiftly into the abysses of blackness only to appear again. On the house tops, and in the streets the fallen ashes were found to be two inches deep in many places, and the ashes found its way into many an open window, making the people close them to keep it out.

As the conflagration grew nearer and nearer, the darkness became terribly relieved by the dull red glow which increased still more, along the northern horizon, spreading also toward the west and east, which at intervals rose suddenly and fiercely against the solid gloom. In utter darkness lay over the south, where massive floods were raging, and at the moments when the fiercely luminous glow would increase with renewed strength, the inhabitants would be enabled to see the ashes falling, the streets and house tops presenting a ghastly and leprous white, or as if it was snowing gray. In some places the ashes lay matted in drifts, especially in street corners, and clear and distinct could be heard the strange noises from the conflagration, and from time to time the burst and horrible roar of distant explosions grew louder and more frequent. Toward mid night the whole southwestern horizon to the surprise of the inhabitants of this city became lighted with an intense lurid glow being like a bright gigantic arch of flames, and rushing clouds forming above and around and in the middle of it closed around like the smoke of hell.

The smoke clouds were denser than that observed in the north, and in monster shapes, the nearest columns rising swiftly past those further to the rear, the clouds in the rear being of either blood red hue or pinkish in color, the glow of fire seeming to light the very atmosphere far and wide, while beneath the neither part of the smoke clouds, arose ink black smoke, while darkly red through the profuse gloom clouds of different colors arose, while in the distance southward there arose a dim distinct bounding roar, mingled with a furious dog like snarling, which grew more in tense every hour.

Indeed as if from the sources of the sudden Phlegrean, there at times rushed a craggy and stupendous arch of flame through the smoke clouds, and through the air was heard definite whistlings.

The Abbeismians were repaying Glandelinia indeed, for the havoc wrought in Angellina and Galverina.

"They burned the woods and cities in Galverina, and Angellina, devastated the country in the most wanton cruelty, and so we'll do the same to them." Was the cry of the Abbeismians. "We'll do worse. Our women and children suffered. We'll overflow the country all also with floods, and let the inhabitants take care of themselves. To hell with the whole Glandelinian nation and their whole population."

Fortunately for the Glandelinians this city was spared from destruction but the inhabitants witnessed indeed the destruction in the distance caused by the Abbeismians.

HOW THE FLOOD ADVANCED AND TORN THROUGH THE CITY OF VANITY FAIR.....

"The inhabitants of this town watching distant fires or the glow in both the north and southwest, were startled by a sudden roar of wide spread destruction coming to their ears all of a sudden, a simultaneous crash resounded through a distant portion of the city, and to them it sounded as if thousands of buildings were immediately going to pieces. Indeed it was true for before the flood every building was careening into ruin, the upper of waters echoed far and wide, and drowning out the shrieks of the tangled and drowning.

Suddenly as a duller shade fell over the aid the glow being suddenly hidden by clouds of smoke in the distance the people in the houses in other parts of the city heard an appalling roar like the crash of a world of cannon, in action and they saw to their horror a gigantic black wall pouring on through the streets toward them, rushing on avalanches of debris, and just as many managed to reach the top floor of houses or roofs the roar of destruction became appalling, there was a sudden shocking rush of water seemingly everywhere, houses at once by the hundreds were shattered to fragments, heavy showers of debris swirled and fell into the raging torrents, thousands of men women and children were caught in the flood, and suffocated or drowned to death, while the roar of devastation seemed to mock them in their death agonies. At the same time south of the city, and north, again pushed volumes of the blackest smoke clouds, rolling far over the sky, while the lurid glow again appeared with tenfold brightness throwing a crimson redness upon the sea of water, and shattered windrows of floating wreckage, and floating houses. The flood had broken upon this city with all its worse fury suddenly and whole sections of hill buildings had disappeared as the flood rushed on through the city with irresistible force swirling and careening in the most alarming fashion, this flood causing the greatest destruction.

The air was hot and stifling, a strong st smell from the burning fires in the distance pervaded the air and at times strange odors as if some noxious gases was escaping from the interior of the earth took away ones breath. In this city the death list was frightful.

APPALLING FURY OF THE FLOOD WAVES, AS IT SWIRLED UPON THE GLANDELINIAN CITIES OF ARONBURG, AND KAUFFMANNIA.....

The fearfullest parts of the great flood struck the Glandelinian city of Aronburg, and the flood without warning at its very first onset came rushing into the city like a rush of a tidal wave from the ocean which sweeps everything it sweeps, thousands of wooden houses were suddenly torn to pieces from top to bottom, and tons of wreckage from these houses mingled with huge masses of timbers, furniture, with branches of trees and rocks, went swirling on through the flooded streets, the flood having suddenly advanced into the city in a perfect wall thirty feet high, and rushing into the city with irresistible force. Indeed with the roar of ten thousand cannon the great flood simultaneously tore its way through Kauffmannia, and bore along with it immense windrows of wreckage, which swirled in all directions. The water rushed through the streets in great surges and currents, and even large mangers of floating trees torn up by the roots by the force of the current swept through the flooded streets, and outside the city columns of trees in the dense woods were uprooted and swayed about in the raging flood, the whole forest ended in the path of the waters, became a sheet of roaring destruction, and all around for hundreds of miles the waters and destructions spread.

From where the forest fires were the skies at night time were aglow with the reflection of the flames, which also showed its reflection in the sea of floods, and the waters and swirling waters seemed as red as blood and looked most weird and unearthly, the light of the distant fires all the time growing brighter and brighter. Even across the watery waste the air became thick with smoke and flying ashes, and in the distance clouds upon clouds of sparks rose into the air, and at times a blasting roar broke out in the distance. The noise of thousands or millions of timbers, and all kinds of wreckage also added to the clamor, and the whole northern portion of Glandelinia seemed to have turned into a fire and water hell.

A STRANGE PHANTOM VISION THING..

One night when in these two cities the raging floods was at its worse a strange phantom weird light appeared far in the southeast along the horizon and this strange illumination had an appearance entirely unlike anything ever seen before, being of many hues at once, filled with glaring flashes like bolts hurrying in a bewildering fury along the horizon, and with a fringe of blackness and red all above it and seemed to be in constant motion all along the sky for miles and miles.....

It also had the appearance of a distant fire but it could not be for it appeared out of the path of a fire, and it was too bright to be even a volcanic eruption. This red and other colors of light became brighter and brighter hour by hour, and then suddenly died out altogether leaving everything in the southeast in supernatural darkness.....

AN UPRUSH TIDAL WAVE OF WATER
RUSHING THROUGH THE CITY OF RICHARDSON.....

The force of the waters rushing from the bursted dams of the rivers swept in rushing currents strong enough to raise the waters of the floods, until the surging waters reached to a depth of four stories in some places, and this flood rolled fiercely into the city of Richardson, whose hundreds of thousands of houses in the lower quarters of the city seemed to dissolve into windrows of wreckage with a days time. As the flood had increased the waters rose still higher, and the waters surged through the streets of the city like avalanches of water, the flood pouring through the lower quarters of this city with the roar of thousands of cannons..... The flood dashed far beyond the original points of flood stretches, and some places in the country and fields it was stated that the water was nearly a hundred feet in depth, and this torrent was borne in among the wreckage of the lower section of the city, and time and again sent swirling windrows of wreckage several blocks from the front line. Many wooden houses full of refugees not shattered or flooded up to the upper stories as yet were wrenched from their foundations by the force of the current, and hurled away like ships with people clinging to the housetops calling frantically for help. Far from the city tons of wreckage floated for miles railroad bridges were washed away and tracks also, and indeed fearful was the wall of water that advanced and rolled into the town which even swept way up the higher high portions carrying away thousands of partially wrecked buildings from their foundations swirling the wreckage straight ahead. Millions of tons of water had rushed through this doomed city like a frightful tidal wave or avalanche, roaring through the streets in boiling foam, and amid the terrific roar scores of buildings were crushed by the floods pressure, and the whole city on the lower portion threatened to become a regular avalanche of wreckage, and human beings, while hundreds upon hundreds of houses all wooden were carried by the flood for hundreds of miles, the destruction being awful and in some instances even brick buildings filled with marooned men women and children collapsed like a child's house of cards and all perished.

The flood came in two monstrous wave formations and the second flood wall brought in a volume of water thirty feet in depth through the city, the flood within four days having swept whole multitudes of buildings into swirling windrows of wreckage, social barriers being washed away, thousands upon thousands of wooden houses being swept away like chaff and at the height of the flood the city in the lower portions was almost unindented, and for hundreds of miles the flood extended for two weeks mingled with fearful avalanches of wreckage borne along with the current, thousands of floating houses, all rushing northward with fearful speed the flood having swept many villages, cities and towns from end to end tearing to pieces thousands upon thousands of lighter houses, adding to the destruction everywhere, and thus the masses of wreckage had grown and grown daily being carried onward and even two and for by the flood, and like tons of battering rams upon the houses still standing and indeed no architecture could resist such crushing force. The great avalanche of debris was hurled forward and again and again upon the southern and northwestern cities and these caused terrible destruction along with the flood wave, the irresistible attack of the flood laden with hundreds of thousands of tons of wreckage overthrew myriads of houses at every sweep, the destruction of scores of cities and towns by the flood being awful. Scores of thousands of human beings had been mingled with the ruins of flooded houses, which were scattered broadcast by the flood and found after the flood receded in windrows or scattered fields of bodies everywhere.

One of the most extraordinary circumstances of the frightful flood was that it was added in the waterless regions in northernlandinia by incendiary forest fires which extended for the distance of five hundred miles in three weeks, and swept over a region of fifty miles in one day.

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FRIGHTFUL FURY OF THE FLOOD.....DESTRUCTION
OF MILDRED JOHNSON.

At Mildred Johnson the flood approached with a series of rending roar of smashing houses resembling the explosions of hundreds of cannons, which seemed to shake the very earth, followed instantly by a new kind of roar which seemed to rent the air like a million cannon as the flood struck in its fullest fury. The awful uproar startled the inhabitants who seeing the wall of water, coming and hearing the roar of the approaching destruction, became panic stricken and realizing that a flood was on, and that the waters were pouring through the lower streets with a most frightful speed, and that escape was impossible unless by reaching the larger buildings first raced for every house within reach.

Amid the awful uproar the very ground seemed to burst asunder and with a crashing roar of splintered and overturned houses the flood advanced swiftly through the streets the swirling wreckage making the terrible noise the avalanche of wreckage being driven forward a hundred yards a second, and soon nothing was left of the wooden houses not torn aloft but masses of floating wreckage the maelstrom eddies forming wreckage maelstroms.

The flood had swept on with amazing fury indeed, and at the same time when the flood having broken at night everywhere, the southwestern and northern skies to the greater terror of the fugitives was becoming brilliant with a fiery glow, and as house after house was being torn from their foundations and as all the lower portions of the big city seemed to dissolve itself into wreckage and riven into careening streams of ruins.

During the flood a large section of brick buildings filled with marooned people on Cannon street collapsed before the pressure on the crushing flood and descended into the water an awful avalanche of wreckage, which was buried beneath the flood, while timbers of all kinds, furniture, bedding and everything that could float was swirled and scattered for scores of miles from the city itself, and as houses in every village went to pieces or were torn loose in the path of the raging flood, immense masses of wreckage floated about all over the flooded area, waters were rushing over all the railroad lines, bridges by scores were going, and the roar produced by the rushing wreckage and current of water was continuous, and witnessed who observed the flood with comparative safety predicted that they saw hundreds of millions of timbers floating in the water, multitudes of houses, with people clinging to the roofs, and trees half submerged in the water. The flood day after day tore onward with a frightful uproar ever heard to be made by rushing water, and the flood even shattered millions of beautiful trees, that were submerged tearing them until all branches were gone. Foundation stones 100 tons in weight had been torn loose by the current of the flood in the cities, and carried enormous distances down the streets.

A FRIGHTFUL ROARING FLOOD OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.....

The whole city and the stretch of flood seemed to be reddened by the brilliant glare of the distant forest fires, the flood was fairly covered with the wreckage, the waters also poured through Marneian with an indescribable roar, smoke clouds seemed to mount cloud upon cloud in the distance, and all the time of the flood sections of houses were time and again splitting to pieces and becoming gigantic masses and windrows of wreckage. The pressure of the waters in time burst asunder every house struck by it the flood having poured on with such force as to be irresistible the water rushing over a hundred feet a second through the streets with a frightful roar, and one big eddy of water swirled the wreckage to pieces and hurled it against a frail house which from the shock gave way and precipitated its occupants into the water. The main flood advanced upon the heart of the city with a most awful fury tearing whole sections of houses from their foundations of shattering them to pieces, and killing thousands every day. The southern part of the city within two days had become completely destroyed, and all the population were either drowned, or marooned in the upper stories of houses which still stood. As the floods had reached the northern limits of the city, the terrified fugitives who were caught in the flood being dashed about with the wild confusion of wreckage amid the loudest

shrieks of despair, while the smoke from distant forest fires covered the sky in the thickest clouds blacker than erubust darkness and whose under portions shone like molten cauliflower suspended in midair. These clouds rolled so far over the sky at times as to reach over the flooded city hiding it at times in darkness that was appalling at day time, and being riven with tongues of fire at night. The death flood itself boiled in swift ceaseless and irresistible motion, while the distant smoke clouds had ugly looking convolutions each convolution being alive as it seemed seemingly to work as hard as it could to bulge out and roll so that the masses of thick smoke far above the horizon or even across half of the sky resembled a close knit cauliflower or brain like convolutions in constant and swiftly rising motion, and each advancing and ascending push sent the whole lower masses toward the upper masses where its crest making a convulsed junction gradually lost its pinkish or copper color, and where its convolutions growing larger and larger changed gradually into mushroom and other sample forms that smoke has been observed to have during a great forest fire observed at a long distance but always kept that awful look of solidity and power. At some portions of the clouds upper crest there would at times appear a long curved parabolic sweep beneath which shone the reddish convolutions. Every telephone pole was torn down by the rush of the flood, or fairly carried away and mangling everything with the tangled networks of live wires, every wooden house was shattered to kindling wood, villages were borne away with the annihilation of the people by the furious sweep of the death floods, and hundreds of farms and orchards were destroyed.

Everywhere for many days was a frightful chaos of wreckage, the frightful flood sweeping on with a frightful roar the millions of wrecked timbers being rended to pieces by the rush of waters and scattering the partly wrecked houses every old way. The immense death flood tore on through all the streets as if through plain empty air tossing about thousands of tons of wreckage against houses still standing, which if they gave way left a new deposit of wreckage everywhere in the floods wake, swirling on the debris in incredible quantities with a most terrifying din. This flood destroyed lives too many to be estimated, all bridges in the city, and in the whole floods path were completely swept away millions dollars damage was done to railroad trains, and of the wreckage of houses after the flood had subsided nothing remained but an appalling medley of ruins, timbers, bricks and mortar and multitudes of dead. The whole region swept by the flood after he had subsided presented a scene a fiendish sea of wreckage a sight more fearful than Dante could have ever imagined. In reality vast multitudes of men women and children had been caught in the terrible current of the flood, and thrown violently about and dashed to pieces among the wreckage, and were so completely buried by mortar and stones that after the flood people coming to dig in the ruins found half covered heads, a hand sticking out from dirt and mortar, a gaping mouth or a leg miserably crushed. The stench of sulphurous fumes caused by the distant fires was abominable and many human bodies had been found honeycombed with large holes.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WILD DEATH FLOOD.....

The ugly colored death flood in its swift seathing onrush expanded wider and wider and at night time it was seen to mingle with columns of blacker objects. The smoke clouds itself in the distance night after night, day after day honey combed at times with convolutions some spreading horizontally others parabolic in shape most of them higher up than others made a grewsome appearance to the surviving flood victims marooned in the tall brick buildings and who were facing starvation. The wreckage floated about for days and to the marooned persons there was at times something very odd in the appearance of the smoke clouds which at times were pierced with tongues of flames. Straight streaks of light sometimes seemed to flash a row across in all directions sometimes like strange bewildered globes of fire red lights moving somewhat slower, and disappearing abruptly.

The clouds along the southern horizon seemed to rise higher and higher mingling with the wreathed formation of smoke overhead seeming to reach a height of twenty thousand feet and spreading out in a huge dark umbrella like canopy whose intense blackness shone like varnish when lit by the extraordinary flame display.

For night after night there was a bewildering display of flashes like bombs bursting in the air, and the whole edge of the cloud gave forth a strange glow, and the outlines of the horizon night after night was vividly brought out by a fitful intense lurid arch of flickering light. And to make matters as bad the sudden advance of the frightful flood and the rapidity of its frightful manifestations, the blackest and most solid color of the smoke from the burning forest fire and the solid character of the cloud was enough to throw any multitude into a panic and confusion. The terrible flashes and display of flames increased while in the meanwhile the floods tore through the city, while overhead the cloud seemed to be like a solid storm cloud and seemed to reach out and bend down over the flooded region, and at times the cloud seemed to be of a sinister crimson black color, with a fantastic jet black bosom its absolute blackness being lit at times by the glow of the fire. The air was strongly impregnated with a strong sulphurous smell, and around like the letting out of steam seemed to come from the distant conflagration getting more louder and more screeching day after day, then bursting with extraordinary violence becoming a deafening roar like a hundred thousand Niagara. The immense death flood being in full sway had tore its way through the thickly populated portions of the city and so terrifying became the din of destruction that any one could have instinctively expected the city to be fairly carried away and scattered in all directions, the whole city being in a hellish inferno of water destruction the whirling avalanches of wreckage being frightful and covering the whole wake of the passing death flood, and the whirling death flood progressing onward hurling before it immense volumes of wreckage rushing through the heart of the city, scattering the tangled wreckage into tangled heaps pressing onward like an incarnate spirit of destruction cutting almost the entire city off from aid.

During the progress of the destruction caused by the flood a big cauliflower cloud welled up from the southeastern horizon until in a short time it resembled boiling convolutions along its whole stretch, and a moment later at other portions of the southern horizon another ashen ascent of cauliflower clouds raced upward and across the black mass of clouds and the glow appeared at a new quarter.

THE FRIGHTFUL FURY OF THE DEATH FLOOD AT ITS WORSE, AND THE PECULIAR POSITIONOUS FUMES THAT IT PREVAILED THE ATMOSPHERE.

All the adjoining valleys was also in a chaos of destruction, the whole two double scenes, fire and flood being a magnificent and horrible sight to behold. The wreckage of towns and villages floating everywhere crashed forward like a series of avalanches, through rapids and whirlpools in the flood, rushing among the business sections of the ruined cities, becoming a wild tumult of destruction, and indeed the fury and power of the immense flood was indeed stupendous and fascinating.

The inky clouds of smoke at times was mingled with millions of displays of queer lights, and with millions of fiery cauliflower clouds above approached over the northern limits of the horizon, and the whole scene as before at night was brightened up by the glow of fire and darkness continued now even in the day daytime.

In deed Indeed the floods had swept with greater force than a tornado or Terrocan Typhoon as its torrents had thrown down more completely the most massive buildings, and so many thousands of survivors were marooned in buildings and facing starvation that it was horrible to think of though they were landelinians but escape was impossible until the floods receded. The flood had rushed through village, town and city with a horrible uproar to defending to describe, and to tell the truth the awful flood when it did recede left a depth of twenty inches of mud. The flood of death was continually mingled with wreckage its whole width, and the victims howled so constantly that hundreds of millions of demons seemed to be in hell that this was hell itself, and as everything was enshrouded in darkness, and pierced with the glow of distant forest fires, and while buildings anew every hour careened into windrows of wreckage and as the sulphurous smell was stronger than ever it was really an impersonation of that lake that the Ferry man took Dante and his companion across to the borders of hell.

No such darkness had occurred during a disaster before. Not even in Galverinia or Angelinia, or during any frightful typhoon ever raged. It was at times when the smoke hid the glow out of sight completely like erebus, and at times the whole region of the flood, and the flooded cities were enshrouded in darkness that nothing could be seen at all. Thousands upon thousands of men women and children had been victims of strangulation by the sul sulphurous smell caused by the distant fires, whose substance being all kinds of material and probable fields of coal left poisonous vapors and fumes in its wake. The smell of noxious fumes was in the air for many days even after the great flood, and in the houses not damaged by the flood hundreds of children had died of strangulation or suffocation, for the sulphurous fumes had gotten into their lungs, and indeed they struggled and gasped for breath in a piteous manner, and their white blanched faces could have showed how badly they had suffered before death came to relieve them. The awful gases had gotten into their lungs with fatal effects. The death flood of water had swept through the whole regions of Marcucian sweeping away huge fields of trees, and came rushing through the city of Marcucian for days with an awful roar, indeed the flood carried all before it with a fearful uproar as if the whole world was coming to an end. After the flood subsided skeletons of trees were found hundreds of feet high, which had been torn and swept against obstacles by the rushing floods.

THE LAST ONRUSH OF THE FLOODS THROUGH THE MARCUCIAN REGIONS.....

The flood continued its fury with a roar of six hundred cannons of heavy calibre, the water and wreckage rushing onward through the streets of many cities in the wildest confusion, and thousands of men women and children who had been rescued by men in boats and launches had been so violently too tossed from side to side that they had received severe contusions and were badly maimed, while hundreds of others, were carried away beyond reach of rescue and into the overflowing rivers where they were all drowned.

For two weeks the roaring floods continued to rage and at times the rush of the flood was so terrific that the sound of artillery could have been completely drowned.

The noise indeed was like the approach of the end of the world. The foundations of many large buildings in the largest cities and towns scores of places, palaces and churches having been flooded to the roof itself and gave way before the pressure of the onrushing waters being leveled to the ground with a most frightful crash and roar, amid the shrieks screams, and yells of the many women and children who were buried under fallen walls. Within the time the flood had subsided in this region all the other larger buildings, had been thrown down by the pressure of the flood, and the death list was shocking though of course hundreds of thousands had been rescued.

Hundreds of small and big cities and towns were flooded during those three harrowing weeks, and the victims were numbered by the hundred thousand, and in some instances by millions. But it was the city of Richardson that the most terrible desolation was wrought by the flood a complication of disasters having followed the sweep of the flood. And cities and towns burned by the forest fires numbered by the score. And 78,999,999 people were homeless and the property loss amounted up to \$ 789,999,876.

WHAT CAUSED THE ENORMIOUS LOSS OF LIFE?

The first great loss about seven hundred thousand, and then fifty thousand more were not drowned by the flood but crushed by the ruins of falling churches churches and brick dwellings which they had confidence of standing before the floods pressure, the dead being mostly grown people and only few children. Five hundred thousand others had been swept away and drowned by the flood itself. Most of the churches strong as they had been were unable within three days to withstand the pressure of the flood and had gradually been reduced into a heap of ruins for not a single wall no matter how thick was left standing, and in addition to the horrors occasioned by the floods, and privations, and exposure, all of the upper stories of houses still standing and not reached by the flood, and all floating house-tops also unreached by the flood was gradually in a blaze which became brighter than the distant glow of the forest fires, and any one could have read their morning papers

in the solid glow of the flames. Hundreds of house tops were on fire, and these unprotected buildings continued to burn for all the days of the duration of the floods without intermission, and indeed it would have consumed everything had it not been for the frigid winds wash of the floods and the millions of surviving people were so dejected, and terrified that for days and days they continually set up a storm of wails, and screams everyone having their eyes turned toward the flames, and floods, and looking on with wild grief, which was only interrupted by the cries and shrieks of the men women and children on floating house-tops calling to the rescuers for succor, when ever the floods threatened to reach out for them and engulf them in death. The cause of the fires was never known but it was believed that crosswires torn apart from force of water currents had sputtered here and there, reaching sometimes inside of windows of houses still standing thus at setting fire to window curtains and timber work, that was soon consumed before the blast of the conflagration, which spread to the neighboring houses, and being there joined by the smaller fires on the tops of floating houses, and so many were the fires that every city could have been easily destroyed, had it not been that the cities were flooded with twenty to thirty feet of water. The loss of life had indeed been appalling. Thousands of horses, chickens cats and dogs and other animals were drowned but the greater portion of people who were marooned in buildings were left there to burn or be swept away by the seas of water, as no one could reach them on account of being driven back time and again by the violence of the current.

HORROR ADDED UPON HORROR.....

The scenes of horror exceeded all description, even all that had heretofore been witnessed during the war in Galverinia. Nothing could be heard in the flooded cities but the shrieks for help from thousands of marooned people in the path of the flames, also sighs, groans, weeping and curses. Suicides numbered by the thousand on account of the flood. Not a soul in the flood filled cities and towns could be found who was not bewailing the death of relations, dearest friends, father or mother, or their children or the loss of all their substance. The darkness caused by the smoke cloud from the distant forest fires was hideous, and after the flood in all the streets where the survivors could hardly take a step without treading on dead bodies of humans and animals, lay hundreds of handsome coaches and automobiles

with their masters, horses, and riders a most crushed in brick and mortar and covered with six feet of mud, here multitudes of drowned mothers with their little ones lying scattered here and there, half crushed blood besmeared boys and girls lying about, many with their very bodies torn open by electric wires and their intestines all hanging out. There thousands of ladies richly dressed, either in the same or worse condition, many having backs, arms, head, thighs, or legs crushed and broken, thousands of others almost buried in mud and wreckage. The sight was fearful but the sight of the mangled drowned was more fearful. The largest proportion of the inhabitants of the wrecked towns had been carried off to all parts of the country by the flood and buried in mud and branches of trees, and it being impossible for want of laborers to render assistance under such circumstances to withdraw from the marooned houses those still living. Storms of universal shrieks, and cries and groans and sighs, all the expressions of grief were everywhere heard where it was impossible to redeem from death those wretched persons marooned in buildings in path of fires which rendered still more harrowing the cries of despair, that appealed in vain for help and succor. GLENDELINIA HAD PAID THE PRICE. AND TO WHOM? ABYSSINIA.

A SECOND TERRIBLE SCOURGE.

The new scourge already described had added to all these calamities indeed. And this augmented their horror. "FIRE" from amid the buildings still standing as stated before the raging fire was soon all at once to increase into a veritable wall of seething flames, and as no fire departments could

go through that flood, and wreckage, even when it was receding, and the absolute want of laborers, and needful appliances rendered all efforts unavailing and it was impossible to extinguish the fire, and to stop the wild progress of the wild sea of flames that burned above the raging floods, and which continued to burn up the sad remains of house tops in all the flooded cities and towns, and to so many simultaneous disasters a hundred thousand others had been added to the horrors, being beyond all descriptions.

All corn magazines, grainelevators, bakeries and other factories had been flooded and the food stuff spoiled and no bread could be gotten. The water courses had been shut off or turned aside, all the public fountains were polluted by the flood, and these aggravations of disasters and others had reduced to complete despair the remaining inhabitants who became benighted their destroyed goods, and chattels, others most children their parents, or parents their children. Others wished, begged and prayed that the governments of Glandelinda would give in to the Abbeannians before the nation be wiped out. Even after the flood had subsided every street could hardly be distinguished on account of the ruins, and every street was covered with corpses. The loss of life in the villages was appalling, over forty thousand having perished by the fire, and eleven thousand more having died from privation and exposure, but the greater number were either buried in the wreckage or drowned in the flood, and many were engulfed in the hundreds of fires, which seen in all directions gave the burnt burning city and village tops the appearance of having been covered with networks of fire streams above a waste of water and windrows of wreckage. Many thousands who were buried in the ruins, were never recovered, and those who in houses were trapped by fire might have been saved had the rescuers been able to reach them, and who were left to die by fire and sea committed suicide. Many persons trapped in a warehouse and surrounded by burning houses gave out cries of help which could have been heard for days until death from the tidal wave of fire burning all before it put an end to them.

Of still more interest was a case of a certain glandelinian child a little girl. Having been terrified at the house in which she and others were marooned in caught afire, she jumped out of a window into the seething flood below, and great was the scene when desperate efforts were made by rescuers to snatch her up and finally they succeeded though the child was almost drowned. There were other cases similar to that of the child but was attended with more fatal results. In the great majority of instances however the instinct of self preservation was over overcome by many and thus the number of rescued per people was tremendous.

GREUL FREAKS OF THE FLOOD....

Still worse was the conduct of freaks caused by the raging floods. Windrows of wreckage had been scattered like chaff, hundreds of dead horses were found inside of houses swept roof by roof, other ruins were mysteriously plundered and sacked of their belongings by the water currents, and the bodies of the dead were mysteriously blackened, and those swimming among the wreckage had suffered from still more atrocious freaks.

Pawn repositories were clean out of every kind of property by the flood, and carried inside of other wrecked houses, and several cases occurred of freaks of where the flood carried wreckage clean up the sloping sides of some low hills. In one town the flood killed about six thousand people and injured and sickened two hundred and sixty thousand people in one of the larger cities. At Agathia Mc-Hollester the flood made thirty six thousand corpses, and spread desolation for the space of two hundred and sixty miles. No typhoon had ever visited the nations of Angelinia, Galverinia, Protestantia, Condencia, and Abbeannia, which can be compared in extent or energy of this go horrible flood, which wrought such terrible complications of disasters in so many cities in Glandelinda a worse scene than ever known in Calverinia or Angelinia together.

FLOODS OF SIMILAR CHARACTER.

Yet during the war floods of similar character though not so great and devastating and less in degree, had been of constant occurrence caused by both sides, in Calverinia and Angelinia. But in this great glandelinian disaster fully 90,000,000 were rendered homeless by this flood, and as written before no Cholera or any other pestilence had more reason to be dreaded than the fury of the Abbeannian rage, who let loose such terrific

floods which demolish the most massive and storm proof cities, and swamp and level whole villages and towns to the ground in a very short time hurry frightful multitudes of human beings to a sudden and terrible death. During this terrible flood many cities had been swamped and great destruction to property resulted from the terrible visitation. Yet considering the frightful havoc made by this flood which overwhelmed all of the cities and towns in its path with a great loss of life, and added by fire, Glandelinda was fortunate that the disaster had not been as great as the Abbeannians had intended. All the trees when the flood had subsided became afterwards inclined toward the ground, the ground had also subsided about three inches below the former level, and all farm houses were scattered timbers and nothing else.

Adding to the destruction of the floods and fire, the Abbeannians with blasting mines thousands in number had torn and rent out of shape a range of hills seventy miles in length leaving no trace of all their trees, while smaller hills had been fairly swamped by the floods where it was deepest and had been almost engulfed for sixteen sixteen days. A volcano in the path of the flood had been effected, as the waters hurried its way into every crevice, crevice and cavern of the mountain, filled the deepest fissures with tons of rocks, and rent and tore open other fissures sweeping millions of tons of water into its focus, and thus the volcano got into such a violent activity which raged forty three days, that it committed incalculable damage for the distance of eighty one miles and made a clamor which all of Glandelinda was shaken by and which was heard for a thousand miles.

The whole world indeed had its attention awakened by this strange volcanic convulsion caused by the flood. Large quantities of mud and dead animals had been swept for many miles and into the rivers, and an indescribable multitude of dead fishes, could be seen floating in the two rivers, which was also choked up with windrows of wreckage. The site of Banberry was covered with water and floating wreckage, and the whole flooded region presented a desolated state. It is happy the case that was attended with such fearful occurrences had not happened in reality as yet, otherwise the losses in lives would have taken up many quarters of the world, and so terrific was the effects of the flood that not only were the works destroyed that the Wicked glandelinians raised to render their lives comfortable and the cities flooded, and villages and towns leveled to the ground that they have erected to protect them, but the face of the country was found to have been changed after the floods had receded. The neighboring woods and forests in the path of the forest presented a most singular scene ever known before presenting a singular scene of wild confusion, the trees standing branchless and inclined in every direction, many without barks, and others with their trunks shattered and splint in many places, the ground was in thousands of strange undulations like the small waves of the sea, and on each side of the Mc-Hollester Run and Mc-Whirther Run rivers the ground had been found to have swelled up through some mysterious convulsion, probably caused by the rushing pressure of the floods.

Hundreds of the biggest wooden houses had been torn from their foundations, and carried to places higher than those on which they formerly stood. Even by the pressure of the flood the foundation of many buildings in many cities had been found completely removed from the ground with such violence that the stones were found broken to pieces and scattered about, and the hard cement which had united them was crushed into dust. Corpses of many dead animals were found on top of house roofs miles away from the ruined cities.

OTHER POWERFUL FREAKS OF THE FRIGHTFUL FLOOD..

The whirling motion of the gigantic flood eddies had put the wreckage into a confused movement at times resembling the sea when agitated by irregular storm waves crossing and repulsing each other in different directions, many statues had been turned around by the pressure of the flood waters and a large piece of rock had its former position changed to that of a mound and carried from its former place. This disastrous flood was about three hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, and though they caused the havoc the Abbeannians did render all the aid they could for the stricken cities especially in rescuing the marooned persons which were in the path of the flood sweep.....

THE WISE SPREAD DESTRUCTION OF OTHER PORTIONS OF MC-HOLLESTER AND MARCUCIAN REGIONS.

Indeed the flood had advanced upon this region with a most odious horrifying and deafening uproar, and had the inhabitants of many of the cities in the path of the flood realized their danger before it came no such loss of life would have occurred. The flood had poured across the whole two regions and crossed the whole section of the country within three days, and no one can have any idea of the almost preternatural fury with which the devastating floods could show its terrible force. At every point of the flooded districts the flood had advanced and came rushing forward with the most tremendous speed and crashed its way through so many cities, that it carried every massive ruin, and large swirling seas of wreckage with it.

SAVAGE PROUDRY OF THE RAGING RAVAGING FLOODS.

After three durations the flood had become so vehement and the crash and uproar of destruction so frightful, that the most massive houses shook, and the flood fairly tore dense districts to pieces in the flooded cities. Many houses in cities and towns were swept off their foundations and carried off by the flood, and crushed by the swirling avalanches of wreckage that was crushed against them, the maelstroms of destruction swirling on, with a roar like the worse thunder, the flood spreading far and wide, every city seemed to sway and as the flood progressed toward the town of Garries Square and the large avalanches of wreckage borne along with the flood swirled against the houses, the wooden houses was shivered to fragments as if by great explosions, and the timbers swirling against one another made a rattling and banging that was terrific like the worse musketry fire heard in the Battle of Gloriosa, while simultaneously a strong chemical action seemed to take place in the atmosphere, which gave out great quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. The flood seemed crazed with the frenzy of destruction and advanced through the city of Garrie square with a mad and furious uproar, and the inhabitants who were harrowed in the houses were terrified to see the terrible flood of water and wreckage swirling in the water and avalanches of it go dashing with a great crashing and banging through all the streets, charging furiously like the avalanches of hell. The flood pushed forward the wreckage in the streets and past houses still standing forced swirling cataracts, tossing the wreckage about in a frenzy, and down went all the houses in that vicinity with a horrible roar. The flood tore through the city of Garries Square like a million furies, sweeping all the massive lower store stories of the bigger buildings and smashing all the wooden buildings, and raising a frightful commotion.

Indeed the furious avalanches of wreckage was fairly lashed into pieces, and no rapids and waterfalls could be as violent as this mighty flood. Every wooden house no matter what size gave way before the onrushing streams of water and wreckage, being carried away like boats, or smashed to pieces amid a great clamor. The awful swirling avalanches of water and wreckage plowed its way through all the streets, the fury of the flood throwing the debris forward as swiftly as a train runs, the storm of water tearing through the whole district with a most stupendous uproar, and indeed the flood carried hundreds of tons of wreckage away with it to the river.

There was no barrier which could check the avalanche of water and wreckage whose onrush was so irresistibly that a barrier went to pieces like a cake of snow in hot water. The wreckage in the main float swirled in all directions. On and on the flood had progressed, smashing overturning and crushing to atoms everything in its path seeing to abandon everything wholly to rage. The flood really had fits of fury beyond anything known seeming to abandon itself wholly to rage, having for four days been exceedingly dangerous, the swirling wreckage having been dashed furiously and violently against the remaining houses which also gave way making a great bustle and clamor. The roar of the outburst of the flood itself as it settled toward the city of Jorie was like the sound which is heard at the moment of the approach of a severe earthquake followed by a tremendous growling cannon adding like roar. The instant the inhabitants of this city heard this tremendous sound, and noticing the frightful darkness started up in alarm rushing in all directions and for the upper stories of their dwellings, many even not having time to get away from the onrushing flood.

This fearful unearthly sound produced by the roar of the approaching flood was heard within a distance of ten miles and seemed to awe the very heavens and at this peculiar noise of the flood, which echoed the throughout this city, the people trembled in their upper floors and watched with intense anxiety the approach of the water wall. The flood poured through the streets of this town with the most energetic fury bellowing most lustily, and tearing away every small obstacle in its path in the most ferocious style, rushing wildly through all the streets, and overthrowing or tearing loose all the wooden buildings with a crash or flooding every story, and scattering the wreckage in perfect whirling whirlpools. The flood was fierce in rushing through North Avenue for here the waters sped through with a murderous roar, mingled with the shrieks of those in the houses sped through with a murderous roar, and here all brick buildings were leveled by the force of the current. Everywhere the murderous uproar of destruction was repeated. A certain man far out of reach of the flooded district had just burst into his house almost speechless with fear, and a moment later roaring fearfully loud and wild wildly a tremendous avalanche of water mingled with a sea of wreckage crashed against his house, swelled by other whirling masses of wreckage, and his house, with him and his wife and children immediately went to pieces, all perishing while at other places whole masses of women and children were dashed about among the floating timbers yelling, screaming and crying for aid as if they were mad.

The horrible uproar of the flood increased very rapidly, whole walls of houses being torn to pieces and all the chances of destruction. Everywhere

In the whole path of the flood the windows of wreckage was scattered so badly, and thrown so heavily against whole sections of buildings in the towns and villages that they would give way into a heap of ruins, the flood of wreckage tearing through street after street and causing terrific devastation, the crushing pressure of wreckage literally smashing hundreds of men women and children.

A LITHEAL SEA OF CHAOS, AND MULTITUDES KILLED? DROWNED, OR MATED.

Big avalanches of wreckage poured against all houses in the towns swirling furiously against the buildings as though driven by tidal waves, big immense foundation stones were hurled about by the flood, multitudes caught in the wreckage were thrown and swirled about among the wreckage, the very skin being scratched from their bodies, many having their skulls fractured and the rest were lacerated or le lacerated na badly.

In the meantime the flood tore furiously through Garrison town with a most dreadful uproar the din being so heavy and terrific, and the crash of falling houses being so continuous that it made a dreadful and indescribable tumult. Houses everywhere in the path of the flood was giving way before the tearing force of the onrushing flood, buildings were rent asunder with the greatest fury, and such was the violence of the flood currents that nothing could withstand it, the flood tearing through all the streets and squares in rushing torrents, and here a thousand houses in an hour went to pieces, and in the flooded regions the flood and wreckage was one vast sea of chaos roaring with dreadful fury, while still the southern and northern horizon was all illuminated by the lurid glow of burning forests while clouds of smoke at times looked like clouds of blood.

As the raging flood progressed through and over plains and country it tore loose hundreds of tons of rocks, sweeping them now here, now there, the wildest confusion caused by the flood ensuing everywhere. With a terrible roar on a big maelstrom of wreckage was thrown upon the last massive array of houses in this city the flood and rushing winds of wreckage dashing them to the ground with all their inmates who screamed shrilly in their death agonies.

At the same time the flood poured through the town of Jennie T ory Ridge and its streets were soon smashed in the sea of swirling wreckage. After the flood had receded here many of the dead later on were found with their bodies half covered with mud, their eyes starting from their sockets in all the expressive horror of a violent death. Some have been drowned when overwhelmed by the onrush of the flood before they could reach safety, which showed the speed with which the extraordinary flood advanced, upon them. At the first approach of the crushing avalanche of wreckage and water no one could have believed that the end of the universe was near.

ly the fury of the water rushing it forward the wreckage appeared to be highly highly irritated, which waved and roared in every direction as it advanced and bore down upon the houses. For a time a big obstacle remained to check the wreckage and floods onrush but it soon gave way before the irresistible pressure of the flood mowing down building after building all the houses in this region being crushed to atoms. The atmosphere was filled with sulphurous gases and torrent upon torrent roared through all the streets sweeping down everything in a savage manner, and one of the wreckage windrow got caught in an eddy and was scattered in all directions. The flood at this point cleared the city out completely. On progressed the flood at a most furious charge rushing on with a terrific din and carried avalanches and crush ing them against the houses furiously, and with an awful roar the flood went through Hanson's street tearing every house to pieces here and dashing the inmates here in every direction. The main flood continued on with the most greatest fury. Whole tons of brick work was precipitated to the ground by the headlong pressure of the flood in a headlong plunge, and the fury of the flood fairly carried all the wreckage before it at a furious speed, and dashing clouds of it in all directions in the most violent manner, breaking up even the wreckage to pieces and crashing away whole lines of houses,

In its headlong sweep the fury of the flood being extremely fierce and dangerous. Miles upon miles of jagged lines of houses had been smashed to pieces and the avalanches of wreckage destroyed more than the watery flood did. The flood rushed furiously through the western section of the flood line and here in the country one of the biggest orphan asylums stood and the horror of the inmates could never be described and their only chance was the upper stories into which they hurriedly flung themselves as the water came pouring in torrents into the cellars and other windows to avoid the rush of waters that would ensue.

And it was high time that they did for the next instant with a deafening roar the horizontal torrents of water and wreckage and mud and debris of all descriptions rushed through the region with a withering roar and struck the orphan asylum with such force as to move the house several miles down to the roaring river despite the firm foundation of the wooden structure and finally riving the building into ruins and every savior one lost their lives. The wreckage of this building was scattered in every direction. One torrent of wreckage collided with another a furious maelstrom ensued, thus maelstrom heading in a small farm building and the building was also shattered to pieces and all the inmates lost their lives.

APPALING DARKNESS, AND STRANGE MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS.

Never before was there ever seen such a frightful darkness which looked all the more hideous by the glare of the colored lights of the distant conflagration and the hideous aspect of the rushing and ascending colored clouds and colors of flickering lights made the scene wonderful and beautiful but nevertheless was an object of terror. The flood itself had assumed an indescribable fury and the swirling avalanches of wreckage continuing on in a perfect sea hurled itself against the buildings of the flooded cities in a perfect fusillade and this made such hideous rattling noises when the wreckage clashed together in assailing the houses with irresistible pressure that the effect was something awful and could not be described being enough to deafen multitudes, the wreckage fairly darting forward, wheeling around in all directions and even pursuing each other with a great uproar.

The hundreds of torrents of wreckage fairly undulated like the waves of the sea for many leagues in extent some windrows having the depth of the flood itself, and indeed the flood tore across the whole region violently dashing the wreckage to great sweeps, all the plains were flooded by water and floating wreckage and houses for a hundred miles and the great floods of water rushed on with indescribable fury and in the distance where the fire was raging strangely colored clouds seemed to pass under the main canopy of smoke filled at times with a golden vermilion glow light, these clouds also uniting and multiplying and swelling into one vast field of myriads of strange colors while vivid flaring lights shot across or through them like long furrows, and glittering flashes like blue fiery arches seemed to glow along the eastern horizon to disappear and to again flash forth in living luster while the many strange shapes of clouds were lighted up with many strange colors.

When hitting the town of Wayne the fury of the flood had broken loose upon her with irresistible violence mingled with a storm of most savage roarings plaintive howlings, rattlings, and shrieks of the overwhelmed, the groans of the unfortunate injured and all the appalling tumult being added with the shrill serpent like hissing of dashing rain, and the most horrible roar of destruction which stunned, horrified and almost drove them insane.

Whole districts districts of buildings were split into many fragments the floods tearing through the lower stories of every building with the utmost fury. Whole forests of trees were withered, wrenched uprooted by the current of the flood, houses which in the twinkling of an eye it shattered into ruins, thousands of men and animals which were carried off by the flood and killed or drowned or dashed stunned and bleeding against the walls of swaying houses.

Meadows of grass was fairly withered torn up by the current of the flood and it was estimated that the violence of the water that the wreckage of houses itself was scattered forward at the rate of sixty to seventy miles an hour and the flood made dreadful sounds that would never be forgotten.

Hundreds of blocks of buildings were literally rended to pieces in the flooded cities or dissolved into windrows of wreckage, and the flood was a sight that probably the very angels would never forget had they really ever witnessed it. After the flood receded here the whole region of fields plains, and meadows was fairly covered with immense stretches of wreckage, and the number of mangled multitudes of men women and children, was a terrifying and indescribable sight, and the lower districts which was also being swept, and clouds of wreckage was broken into small pieces, and was time and again swirled among the houses of the flooded cities and towns. Bodies of children were even rended in pieces.

Savage grinding noises issued from the swirling windrows of wreckage the grinding sound being as it seemed perpetually restless, and mingled with the roar of the flood. Indeed all the wreckage slammed against all the most massive houses still standing the avalanche of wreckage mingling with these buildings in vehement throes, and outside the cities the wreckage spread out in dense streams and sheets of timbers and furniture while the very world seemed to be raised by the titanic uproar.

Hundreds of thousands of houses fell to pieces and the fury of the flood the swirling wreckage actually fighting in titan throes with the flood as it seemed until at last the current scattered it.

MANIACAL DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE FLOOD.

In the force of the flood the wreckage fairly darted forward a thousand yards a second, they swirled, they seemed to soar straight toward the clouds, the thunders slashing violently against each other, the maelstrom of destruction being maniacal. They were immense streams of debris rushing in drunken rage swirling away anyhow, and tons of wreckage collapsed into splinters in their collision with massive houses, which fell apart like monstrosities spasmodic at once heaving like a wild hellish sea a thousand times confounded and like anarchy, a regular hell sea of wreckage and water gone mad. Houses were literally torn apart, ripped wide open, beaten into a pulp smashed into kindling wood, annihilated. The furious torrents of the wild death flood crushed hundreds of thousands of buildings, and whole districts or thousands and thousands of houses became a frightful hell of destruction and worse maelstroms of wreckage worse than any ever seen before rushed forward and the shrieking uproar of the death flood

CHAPTER ELEVEN. KING GANNON'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.

GENERAL LIONS AMBROS FULMER ARMY AT
AVANLACHEN CREEK. AUGUST 14, 1916.

No one can have an idea of the fury of the flood which had already extended for the distance of three hundred miles across, and for days and days the shrieks of the unfortunate victims could not be described. The immense flood sweeping on and on, had swept down upon every city in its path without any means to resist its mighty force, and no one had escaped from its ravaging fury despite their exertions to get up to the lower or higher hills, and the wild floods having pressed onward with appalling swiftness had enveloped the multitude of villages, and scores of cities, making frightful sea of floating wreckage.

So sudden had the flood come that there had been no warning of the danger, and hundreds of thousands of lives had been lost. Avila Avalanches of wreckage had swept also through the cities and towns, and scores of thousands of children themselves, and at once sprang for the upper floors of their dwellings, but before they could even ascend one single step, a great surge of swirling water had overwhelmed their homes, crushing them into wreckage of tearing them loose from their foundations, and sweeping the houses through the streets and out into the main flood sea, bit sheets of wreckage having crashed forward with an appalling uproar and for days and days from the very heart of this frightful sight rang the cry of thousands of drowning persons. The current of the waters had at times torn the wreckage mass asunder, and thus scores of thousands who had taken temporary refuge on the floating wreckage lost their lives, as timbers and other material parted dropping then into the swirling waters. Indeed cracking shrouds of wreckage rashed everywhere, sweeping down upon towns and cities, and wrapping thousands in the people in agonized death.

It was a regular seething hell of destruction, and so swift was the rush of the flood that it had scattered the houses about like a hurricane.

THE WHOLE NATION EFFECTED BY THE ABBIEMANIAN WAR Re BATTLES OF MORTENSTON. JULY 19th, 1916.

Indeed the onrush of the Abbiemanni at all portions of the invaded country had been so irresistible and violent, that with making desolation, fires, and floods the whole nation of Glandelinia was fairly effected by the Abbiemanni raid and invasion, and already predicted hundreds of desperate battles had been fought during the invasion itself.

Gannon's army was still confronted by the great glandelinian armies under general Phellinia Z Tam Tamerline at Mortenston, and many of the christian generals in Gannon's command knew this fierce glandelinian general and his ways of fighting and never hoped for success in coping with his army all of whose were Mc-Hollistinians. Gannon was aware of a cover the long delay in the advance of his army and that under Hanson ylvina, and learning of the failure of Everett True's army to force Ambrose Fuller from Potlie gazeosa and Arolanobis, he decided to try and force his own way past Phellinia Tamerline.

He had heard a good deal of this wicked Glandelinian general, and of all the horrible scenes his armies had committed, and decided to show this wicked enemy of god that he and any other christian generals could worse one than one Tal Tamerlines like him. He decided to crush him at all cost and so when the weather appeared to be at rest, he caused a violent

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demonstration to be made on the central lines of Phellinia's army and then moved his whole army forward by degrees, as if intending to pass upon his whole line. Phellinia Tamerline believed it was only a demonstration being made by King Gannon, a demonstration, of which he had repeated and repeated during all the days he was checked, and so had said to his fellow officers;

"That King Gannon is afraid to fight me. That also shows that god also is afraid of me."

But this wicked man reckoned without his host. For an hour already a frightful assault of twenty six Abbiemanni divisions had already been going on, and Gannon massing all of his heaviest artillery, started to pour a perfect perfect barrage upon the whole Glandelinian center. Phellinia was surprised indeed, but nevertheless he was confident that the assault was only a new demonstration to test his strength, and he massed all the men possible upon the point of assault, and after two hours passed, he soon realized it was more than a demonstration for a terrific concentration of assault was thrown upon his center, while other Abbiemanni forces were storming his right wing with terrific violence, and still others were moving around to turn it.

Being finally awakened to the reality of the situation Phellinia prepared for resistance in earnest, and crushed back the christian charge after four hours desperate fighting along his center, but all the most desperate and frantic efforts to hurl back the christian assailants along the left wing was just now impossible, and the christians threatened to carry the position. On account of the severity of the cannon fire along the christian line, the glandelinians after repulsing the assault along the center did not counter charge, but Phellinia brought up his own artillery, but found that the artillery fire of the christians was so severe and wild, that though he had over 456,789 guns he could only get a hundred into action and that these were soon disabled though placed far apart.

Phellinia now realized his mistake, found out that Gannon was only or had only been waiting for time and opportunity to hurl upon him the wildest assault under cover of an annihilating artillery fire of great intensity, and what was worse for him all the guns he had were useless as he could not get them into position to reply.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, after King Gannon's barrage had continued for four to five hours without any intermission, the Abbiemanni were surprised to see a monstrous flood of graycoats, yelling like a hundred million demons come surging toward their lines in a wild rush that was paralyzing to behold.

All the machine guns and a small field pieces were lined up at once and opened upon the enemy, with terrific effect, but for a time it did not take any effect on the wild Mc-Hollistinians who came charging upon them like a raging tidal wave, and almost carried the first line of works before the infantry could get time to open fire. The first line of christians fell back swiftly to the second line of works, before the monstrous wave of humanity, and then when the assailants were within three hundred yards, opened fire with machine guns in a perfect simultaneous discharge, and added it with three tremendous discharges of musketry all along the line, and terrible gaps were torn everywhere in the enemy's lines.

Some of the glandelinian columns halted and returned the fire, other divisions flowed back in fragments, but the remainder rallied and came on once more. Again their line was cut to pieces, and they wavered but once again they rallied, and poured up clean to the muzzles of the guns where they were shot and cut down in hundreds of thousands, and finally driven back with more terrific slaughter.

Gannon in the meantime was bringing up his left wing in full force to throw against the right wing of Phellinia's army, and Phellinia perceiving this made all efforts to check an hurl back the assault should it come. King Gannon however was delayed in the preparations of this assault, and the enemy then thinking it was not coming after all thought that it was only a show demonstration were less prepared than they ought to have been, and when the assault came it threw the whole right wing of the glandelinian army into frightful confusion, and after five hours terrific fighting it was rolled up ten miles, where it again made a stand, was cut to pieces, and routed with the loss of three hundred generals killed and wounded.

The disaster to the enemy had been terrible and Phellinia in making efforts to keep his other two wings together was killed by a shell burst, and many of his officers went down mangled and bleeding. Finally King Gannon massed his whole force against the remainder of the glandelinian army, and after four hours more of terrific fighting, as able to crush the two remaining wings of the glandelinian armies, and in the evening the whole christian army was carrying all before it. Hundreds of thousands of thousands of prisoners were taken by the Abbiemanni and Abbiemanni and ten generals were captured.

Cannon how however was not finished. General Mortenson had arrived with his own army of glandelinians and after many hours of terrific fighting, and hard work, the christian troops were checked, and the scattered glandelinian divisions under Phellina Tamerline rallied, to repel the christian success, just as Phellina Tamerline hearing of the loss of his main trusted general came up with the remainder of his own army. The battle however ceased early that next morning, but nevertheless Cannon had gained thirty miles on the enemy and was closer to general Hanson than ever. However he was determined to press his advantage at no matter what the cost, and later in the day attacked both Glandelinian army armies simultaneously and with tremendous fury, massing the heaviest columns against the foe in series upon series of head headlong assaults. Every assault was repulsed with terrible destruction, but then when the enemy rushed forward to counter charge they suffered alike in men and of officers.

The battle was a regular drama of horror, a seething charnel hell and charges were numbered by the score and each lasted many minutes or by the hour. Finally cannon massed half of his whole force against the two Glandelinian armies, and crushing the left wing or of Mortenson swept upon the other columns under general Benton, but here Bentons Mc-Gollestonians offered the most serious resistance, and finally the christian troops almost winning at this point was finally forced back across all the ground they had won.

Cannon in the meantime cannonaded Mortensons whole central line, and hurled other tremendous assaults against his left and right, and kept up the frightful assaults with unceasing fury, crushing line after line of the foe. The firing on both sides was something fearful, but despite all the devilish losses the charges never ceased until some important points had been gained and then Mortensons force was finally forced back two miles from its works, and the army under Phellina was rolled up for another ten miles in the greatest confusion and Tamerline himself severely wounded.

In the night Mortenson and Benton made the most desperate efforts to regain the two miles of lost grounds, and the bloodiest battle of the invasion in this section was on.

Ten times with the wildest fury 10,000,000 Mc-Gollestonians stormed their way against the christian lines, amid a million cannon like crash of masonry all along the line, and yelling and shrieking like so many demons upon the christian line, in that fearful inferno, was torn themselves, reeled back, rallied, and came on again, and though crushed and mangled, with their dead and dying lying in monstrous windrows, again rallied to the charge and finally after preternatural fighting of four hours duration in a blinding median of slaughter finally reoccupied a portion of the works, but could not break the main christian line.

Terrible indeed was the din of the terrific conflict. Cannon massed during these assaults three hundred thousand cannon against these enormous Glandelinian waves, and tore them to fragments every time they came on to the attack. Benton and Barclay Francis made these assaults, and Mortenson directed them. All night long the tremendous battle raged without abatement, but no efforts of the enemy was successful, and those who had reoccupied a portion of the works were soon driven out by a strong concentration of Abbieannian troops in the morning.

So fierce had been the firing along the opposing lines that night that all the trees had been riddled with bullets, leaves brought down by the million, and blades of grass was almost cut down as if with a lawn mower. The glandelinian losses was terrific over 5,290,000 in those desperate essays alone, and the christian losses almost twice that number.

The battle had again ceased with the coming of daybreak, and finally it was observed that the contest was really over. Though the enemy did not retreat and defiantly maintained their position, Cannon had progressed over forty miles in those two days of bloody battle, and this was a good satisfaction.

Hanson, Everett True and even Evans finally heard of this great struggle which was a drawn battle, and felt relieved when it was learned how far Cannon had progressed in his terrific charges. This battle was called; "GAINING TERRIBLE REVENGE." For twice he had crushed Tamerline's army, and drove it clean from the field, and he had showed Barclay, Benton, and Mortenson that he was able to show them all the fight they wanted too.

Hanson himself had some considerable activity at single point with Manley which also lasted two days in frightful and horrible carnage but the effect was very small just now upon the enemys lines and Hanson had withdrawn from the attack after having lost about 6,789,998 men killed and wounded. Evans himself had continued onward in his advance, and was now more southeasterly, than southerly and this was alarming Johnston Jackson Manley, who feared that it was the intentions of general Evans to come around upon his rear and place him between two fires.

Indeed for the christian side the war was now progressing in very much such in their favor. True Cannon had been unable to break the enemys lines but he had nevertheless been able to force and press it back to the distance of forty three miles in two days bloody fighting, and thus he was able to declare that he had won some sort of a christian victory. But he had not gained sufficient progress to help Hanson any and he knew it. So he was bound to make a break in the enemys lines at all cost, and also to revenge his affliction that he suffered during his childhood day. After four days of laying quiet a large force of Concentinians suddenly appeared to his relief whose leaders gave him word that Abbieannian was sending forward into Glandelinian more armies to carry on the bloody war to a speedy finish.

Cannon in his advance into Glandelinia had blown up thousands of million dollar bridges on the enemy, and inflicted such heavy losses in public and private property that it was a miracle that Glandelinia held out so long in suppressing the furious invasion.

All the movements that Evans was making was serious and threatening to general Manleys armies, and the armies under general John Manley had been so badly outmaneuvered by the Abbieannians under John Evans that he saw it was utterly impossible to reach his brothers army at Hon Catherine. Indeed it is very disputable who are and were the worse enemies that the three Manleys ever had. But indeed general Evans proved himself to be the worse, the one who no glandelinian army no matter what size could lick, or outgeneral, and who could never be frustrated in any conditions. He had Manley tried by various means, of wireless, and telegraph, to get news about the movements of these menacing christian armies under his personal and most dangerous enemy of all, but in his march Evans had destroyed all means of constant communication with all glandelinian sources, wrecked bridges, and smashed all before him in his advance.

Geraldine Miller will in this story will always be memorable in Abbieannian an Annals because of the splendid victory achieved there by her troops in throwing back the wildest glandelinian onslaughts ever known in warfare who if they had won at that point would have crushed Evans who fought the battle and would have been again in Calvernia in another month. At first after twenty four hours of sanguinary fighting in which over 3,456 christian color bearers lost their lives, and the mutual main losses were dreadful in the extremes and with eighty four generals killed and ninety six wounded, the first Abbieannian line had pressed were driven back by overwhelming numbers, but while all was in confusion Concentinians and Angelinian machine gunners were hurried to the place and immediately took up the defenses in the vicinity of twenty eight \$45,578,988 dollar bridges, which flushed with victory at first the wild glandelinian hordes were striving desperately to cross. The Concentinians and Angelinian artillery men served their guns with skill and great coolness, covered the crossing of the Abbieannians, slew twenty thousand glandelinians per hour, and then blew up the bridges while hundreds of thousands of glandelinians were on them destroying the lives of every one of them.

The main Abbieannian line fought doggedly to hold the foe in check in the meantime, and Evans having arrived to the scene with the remainder of his army hurled the forces into the fight and after another day of bloody fighting the crack divisions of the glandelinian army hundreds of them were frightfully cut up and mangled, and were thrown back in the greatest confusion. Other great stone and steel bridges worth millions of dollars to Glandelinia were also blown up by the Abbieannians while they were crowded with glandelinians, the Abbieannian machine guns having played with the most deadly accuracy on the enemys ranks both before and after the destruction of these bridges which nullified all efforts to get over the series of rivers, along and between which the great battle raged.

After the glandelinians had been forced to retreat from Geraldine Miller the Angelinian and Abbieannian troops not waiting to build pontoon bridges, crossed the very rivers on the damaged stone and steel bridges, with the aid of scaling ladders, which brought the armies up to the top of the undamaged parts, and they spanned the gaps with gangways.

The Angelinian Holy City called Gloriamia has a ways held a warm place in the affections of Abbieannia and Angelinia, and also Calvernia, because of its association with the visit of many angels of god, where the story of Joan Of Arc and other events of note, besides the Angelinian Bishops residence there, and of governor Vivian and Hansons, and to all the art lovers in the world it has been a place of great pilgrimage because of the majesty and beauty of the many famous cathedrals there, there have been about eight hundred of these most beautiful churches, and the Sacred Heart Cathedral was the most splendid of all and a wonder and loved place of all the world. And it is probable that no material damage in this whole Glandelinian-christian Angelinian war had so aroused the indignation and reprobation of the whole world as that inflicted upon these

noble and holy Cathedrals and of the destruction of the Popes Places, and and his threatened danger. Even at the start of the war this noble and holy city of Angelina the pride of God as well as the world had been under the fire of glandelinian batteries for over two years before the Aronburgs' damnation of horror came, and every glandelinian defeat in battles during the war was the signal for a fresh outburst of hell shelling. The whole city as described before besides hundreds of others and many villages and towns had suffered terribly from the concussion of the Aronburgs' gun battle and all these towns were still in ruins though with characteristic energy the people since the foe invasion was now smashed to pieces, were bending every nerve to reconstruct the ruined cities under the direction of eminent architects a plan of housing and systems of boulevards having been planned which makes it believable that it will result in the new towns and cities being more beautiful than they were before the frightful war.

After the invasion of the foe had been broken and all the glandelinian armies thrown out of Calverinia and Angelina large processions of Calverinian and Angelinian children had been seen led by parents and friends, and under guards, through these cities to attend a ceremony commemorating to the Gloria struggle, and the sight would indeed have brought tears to the eyes of any one.

It was the thoughts of the ruins of beautiful Gloriamunia that had made Hanson refuse to have the beautiful glandelinian city of Fountain Of Fire De La Greece spared, and he did right too. King Cannon had also committed frightful havoc during his advances into Glandelinia and so had all the other Abbieannian armies, and Northern Glandelinia became veritably a "No Man's Land."

Evans in continuing his advance had almost lost his own bearing, and finally when he had halted, at night time a portion of his troops were fired on by Abbieannians, and there no doubt would have ensued a tremendous slaughter, had not the mistake been discovered in time. As no christian armies had been within sight for a long while, King Cannon's army had been expecting attacks of the foe all around, and so had Everett True, into whom Evans had collided. Evans had however changed his course again, leaving a portion of his army to reinforce Everett True, and made a forced march southward, it being Evans' intention to march for the city of Lady Deeds and concentrate there for a time, and then move on again with redoubled vigor and a strike the rear of Hanley's army at Hon Catherine and throw it back upon Hansons and crush it for good and all. After three days laborious marching, and meeting six times a day fierce opposition from various glandelinian armies Evans finally halted near the Snow plume gap, and also at Snow flakes gap, and there he concentrated his army so strongly that the scattered glandelinian armies in this region dared not attack him for fear of frightful disaster.

Evans seized every railway and dodepot in this location, and also all the farms, and clogged up two of the rivers so as to dam them up and set fire to all the haystacks in the region, capturing thousands of cows, pigs, and hundreds of horses, and burning down the farmhouses. During the long march of general Evans' army, Violet and her sisters, had observed much of the scenery of the glandelinian country, and decided that it was very much like the scenes in Angelina, though the regions was quite warmer than Abbieannia itself fairly scorching in the day time. They wished to see more of the country but just now Evans did not think it safe for the little girls to go outside of the lines, and in truth it was not safe for the enemy's bands of cavalry were roaming everywhere, and there was certain chance of their falling into their hands, and being slain in cold blood. How long Evans had intended to halt here no one knew, but after a day had passed and still he did not press on, reports came on that the scattered armies of glandelinians were only an advanced party of a main force which was already concentration upon Evans, and at first believing the rumors to be a false falsehood, and that same one was only trying to scare him into hastening on his advance too quickly Evans went out scouting, but saw that no such reports were false, that a great force of the enemy lay before him though who it was under he could not make out. Nevertheless he was not alarmed. He had a greater army, more reinforcements was expected any day, and having full confidence in God, and so why should he worry. But never theless he was bound to find out who the main commander was.

He sent separate scouting parties further on, and closer to the enemy's lines but these could obtain no information for him, and he for a time gave it up without any more thought.

Violet and her sisters wished to find out for him, but by their uniforms Evans knew that they were the fierce Mc-Hollistinians, and so did not let them go at all, and had them watched, and under orders not to be allowed under any conditions to just now to leave the lines. He was in great dread, for though he did not know for sure those glandelinians they were, the dress, flags and

head ware of the Mc-Hollistinians made him think they resembled the glands linians under general Germania vivian. However he had scouting parties out all day, and finally sent one of his best secret service men out to enter the enemy's lines and find out who the commander really was. Dangerous as was the mission the soldier did succeed in finding out and getting away, though detected, and after he had shot down over a score of his pursuers.

Then he entered the christian lines he was brought before Evans who asked him how he had succeeded on his mission.

"Why general here is your opportunity to punish your worse enemy," said the soldier. "To day I was face to face with a glandelinian general who you will know."

"Who was he?" asked Evans.

"GERMANIA VIVIAN."

"Germania vivian. I thought so but did not make out for sure. Did you learn how strong his army is?"

"His army is equal to ours but if you hasten quick enough you will be able to push him out of the way. His artillery is three days late, and he is impatiently awaiting its arrival so he could crush you in a general battle."

"Thank indeed for the information my boy," said general Evans. "You have discovered something great indeed."

Evans moving this to be the truth from all reports that scouts also brought in decided not to wait any longer, and within the next morning, started his headlong advance. General Germania seeing that Evans meant to push his way through, and that he would under no conditions stand for any interference withdrew his army enraged to fury over the delay of the artillery. Evans pushed after the retreating glandelinian army in full force, trying to overtake and force him to turn and fight, but Germania put such obstacles in his way that many times Evans was checked, and failed to overtake his worse enemy of all.

In the meantime the division with the artillery had been delayed through impassable floods raging in the region they were attempting to cross, and by the time they reached the location where Germania had been moving, they suddenly fell in with Evans' army. To resist was suicide as they were overwhelmed a score of thousands to one, and the troops and troopers in charge of the artillery either were captured, gave themselves up, or fled in a panic leaving in the possession of Evans' army a toll of 456,799 cannon and millions of rounds of ammunition. And Evans captured all this without a blow besides over 500,000 prisoners.

This was the greatest and most successful haul that Evans had ever made during his service in the war and violet and her sisters hearing of it were excited with joy and admiration. This was indeed a terrible blow to general Germania vivian who had thus lost every piece of an artillery, and there was no means to obtain any other for a very long time. Germania saw that his only safety was to fall back to rejoin general Hanley, whom he had separated from in his efforts to oppose the headlong advance of general Evans' army.

During the forced march Germania's army had met with disaster upon disaster, which showed indeed that nothing out could do the Abbieannian army any good. Twice three or four strong divisions of Abbieannians had like swooping cyclones rushed his rear capturing many divisions of prisoners, and many provisions and wagon trains fell into the hands of the christians. It was evident to Germania though many of the other glandelinian generals did not realize it as yet that the war to glandelinia was lost, and many of his officers were for surrendering their arms, but Germania was confident of escaping and pushed on with headlong speed, and on after he crushed the christian army. A division of Abbieannians swooping far ahead of Germania's army destroyed all the bridges that crossed every river and thus cut off Germania's retreat in the direction of the rivers. Then during a halt through some unusual cause and which was fitfully unknown a frightful explosion occurred among Germania's lines, and three hundred thousand lives were wiped out in an instant.

Germania vivian was half frightened, frightened over his condition and did not know what to do. To make a stand and oppose so immense a christian army was suicide, and so he kept on retreating, sending appeal after appeal to Hanley for reinforcements. On and on pressed Evans' army, and time and again squadrons and divisions of Concentinian or Abbieannian cavalry descended like avalanches upon the rear of vivian's army capturing a terrible toll of prisoner prisoners, and once a large force of infantry having him by having gotten around by a swift dash, caught general Germania van guard and cut him off almost entirely from Hanley himself.

Germania perceiving his peril was desperate, and being forced to halt his jeopardized army, suddenly struck the christian lines who tried to cut off his retreat a staggering blow at the battle of The Annals, and was successful enough to break through, though he had to resume the retreat with

greater speed. His loss in this conflict had been upon him terrible, and his army was so badly diminished, that Manley who perceived the danger did make efforts to throw larger armies in the way of Evans advance, but it was too late now, it being just like throwing a leaf in the path of a wild tornado and expecting it to check its wild progress.

Manley was however, determined to stand his ground nevertheless and not fall back as long as possible resistance could be had but the glandelinian columns sent by him to oppose Evans advanced forces could not check the christian progress at all, and were forced to fall back step by step and so all seemed possible to Manley that resistance was in vain.

All during the time of the headlong christian advance Violet and her sisters had trying experiences that would try any ones bravery though of course it was full of human and fun at the same time.

During the first day of the christian advance against the new forces thrown forward by Manley to Germanias aid, a large section of the christian line under Richard Kinderdine had been suddenly assailed by a force of Mollestinians who had strove to check the christian advance at all costs.

Well the Abbeannians had been taken by surprise, and driven into some confusion, but near by the scene, was a large farm for hogs and even wild bulls. Violet and her sisters saw a way to surprise the enemy themselves, and without saying a word to Evans of what they were going to do, took the chances in their hands and first let loose the swarm of panic stricken hogs and swine which pouring through the advancing glandelinian columns tripped many of the men, and then to make matters worse Violet and her sisters let the wild bulls loose and these came tearing among the glandelinians charging and bellowing in every direction. The glandelinians had now three foes to fight, the Abbeannians wild hogs or boars, and wild bulls and though they shot many down bayoneted many of the hogs which showed their own wild fury by tearing and biting many of the men, were finally dispersed, but the bulls were too many for the glandelinians who finally became panic stricken and a rout of the most exciting description occurred.

Thousands of the men leaped the nearest fences, other swam ran into the stream, others climbed trees, and were captured by the Abbeannians, and the remainder too precipitate flight in all directions, some tripping one another, and fighting even among each other in their furious endeavor to get away from their new enemies.

It was the most complete rout of a glandelinian division that was ever witnessed during the whole war, and as it was found out that Violet and her sisters had been the cause of it all, they were praised and cheered by the soldiers, who laughed a with them over the joke on the glandelinians and rode them on their shoulders.

Evans however soon was offered serious resistance by the new forces of Glandelinians who had suddenly halted their retreat the glandelinian general Strabovates repenting of his retreat when he heard of the progress Evans was making, and Semirais supposing the position of the glandelinians undiscovered suddenly led on the wild attack. But in vain was the contention when the main force of the Abbeannians came, up --dreadful was the carnage.... The glandelinians fled and the life of their leader pierced in the arm by a bullet and in the shoulder by a shell fragment was only saved by the fleetness of his horse. During this battle called Arlett, Violet and her sisters in the first confusion of the frightful attack had been separated from the Abbeannian soldiers and the wicked glandelinians with a shrill passionate cry and yell, had rushed after them, some on horseback and some on foot, bearing down the opposing reeds in their way, while the little girls vainly attempted to effect their escape. For a short time by inflicting serious losses Violet and her sisters had hopes of eluding their pursuers, as the glandelinians perceived a swarm of Abbeannian snipers on the top of the nearest trees about twenty feet high, and three in circumference menancing the glandelinians by their voices and scout gestures while preparing to fire and shouting to Violet and her sisters in which direction to run.

The foremost glandelinians shrieking with rage made a spring for the trees firing as they did so, and a number managed to take some of the trees down but fortunately without hurting the men who slipped among the reeds. The party of glandelinians followed the retreating men foaming with rage to the rising banks of the river, the men firing again and again and crying loudly; "Glandelinians, Glandelinians" until closely pressed by their pursuers, both the Abbeannians and glandelinians came upon the top of the slope almost simultaneously where a fresh party hearing the yelling were prepared and instantly fired a deadly volley as the glandelinians appeared shooting down fairly at once. The others simultaneously had turned upon Violet and her sisters with increased fury, and the little girls in their eagerness to escape stumbled and fell, the huge pawns of pursuers running past them, Jennie braving her arm and ankle in her fall.

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As soon as the Glandelinians had passed Violet and her sisters arose and limping with pain attempted once more to retreat, but the glandelinians turning around rushed to the attack, one of the men flung his sabre in his hand and the next moment Violet was struck senseless to the ground. Her situation appeared hopeless but her sisters went to her defense with such wild out fury that the Glandelinians were driven back by their wild firing. Fortunately for Violet and her sisters a large force of Abbeannians who were advancing at a terrific charge in counter attacking the glandelinians arrived in time to hurl back the glandelinian assailants, and a large swarm arrived to the aid of Violet and her sisters, and these glandelinians were soon put to flight. The Glandelinians after this had made three more savage charges and in their wild headlong onrushes they had went clean through large portions of the Abbeannian lines that any one would have pronounced impenetrable, but they had been repulsed with tremendous slaughter, and so fierce was the struggle at close quarters at every one of the three terrific charges that every combatant on both sides had their trousers go torn, their coats buried by exploding cartridges, hands shockingly torn by fierce wrestling, and scores of glandelinian columns had been shockingly mangled and shattered to mere pieces. After the glandelinians had been driven back in panic the other columns of the glandelinians took up their own positions and in the afternoon made the longest and most furious charge that Evans ever saw, they fairly hunted the Abbeannians as to say, the one tremendous onslaught starting at eleven o'clock and lasting till nine at night making for both sides the most horrible losses, but finally the whole wave of Glandelinians who made the attack were thrown back, and cut to pieces, and the Abbeannians then rushing on carried all before them, and cut down with their murderous fire scores of thousands of the wily foes.

This dire disaster to the enemy, proved to them that no effort whatever could stop the progress of the advance of the great christian army under general Jack Ambrose Evans, and the glandelinian general Avis pentonia though he threatened and renounced the christian army under Evans he nevertheless was compelled to fall back day by day without further opposition.....

In the meantime general or King Cannon "Proclaim a boast envied at the progress the other christian armies were making, and enraged at the long check he and Hanson were making, became more impatient and having already received heavy relief reinforcements, decided to make another attempt to force his way past the enemy's lines who were confronting him. Without the slightest warning, and as sudden as a tremendous tidal wave sweeps upon a shore full of people a mighty Abbeannian surge 11,000,899 strong came tearing upon the whole left wing of Phellinias Tamerlines forces who were stationed at Bunte Bar clay. The enemy offered frightful resistance to this great Abbeannian wave but Cannon had in the meantime sent forward another which had come on nearly within reach of the heels of the first wave, and resistance was in vain. The whole left wing of Phellinia Tamerlines army was cut to pieces, the survivors thrown into confusion, and the number of prisoners that were taken was tremendous.

Six times Phellinia Tamerline massed a strong concentration against these two assailing Abbeannian waves, but this time there was a different change. Aliviolent attack two hours later came sweeping upon his right and center with the same and utmost tremendous fury, and after frightful resistance for four hours his center was crushed and rolled up beyond rally, while his right wing was turned and outflanked.

Overwhelmed by fearful Abbeannian tidal waves of men Phellinia Tamerline was again compelled to withdraw, hoping however that the other glandelinian armies stationed near by would come to his aid in time. They seeing the great confusion and the withdrawal of Tamerlines army came up as quickly as possible but Cannons army had been more prepared this time, and met them with a devastating fire that carried all before it. Ten times the glandelinians made desperate assaults to retake the lost ground and ten times their columns were wiped out, divisions mangled and cut up and the survivors thrown back clear to their own works.

Later in the evening general or King Cannon massed his whole force forward in a general onslaught, and carried the enemy's works at nine o'clock winning a complete victory, and making the way clear for him at last.

The news of this conflict and its result reached both Hanson and Evans, and also Manley heard of it. Evans and Hanson were glad, but Manley was apprehensive, and feared now that to hope to hold Hon Catherine or Pristie Toe Stations any longer was out of the question. Cannon was also his main danger now besides Evans, and he did not not know what to do. He however drew back to him all the scattered armies he had sent out to oppose Cannon and Evans and Everette True, and thus the two other commanders were left a clear right of way, when before they had been unable to advance to Hansons aid. Cannon had twice revenged his child hood tragedies, and in a terrible manner, he had even endangered the enemys cause exceedingly, and had opened the way for Everette True to march around to make a junction with Evans and

general Vivian who were both moving to flank Hanley and throw his armies back on Hanson and destroy it if possible....."Violet and her sisters felt happier since the news of Phyllis Taylor's crushing defeat, and of the way Cannon had opened the way for not only his own advance but for Everett Trues as well. Hanson Vivian had at first decided to try his own luck at smashing back at Hanley for revenge of his series of defeats at Easter Starving but in view of course of the intentions of general Evans, and so notified Hanson with this letter which he telegraphed, and which took three days to reach him!!!!

"GENERAL JACK AMBROSE EVANS.
COMMANDER OF THE ARMIES OF ABBIRANITA, AND ABBIRANITA.

"My dear and loving friend;

"It's my purpose since Cannon broke his way through a portion of Hanley's lines, to try my luck and strike my way toward Bristle Toe station. If you think it is a wise movement let me know before I begin the attack.

YOUR'S TRULY

HANSON ANDREWS VIVIAN"

Evans read the note for several minutes and then during the first halt of his army wrote this note in answer to general Hanson Vivian and which was also sent by telegraph!!!!

"DEAR GENERAL, HANSON:

I think it is wiser to wait for a while at least. I'm moving my armies around Hon Catherine to strike the enemy on the rear, and throw them back upon yours so we both can crush him and scatter his army like the leaves in a forest during a hurricane. I expect to get there by the end of next week at least. I'm arriving near the town of Lady Deeds now.

YOUR FRIEND,

GENERAL JACK EVANS.....

Hanson was surprised at hearing this and did not know what to make of Evans' progress, and looking into the situation with the help of geography maps which Hanson had in his possession he saw that Evans if not discovered too soon could never fail in his movements. Indeed Evans was taking good good precautions that Hanley would not discover his real intentions and to help Cannon was doing the same kind of destruction. All communication with other Glandolinian armies with Hanleys, was being cut off by Evans, who was downing every telephone and telegraph line in their paths of advance, ruining the myriads of railroads, destroying the tracks, and making all kinds of obstacles in the way of coming reinforcements. So Hanley Hanley could not obtain any information even of the whereabouts of the entire Abbiranian army under Evans, and so all was being so completely done, that no news of any kind failed to reach him and in the rear of the advance the damage was being rapidly repaired, so as to be able to communicate with the advancing christian armies. Fierce efforts had been made by the enemy to recover the severed wires and telegraph wires and many were the severe and petty battles during this one long advance, Cannon alone being forced to fight three hundred and sixty five small battles in one week.

Evans himself was drawing nearer and nearer to Lady Deeds and as this was the first time that Ambrose Fuller himself was hurrying his main forces to oppose general Evans' advance in that direction and save this most important city from capture. So the enemy in the meantime were throwing up well fortified works in the location of this threatened city, with the purpose of never giving up no matter what the cost, and Evans learning of this action of the preparations decided to go on more cautiously and to risk disaster to prevent the loss of the city.

To Violet and her sisters it was the most exciting advance of their whole lives.... They had seen and witnessed day after day during the christian advance numberless attacks here and there upon the christian army while it was advancing, but witnessed the havoc caused by the christian armies, while advancing and advancing, and thought now the Glandolinians were getting a good and sound punishment that the whole nation would never forget in a long time to come..... Evans however fearing that Violet and her sisters overcome with excitement would do something rash, had them more closely guarded, and did not want under any conditions any one of the guards to allow them to them to go out side the christian lines whether in motion or at a halt. They protested vehemently to this but he only said;

"If you Violet and your sisters realized the peril now as I do you would be glad that I'm doing this, and would congratulate me instead of scolding me. Any way I cannot help it. I'm responsible for anything that may happen to you little girls, and this also makes me more careful. The enemy you know from the fierce attacks my armies have dur suffered every day during the advance are swarming in heavy parties everywhere, the whole region is alive with glandolinians of all kinds, and so it's up to me to protect you no matter how I do it. You don't realize my favor now but some day you will and then you'll come to me and ask me to be more strict yet."

However Violet and her sisters did not as yet realize the facts of this but nevertheless they kept within the lines because they did not like to commit acts of disobedience, and to sneak out of the christian lines, was something they would not dare to do even if it was to save on themselves, for to do so when they realized they were not allowed to go they would if discovered be charged with desertion and be punished. So they said no more about it though they longed to go through some exciting experiences. But their desires were to be satisfied and more than they expected. And already twice during the advance in two desperate battles Violet and her sisters had went through exciting and trying experiences, and yet were to go through more. During the evening when Evans was forced to halt when news came that a portion of his lines was meeting fierce opposition, from as it seemed a portion of Ambrose Fuller's army, Violet and her sisters who had went pretty far and close to the christian line of breastworks, saw something something like the form of chickens darting about the lower portion of trees near by and plying their glasses saw something which made them realize that they must sound a warning, and off they dashed firing their pistols in the air as they did so. And immediately following came a perfect surge of Gargolian birds all on horse back yelling fiercely and endeavoring to overtake the little girls and shoot them all down. It was not evidently a party just sent to take the Vivian girls, it was more like a surprise assault at this quarter of the army, and the little girls reached the main line just in time to give the warning, though their dresses showed to the christian generals they met a myriad of bullet holes.

The Gargolian surge was first met with a terrific fire from artillery, which strewn the plains in front of the christian works with mangled corpses of men and horses, but as the second portion of the surge came on unchecked, the infantry then let loose with a storm of musketry, and then drew back to cover just as the machine guns let go and tore holes a mile wide in the Gargolian column.

Confused by the unexpected succession of deadlier fires the Gargolian columns who as violet the first recollected, but they gradually reformed and came on again. Again they met the three succession of dreadful fires and were again frightfully torn up and with their dead and wounded lying in monstrous heaps where they all recoiled once more. Ten more times the Gargolians repeated the assault, and though this was only one of these daily attacks which had been made on the advancing christ in armies, this one was more fierce and progressed more like a general battle.

Violet and her sisters had witnessed the whole struggle which lasted all day from the beginning of the evening, having been unable to sleep on account of the rattling din, and in the morning as the christians were resuming their advance, Violet and her sisters going along with Evans as formerly saw to their own risk a swarm of men in gray going through a large wheat and corn field as if panic stricken. The distance to the fields was treacherous but the little girls had been eye sight, and soon a tremendous uproar of musketry told them that it was another of those petty attacks which the enemy continually made to stop the christian army on its advance, and try to delay it if possible.

It however was remained there for a while from the horrible din of redoubled increased firing Violet and her sisters had believed it was becoming a general battle.

Today Violet and her sisters were in more greater peril than they wished to be or ever expected to be. The enemy realized the progress of the Christian advance at all locations of the national security, and how far the line of Abbeismian order have already advanced, were bound all the more to go at there for little girls and slay them at all costs. Thus it was one of the main reasons of the cause of so many attacks have made on the Christian army during the advance and so Evans suspected this always kept the little girls closer to him and guarded himself and them with a strong body guard. Onward and onward progressed the Christian advance under all the attacks except handons, but just now Evans, Everette Trues, and Gammann were the only ones strongly opposed as no more battles had occurred elsewhere for a long while since the great storm of battles that occurred at the start of the invasion. During the advance of Evans army a large force of Gammann on horse back rushed the van guard of the Abbeismian army in which Evans and the little girls had for a fortunate left before it happened. The van guard was crushed by the attack but held its ground until a portion of the other divisions came up, then the Abbeismian cavalry charged the Gammann and drove them back with heavy losses. Evans formally led the van and it was fortunate that he or the little girls were not there at the time of this desultory attack which had been very severe and sanguinary and caused both sides terrible losses, and one general was killed on the side of the enemy. The enemy despite being dispersed by the Abbeismian cavalry came to it again and again and only desisted when the approach of the main body made them fall back toward the main Glandelinian army which was retreating before Evans advance.

Evans was annoyed by these continual attacks and decided to stand no further into interference in this way. He halted his army at midnoon creek for a short rest, and placed Violet and her sisters near to his headquarters. Fatigued by the long riding on horse back and completely covered with a dust from head to foot the little girls donned bathing suits and went in swimming with many of the soldiers. They had just finished their bath when at one section of the Christian line the enemy again sallied forth to make of their petty attacks, and Violet and her sisters by only hiding themselves under the water until the first wave of assailants passed over saved themselves from capture or annihilation altogether. Then as the firing receded in the distance the little girls left the creek as quickly as possible having redressed themselves, and seeing that their little pistols were well loaded sped on toward Evans head quarters. In this location they were startled to hear the heaviest firing of all during the advance yet and looking in the direction saw that the whole region was in possession of the enemy and that indeed a terrific struggle was going on.

To get back there with the enemy in possession was impossible but the little girls seeing other points clear worked themselves carefully up the creek until they found themselves within the main portion of the Abbeismian line, and here they met some generals and told them of the danger, that Evans head quarters was in possession of the enemy, and that the attack of the enemy seemed general.

It was high tide that Violet and her sisters had observed this scene and the Abbeismian generals immediately rushed heavy forces to that location which soon reversed the attack of the enemy and drove it back with heavy loss.

At other portions of the line the attack was equally as fierce as it was even more successful and for a time all efforts of the Abbeismians was unavailing, for they could find no means to hurl back the gigantic attack. The firing was fearful and terrific and the struggle seemed to be so violent that Evans who was further off to the left at the tyrant hearing it sent in for words of what was happening, while continually only sending forth troops and artillery to stop the progress of the enemy which seemed so damned wild and savage.

Soon the new forces and artillery arrived under general Baldwin and these opened a terrific murderous fire upon the enemy which tore their whole assaulting line to fragments and sent the survivors flying in total rout and panic.

But later on fresh columns resumed the assault and now Evans realizing that it was a general battle that was on, hurried up other portions of his army and seeing to it that Violet and her sisters were placed in a better location brought up all his artillery and soon these broke into action with a roar that stunned all who heard it and which shook the ground like an earth quake. A great onslaught was made three times by the enemy and repulsed with a loss that was a massacre instead of a battle, and then a wave of Abbeismians 23,000,000 made the wildest charge that these Glandelinians had ever witnessed. They managed to repulse the charge after four hours of horrible fighting, and then came on to make one themselves. Then and again in three thrice the forces of both sides surged back and forth, and crushed one another with the most frightful loss of officers and generals and terrible was the state of the torn and battered battle lines, soaked in the blood of their

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many color bearers who fell in such frightful numbers as to make the world appalled to hear it. At noon time the battle had increased in frightful fury and at one thirty a great assault of the enemy was made with redoubled fury and volence and for three hours steady the million cannon fire roar if of masonry firing a surprised King Gammann and great Everette true who were over fifty miles away and that much from each other at that.

The progress of the battle became wilder, kindermine fell seriously wounded, and Rowell Duster Johnston's right grand division was cut to pieces with the loss of all the generals and every regimental commanders, and not a flag bearer survived. The slaughter was horrible but still the fury of the battle increased and Evans realized that Ambrose Fuller was throwing in all his efforts to crush him, that it was no more a series of petty attacks but a frightful battle of volence that startled him and the little girls themselves.

Even Evans knowing now how violent the assaults of the enemy was determined to force his own way through the assaulting lines at all costs, and soon hurled his strongest divisions upon the enemy. The battle was now redoubled to ten fold fury, and fearful onsets made by the enemy almost met success at many points of the line. Evans rallying his main forces until an appointment determined to learn how great the strength of Ambrose Fuller's army was and so sent scouts out in all directions to the scene but these on account of the fury of the battle raging so wildly everywhere could not get through the region at all and returned with the reports that the approaches to the enemy's lines was untenable.

Violet and her sisters had wanted to go but Evans did not like to trust them upon this dangerous errand but finally as he was assured by some inward feeling that God would protect them he decided to yield as their entreaties were so irresistible, and how could he refuse such beautiful little friends when God himself made him know through an inward feeling that the little girls would safely return. So while the battle was growing wilder and wilder in fury, and while the assaults of the enemy was becoming stronger and stronger and while the artillery and masonry of both sides was firing in a madman of damn damnation Violet and her sisters disguised themselves and set out through a glen far out of reach of the battle rampant madman fury.

But where ever they went they met charging columns of Glandelinians some going and some coming, and here and there a great explosion of a shell would tear a whole column asunder. Violet and her sisters realized it was impossible to go through this region just now, for even if they escaped from the enemy the shells here was exploding in a perfect salvoes and there was no telling but that they would be killed. And the way leaves were falling and the way the music in the air was screaming the little girls knew it was a storm of bullets from some hidden Abbeismian force and so realizing that an assault was going on here also they changed their direction, and continued on toward the south.

However Violet and her sisters met some retreating Abbeismians at this location who told them that it was impossible to get to the enemy lines and that they must give up their mission. This was true as Violet and her sisters soon realized, but then they had clever heads believe me. They decided to trick the enemy. Putting a squadron of Gargo lians they rode up to them as if in hurry and as the men stopped them and demanded where they were going Violet said:

"We are beaten back by an overwhelming force of Abbeismians. The battle is lost. If Ambrose Fuller has about 55,000,000 men we are safe."

"Oh in" laughed the Gargolian leader not recognizing the little girls. "We are stronger than that don't you worry."

As the squadron passed on Violet saw an envelope sticking out of the rear pockets of one of the cavalry officers, and pretending to follow them for a certain distance and to converse with the men on the subject of the great battle going on Violet in the meantime unseen by the rest slowly and carefully drew out the envelope and stuck it inside her waist.

But the officer had felt the document leave his pocket and seeing Violet snatch it, grabbed her at once.

"So after a while you are spies." Hissed the leader. "Here give up that envelope or Gargolian though I am I'll cut you down. We all hate spies and we hate our own are the Gargolian girls."

But Violet's sisters had suddenly drew their own guns and covering the whole party with their weapons backed off, Violet going first with the papers in her hands.

The Gargolians were only ten in number but they did not dare make a dash and when the little girls were at a considerable distance by the soldiers suddenly started in pursuit but were unable to overtake the little girls.

And she forthwith handed the paper now devoid of its envelope to Evans. Evans opened it and was surprised for it was just the desired information he wanted. It ran as follows:-----

7070 STEINERBAUM WALK..

[illegible]

General Post Exam. '11

At other points of the line he had bitter opposition, and the dead and mangled bodies of men during a bloody battle. Blizzard did the situation and consisted from the gladiolus. General took on the adventure of a man. Sullivan Mountain, visible also for the other and said that his troops from a war school in Florida. Resistance.

"Call your general." Was Evans reply to the messenger. "To see his cannons, and then to charge headlong with the lay-out. The entire line must be forced and those three towns taken at all costs." When they reached Princeton the battle was in full array it being now broad daylight. Evans at the front and on the right of the line swept his human waves down the Hudson and Mc-Hollister roads and as those after news and horrible fighting drove back the Mc-Hollister columns in a roller of rifle and cannon fire, Evans heard the shout and yell of gullies. Hanson's men as with Halden leading the van they charged in from the river. A company of jaggers and of light Mc-Hollister indian dragoons in the front of the storm of firing on both sides rushed to strike. There was fierce and most savage fighting in the streets for four hours but the attack was so strong, overwhelming, fierce, irresistible, irresistible, and well calculated that resistance was futile. General Rahl (quibbled) the Mc-Hollister commander aroused from his revels around his troops and made three of the most heroic charges ever witnessed in any battle before, the carnage was terrible, the city resembling an inferno, but in the last bloody charge the gladiolus commander was killed, and in a few minutes more all was over. 10,000,000 prisoners fell into Evans hands, and this important division of the gladiolus army was cut off and destroyed.

The news of Princeton alarmed the gladiolus of the main army, and Aberdeens Commander sent seventy million 70,000,000 of the best troops to hotly contest the ground against the Abbiecians who were in hot pursuit of the remainder of the retreating gladiolus army. Evans who had now received some of his south and divisions, drew back his left wing which fought desperately, and Aberdeens reaching the scene found the whole Abbiecian army awaiting him on the other side of the street. Noon was falling and Abd Aberdeens feeling sure of whipping Evans and driving him back decided that he would not risk an assault until the next morning. Many lessons had not yet taught the gladiolus a general that it was a fatal mistake to give even half an hour to the great Abbiecian soldier opposed to him. During the full Evans' main large lines, took a series of roundabout roads which he and his officers had already reconnoitered, and marched a portion of the army to the rear of Princeton, while he left the others to engage the enemy along the streets. There he struck another portion of the gladiolus army and fairly annihilated it, came down upon the rear of the main line. A most sanguinary conflict ensued and raged for five hours in the bloodiest and most savage struggle, but the whole gladiolus army was broken out to pieces, and defeated losing some 15,486,366 men and the enemy was forced to withdraw out of the trap into which he had fallen. Hanson himself when he heard of this great blow struck by Evans said that it was the most brilliant campaign of the war. With a force again much smaller than that of the enemy, like at Marie O Oshorne Evans had succeeded in striking the gladiolus army in two places in one day, with superior force at each point of contact and crushed the enemy. At the north of Princeton he had the benefit of a surprise, but south of it the second time he struck the blow he was between two hostile armies weaker than the ones before the outgeneraled Aberdeens could get up with the main army. Then when the main body of the Abbiecians and Angelinians under general Vivian arrived, and the other scattered armies also came up, and added by heavy reinforcements Evans was strongly overmatched the enemy and a rain it was a continued flow of the gladiolus hosts.

The close of this war in gladiolus was the darkest time of the war. Everette was just destroyed the gladiolus army at Cardenia Gates, and his two formidable lieutenants, General Milton Bryant the light horseman and General Fergusson the skilled general had destroyed and scattered many other armies of gladiolus without a battle, and so many floods of the red dragoons rode hither and thither and all through the region that no gladiolus now dared lift their heads to oppose them, and while the north eastern section of gladiolus lay at the feet of Everette. Everette True as he started through it with his army, there was no more organized force against him and joy indeed the cause of the wicked gladiolus was really hopeless. Evans was still away alone to the rear of general Hanson's main army, and he was at once aware in his own mind that he could not turn his back on his brother John's army to stop retreating, and Evans Evans with all his force at Non Oshorne.

Evans was heading directly for the town of Lady Decia. There was an ever increasing force of the enemy but who it was under no one could obtain, for the reason was just then out of the question.

Violet and her sisters, however went out to find out their themselves, having been allowed to do so and having obtained the permission of general Jack Evans. They came within view of the enemy lines at six o'clock in the evening, and as it was growing dark on account of a severe thunderstorm that was fast approaching violet and her sisters saw in the direction of the enemy lines a series of queer lights of various brilliant color, colors, and as they viewed them carefully they increased abundantly, and so the little dare-devils decided to investigate these lights and see what caused them. They had advanced a certain distance when all of a sudden came a loud cry:

"Halt who goes there friend or foe?"

Knowing that the Angelinians and Abbiecians never challenge but surprise any travelers they knew they were unexpectedly upon the picket lines of the enemy, and immediately crept into hiding.

"Who goes there?" Repeated the voice.

Violet and her sisters kept silent. Then out from a clump of bushes appeared a soldier in the gray uniform. He looked carefully around and seeing no one went back to his hiding place.

"We cannot go on ahead or get back the way we came unless we surprise him and make him a prisoner." Said Joice. "We'll have to creep upon him and assault him while he's off his guard."

So Violet and her sisters quickly separated and circled closer and closer to the guard, and then all of a sudden the little wild cats sprang upon him and bore him to the ground his rifle going off in the air as he fell. He yelled and cursed, and blasphemed but it did him no good. Violet quickly gazing him with his hands hankkerchief and Joice and Jennie tried his feet with his long overcoat and some ropes they had carried with them for a certain purpose and had just hid him and disappeared themselves behind a thick clump of shrubbery when a swara of men came rushing up.

"It's funny there's no one here." Cried the officer. "Where in the country I put here?"

"He must have met with foul play." Said another officer for "For I heard his rifle go off, and here it is lying on the ground."

"Some one is trying to enter our lines." Cried the first spoke. "Search everybody everywhere here."

The men started at once prodding the bushes, and all looking through the fields near by but not a trace of a spy could they find and they soon returned to the officer disappointed.

"We must have succeeded in getting into the lines then." Said the officer who was a captain. "The lines must be watched. I'll arouse the whole camp and have them on the look out for them. If general Brancejaw knew who was within our lines he would have him shot."

Just then one of the officers who had been standing close to where the little girls had attacked the sentry, picked up something he saw lying on the ground.

"It's a ribbon belonging to some little girl." He said. "I thought no children whether our own or the child slaves who may have escaped would not dare get near our lines or those of the dirty christian dogs." He said showing it to his superior. A private bustle immediately stopped and picked up a small white handkerchief handkerchief and read the name of "Jennie Vivian J."

Of course he did not know the Vivian girls but when he showed it to the captain he cried out:

"Good Darn the luck. It's those dod-rasted lubberly Vivian girls again. We are doomed if we do not catch and slay them."

At once the men were all excited, and the search was started anew, while the officer rode on an into the lines to arouse the camp. But violet and her sisters had overheard the name of the main general which they had wanted to learn, and that being enough for them, and now realizing it would be impossible to enter the enemy lines without being captured or assassinated, the little girls had cautiously and carefully stolen away from their hiding place, and while the enemy were searching every part of the nearest location to the camp for them they were already on their way toward the christian lines, and in no time had run hotly into a party of Abbiecians.

"Where have you little girls been?" Asked the leader.

"Evans allowed us to spy on the enemy once more and learn who their main leader was." Said Nettie. "We are on our way to tell him."

"Well you had better hurry up with it then." Said the leader. "He is going to start to advance, and you little girls have been gone for two days. How far is Lady Decia?"

"About sixty three miles." He took the train going and as he said. "Said Joice.

"Is it really that far?" Asked the general. "The it'll take us a long while to get there."

Violet and her sisters then went on toward the main lines and being warned by the sentries soon reached general Evans's headquarters and finding him told him who the general was and how far the town of Lady Dole was.

"I know the distance alright," said Evans. "But I'll get there in a week if possible. I'll make a forced march, and arrive before the enemy can reinforce too strong. I fear Abernethy will reinforce him, and I'm afraid to make separated movements to crush him if he tries it. I must cut a mass through Lady Dole and shall."

What the mutual nations suffered on account of the glandeo-Angolinian war.

The greatest disaster of the whole glandeo-Angolinian war, did not mainly strike the opposing nations, but those who had not taken any part on in the war and those who no matter what side they took. The nation of Abbieannia suffered in food matters only, and in industry. But others, Christian or not Christian, for Angolinia, or against her in the greatest severity, suffered fearfully in industry, trade, traffic, and minerals and food matters, coal mines, and famines of all sorts, in food and materials. Calvernia the main sufferer however, on account of the frightful disaster and devastation which startled the world provided most provisions of food and materials to the Christian nations and any nations during peace times, and while up to the frightful storm of warhell at Francis At Lanta, and Mildred Greenburg the first two bloodiest bloodiest battles of the entire war the Christian losses in money and provisions substances was over eighty trillion of dollars alone, while the innocent onlookers suffered the losses amounting to hundreds of trillions of dollars. And what was the main cause of the losses?

VIVIAN WICKY AND McWHIRTER JENETTE. AND SUBMARINES IN THE BAY OF VICKERY AND ANGOLINIAN SEAS.

These hellish ships upon waters sank thousands upon thousands of ships laden with provisions, for Angolinia when not knowing the menace of the McWhirther seas, the ships ran boldly into these hornets nests of the sea all of whom were glandelinian submarines.

Scarcity of food and provisions was also Abbieannians lot to suffer, and material of every kind, and prices for the pint of butter amounted to from \$5 to \$10, and apples and all kinds of food or fruit had outrageous prices, not graft, or a money-making scene, an elsewhere, but a real war price because they were so scarce, and a rich man was lucky if he could buy a simple orange for the price of a dollar. And finally before the fall of McWhirther, where again and again terrific battles had raged with such fury as to make a regular scene like the war of the worlds, it was impossible to obtain any kind of fruit altogether.

Prices in everything went sky high, and this was one of the first chief causes which speedily brought Abbieannia into the war. In many nations all the factories had closed, on account of the war, and need of provisions, and scores of millions of working men and women were jobless and were rendered desperate for want and poverty.

SADDENED CALVERNIA!!!.....

In all however the main and victims of the far furious war were the children of these nations, especially in Calvernia, where children lived lives of the tortured in hell. In Calvernia and Angolinia only were the substances of candy and toys made. With the closing of McWhirther and Vivian Wicky and the seizure by the glandelinians of the Boy King and pleniglovesman Islands, all such provisions stopped entirely, and more so when all Angolinian and Calvernian sea and river ports were seized and blockaded by the enemy. Grown persons also suffered from the candy and sugar famine, and worse of all some of the nations were threatened with general famine in all substances and many suffered without fuel during the hard winters.

The whole world suffered the effects of the raging war. Building materials was scarce outside of wood, and erection of brick and stone buildings stopped. All sea traffic was stopped, glandelinian ships were interned, and not allowed to leave and those coming were not also allowed to enter. The other horrors were the sorrows of giftless Christmas days. And practically this latter was the saddest. This part of the tragedy started with the seizure of the McWhirtherian fortifications, the city of Aronburg, and also that of Vivian Wicky and Federal, and of the closing of their ports by the glandelinians at the outbreak of the war.

Vivian Wicky is the largest city in the world of this story. It has one hundred million inhabitants and covers an area of over one hundred miles. The McWhirtherian fortifications were built by the Abbieannians during the frightful glandeo Abbieannian war of 1841, and was for the remainder of the many years following completed by the Angolinians and Calvernians themselves.

Thus the enemy had secured a titanic stronghold, which had in other wars before been able to hold the whole world at bay. All the fortifications combined at the outbreak of the glandelinian Angolinian war had 365,997 heavy ten inch guns, and on over a million combined in all other kinds of guns. Through the fault of overconfidence, the Calvernians had not guarded this city and long line of fortifications facing both sides of the mouth of the McWhirther River as well as they should despite entreaties, advice, and warnings of the national guardian Governor Hanson Vivian who had wrote to the Calvernian government:

"Your neglect to fortify the forts of Vivian Wicky is dangerous to the national great war is threatening your very doors, for our armies just now have failed to invade Glandelinia and are now driven out and scores of glandelinian armies are pouring into Angolinia, while fleets of enemy warships are moving through the Calvernian seas to seize the sea ports of Calvernia. You had better take advice in time and have the fortifications of McWhirther occupied before its too late.

Yours truly

Governor General Hanson Vivian

But they had not heeded his advice and thus when the war was still young but had progressed with evident success on the part of the enemy who were then forcing Christian nations to submit to the McWhirther seas, the whole southern part of Angolinia, the city and fortifications were seized by the foe, the sea ports of Calvernia was also seized, and all Christian ships of all nationalities interned and the captives and crews brutally jailed and murdered during the great Norma and Julo Gallic Reign of Terror.

With the cutting off of the world from these sea ports by the glandelinians, all commerce, with Christian nations stopped, and all Christian happiness too, and the seizure of McWhirther and Calvernia so close to Abbieannia was a move made by the glandelinians that made Abbieannia fail that she had been perfectly mortified, as it was something to her like a man coming up to another man and grabbing a cigar out of his mouth and throwing it into his face. Abbieannia was enraged and prepared for immediate action. It was only in the countries of Angolinia and Calvernia that Christmas presents were made, and through the terrible achievement of the McWhirtherian seas, the sea ports of McWhirther Vivian Wicky Aronburg and Federal were able to transport all articles across the glandeo Calvernian seas. Some hope could have been obtained by means of the sea ports of Angolinia and other sea ports of Calvernia but these dared not venture their ships forth on account of the many fields of glandelinian war rivers of the sea.

This was the cause of the high price of goods in Abbieannia the suffering of the other innocent nations, but probably the worse of all was the great famine of toys and all kinds of other Christmas presents.

ABBIEARNIA'S MODIFIED, USANE LING EFFORTS TO REDUCE
 MC-VOLUNTARY JEROMEITE. 1944 1/2 1944

The whole world also was surprised and startled and appalled over the news of the wars, saddened, a hellish fury, and hellish ferocity, and of the fiercest struggles and most consuming fires that every record, and the wild storms of wars devastating horror, but were more shocked and interested when they learned through wilder news of the series upon series of desperate and obstinate attempts of the Abbeismians to recapture the Mc-Whirtherion fortifications and the cities of Aronburg and Federal, and of how when they fell, and also Julio Gallo and Jorma, how the fall of these cities, caused the most frightful carnage along the Aronburgs run at Glorinda Agency miles northeast of Julio Gallo. They learned of the world shaking bombardments the many other still fiercer conflicts raging throughout Calvernia and Angelina and the first bloody wreck of the hapless, gladiatorial cause along the north portion of the Cedronian run during the bloody battle of Glorinda. At this while the fate of all families that children loved as well was in full sway, and to add to it came the severity of foods and fruits, and then altogether threatening pestilences and general famines among all smaller and large nations, when Abbeismians and others had to all with provisions sent in ships - protected by a squadron of battle ships, and tormented boat captains. Indeed those were dark sorrowful days. Abbeism's almost lost her former - at the first series of vehement and violent attempts to take Mc-Whirther Aronburg and Federal becoming blood - failures, and the sight of scores of hundreds of Christian - marchers in one day's conflict torn to pieces with cabins wrecked sailing into her waters for remains and to unfold the wounded and alive persons of a continuous - ion of evil tidings of the bloody war. They returned too for Abbeismians wondering the aid of other nations and to take place about the fortifications of Mc-Whirther with their battered guns, and all time but imperial glory for two weeks over 1,600,000 guns were thundering away in a hellish clamor while shocks the coast of Angelina and Calvernia for the full length and turned out for Abbeism a great victory. With thanks or Zittman refused to allow the ships to retreat - the hellish beating, outside the sea before the fortification while he

Near by was a deep ravine and into this the children plunged. The Nettie following as quickly as possible, and just as they went a high explosion tore everything before it just where they had stood for a few minutes before.

"The glandolins must have observed us," said Hattie to the boys. "I heard a shout and saw a flash of light. I was only a few yards off." And she ran on.

"Ten and—BOOM! A high explosive shell landed within two feet of the edge of the ravine and the little girls were half buried in debris and dirt and after some difficulty got themselves out of the mess.

"There is no safety anywhere," said Daisy. "We must leave the hill at once or we'll go to heaven quicker than we could count on."

They immediately left the ravine while in the location where the battle was raging they heard an increased volume of sound, and a storm of fierce shells. They rushed down the hill as fast as possible, and reached the base without further adventure, and started off for the left of general Evans' line. Seeing another hill just as high and more wooded, Violet and her sisters started up this. They advised Hattie to go back to the line and receive better treatment for her wound, but she insisted on staying with them saying:

"We can work better together. And why should I back out just for a wound in the shoulder. It's better than a broken arm or leg."

They reached the summit and viewed the battle while in hiding saw that the enemy was making no further progress, and that one assaulting line which extended as far as eye could see was riven and torn in many parts, and was giving way, and then upon them rushed a long line of red and purple who mingled with them, and then all was smoke and flame, mingled with a horrible crash and roar, and a chorus of horrible yells combined on both sides.

Looking elsewhere, Violet and her sisters saw the wild play of the line of Christian batteries, heard their tremendous clattering thunderous roar, and saw long surges of the enemy, some charging forward, in a matter of flame and smoke, and others broken into fragments, giving way and saw also that every portion of the Christian line seemed in action.

To them the din was terrific, awe inspiring and unspeakably wild and savage. Some times they saw new activity at other quarters, and long waves of purple rush forward under a storm of bewildered rattling shell fire, and receding a gray wave disappear into the inferno like woods beyond. This scene they watched closely, and after waiting forty minutes saw the Christians return but only a mere handful of men, and followed closely by a tremendous column of graycoats, aided by three other long waves.

"Reinforcements for the enemy," cried Violet. "I must signal to Evans."

She told her sisters what she had seen, and they signaling to the boys on the various other hills got them so alarmed that they readily signaled to the Christian lines.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BANG, CRASH. Five shells landed on the hill where the boys were seen to be thickest, and many were observed to fall and rise no more.

Starring and the others who were with the little girls and who saw it one by one in horror. They expected shells on their own side and so ducked under cover but nothing occurred though now the hill seemed to be under a particular bombardment and the surviving boys were quickly swarming down on all sides of the hill, as Violet and her sisters had signaled to them to retreat, and not feeling face annihilation. Evans' officers in the ravine had received the signal and after the assailants coming from the woods were torn up and repulsed with dreadful losses in officers and men the most fierce and frantic efforts were made by the Abbeccians to take those woods, and Evans seeing the attempt massed a number of inactive batteries to shell the woods, and Violet and her sisters from their hiding place watched the scene and soon from the far on other side they saw issuing a column of glandolins troops overtopping. In minutes came on to make a storming counter charge in mass. Right in the middle of the field the Abbeccians halted and allowing the glandolins to come closer met them with a deliberate and murderous fire which tore their whole line to pieces, and the column after furiously closing with the Christian line, finally gave way, and the Christian line rushed forward into the woods and disappeared.

Looking elsewhere with her classes Violet observed a certain high ridge opposite her lookout station and observed to her horror that a whole glandolin battery was being massed upon them.

"We are discovered," she cried to her sisters and companions. "We must leave. The foe are massing a whole battery upon us."

With a cry of indignation and almost apprehension the little girls and boys quickly sped down the opposite side of the hill. The men at this the last seen on the top of the hill with terrifying fury and shells burst like popcorn in a shower. Violet was stunned by the shock while still near the summit and Jennie tripped and fell headlong. They were in peril for if any of the shells exploded too close they would be done for. Starring and Frank took the chance in their hands and rushed up to the little girls.

Another shell exploded close by and Starring who was sitting flat on his back was severely wounded. Frank sprang out to the other boys and tried to help his companion but he was also hit by a shell fragment and rendered helpless. Jennie had managed to rise to her feet and crawled to the side of her sister. Seeing what had occurred she covered the other boys in a body rushed up to the fallen friends, and managed without trouble to get them to a place of safety, and then from a tree top John signaled their flight to the Christian lines. In a few minutes a large force of glandolins was rushing toward the hill, and a Angelino seeing them shrieked a warning to her sisters. The other boys on an adjoining hill saw them moving up the sides of that hill and signaled to the Christian lines. Evans himself observed the signal and made the order sides of the hill so untenable for the enemy that to rush up was an impossibility, and then a division of Abbeccians came forward, caught them hand to hand and drove them away. Violet and her sisters and the wounded boys were rescued and taken off toward the Christian lines.

In the meantime the assault had been exceedingly tremendous. While the enemy was on the whole Christian lines. Along the Christian center nearly a hundred glandolin divisions one after another had made an attack in daylight, and within four hours had all been torn in pieces, it being as if the same number of men or rats had been attempting to swam the rear of a line of ships. But nevertheless the losses on both sides were terrific, and there was danger that Evans' left wing would be rolled up. He was anxiously waiting for the other wing under general Vialon to hurry and come up before the enemy would overwhelm him, for the more numerous the wicked glandolins were reinforcing the more they were concentrating against the whole Christian line and on both sides.

While the slaughter along the chief inn center was at its height the glandolin general pronounced was killed, and four sturdy throes of his best generals fell dead or wounded. The assault that was raging was of the wildest description, and Evans feared that it would soon begin to fail on his lines and sent a messenger to hurry the advance of general Vialon's army. He heard also that two of his dear little friends had been wounded, and two of the boys also, and a few twenty of them killed, and many others wounded, and knew then it was exceedingly dangerous to allow the children to do any more so time just then, for the enemy's artillery men and sharpshooters had their eye on every hill within the Christian line on the Christian side, and no signal's action could survive there. He never the less nevertheless determined to try to take the enemy and bravely occupied all these hills with his unequalled troops, and drawing up the remaining batteries hurled a storm of shot and shell upon the enemy's line in the distance, and many other cannons turned those upon the rear of the assailants and cut down the glandolins in such frightful numbers, that the survivors huddled at their losses gave way in confusion, leaving the Christian line just as solid as before.

Long the rear however the assault of the enemy still continued, with the same unabated fury, and now Abbeccians taking main command of the attack, as his best aiding man had fallen directed a tremendous assault upon those lines of hills. The main portion of this assault was directed upon the two hills which Violet and her sisters and their boys had had completed before. Again and again waves of monstrous waves stormed their way up that series of low hills, and again and again their whole waves were shattered and driven back crushed and mangled, and hundreds of officers in that first frightful carnage readily gave up their lives.

Both sides seemed to hammer the heavens to pieces with the din of their crashing artillery, and the crash and bang of exploding shells was doubly terrific. Underneath the offered the best of the forces to the hill and he looked the number of the enemy and did not see the onslaught of general Brenon's divisions of glandolins.

Under the devastating fire of the artillery the men of the Christian line were carried to the position, but their line was so badly torn that they finally withdrew, the Christian counter charge stirred with the glandolins and cutting down the whole line sent the remainder flying down the other side of the hills. To assault the hills on the rear was indeed for the main Christian battery covered this position and sent them on their way. The glandolin line was broken and the Christian line was saved.

But at an earlier part the great general Abbeccians were busy by obtaining a foothold on those hills, and he in consequence sent half of his artillery and a few more still heavier guns, and a few more orders not to fire but to keep the batteries. To protect the Christian line from the onslaught of the glandolins the great general Abbeccians sent a force of men forward, and under the hand of the great general Abbeccians the glandolin line in confusion

[illegible]

10,000,000 that is stated in the Declaration is the sum of the money that has been contributed to the cause of the oppressed people of the world.

There is this woman who is
"Benevolent philanthropist" and all that sort of thing and takes a very
great interest in the poor. She has the field of her own property laid out
I was looking at the trees but she talked to me very fast. And please and your
children if your a friend of mine you'll go and find your father and see what
I is looking for.

"We'll do it if you'll go and see Bookman before he dies and apologize for your mistake in slaughtering the column of Catholics. Otherwise, and now you know, you have hurt us to the despair by your conduct of last evening not speaking to us once, not even allowing us within your headquarters, and it shows that you have got your old temper."

"We'll be a team now to him," said Violet. And they did. Poindexter was feeling a little better but the doctors said that his death would surely come for he suffered from two mortal wounds, a bullet and his lung pierced with a sabre blade. And it was Emma who had stabbed him. The former night of the wounded general, crushed Emma and he what dawn by the general and add:

"I forgive you, general," said Book. "Bookend. I know it was a mistake for I knew of your fury and you must have heard of it."

After a few encouraging words Elynn left the tent and went to direct operations.

When they were in the middle of the battle and in full swing, Violet and her sisters had went out on the ground, and within a short time saw a column of men far to the north east and hurried their horses forward. The column was about a mile away, and as they followed on Violet and her sisters could hear the noise of the battle again as it was resumed. Reaching the head of the column Violet screaming the officer asked her whose army it was.

"But where is papa now?"

"My father, general divisions!"

Said the officer, "He knew of your guard's defeat in the struggle yesterday and sent a portion of Gammou to his aid."

"What do he thinking the enemy would do after his recent defeat?" Asked the general.

the southern part of

any of us. However, considering that I had to say that I was a traitor, I was foolish to start the battle yesterday before giving Hanson warning that he was going to begin. Then it would not have ended as it did yesterday."

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2255. [redacted] and her sisters were glad anyway to find that German forces was coming to help and so she and her sisters gathered on about landing the column found the direction of Evans line. Even in the morning he learned through [redacted] that General [redacted] had been [redacted] sent to him and that day before, but had been heavily [redacted] at [redacted] Gaborone and after a battle [redacted] with the most frightful fury all day long had been checked and him for [redacted] back by John [redacted] for the [redacted] of [redacted] and with [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]. The report ran as follows: [redacted]

Evans then realized that he had made a serious mistake and so decided to take his address. He kept up a desol desultory advance and the enemy expecting that he had fallen back retreated slowly northward toward Han Khatathia but continued stubbornly every step of the way. Soon they were within sight of this great glacially formed city. If the enemy falls here surely the way for their aid is lost.

"In your army attacked, or are you do for the other too?" Asked Emma.

During their building for a few minutes, called on the telephone station

FROM EXCELLENCE GENERAL. HANSON I. MYSTERY

the affiant for and see what it is all about. It sounds suspicious.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

Evans hearing the distant roar of battle in the east increasing quickly brought up his own lines and had them ready as quickly as possible. Evening however dawned and all firing ceased for the present. Evans had established his lines however, and having with him now the full army under Cannon, though the latter had not yet arrived, he sent out scouting parties to see what was doing with general Vivians army. They soon came in with the report that general Vivians army was further south, and still held at bay by Stanley not knowing whether to attack or to stand his ground, or to retreat.

Evans pondered upon the situation for a while and then finding where Violet and her sisters had gone said to them when he found them:

"For duty's sake I request you to go to general Vivians army and see how he is getting along. If he is in any danger do not come to report to me but send in your report to me by telegraph or have him do so. Go now before it is late."

The little girls at once went off and learning that they may face perils on the way disguised themselves. Just as they started off toward the country and picket lines, they heard far off to another location the sound of many brass bands of cannons and wondered what was wrong. They learned from reports how far the Christian lines were under general Vivian and also the direction and started off as fast as their horses could go. It happened to be a safe trip however for no enemies were close by. They found general Vivian and general Vivian, and so without any adventure they easily came within sight of general Vivians lines. They were recognized by the first sentries despite their disguises and were admitted into the lines.

When within the heart of the lines the little girls asked their direction and then asked for the whereabouts of general Vivian their father.

"He's gone out scouting and we do not know when he will be back." Answered one of the officers. "He don't know what to do because the situation of our lines is so very bad. Some of the other armies further north of Hon Catherine will have to break the enemy lines sometime or we'll be cut to pieces and routed."

"We were sent to find out your conditions by general Evans." Said Violet cleverly. "And you have told us what you wished to know." "We'll telegraph to him if we like."

"You had better wait until general Vivian comes back first." Said the officer.

The little girls decided to do so and so went into the headquarters which the soldiers pointed out to them. They had not gone in yet however for soon there was a collision of horses, outside the wall and in came a party of enemies.

"Oh general! Grief one of the officers. "Your beautiful little daughters are here to see you. They have been sent to you by general Evans."

"It's good news indeed." Said general Vivian. "But what is all that commotion?" "I hear it!"

"I don't know your excellency. I've heard it for the last week hour and it seems to grow worse."

The general with his staff quickly entered and seeing his dear little girls advanced then saw by and all the other generals did so too. They explained to him of their arrival and he telegraphed to general Evans thus:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL EVANS:

I have been checked by the foe since yesterday and Hanson advises me not to attack but to remain on the defensive until I get advice from you. I failed to tell you that day on account of Hanson's standing in my way, but nevertheless we are just heartily in the battle of Hon Catherine or Lady Deeds. Our forces are growing stronger every hour as the reports say and we'll soon crush the wicked enemies of God. Keep us your good wishes and we'll win alright.

YOUR BRISKED GENERAL VIVIAN."

They had talked for the 14th day. The girls and their father had been over his first defeat and they had been told their father of his challenge of his enemies and how he was victorious when he discovered the truth."

"I don't know him." Said general Vivian. "It's no fun to progress so far as he did and then to have no victory at all. But he will be able to win the great prize for it later on. So don't feel bad about it now. We'll soon hear the news of a great battle now."

Our General receives the report from general Vivian and is a note to him about his challenge.

"TO GENERAL VIVIAN.

FORCE YOUR WAY THROUGH JOHN HANSON'S LINES AT ALL COSTS. I'LL send all the reinforcements needed, and have to win.

YOURS TRULY EVANS

So in the morning general Vivian already started forward toward Hon Catherine to the soldiers crying over and over again and saying:

"On to Hon Catherine. On to Hon Catherine. Down with the enemies of God. And again the battle was in full swing.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.
THE PROGRESS OF THE FRIENDFUL GARRUITS AT
NON-GATHERING. DE LA POERRE, BIRMINGHAM.
A STRUGGLE INWARD AS SEVERE AS DOUGLAS ZOE HAD KNOWN.....

As general Vivian's army started to advance the largest portions of the Glandelinian army started to fall back slowly, opening fire all along the line as they did so, it being a fire so terrific in the throats that general Vivian for the present present horrified at his losses halted his advance, and withdrew the forces back to cover. He however had all his own artillery massed to repel any onslaught that the foe would make and wrote to general Evans that the enemy just now showed too strong an opposition and that an advance against the enemy's lines without terrible slaughter was completely out of the question.

Evans had in the meantime made the same attempt to advance, and had found the same opposition and had halted his advance. In receiving the note from General Evans he had answered that he likewise had been forced to halt and that the only thing to was to do was to launch a most terrific attack and bang the enemy's lines to pieces, before their advance could be resumed. Evans had also prepared his artillery, and these instead of being prepared to repel any intended attack of the enemy, opened with terrible fury upon the enemy's lines all of a sudden and the roar of nearly 345,000 cannon almost shook the Abbeidanians off their feet

The enemy's guns replied with the same vigor and for an hour the most terrific artillery duel of the war in Glandelinia was on. Shells fell and exploded everywhere in perfect annihilating barrages, which made a din to out rival the eruptions of Mt. Galverine ten times, and the noise was so shocking, and the concussion so severe that most of the men could hardly stand it. Terrific losses were inflicted by the confetti rain of bursting shells, which canopied the sky and landscapes with smoke and flame, trees were shattered by the thousands, guns blew up by the scores, monstrous and great explosions occurred by the hundred within the lines of not both sides, and the din again sounded like a sky of worlds dashing themselves to pieces against each other. Evans advised general Ivan to open his artillery upon the enemy, general Ivan having heard the great din where he was, and obeying he did so and the crashing uproar was still more redoubled as the Glandelinian artillery shot back a fierce and sullen reply, and the scene was similar to the effect along general Evans' lines.

Both sides plied their cannons with night and main, and seemed to try to annihilate their artillery batteries. Explosions set seething fires among the dense foliage of the woods in this location, and portions of the christian lines were compelled to withdraw to better cover out of reach of the flames. Next to Clorin this was the most terrible combat of artillery in the war there now being over 678,999 cannon in action on the christian side, and over 587,000 on the emig's making in total 1,245,999 guns that were roaring, crashing, and booming in the most horrible cannonading thunders ever heard since Florida.....

Evans and his artillery general directed the fire of all the great guns, and also directed in the moving of the infantry out of range of the Clandestine cannon which was committing incalculable damage. Fully two whole hours this tremendous artillery duel continued without intermission, and then grand gradually it lulled, and died down to utter silence.

"vans prepared themselves whole force for a tremendous attack upon the enemy lines, and all his officers received the instructions to go at it like hell and smash and wreck if possible the whole Lawlessian center under general John Hanley and also destroy it too if possible. They were to start forward at nine o'clock in the morning it now being seen thirty the artillery duel having started before four.

At nine o'clock the whole column of Kindermans about 10,000,000 strong deployed into many serial brigades, advanced to the attack. They formed a long and solid line which stretched, from Onion Creek, across the Bagdian Pan and to the other side of Non Catharina a line nearly forty miles in extent.

Most of the Abbeindian cannon were covering the advance of Kindermindes army, but half of the of the glawdelindian artillery along this opposing portion of the Masonic lines opened upon the attacking columns under Kindermindes. The line crossing the region of Onion Creek was mangled and torn to pieces by a shattering fire of glawdelindian artillery, and fell back, but the other two portions of the immense line still continued on, and the christian artillery men seeing the havoc caused in the central portion of the advancing Kindermindes column increased the fury of their own cannon fire dropping shells at the rate of a thousand within fifteen minutes along the enemys lines.

the lines their beautiful flags flapping in the breeze. One by one they would drop as a color bearer fell but never sank to the ground. Evans knowing it was folly to have Kindornie try it alone finally sent other large divisions under the command of of Roswellian master Johnson, and Fredrickson. Henryson and these came on in the same extensive columns.

The more heavier columns did Evans send forward, the fiercer grew the intensity of the Glandolinian artillery fire, and so dreadful was the pace in their ranks that the generals of the advancing lines ordered their men to move on more swiftly, but to take every advantage of protection, and not to fire, but to charge with the bayonet.

On and on pressed the Abbeaundin line and still fiercer became the enemy's artillery fire, untill driven to anger Evans again let loose with all his batteries and once again did the frightful clamor swell upon the air like before.

As Vandermine's first line approached the enemy lot loose an additional all deadly fire with machine guns and long lines of musketry to which the first line of Abbiecunians who were advancing between the two main Abbiecunian columns responded in their return, and their own fire tore and gapped the enemy's lines in a way that was terrifically amazing. The officers of the main column warned their men that the work must be done with the bayonet and their muskets were not even loaded, and moreover so strict was the orders and the discipline that no one was allowed to leave the ranks, and when one of the men did so an officer promptly ran him through the body.

No sooner had the enemy opened with musketry and lighter
 artillery than the main charging column broke into a headlong dash,
 and run, and in a moment the first line plunged into the abatis of fallen
 timbers which the gladiolians had constructed. On the left this christian
 advanced line was so roughly handled that no less than seven hundred thousand
 men of the 1,200,000 men were either killed or wounded, but as the two main
 columns came surging up like two tremendous tidal waves, they burst through
 the down timber in the face of the most terrific musketry fire, and in their
 desperation the enemy set fire to the foliage and trees to check the
 wild charge of the Abbieannians, but in vain over the works they poured,
 swirling right through the flames and all slashing right and left, and
 using the bayonets and lances with deadly effect, and though the wicked
 Gladiolians fought well and stubbornly, cheering and yelling loudly as
 their most tremendous volleys rang, the Abbieannians pushed silently on to
 end the contest if possible with the bayonet. The Abbieannian troops swept
 over the whole line of gladiolian works in this location like a rushing
 wave, but to really capture these works was impossible just then for 'unley
 perceiving the desperation of the christian assault sent forth reinforce-
 ments to repel the attack, and the Abbieannians were driven to the other
 sides of the works where they made a fearful stand at again their wicked
 foes and tore every massive line of graycoats that came forward at the
 charge, while their signal corps kept signalling to the other forces to hurry
 up and join them. Swims in the meantime was throwing column after column to
 the attack intending that it should not cease, and placing more artillery
 he added their fire, and while thus engaged he sent for Violet and her sisters
 and said:

"You remember during one battle when you little girls slew General Bernard Dunn."?

"Yes," answered Violet.

"Well," said Evans, "I have here a captured note within my possession that testifies your work that day and by what I've read in this note I believe you little girls had better keep by my side every moment during this battle or you'll goin' go to ruin. The enemy are bound to get you now if they have to go through hell to do so. Prayer vainly if the one only thing also."

Violet and her sisters thought that Evans was right, for they had heard of this very danger themselves, and feared to be within sight of the very Glandelinians themselves, and decided to stay by Evans at the time during this battle..... They watched the frightful storm of shells falling among the Christian batteries which were firing with might and main upon the Glandelinian batteries, and heard the cheers of many of the cannonners, and also the shocking explosions which occurred every moment.....

They longed for the cruel war to be over, and how they did pray that it would be. They were tiring of the war and its miserable effects, and sometimes believed that the Christian cause would never win until any more motion than of hard fighting.

Where ever Evans went the little girls went also, and toward seven o'clock in the morning it was reported, that Kindermine, and all his supporters who had been in possession of the Glandelinian works were being driven back by overwhelming numbers, and that a large surge of the Glandelinians were coming forward to assault the whole Christian center at one time, and that many of the Glandelinian generals had received orders to see to it that Violet and her sisters were assassinated on the spot, and their guardian also.

Evans hearing these rumors of Kindermine's withdrawal did not at first believe it, but going out to see Violet and her sisters following him he saw many large streams of men firing to the southward and looking back in a headlong flight.

Realizing it was true he went forward at a dash bidding Violet and her sisters to do their best to rally the men by the use of their presence and words and actions while he did his own part. It indeed was

Kindermine's army that was retreating and the supports, for against them strong masses of Glandelinians had been thrown and suffering from a fire too murderous and destructive to withstand the Glandelinians had been forced to fall back, but they were not in confusion or panic as Evans had supposed and as he and the little girls came upon the scene, instead of meeting a division of men in confusion or disorder while retreating, they found the whole force retreating, but stubbornly and fiercely contesting every step of the way and the firing was so terrific that Evans advised Violet and her sisters to go further back to the rear before they would get hit by any

of the bullets..... Violet and her sisters felt like staying, but never theless they obeyed, and away they went following to the front of the retreating columns Evans in the lead, determining to prepare his line for the coming attack, and also to telegraph to Hanson that the battle of Bon

Don Catherine De la Poir Forestfort was on in general, and to watch any movements that would be made by the other Glandelinian army under general Huebaum's aid.

Evans and the little girls continued on but keeping in sight of the retreating columns to the rear. Sometimes they would be seen to halt and pour in a fiercer fire upon the enemy, then break ranks and continue the retreat, but never getting demoralized or confused, and to Evans it was evident that the Glandelinian columns who were advancing against the Christians under Kindermine were meeting with little loss.

"How are you going to stop the advance of those Glandelinians?" said Violet who had observed through her glasses the full fury and obscuring charge of the vastest Glandelinian surge they had ever seen since Florida. "The Glandelinians who are coming are mighty strong in force, and can probably crush your center unless you can get it ready in time."

"Something will have to be done mighty quick," said Evans in answer.

The Glandelinians are mighty desperate so since we have forced their army so far southward during our invasion and it seems as if it is placing you little girls in the greatest danger, besides putting the Glandelinians to the most desperate fighting ever seen since the war began.....

They had now reached the main section of the Christian lines and Evans giving orders for the artillery men to depress their guns and cover Kindermine's retreat, went forth to straighten the lines and prepare them to resist the foe's charge. Violet and her sisters stayed with him riding horses and galloping around where ever he went, watching his movements and advising his orders. Kindermine's forces soon came up and the main line broke and let the Christian columns through, the other portions opening fire upon the assailants with their artillery, and machine gun fire. This checked the onslaught of the Glandelinians for a short time, but as Kindermine's troops had passed through, the Glandelinians rallied to the charge and the battle was resumed with redoubled fury. Violet and her sisters were warned by the other officers to keep their distance from the main firing lines as now the firing on both sides was becoming so terribly terrific, and the losses were horrible in the extreme.....

Violet and her sisters at once proceeded to general Evans' headquarters, and from there viewed the surge of approaching Glandelinians and decided to keep the eyes on the wild assailants and see those commanders lead them. Francis and William were with them, and they felt horrified at the noise of so strong a battle that was now raging, and begged Violet and her sisters to take them away from it all.

"Don't be afraid," said Violet. "Those Glandelinians who are yelling like an army of devils and shooting right and left will never force our lines if Evans can help it."

Violet and her sisters constantly kept their eyes on the whole scene, saw the whole surge come upon the Christian lines in a welter of slaughter, go back wangled and torn, and rally again and return to the charge. They saw this scene repeat time and again, the whole region beyond became like a roaring inferno of hell, shells burst closer and closer in a perfect hailstorm which terrified William and Francis all the more, and it was all that Violet and her sisters could do to quiet them.

They were startled themselves at the prodigious fury of the Glandelinian attack, and wondered whether the Christian line would stand against it or not. Finally they were so sure of the results. The Glandelinians had been massing stronger and stronger against this portion of the Christian line, and finally Violet and her sisters observed that there was an overwhelming concentration going on all along the line, the uproar of the conflict had redoubled in terrifying violence, and finally it was seen that at the extreme right of the line within sight of general Evans' headquarters that the irresistible force of the Glandelinian onslaught was forcing back the Christian line in great disorder. Fearing that the Glandelinians would come their way Violet and her sisters warned all the officers within sight, and telegraphed them selves to Evans who was to the main right of the Christian line just then telling him what was going on. Then watching for further events they saw suddenly to the right a perfect swarm of Abbeismian waves of men rush upon the apparently victorious Glandelinians from an unknown section of the woods beyond, and these fell upon the desperate Glandelinians with great and horrible slaughter and drove them back across the works, and down to their own lines. Again the Glandelinians rallied to the attack and came in even more in increasing numbers, and general Vivian himself who was also heavily attacked reported to general Evans headquarters at once about the situation and this is what Violet received who answered the instrument://////

URGENT. J. A. EVANS:

I have made a great attack on the enemy's lines, but they have repulsed my forces at all points, and I'm getting worried, for they are assaulting my entire three wings with all their strength. Aberdoenia however was killed early in the severe fight and I am hoping that I can stand ground. If possible send to help as I'm overwhelmed by a force of Glandelinians who appeared at another quarter. The battle is fierce and sanguinary along my lines, and my losses are becoming something terrible in the extreme and two thousand of my heaviest cannons are disabled. Twice a portion of my extreme right wing had been rolled up and general Greenburg is mortally wounded.

URGENT. VIOLET.

Violet at once sent one of the messengers with the telegraph telegram to Evans and the surveying the scene in the distance they saw that the smoke of artillery had increased still more and that the uproar was becoming murderous all along the line. Then they were startled by hearing the tinter going off again and answering Violet herself got this down:

"To who ever you are answering this instrument; report to general Jac Ambrose Evans that there is a strange but overwhelming column of Abbeismians moving around the Columbine Grounds at Bon Catherine Lady Beede, and this division is making an advance that seems possible of turning Evans' main right wing should the blow be struck. Warn him before it is too late. If you could imagine only how terrific the battle is becoming you would marvel indeed. It is becoming a holy terror. The slaughter is frightful."

URGENT. VIOLET. KANDER.....

and as the little girl got this note Violet and her sisters started sobbing and even William and Francis by crying out: "They have broken the line, and a swarm of Landolinians in a perfect wave are coming direct for Evans headquarters."

"We must get out of here then as quick as possible," said Violet. "But we could not dare go outside," said Angelina. "There are scores of thousands of Landolinians coming on a horse like run and they could kill us at once and be tear us fairly to pieces with a storm of bullets. We are trapped."

They were indeed in a very bad and poor lot. William and Francis were so frightened that they hid under a bed. Violet who was quick-witted, at once notified Evans by telegraph that a surge of Landolinians was coming to break his headquarters and that he was trapped. They were trapped as escape was impossible. A surge of Abbeismians appeared and gave the Landolinians a volley that rapped the whole group but their could not stand before their wild charge, but while the main section of the column retreated, a few remained made for the house, as their leader realized that Violet and her sisters were in the building and that they could not escape in time without being shot down, for on their appearance the enemy would open a fire that would annihilate all before it.

They rushed to the house to defend it against the assassins, and Violet reached it and entered with the screaming Landolinian flames just at their very heels. The attack was violent on the house, but there were over six hundred Abbeismians now in the building and they poured upon the enemy a destructive fire that galloped their ranks frightfully. As the main line pressed on, the Landolinians remained behind to force the building and gain possession of it and so after a slight halt the attack on the house was renewed. This very reckless kept up a continuous barrage fire upon the house with artillery, some went back to fetch artillery, to batter it down, while others pressed forward with blazing flags with the intention of setting the building on fire.

But the Abbeismians picked off every one of the Landolinians who made that wild rush toward the house, and the Landolinians were so astonished at the great resistance that they halted their attack and waited for the others to come back with the artillery. The roar of battle raging elsewhere could be plainly heard and the uproar of the firing outside the house and the answering fire of those inside the house. The fire of the besieging Landolinians however was deadly and every man who dared show his face at a window, or who stepped to the door to fire, fell dead or wounded and already over a hundred Abbeismians had been killed, and nearly two hundred wounded. Any of the wounded who were able returned to the forces outside of their firing or reloading the empty pistols for their comrades. Finally it became evident that the Abbeismians were exhausting their ammunition, and the Landolinians still waiting for the guns realized it and made a sudden wild rush forward. The Angelinians and Abbeismians kept on firing until not a shot was left, and then as the Landolinians swarmed up to the door doors and tried to break in through the very windows on the first floor, the defenders met them with pikes, pistols, knives, and bayonets, ever using every obstruction against the doors to prevent the Landolinians from breaking them down.

The assault was wild, terrific, and savage. Three Landolinians at a time would appear at the window and leveling their pistols shot at those inside, and would be bayoneted in return, and the pikes were so full of dead and mangled, and so full of powder smoke that it looked as if a great mass of soldiers was going on. The obstinacy played against the doors for a long and unreasonable time as it seemed to the Landolinians to resist successfully. Their attacks against the doors, not even the heaviest hits or battering rams would break down the doors, and all those who tried to get in the lower windows many of them were were bayoneted or cut down at the hands of the Abbeismians who cursed and blasphemed the Landolinian names while they fought the raging hell legion of flames, stabbing, clubbing their pistols and clattering the head of many a Landolinian, and running one after another through the heart with the bayonet.

Even though out of constant ammunition as they were it was evident to the Landolinians that to force the building was in vain, and finally after four hundred of their comrades had been slain by the Abbeismians and 2,345 wounded, the remainder withdrew, and the leaders ordered the artillery to be opened on the house. Violet and her sisters who had not joined in the fray alone had quantities of ammunition, and to tell the truth as long as the ammunition of the little girls held out not a single Landolinian could fire a shot. The Landolinians were surprised at this great resistance and finally there was heard an order from the main leader:

"Fire the main house - a number of you men with fire batteries soon as the place goes redoubt the attack and we'll capture the lot of them."

But not a cannon could be fired, for as soon as a gun rushed to fire a gun shot from the little girls put him low. Again the Landolinians in a perfect wave rushed the house yelling like demons, but so fierce was the resistance that the slaughter was terrific. To tell it the house was a very large building with a broad and magnificent veranda all around, and when this attempt was made driven back by the bayonets and pikes of the Abbeismians the veranda was littered with dead and wounded Landolinians. The Landolinians soldiers again rushed to the attack and kept jammed themselves into an impregnable mass upon the veranda and even climbed the roofs of the veranda in swarms to assault those in the upper stories, but in vain fell from the roofs like flies under the blows of a flyswatter, and so strong was the Abbeismian resistance that again the Landolinians had to retreat and give it up. They were fighting not now for their country, home and friends they left behind them, but also for Violet and her sisters who were in their midst and they were bound to keep back the foe until they met annihilated. The terrible struggle for the possession of the house had already lasted half an hour, and now a change was coming elsewhere. The Christians who had been driven back were reinforced, and were being rallied, Evans was massing stronger divisions upon the assailants, and slowly but surely and surely the geyons were being hurled backwards, and finally the Abbeismians with a shout rushed like a torrent upon those who were assaulting the building, shooting the Landolinians down by the hundred, and driving them in a scattered groups before them like herds of frightened sheep, shoot them down by the score at every step, and forcing many to throw down their arms and surrender.

At all points the attack of the foe which at first had been a keen and active successful was now being driven back, and Evans was also starting to bring up his main line, to drive back every portion of the assaulting line of the foe and make another strong concentration upon their own line.

Evans was even sending a large portion of his unengaged forces to help repel the Landolinians who were assaulting general Vivian's house, and was sending rating bigger forces to the support of his own main right wing which was heavily assaulted. Thus the Abbeismian soldiers defending the children in the big building had showed their valor, and what Abbeismians really can do even when driven out of ammunition by constant firing, and how they could resist an assault at even tremendous odds.

At every quarter of the line the battle was raging wildly, the firing on both sides crashing and roaring like a hundred brilliant cannon, and Evans and all his officers, were dashing back and forth at various parts of the line, giving frank orders, and seeing to it that the men had plenty of ammunition, and that no more breaks were in the lines and if there were to close it right away.

Violet and her sisters congratulated the many brave Abbeismians for putting up such a desperate defense in the house for their sake, and they realized also that the way of fighting among the Abbeismians was nothing like the shrewd ways of fighting with the Angelinians. And it soon just the Angelinians fighting for the place, there was no doubt the building would have been forced very long before this, and they no doubt would have been slain. All Abbeismians were trained in war ways and military fighting since they were little boys, have been instructed by even their parents on how bravery and superior fighting always drives down to despair the worse enemy of God, and so being well trained to all kinds of hardships, and knowing all ways of fighting, it was well known what it was to contend with an Abbeismian. One Landolinian could in his fury of fighting seem to be ten to a squad of Angelinians, but to a hundred Landolinians, one Abbeismian who seemed seemed to be a roaring lion when a hundred small mice would be trying to escape him.

The Abbeismians were now pressing forward first slowly, and then swiftly, their lines sweeping through the smoke confused masses and breaking up the whole line, and driving it back in confusion. John Farley all this time at first did not know who his adversary was, though he saw the Vivian girls were within the Christian lines. He had supposed that he was opposing the advance of general Vivian's army, but when he learned that both general Vivian and Evans was concentrated against him, besides the strong armies this the fierce Charles and King Cannon of Abbeismians he was worried, and advised general William Farley's brother to abandon Bristol as a position, and retreat, and that he would cover his retreat, and if Evans still he could get safely away from them. But William Farley was also engaged at Bristol now station two fierce and angry battles might at the same time, and so really if there were any bloody conflicts were lost the war was lost also and Landolinians would be so badly whipped that they would never recover from the shock of defeat. Farley then that in John Farley realizing it fought with the utmost fury of desperate despair, and knowing that Evans would probably annihilate them with

drove upon Evans a headlong attack, before Evans could prepare his own line for the battle to be renewed the opposite way. General Evans was also severely wounded. His army had twice in quick succession advanced against the Hellenes for opposed to him, and again the glandelinian resistance had driven his army back in confusion and with frightful losses to their own ranks. The woods in front of the battle line were all on fire, trees were everywhere were shattered by shell explosions, and pierced with bullets, and the scene was truly a hellish one. It looked worse than even the frightful valley of the Shadow of Death in the Pilgrims Progress. General Evans had suffered the reduction of many of his brigades and divisions, a regiment of fifteen hundred men in various divisions and brigades told the horrible story of the conflict, by having only less than three hundred men left, flags by the thousands were torn in tatters by the frightful tempest of bullets sweeping along a space of an extent of four or three miles, and so many color bearers were shot that it was too terrible to relate, and all the while the smoke of gunpowder was so thick for many miles in width that hardly any thing could be seen at the distance of fifty feet.

Other general divisions and Evans were as equally as severely moved, and now Everett True was coming up with his great forces, Cannon moving on at the advice of Evans to support general Evans' army. Fiercer and fiercer the conflict was raging, and whole lines of the enemy army so r address of them went every time they charged forward were torn to fragments and swept back in confused masses.

Violent and her sisters were again with Evans watching the muffled scenes of the Hellenic conflict, and were so engrossed in the oncoming battle line that they did not realize that again a portion of the Christian line was forced until they saw a swarm of perfect Gargolians on foot rushing toward them with the most fearful obscene yells ever heard before.

They seemed like demons possessing the air with millions of barbaric screams. Quickly the little girls warned Evans and wheeling their horses started to dash away. There was a flash a scorching murderous roar, followed simultaneously by the whistle of a storm of bullets, and Evans horse and every one of those of the little girls sank to the ground while three generals riding with the column fell from their saddles riddled by bullets, and an uttermost a whole line of retreating Abbieannians as far as eye could reach and three feet wide sank writhing and rolling on the ground.

This was followed by fiercer yells, and along came a sweep of a Hellenic Hellenic charge, and Violet and her sisters with Evans raced for the main line Evans ordering the artillery to annihilate the glandelinian tidal wave.

As he was directing the battle elsewhere an officer came up to him and cried:

"General the glandelinians on the right are bending us back. I just received this telegram from general Rudolph Resendale."

"See to it that Everett's True supports my right with as much force as possible." Answered Evans. "I'll direct operations where ever I can go. I'll up and do not delay as every moment is precious."

A shell exploded quite near them at this moment but no one was hurt though they felt the shock of the frightful concussion. A madened a screaming uproar came from everywhere along the firing line which now never ceased and so many of the Hellenic Hellenic were falling that indeed it seemed as if they risked complete annihilation. It was evident however before all the Christian generals along this portion of the Christian line that it was impossible to stop this wild charge of the Hellenic Hellenic.

That it was impossible to stop this wild charge of the Hellenic Hellenic. They came on like a charge of an army of giants and immediately the left grand division of the central wing was hit the hardest and driven into panic and confusion and completely rolled up with numerous losses to boot. This division threw the remainder of the Hellenic wing into disorder and the whole line began to flow back toward the rear despite all the efforts of the general officers to rally them. One whole line of Abbieannians who refused to give way though facing an overwhelming numbers, and nearly ten miles long met annihilation, and their general Hero Hunkardonia was killed as he refused to surrender when overpowered.

The disaster placed the whole Christian line in jeopardy, and Evans who was at another quarter of the line did not know what happened when he heard that he was being beaten. He immediately changed his orders about the movements of Cannon's army, and telegraphed to him to return and help repel the enemy. In the central part of his line, but Cannon answered that to turn back was impossible and that surely then the battle is lost. The loss of the Christian generals was unparalytically terrific. General Jennings Hanson was mortally wounded in trying to rally his panic stricken divisions, and General Cannon was bayoneted by a Hellenic Hellenic, and General Gargolia, Power, Benjamin Hanson, Bernard, Wellington, Paterson, Paterson, and Beldonia were killed at one time when trying to restore order in their broken ranks.

The advance of the Hellenic Hellenic was irresistible everywhere, and general Hunkardonia himself was severely wounded, and his army annihilated completely, general Jackwick Baldwin was killed, and his artillery captured, and turned on the Christian troops with annihilating effects, and James Costello who was sent by Evans to stop the tide of disaster suffered the annihilation of his own command and narrowly escaped capture. Bernard Cannon and Theal Theal were severely wounded. Be d Beldonia came up with a division of 10,000,000 Abbieannians and Hellenic Hellenic and these were thrown in the path of the glandelinians and gave the glandelinians furious resistance, but soon this whole line was crushed to fragments, and their leader killed, and three quarters of the survivors were captured, and the remainder driven away like scattered flies.

His tragedy endangered Violet and her sisters. They were in the building at the time this happened, and it was all they and their two child companions could do to prevent themselves from being discovered by the foe who in possession of the building, and who were also looking for them.

Indeed the battle was terrific all along the line.

General Evans was trying his utmost to reestablish the central line of battle but all in this location was in wild confusion. He also realized the peril of Violet and her sisters, so for he knew that his headquarters was in possession of the enemy and a horror filled him as he realized what would occur if the wicked glandelinians ever captured them, and so exerted his utmost to bring up heavy reinforcements, while he ordered Everett True to come on with his forces as quickly as possible.

The reserve forces soon came up under general Schloeder, and these formed long and solid lines in the path of the enemy, and gave serious resistance, while Everett True apprised of the danger was hurrying up his forces to the rescue. Evans also concentrated other divisions upon the wild Hellenic Hellenic and now indeed the battle became general all along the line.

The firing of both sides was incessant and the onslaught of the enemy doubly violent. Feeling sure that these reserve forces could hold their own for two hours at least, Evans brought up Hellenic Hellenic divisions and hurled these upon the enemy in the location of the captured headquarters, while he ordered Jacob Baldwin to bring up his artillery which had been held in reserve. These came at the most critical moment and when in readiness, opened a driving cannon fire upon the glandelinians tearing their lines fairly into a thousand pieces. The Abbieannians were about to counter charge, when their officers cried:

"Hold it is not time yet. They are only checked not demoralized. It's suicide to do so."

Evans fearing a frightful loss of officers instructed all generals to be careful and now as he regulated the enemy's firing he realized that the battle was on in earnest, that the glandelinians were bound to sweep him back at all costs and prevent him from making a junction at Bristol and Station. And he saw through his glasses was hurling large bodies of troops from seemingly every quarter of the Hellenic line, and while he viewed the long lines of fearful firing, that sounded like millions of cannon in action he ordered general Maurice Costello to move his own forces to the right and repel the enemy there. Maurice Costello obeyed, and then up came the forces under Hero Canxin, and Beppo Hansen, and these joined in the raging battle with great pugnaeous fury.

Everywhere along the line the attack of the enemy was redoubled in fury the whole scene for miles was a scorching hell, and the slaughter was becoming awful indeed on both sides. General Hero in trying to reestablish a portion of his line which became broken and disordered was seriously wounded, and Evans had all he could do to prevent the line from giving way.

Fiercer and fiercer the firing grew, and Evans now drew up another division from the reserve line, and put these into the action, and send in another order for Everett's True for God's sake to hurry up.

Everett True was hurrying on his forces as fast as possible, and he finally came up and in the location where general Evans headquarters were, and after half an hour's preparation threw one quarter of his army into the action at once.

The moment was now terrible, and a great wall of glandelinians advancing from the southwest poured over the Christian line of works, like a tidal wave, but with a frightful pandemonium of curses and yells the furious Abbieannians closed with them, and cut down half of the whole glandelinian wave and drove it back pell mell to the woods beyond following the fugitives and carrying all before them. At this point the order was now given given to advance, and the whole Abbieannian line started to move forward, though although all along the enemy's lines there issued most terrible and destructive fire volleys of a hundred thousand a shot a second.

Evans saw the Abbieannian surge go forward, and issued a warning to the other division commanders as he saw how the enemy's firing was increasing.

He realized it was Hanley who was attacking now and not Aberdeenshire force. He tried to get in communication with General Vivian's lines and find out how the battle was going on there but for a while could receive no info in any direction whatever. Soon he learned that another general had fallen but he could not find out who it was, and incessantly inquired of the condition of the Vivian girls. They were still safe however, though the furious battle was raging on all sides of the house. They were hiding in a tunnel way in the basement of the building, for to stay inside the upper floors was impossible as bullets were even piercing their way through the walls by the scores of thousands and nothing could live up there just then, the foe having evacuated the building when not being able to find Violet and her sisters. Violet and her sisters heard the wild clamor of the terrific struggle going on outside, and heard the innumerable ear-splitting crashes of shells that were bursting ever & everywhere, and occasionally a shell would hit the house, and tear out a whole section with a tremendous roar that shook the earth beneath the little girls.

To them it was the wildest salvos of sounds they had ever heard in a battle since Gl. Cloirina and they thought sure that Evans was losing; for the enemy was all around them. How long they were to be prisoners in the tunnel they knew not but they did not dare venture forth, for by the noise outside, they knew that the glandelinians were still in possession of the ground, that the counter charge of Everette Trues Abbiecians had been driven back with great and tremendous loss, and that the Christians were not making any progress anywhere in recovering the lost ground. Finally as they listened in awe and excitement, they heard a redoubled outburst of heavy cannons, which shook the very nerves in their bodies, followed by a storm of explosive explosions assailing every where, and they observed that the tunnel way was being filled with powder smoke.

Proceeding the fresh outburst of heavy cannons came a series of the wildest yells the little girls had heard, and this was from the furious Abbiecians who had just then closed with the great Ab. glandelinians and surge which had assailed them, and which had repulsed the charge and was rushing forward these lives. The enemy had been driven clean beyond the building, but amid that inferno of shooting and slaughter, the glandelinians received suddenly heavy reinforcements, and they rallied, smote the Abbiecians line to pieces, and drove it back clean across the ground they had won with frightful disillusion.

Evans saw that even the reserve forces could not be able to hold out long, and had to at times keep himself behind a wide tree as the firing of the enemy was so wild and screaming in its fury that no one could have survived it who would be exposed and one of the generals who was near Evans was about to look aside from his position at a tree when Evans yelled to him:

"Keep your head behind the shelter you damn fool. Do you want to get hit. The enemy are firing like blazes and you ought to look out."

Just at that moment a general arriving on horseback fell at the very spot, horse and rider sinking to the ground in a shapeless heap. The battle was increasing to a still fiercer fury, and Evans decided to move up his whole reserve force, and concentrate all the artillery he had, and if this did not stop the charge, to withdraw to cover. To withdraw any forces from his two wings was impossible for they were as heavily assailed, cannon as it was reported to him, could not advance to general Vivian's aid, or go back on account of being driven back by forest fires set by the enemy to stop him, and Everette Trues who had now all his forces in the action had been severely wounded twice, and Maurice Costello received a broken leg in the bargain.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters observing that the tunnel was filling up with smoke came to the conclusion that the building must be on fire and decided to follow the tunnel and see where it leads to. To go back the way they came was suicide for the building by this time must be a furnace of flames. So on they went carefully, and soon found it opened out toward a creek, but here escape seemed nil for at this point was a line of breastworks in possession of the He-pollatinians, and they were firing in a fashion as if they could not waste their ammunition fast enough.

"We are trapped," said Joice. "Keep back William and Francis. For God's sake. If they see you, one of us they'll get us for sure."

Violet and her sisters keeping themselves in hiding, watched the firing lines of the enemy, saw surges of Abbiecians come and go, saw them go to pieces, and recall, saw another return to the charge and share a like fate. The crash of the glandelinian musketry was something terrible to the little girls, and sounded to them as if the world was blowing to pieces.

"I never saw such a battle since the invasion began," said Pettie. "And my goodness look how the enemy are firing artillery and musketry. You would think they had worlds of it to waste and still not be exhausted."

"But we got to get away from here some way," said Joice. "We cannot stay here all the time and sooner or later we'll be discovered, and then there will be more fun for us than we wish for."

"But how are we going to get out of here," said Angelina. "The enemy are in possession of the entire line of works at this portion, the woods are on fire elsewhere, and shells are dropping about this location like confetti and no way we could live in this region in a moment."

Violet and her sisters indeed did not know what to do in a case like this. The enemy within their view were now starting forward to make another attack on the Christian lines, and were surging forward like a great wave and as Violet and her sisters witnessed the scene they saw a series of frightful explosions in regular lines among the columns of the enemy, and where the bombs exploded there was many horrible gaps. This checked the onslaught of the glandelinians for a few minutes, but the survivors rallied, and pressed on with fierce yells. This looked to Violet and her sisters as if they would soon get an opportunity to escape, and so when the last glandelinian had disappeared northward, they stole cautiously forward.

"We got to watch out for the wounded glandelinians for they are liable to shoot us," said Jennie.

Violet and her sisters immediately reached the abandoned works, but suddenly up before them arose another line of infantry which had been lying down waiting for orders, and had the little girls not been quick enough in dropping they would have been done for for every man closest to them lived lately opened fire with machine guns and musketry. The only way to escape the murderous fire of the enemy was by keeping their slaves close to the lower sections of the works, and then when several squads of the glandelinians arose and started to go at them, Violet and her sisters arose quickly and bolted to the shelter of the nearest trees just as the glandelinians fired another volley.

"Catch them little brats," cried the main officer of in command of the line of He-pollatinians.

At once a rush of men swarmed toward the trees, but in the meantime Violet and her sisters under cover of a pall of smoke from the burning brush and trees had succeeded in getting back to the shelter of the tunnel and no where could the glandelinians find them, and at this moment this line of the foe had been ordered to go forward and help in the assault, and again Violet and her sisters saw an opportunity to escape.

"We'll have to look out," said Violet. "We got surprised by the enemy and we don't want to get surprised again."

"You listen to the roar of battle to the north," said Catherine. "The glandelinians must be receiving the fiercest resistance. Francis and William you keep close to us or you'll get captured."

Once again the little girls sallied forward, watching closely however that they would not be surprised again. They crawled forward toward the works this time and then dropping down on the other side, Joice alone peered over to the opposite side.

"It is clear," she whispered. "Come sisters."

Over the ten little girls went, and then over a lane covered with slain and wounded foes and seemed in peril for several of the wounded tried to grasp their muskets to shoot the little children, but again Violet and her sisters outwitted them by darting behind the nearest trees.

"If you fire on us we'll return the fire wounded though you are," cried Joice.

The little girls then worked themselves from tree to tree, watching the wounded glandelinians carefully, and every time one leveled his gun to fire they darted behind the works, or the trees and let him have it with their own pistols. All about Violet and her sisters a veritable sea of dead and wounded glandelinians lay, and to them indeed it was a shocking sight, but then it could not be avoided. Nevertheless the little girls were anxious to get out of the blood-rag and find their way back to the Christian lines. This was found to be a still harder problem.

For now they were on the side of the enemy, and out of any chance there was a good one of being shot down in ambush even for there was no telling; if all the glandelinians had went forward to the charge or whether a number had been left behind to look for them if they were seen, and they saw not the glandelinians there means telling what would happen.

They felt sorry now that they had left the shelter of the tunnel, but to go back was just as impossible for now a portion of the assaulting line of the enemy was coming back having been repulsed by the fearful resistance of the main Abbiecians line....

The return of these glandelinians placed them in still more greater danger, and for a moment or two the little girls did not know what to do. No cloth the trees was available, for they saw that shells burst among the tree tops as frequently as lightning flashes in the air during severe storms, and bullet were being rained upon the leaves by the thousands.....

but nevertheless the clever little girls finally observed a way. There was a large stream of water near this location which ran toward the christian lines, and being good swimmers violet and her sisters decided to trust to the river. So into the water they dived, and then they swam for dear life. They found that swimming uselessly was not to be done for the river had a strong current running northward and it carried them swiftly toward the region they wanted to go. So they let the current take them for ward while they rested themselves occasionally.

While they were thus swimming, they could hear the thunderous roar of the mighty conflict and wondered how it was going on, and whether it was more severe. They had been swimming for about fifteen minutes, when along the shore there appeared a swarm of Abbieannians who sat scouting at this point had seen them in the river. The Abbieannians shouted to them to come ashore. Violet and her sisters did so, and William and Francis also came. The Abbieannian leader asked them again and again how they escaped so easily when escaped had seemed so impossible.

As Violet and her sisters told them the whole truth, the Abbieannian officers told the little girls how fiercely Evans was attempting to rec over the lost ground in order to save them.

"Can we go to him now or is he too busy?" asked Daisy.

"Yes you must come to him right away," said the general. "I am and my men had feelings that you little girls would escape some way and decided to come out and look for you. And our search was successful. Evans if he is very apprehensive about you and fears that the enemy will capture you as he still thinks you are in the house."

THE BATTLE AT ONE GENERAL VIVIAN'S LINES.....

General Vivian's left wing for the morning's portion of the battle was the most heavily assaulted. Along this portion of the christian line the fury of the great battle was something terrible. The glandelinian forces under general picknell Hanley about 23,456,789 strong made a tremendous assault against the whole christian left. As never in his days since gloriana or during the battle itself had general Vivian ever witnessed such a frightful attack of the glandelinians. They rushed forward in the mightiest columns striking the right of the Abbieannian left wing a telling blow that fairly staggered it, but for a time it recovered from the terrible confusion and rallied to the counter charge but it was in vain to stop the violent attack of the glandelinians.

A portion of the Abbieannian rear on the extreme left had not been guarded well, no doubt General Vivian having forgotten to guard it and it also received a smashing blow from a division of glandelinians under general Mc-Hollister Wyletze, and as it rallied and rushed forward to make a counter charge, it received another terrible blow, that drove it into the greatest confusion, and after the most desperate fighting hand to hand this whole portion of the christian line was rolled up and thrown into the greatest disorder.

It had been both the intentions of generals Evans and Vivian to attack the foe and both had been seriously attacked themselves.....

When the most of these desperate glandelinian charges had been disasterously repulsed, a division of glandelinians consisting of the Zumermannians, Amarians, Amarians Curdes, Burds, Condemnancians, Mc-poll estinians and Cargolians numbering about ninety two million came forward with the most tremendous and appalling wild fury against the whole christian left wing, fifteen gigantic glandelinian columns were torn to pieces, by a devastating artillery fire along the Abbieannian line, but nevertheless the main portions came on with frightful yells, opening ranks for those who were falling back.....

Ninety two of these fresh columns dissolved into fragments, and the frightful hellstorm of charge, and one hundred and sixty six other glandelinian columns who met the full force of this sweeping christian fire, recoiled appalled at the horrible slaughter, and in this great charge which was also repulsed over three hundred glandelinian generals were wounded and over eighty killed, while six hundred eighty one christian officers had fallen killed or wounded.

When the enemy came forward once however to make a general assault of still more redoubtable fury a good portion of general Vivian's left wing was driven back in confusion, the left grand division of his wing was turned, and within an hour's time the whole wing was once more rolled up and the artillery captured by the desperate glandelinian soldiery.

To counteract the rout that to general Vivian a serious disaster was threatening. Everywhere along his whole line itself the enemy was attacking with the most wild fury, their big waves coming on in seemingly endless succession, for as soon as the first score of waves would be torn up and thrown back a frightful bloody repulse, the others would come on to renew the assault, and general Vivian felt indeed that the battle was lost for King Cano Cannon who had been sent to aid him sent him this discouraging note:

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL ROBERTY ANGELO VIVIAN:

Your friend general Jack Evans has sent me to lent you aid with my forces, but I'm fiercely opposed at Glance Station and harassed by forest fires and cannot advance. Evans also is in peril and wished to recall me but I cannot even return to him just now. I simply don't know what to do on this situation. The enemy is not so easily to overcome as we thought."

King Cannon.

When he saw his left wing in confusion general Vivian at first did not know what to do to retrieve the threatening disaster. The enemy were making a desperate attack along his center and right, and the fury of the battle was growing in intensity hour by hour. In the meantime while for general Vivian the situation was critically critical general Hansonia Galdlin was arriving from an unexpected quarter with many large divisions of the fierce Concan tinians and Abbieannians, and he saw that the christian left wing was being driven back, and so ordered his forces forward to its support while he determined to learn whose christian army it was that was being so furiously attacked. Indeed general picknell Hanley it was seen was bound to carry his point and though Hansonia barred the enemy's advance he drove his charge home again at many portions of the line, and amid the dreadful and madman the brave christian general was seriously wounded, and many other brave generals fell.

Realizing the situation general Vivian asked Evans for aid once more, and sent a note begging Everett True to hurry up his own attack against Evans center, and also sent a note asking Cannon to force his way at all costs and come to his rescue. The great attack that was being made by the glandelinians along the christian center was the wildest attack of the battle thus far, a long line of the foe many millions strong charging forward with the seemingly irresistible force of a raging tidal wave, but the christian cannon and musketry tore and gapped their lines, moved their officers down by the hundred and finally sent their ragged lines back torn and bleeding bleeding with their fallen lying in windrows for miles on the frightful battlefield.

But Hansonia was not discouraged by this bloody repulse of his grey great charge, and sent forth a fresh fresh column twice as strong, their leaders being under the instructions to force the christian lines at all hazards. This glandelinian column came forward with the noise and fury of a million demons mingled with a raging typhoon of world wide devastating fury, and though their columns and divisions were torn to pieces by the score and their main line torn to pieces also the survivors charged clean up to the works and over, and closed with the christian line, and engaged them hand to hand. The christian center under Westclox was driven back by the impact of the assault clean to their second line of works, and had the enemy pressed on immediately they would have gained a decided advantage, but they fell back under the cover of the works they had captured, and poured

Upon the whole, the entire Christian center a most deliberate and destructive fire. General Vivian saw that it was impossible to retake his lost position just then, and so ordered his men to prepare for the next charge the enemy would make. After a few minutes the enemy came on to make a third charge to make a fierce effort to capture this second position. They were met by a deliberate withering fire that decimated their first divisions in front, and then the Abbeismian cannon let loose and committed horrible carnage at short range. For a whole hour this terrific assault raged, but finally the enemy retired sullenly behind the works and continued their most terrific fire upon the whole Christian line.

Fourteen more desperate assaults were made by the enemy in quick succession and though the glandelinians suffered horrible loss in the last of the fourteen assaults they did capture a portion of the second Christian position and held it against the greatest odds in a furnace of infernoes at the very points. Making fierce counter charges general Vivian threw his heaviest forces forward as incessantly as the waves of the great storm lashed ocean, only to see his most immense divisions come back in fragments and with every general and regimental commander down. In one regiment the flag of Abbeismia had drooped forty five times and as many color bearers had been shot to death before the flag was saved from the screaming furies of God.

It was indeed a most terrible battle the battle being severe all along the whole of general Vivian's lines, and probably more sanguinary than along Evans' lines as yet but nevertheless he was holding ground better than Evans was though his left had been driven back for three miles. His whole left was in a pandemonium of confusion was badly cut up, and hundreds of their generals had fallen dead or wounded in trying to rally them, and so many of the regimental flags had been torn to shreds by the mortal merciless storm of musket fire that it indeed was a strange but piteous sight.

The whole forest from the smoke of cannons and musketry of both sides seemed to be on fire, the explosions of shells seemed to annihilate every thing imaginable before it, and the din was simply simply terrific to think of.

General Vivian's left was indeed in a pretty bad fix for none of the surviving generals could rally it, and the main Christian general who was in command of that wing whose name was general Stanburg sent this note to general Vivian:

GENERAL VIVIAN:

"Your left wing if it is crushed and mangled and driven clean out of its position and notwithstanding all the efforts of the officers, as many of them have fallen and the remainder cannot do a thing. I have thrown reserve divisions to repel the enemy's charge, but they cannot hold, and a fresh army under general Hanson came up to our aid, but all his efforts are unavailing and we cannot do a thing, for the assault of the enemy is growing stronger and stronger every moment. If you cannot relieve us by reinforcements, we will have to withdraw."

GENERAL STANBURG.

General Vivian indeed was at a loss of what to do for he could not do a thing to rally the wing, and he believed that the battle was lost. He had sent notes after notes to general Evans asking for aid, but the messages never got there for all communications with general Evans and Vivian had been cut off by the enemy, and Evans himself had been trying to wire certain advices to general Vivian and could get no answer. The crash of the battle at every quarter was terrible, more like a hundred thousand St. Calverlines in eruption in this one place, and terrible still more it was to see one immense line after another of the foe to go tumbling against the Christian works and then to go back in shredded fragments, and leaving piles and monstrous masses of slain behind.

So many of the Christian generals had been wounded that general Vivian did not know what to do on this either. He had all his available forces in action already and now was forced to resort to his reserves. His condition that in his army was sad indeed, and general Vivian realized that he was terribly overwhelmed. Many of the divisions had already withdrawn on his extreme right grand division, and reports came in that all their regimental brigades, and divisional commanders had fallen, and that not a regiment had a flag, but only staffs, so terrific was the enemy's withering storm of musketry.....

To general Vivian the conflict seemed to be almost another Francis Atlanta in the starting point and at times the smoke of the firing along the Christian line was so unspokeably thick that it hung over the scene like a shroud. The right division of his left was threatened with annihilation, the army were in possession of the two lines of works, and the whole line was badly crippled, for the loss of men and officers.

KING GAMMONS FIERCE FIGHT.....

As to obey orders of general Evans King Gammon had advanced toward the location of general Vivian's fiercely battling lines, and all the lust for revenge of his misfortune in his earlier days and childhood, was burning within him as he thought of the fierce battle that was raging, between Evans and Stanley, and general Vivian and Aberdeensia. Aberdeensia had known that King Gammon would come to aid general Vivian and so had sent general general Gardner's glandelinians with an equal army to oppose him. For a time this glandelinian army could not make a successful stand against the attacks of Gammon's men as the two forces met, but in order to check Gammon many of the men set fire to the foliage and trees in the vicinity, and for a time Gammon had to withdraw his army to shield it from the onrushing flames which spread with amazing rapidity, and following this advantage the glandelinians came on to make a tremendous assault in double line, and so now the bloody fight between Gammon and Stanburg continued for four hours. The fire of Gammon's men was horrible, and scores of the glandelinian ranks rushing forward to the attack were torn to pieces, but their shattered columns reinforced by others rallied again and again and never ceased their desperate attacks which followed in endless succession the roar of cannon and musketry on both sides never ceasing a single moment and sounding like whirlwinds of explosion explosions going on continuously. General Stanburg fell dangerously wounded at the heat of the fray, but though a portion of his army was thrown into confusion at his dismemberment general Aberdeensia Schroederine took his place and after much work rallied the disordered lines and led them on to renew the attack. Indeed the battle along Gammon's lines was fierce and horrifying, twenty lines of glandelinians having been within the space of four hours blown to atoms, and within two more hours Aberdeensia's whole command was cut to pieces with the loss of all their general officers, and many flags, and would have been routed, if the survivors had not been by the fiercest efforts seemingly beyond human power rallied and met the onslaught of the Abbeismians with such fury as to turn the whole battle field into a devastating inferno of wholesale slaughter, and then after hand to hand fighting against terrific odds drove the Abbeismians back to their own works pell mell and from them capturing hundreds of thousands of Abbeismians as prisoners.

The firing was exceedingly severe during this part of the battle

along Gammon's lines and had spread havoc among the woods the whole size of the firing lines, foretrees were splintered and shattered by shell fire, and felled everywhere by bullets which stripped every lower branch of their leaves entirely. During a lull in the enemy's attack Gammon had reformed all his strongest divisions and then to try and recover the ground he had lost Gammon threw against the enemy's lines the fiercest attacks he could muster.

All the available guns of Gammon's Christian batteries covered with a terrific barrage fire of shells all of the Christian onslaughts, to which the enemy for nearly half an hour were unable to reply, but while they massed all their smaller artillery upon the Christian assailants, they managed to bring into play the biggest guns and soon the uproar was tremendous, division after division of the Christians who charged forward came back with only remnants left, the main line of the Abbeismian assault was driven into flying fragments, and Gammon's officers had all they could do to rally the panic stricken Abbeismian soldiers. Gammon sent whole armies forward again and again to meet the wild assaults, but the main assaulting armies were again and again torn through and through by the blasting artillery fire of the enemy and as an intense musketry fire was added, the Abbeismian forces were once again driven into confusion and sent flying back the way they had come, their whole line having been hemmed and buckled back so far and finally the whole assaulting Abbeismian line was thrown into wild confusion, and in that one deep

desperate dash millions had fallen on both sides simultaneously, and within fifteen minutes after closing with the Abbeennian line the glandelinians were in possession of all the Abbeennian artillery, and those they missed upon cannon lines, and sent charge after charge a mile long into their lines and threatened all who dared to make a counter charge to retake the guns with complete annihilation. General or King cannons with central lines on account of the serious crushing up of his right flank division which also occurred at the same time had nevertheless held firm for four to five hours to cover the possible reformation and retreat of the other demoralized wing, but so terrific was the attack of the enemy that nothing could withstand it and finally two divisions of the enemy turned the right and left of this wing, and bringing up more artillery almost infiltrated this whole portion of the Christian line and this portion of the Abbeennian line was also compelled to withdraw, and soon were rolled up in the greatest confusion.

The rest of cannons right wing then had to give way but cannon bringing up his reserves tried all in his power to stay the successful glandelinian advance in that seething hellstorm of carnage and devastation, and his reserve forces stood their ground against thirteen of the wildest and most savage assaults ever imagined or which could ever have been made in any battle millions having fallen on both sides at every charge cannons reserve forces finally gave way. The battle with cannons army indeed was something terrible and the whole region vibrated with the din and confusion.

During noon cannon had by the most desperate efforts rallied good portions of his shattered armies, and withdrawing still further from the remaining forest fires, got ready as the glandelinians came sweeping forward with the mightiest fury to attack the Abbeennians once more.

GANNON'S FURIOUS RAMP OF THE MARCH! THE GREAT MASSACRE OF GLANDELINIAN TROOPS.

Thousands of Christian artillery along this one section opened a terrific fire which at once seemed to pound everything to pieces, and as this fire was directed at the advancing glandelinian columns it committed incalculable havoc great masses of the glandelinians being shot down.

After an hour's terrific fighting the whole surge of glandelinians was hurled back with stupendous loss, and every column was shattered, but a fresh surge doubly strong rushed forward to renew the attack, and though the men in gray fell in thousands every moment the survivors reached the Christian works and surged over, and as the Abbeennians closed with them the fighting raged at its utmost fury, and tens of thousands of glandelinians fell per second before the bayonets, sabres, lances, and shots a close quarters, general Halle divisions of McCollestians being swept to pieces, and tens of their generals were killed or wounded, this glandelinian column retired in confusion but the main surge continued the frightful attack and though their comrades fell in such numbers as to leave a sea of dead and wounded everywhere, they finally forced the line at this quarter, and carried all before them.

Cannon he immediately threw all his reserves upon these wildly attacking glandelinians, and these Christian forces gave such incredible resistance that finally the whole surge of glandelinians being mangled and torn with fresh numbers of their columns down dead or wounded retired suddenly, their generals suetonis, johnston, pondice, clunco, Henry Gatus, and Penrayon Franklin, and Daniel Anglesay falling mortally wounded as they strove to urge on their glandelinian columns toward that inferno of hellish madmen.

After great difficulty these columns were rallied, under the heaviest shelling ever experienced, and being reinforced by Aberdeen, against rushed upon cannons whole Abbeennian line.

The terrific million cannon like masonry stunned all who heard it and after two hours of this repeated hellish scene the glandelinian surge was annihilated with great slaughter in officers and men, and twenty-three battle flags fell into the hands of the Abbeennians, General Scott cannon on the side of the Abbeennians was slain and so was Agricollie's course Cannon, while Galedon's Daniels and Reverus were severely wounded. The glandelinians then tried their luck with one cavalry and nearly 30,000 men rode fiercely like a thundering avalanche against the Christian line supported by a direct fire of artillery, but men and horses were mowed down by the wholesale columns and the remainder attacked by the Abbeennian cavalry who routed them with the loss of their main leader,

Francislaw Gaud. But the glandelinians never gave up the terrific assault. Again another monstrous wave of glandelinians all McCollestians swept upon the Christian lines the battle was redoubled in fury and violence, and the right of the Christian force was compelled to give way, and finally Cannon seeing that he was overwhelmed had to withdraw to cover.

GENERAL VIVIAN ALSO GETS WAY BEFORE THE ASSAULTS OF THE ENEMY.

Long general Vivian's line the struggle was far worse than Cannon's now. The very heavens appeared to be on fire from the storm of bursting shells of both sides, an a storm of death and destruction seemed to descend upon both sides, and so thick was the smoke that the very forest and at asphere seemed on fire and hill tops were covered with blazing lines of the opposing sides, and so terrific was the shell fire of both sides, that all the grass of the plains, in which the battle raged, the grown growth on the hill sides, and everywhere else seemed to fly into space before the terrific explosions, and as general Vivian's whole line let loose a fiery blast of 100,000 cannon the exploding storm of shells of every calibre seemed to deform the whole glandelinian army, and so terrific was the din that to general Vivian it seemed that another battle of Francis-Antonia was raging. At one section of the Christian line the enemy had come forward in the greatest numbers, and like a shattering storm wave tearing over a shore and carrying tons of sand with it the foe line struck with terrific violence, and to make it worse the glandelinians were reinforced by other bodies, and when sixteen million of the Abbeennians had fallen at this one section did the survivors give way, but as they retired they fought like fiends incarnate for the possession of heaven and earth, and so terrific was the losses that the glandelinians suffered that their advance though victorious was slow and uncertain.

For a time yet the main body of general Vivian's line still remained firm heedless of the battering hellstorm of wild glandelinian onslaughts, and with their own cannon and masonry mowed the foe down in many whole lines, but again and again the glandelinians after recoiling rallied to the assault closing with the Christian line again and again with the greatest slaughter, and general Vivian's picket line Cannon on the side of the Christians fell with a mortal shell wound, and as many of his officers were already killed or wounded the Christian line broken and gave way before seemingly superior numbers, and all the severe concentration of troops that general Vivian made was impossible to hold back the frenzied glandelinian assault and he was forced to withdraw a good portion of the line. Aberdeen seeing that his assaulting forces were advancing successfully at many points of the Christian line, ordered a general advance of his main line which was in full sway by two o'clock in the afternoon. But this glancing attack of the glandelinians was useless to resist, though it took fourteen great assaults to force general Vivian back, and though all these attacks of the enemy were cut down general Vivian was compelled to withdraw from the field in the hands of the enemy for the time.....

VIVIAN'S SURVIVORS HURLED BY THE MARCH ALSO. A SURGE OF CHRISTIAN DISASTERS!!!!!!

Violet and her sisters were brought immediately before general Vivian who was directing his firing line, and my how glad he was to see them! He had given them up for lost, and now as they were brought before him he fairly hugged them as he never did before, and asked them over and over again how they escaped out of the house when it was so surrounded by the enemy, and while so many of the glandelinians were inside the building itself.

"There was a soot hole way underneath the building," said Nettie. "We staid for a while, until we saw the tunnel getting full of smoke and then we hurried forth, waited for the smoke surge to pass beyond the line of charge and then escaped by the river after being fired upon several times."

"You are certainly lucky children and I'm very thankful that you have escaped the enemy so cleverly," said Evans. "But I'm in doubt that we'll win this bloody battle. I have a good mind to draw away my forces and preserve thousands from too much loss."

"But we have seen that it can't be done now," said Angelina. "If you withdraw now you'll meet a disaster but you will never recover from it and the war will be lost entirely."

Evans took the little girls finally to a better portion of the line where he was sure they would meet with no encounter with a foraging party of the enemy and then directed his staff officers to see to it that no matter how strong the enemy's assault is that no portion of the line gives way. As Violet and her sisters were being brought toward the rear of the line, there suddenly came a tremendous earthshaking roar that shook the earth, and threw the little girls off their feet, and everything was hidden in black clouds of smoke.

"Something blew up," cried one of the men who had also been thrown off their feet. "Good God what was it."

"It was a army supply house for ammunition," said one of the officers who had seen the whole occurrence. "A stray shell had struck it."

Violet and her sisters and Lillian were surprised at the growing fury of the monstrous battle and hoped fully within their hearts that it would be no Christian defeat. As they were still going on toward their destination an officer came tearing up on horseback and cried to the men:

"General Vivian and Cannon have been driven back by the foe."

"Violet and her sisters did not know what to say to this but one of the guarding soldiers said:

"Go quickly and report it to go general Vivian. He must know."

The officer dashed off and finding Evans rushed up saluted and said:

"Your excellency I've a bad news for you. General Vivian's army cannot stand before the enemy's attacks. Both he and King Cannon's army has been defeated by the glandelinians under Aboliscanda. I fear your excellency that our cause is lost. If we cannot crush the enemy here general Cannon will never capture Bristol nose station."

Evans was shocked at the news but he said:

"I care not whether they surrender or not I'll curse any of my own divisions that will dare give ground without my orders. I've given orders for the officers to station all the wounded behind the firing line to shoot all those who will attempt to retreat. I'm bound to hold my lines together if I meet annihilation. To retreat if they dare." But you are committing folly. " argued the officer. "We cannot hold out against them and yet will soon as that I'm speaking the truth." "I don't wish to hear any contradiction," said Evans. "I'll not give way and there is no use of making any arguments."

In the meantime as the soldiers were bringing violet and her sisters Violet and her sisters to the rear of the Christian line, one of the soldiers saw to their surprise that far to the north was approaching toward them a long light blue ribbon.

Violet and her sisters saw the same thing and at first wondered what was coming when one of the officers cried:

"Quick one of you men go back and warn general Evans. A large force of He-Hollentians are approaching to strike our rear. Quick before they come."

The soldier rushed off to do his bidding, while violet and her sisters observing the same scene decided that nothing could prevent the blow and begged the man to hurry up as fast as he could. As the man disappeared the blue ribbon grew bigger and bigger, and finally as the officers sounded the warning by firing heavily in the direction and around the rear they warned Violet and her sisters to shield themselves behind the trees.

The glandelinians who were rallying coming swept on near or and as they drew nearer it was seen that they were in two sections.

One section were Zivrimmians, and the other were He-Hollentians and Aboliscandas. Their appearance with their long flowing hair or bobbed and curled looked like a surge of many little girls coming to attack the Christian rear. Wouldn't it be queer if it were so? As the Christian rear was preparing for them the line suddenly halted, and drew backward for a few minutes, but up suddenly spread out in groups and columns and then with a pandemonium of frightful din the yell swept up to the charge, firing as they came.

When general Evans got the report that the enemy were moving on his rear he became apprehensive, and ordered all the reserve troops from his other two wings to come up and resist the enemy, and dashed to that location himself and as he arrived within the scene he saw indeed that frightful annihilation was raging along his rear, that the rear had not been surprised and already though the assault had lasted only forty minutes over 25,000 glandelinians had fallen in dead and wounded but the assault continued with redoubled fury

and as he dashed into the clamorous frightful inferno he viewed the firing more closely and saw that the enemy were determined to force his rear at all cost. The Christian troops were fighting in the hardest manner possible, keeping up a terrific musketry fire, and counterbalancing the enemy's with fixed bayonets, and the furious glandelinians tried all that men could do to crush the Christian rear, charging, and charging in the heaviest masses with terrific universal yells again raising their "Devil Yell" in terrifying discord upward toward the heavens and though the losses told fearfully on them they did not desert and Evans wished that the reinforcements he had sent for would hurry up and come before the enemy forced the rear.

The fiercest part of the conflict along the rear was at another section near where Violet and her sisters were in hiding behind the trees, where so many of the glandelinians were falling in such few minutes that it seemed too horrible to be real at any section a loss of heavy that the glandelinians were driven into some considerable confusion but the very bravery and example of their general officers were rallying them and finally they were pouring a terrific storm of fire upon the Christian troops who to save themselves from annihilation had to take cover behind brushwork and trees, and so fierce did the firing grow that an inferno seemed to break out here also.

Not once did Violet and her sisters dare move a hand or a foot as bullets whistled by the trees behind of which they were hiding in a screaming concert that was deafening, and so great was their peril that they prayed in assembly on bark and leaves and again smoke them in the face or fell on their heads.

It indeed was a terrible battle and one to test even the courage and nerve of Violet and her sisters. The glandelinian general Manley had sent his mightiest forces two columns each singly 10,000,000 strong to assault the Christian rear, and the whole battle line before the eyes of Violet and her sisters seemed to be a series of volcanic craters in eruption or forest fires sending seething clouds of smoke into the sky, the sheet of Christian musketry just now was unsupported by cannons sending a storm of fire upon the glandelinian waves, that tore all the mightiest glandelinian divisions to pieces who dared charge against the furious Aboliscandan soldiery, but notwithstanding the dreadful carnage four times more many millions of glandelinians charged forward with all their courage, and wildest fury, attacking the Christians even at close quarters, rushing the soldiers in purple and red, as if they were prize fighters, many closing and grappling and wrestling, blows were even at risk by fists, bayonets were used in a way to horrible to relate and amid the screaming roaring, avalanche of destruction the glandelinians on onslaught at this point finally swept all before them and the Christian line with all their biggest columns out to pieces had to recede and retreat in the greatest disorder. At several other points of the rear the Aboliscandas by their fierce bravery and fury managed to crush back their assailants but in the set series of hand to hand fights they suffered excruciating losses and were compelled to retreat.

Evans observed that indeed it was impossible to hold the rear from being rolled up without the reinforcements which seemed slow in coming up and fearing a disaster to his forces should the enemy press the attack any fiercer he was compelled to withdraw the rear portions of this great central wing leaving behind many cannons and lots of ammunition in the hands of the enemy. Violet and her sisters as the enemy forced the Christian rear had to abandon their hiding posts and ran as fast as they could with the retreating Christian columns. They heard the wild shouts of the enemy, heard and saw the great explosions which seemed to burst the earth asunder, and as the shells, and woods were fairly sheeted in smoke of musketry and bursting shells they saw that a large force of Red coats was moving up from another quarter, there was a sudden violent commotion that almost threw Violet and her sisters off their feet, and they saw the nearest line of the wild pursuers wither away into nothing, saw the remaining lines stagger and halt and then fade away in smoke and flashing flame, followed by a roar of musketry that shocked them still more, and down all about them fell so many Christian soldiers that they were horrified. Near them Violet saw a color bearer drop dead riddled by bullets, and despite the warning cries of the retreating soldiers she grasped the flag and swung it to the breeze when she was struck in the forearm by two bullets, and she staggered and fell to the ground crying:

"I'm hit."

Her sisters had gone on not knowing of her brave deed, but fortunately she was not seriously wounded, and was quickly rescued, for now the reinforcements had arrived and were rallying the retreating columns, under cover of a general storming musketry fire. Another man had grasped the flag out of Violet's hand and fell just where she had been picked up. Colonel Manley took it from him and started to retreat when three bullets entered his back

and he fell forward on his face, the flag dropping and trailing on the ground. A captain seeing his fall rushed forward through the storm to pick up the flag when a bullet tore out his eye and he dropped mortally wounded. Several other men crawled forward cautiously to get the flag but not far and lay still. All the captains within view saw the fatal and futile attempt to retake the fallen flag and proposed that a column of men make a rush for it and fight for it to the last. A column of five hundred men were selected for the dangerous work and forward they rushed firing.

A roaring blinding artillery fire of the glandelinians who were now under cover tore through this column mowing down three quarters of their number, but one of the men had secured the flag and rushed away but a shell dropped him low and the flag once more trailed to the ground.

Violet other sisters had seen the whole performance and if it was not for the soldiers forcibly restraining them they would have rushed out and share shared a like fate.

"You little girls are becoming damn fools these days." "Roared one of the officers." "Don't you dare go out there. We'll get some one else to get that flag. How can you little girls expect to secure that flag when the enemy are pouring a withering fire across that plain that seems worse enough to kill even all the angels of heaven who would try to pass them."

It was now seen that a squad of glandelinians were approaching closely to the flag and at once the Abbeasians opened a withering storm of musketry and riddled those eight men with a thousand bullets to avenge the fall of so many comrades who had risked their lives in vain to save the flag.

"Our flag of Abbeasania with the Design of the Sacred Heart Of Jesus must be saved from disgrace and from being sacrilegiously used." "Cried the general who had viewed it the scene." "It'll take a whole charge to recover it. It's a dangerous attempt but we must do it. Forward boys. Double time."

With a yell that was terrifying the whole front line rushed forward and while the first portion assaulted the enemy some of the men rushed to where the flag lay. The glandelinians held their ground in that bloody plain very stubbornly as stubbornly as men could stand their ground against this charge of the most ferocious and savage character, and repulsed it and caused the flag to still be unrescued. The commanding general was killed.

Finally Joice broke away from the men who held her and creeping along the ground cautiously drew toward the flag. Seeing who was now trying to save the flag the whole Abbeasian line in this location opened fire upon the enemy as fast and furious shooting as quick as men could fire and loud, and inflated losses indescribable in numbers among the enemy in efforts to cover the brave deed of little Joice Vivian. Finally under this perfect musketry and shell storm Joice reached the flag. A bullet hit her in the hand and for a moment she lay still and then seeing that no one was abating her she grasped the flag, and turned slowly around, and started back toward the lines. Fourteen times a large swarm of glandelinians started to rush forward to stop her and met complete annihilation. A shell burst near Joice and wounded her severely in the leg, but she kept on, though suffering fearful pain. Then another explosion rendered her senseless, and the flag was no more nearer to safety than before, Joice having only gone back a few feet.

At once a large swarm of Abbeasians rushed forward, and while the rest fired at the enemy two men picked up Joice and the flag but dropped dead in their tracks. Threatened with annihilation the column of men dropped flag and crawled slowly back toward the lines.

"The kid was a fool to go out there." "Said general Rassendale." "We'll have to notify general Evans of this." "We have to get to have her and the flag rescued. Already four hundred thousand men have given up their lives in trying to save that flag. It's a disaster in deed and a tragedy."

Indeed it was a tragedy. Any men had fallen in trying to save that flag, and two of the Vivian girls violet and joice were wounded, joice seriously. This indeed was a most thunderous battle which for hours and hours already had raged with the most frightful fury ever imagined, and for the possession of that plain both sides launched many times the most violent onslaughts only to crush themselves to pieces against long lines of blinding artillery and musketry fire. The Abbeasians directed the hardest counter assault against the whole glandelinian front in this location but which ever way it raged it turned out as a great success for the wicked glandelinians, the flag was finally captured after all the efforts of the christians to save it and scores of thousands of the Abbeasians who rallied and rushed forward to get it back were cut or shot down amid the frightful struggle, and the main line was sent flying once again in general retreat with all of their biggest columns in tatters. Twenty five christian generals were killed and ninety wounded in this section of the bloody battle.....

In the meantime the glandelinians under general Pemberton Federal, and Marcus Hall, with Shoeman and Killchild was attacking other portions of the main christian rear but evidently without such great success and soon these four generals fell severely wounded in the thickest of the bloody fight.....

Cresio, Peerless, Baldwinson, Grossmann, Grosseon, Slater, Rheumatism, Allentine, Fendon, Concoroy, Standale, Marleyat, Stanovich, Richard Logan, Daimonem Dami, Pemberton Jennin, and Zimmerman were the ones who led the attack on other quarters of the rear, and indeed it was successful in this portion and poor general Evans did not know what to do when he heard that poor Violet and Joice were wounded, and Joice seriously, and he immediately went to see that they were well taken care of though he agonized them by saying that he would have given anything if they had not gone and done it.

At all points the sanguinary struggle was raging without a single lull and the enemy faced the christian deadliest fire as if it was nothing at all and continually attacked the christian line like a hurricane tears through a forest, and all along the line for the whole extent of the tremendous battle the scene was like some vast conflagration, and as fast as the mighty glandelinian columns were checked and mangled at some points the rest still pressed on, and again and again crushed themselves against the christian lines. All that morning long the battle had raged most fiercely and along the rear indeed the glandelinians for the time had seemed to gain the day and sweep the whole rear back in confusion but the main force of the rear reserve had arrived at this critical moment and though they could not drive back the wild glandelinian assailants they however finally checked their advance with great slaughter.

But it seemed impossible to drive the glandelinian forces back who opened as heavy a fire as they received from the whole Abbeasian line thinning the christian lines in the most fearful manner, and repelling every counter attack with success. The hundreds of thousands of christian guns made the most fearful and terrible havoc among all the glandelinian forces within range of their deadly fire cutting the widest swaths in every direction, annihilating every column, tearing whole immense lines down as they dared to rush forward, and fairly deforming the landscape. Even along the frontal part of the battle line one glandelinian general after another led his mightiest forces to the assault but only met with the most frightful desertion, the christian guns very time opening veritable volleys of flame and din, but as these glandelinian columns were shattered and broken, and compelled to give up the assault, other main columns swept to the storming, and though meeting the same horrible fate, rallied and continued the assault without the slightest abatement.

All along the whole line the bloody battle raged with the utmost steadiness of a blizzard storm, while at every point of the line the wicked glandelinians swept forward with the steadiness of storm waves against a mighty breaker, and it seemed incredible that the christian were able to stand their ground at any point the attacks of the foe was so violent, for at every sweeping assault whole lines of christians were cut up and thrown back for a mile, in a seething inferno of musketry and shell fire but nevertheless those who were driven were rallied by their commanders and returned to the fight, and held out against all these fearful assaults moving down the glandelinian columns by the score. Column after column of the glandelinians were routed totally, but they rallied again and again and red recruiting reinforcements resumed the assaults with frightful incessant fury.

One of the most noted points of this bloody battle was a death dealing stone wall where hundreds of thousands of glandelinians fell for every mad charge, they having at one point succeeded in driving the Abbeasians from an important portion of their position but not without serious loss, and as the Abbeasians retreated to the stone walls they opened a fire that tore up the whole line of assault and about one in quarter out of two thousand glandelinian generals fell here men on both sides were mowed down in thousands per minute and the firing had been something terrible. Had the christians been able to hold this stone wall the battle would have been immediately won by the Abbeasians but through some blunder the christians were unable to hold this line of stone walls their whole line was torn and swept back and about a mile, the glandelinians carrying all before them, until checked by the main christian batteries which poured a terrific hailstorm of shot and shell and canister upon the frenzied strikers who were yelling, glandelinian soldiers stopping their wild rush for a certain time. Both sides fairly cut their armies to pieces during this part of the bloody fray and already the glandelinian losses were frightful.

Indeed in this battle Violet's sisters had shown great bravery and done things which would have startled any man to witness, for while the Abbeonians were fighting fiercely against heavy odds the little girls acted daringly as color bearers themselves, and as the Abbeonians remounted charge after charge and went forward to counter charge themselves, the little girls had the courage to follow the Abbeonians and even every time fared better than their two sisters did for they came of out unscathed. Indeed the Abbeonians were braver and better fighters than the Angelinians themselves, always returning to the charge after repulsing one, and crushing whole glandelinian divisions to pieces, but they were astonished at the bravery of the little girls who showed that they though children dared to wave the flags in the face of the merciless raging foes of God who strove to show God that it takes more than His Holy subjects to win on them, and yet get smashed down for every charge they made against the christian line.

In the meantime General Evans had finally received the full force of General Everette Trues army, and so to reestablish his badly broken lines, and to recover all the ground he had lost Evans decided to redouble the fierce efforts which he did and with all the most furious violence that he could, throwing forward with the support of a devastating artillery fire the main left grand division of Everette Trues to center which however made the great battle rage with still more redoubled fury, the enemy repelling the newcomers and even making charge after charge in the face of uneven odds, and turning the battle field into a regular furnace hell of slaughter.

General Everette Trues losses were so heavy and horrible that they were never known but in the heat of the battle he suffered the loss of one of his best divisions of the army the main flower of his army who charged through an inferno of a gien, and in trying to rally the parts that were in confusion the generals Melford and Jennings were killed, and the divisions were cut to pieces by the drum drum fire of the enemy's artillery, and poor Everette Trues was severely wounded, forty eight of his best generals going down mangled and bleeding and that frightful storm of carnage.

Through the means of general McWhirther Brunelaw and McHollester Thompson who brought up heavy reinforcements from Everette Trues right wing, which though heavily attacked could spare troops, the center of Everette Trues portion of the christian line was saved from destruction, but the violent thunderous onslaught of the wild and savage glandelinians could not be checked and only increased in madlin fury, and Federal Johnston and many other of the glandelinian generals threw forward their mightiest armies, and finally won their ground after terrible slaughter fourteen times at close quarter though he himself was badly wounded.

At other parts of Everette Trues lines the battle was raging with a fury too horrible to relate here, though I can state that it was threatening to be one of the greatest victories the enemy was about to win in the whole war. Hanson Johnston Abbeonians were routed with the loss of one quarter of the command, and he himself was killed, general Brunelaw Vivian continued to make the most tremendous stand of all and who snote and tore the enemy's lines to pieces, every time they charged, was also beaten severely in detail, his division being cut to pieces, and scattered, and he himself captured. Had it not been for general Roswellian Gustor Feder who stood his own ground to the last and who suffered the loss of 1,112,553 in his slain general Evans army would have been seriously jeopardized in a violent and even be so crippled as to be useless for further resistance against so stubborn a foe of God, and the great war against glandelinia would have been lost right then and there. At this portion the glandelinians had won a most sweeping victory carrying all before them and even changing the christian retreat into a total rout.

Indeed along Everette Trues routed lines the glandelinians had attacked in a frenzy of violence and savagery crushing down all opposition in their path but at other portions of the line the severity of the deadly christian fire carried all before it sweeping whole plains full of men to their deaths within an hours time, General Pitty on the side of the foe was killed, Potatoes also, Meldonia Jensen was wounded mortally, black Brooks who led the wildest of the charges, in which his men seemed to be ravaging manines was killed as his division was annihilated, Imperial was killed, for the same rash attempt, Gattlingburg, and Rima were mangled by a miskey market volley, Jackson McDonnla was wounded severely in the thigh, and general Coughman, Shooman, and Kauffman were wounded at many places. General Marcorinia Costello, Helen, Valdona, Hubbardsetting, Meldorf Bell, James Windowson, Memie Bookle, Pumpant, Parbeck, Rainer, and Kindermbina Dolson fell dead beside the christian lines as their divisions were reduced to fragments and routed with the loss of all their reinforcements. Indeed it was a great and fierce battle.....

The battle of Hon Catherine De la Poer Herostford was a battle twice as fierce as any of the greater ones already having raged during the glandelinian division or worse than Fountain of Pinono De la Greeco and many McHollester McHollester Run put together in one days fighting, and though Everette Trues army suffered a crushing and disastrous defeat through the surrender of several christian divisions the main line of Evans army was still holding the ground amid the furious battle while all the efforts known were being made by Evans and many officers who could be spared to rally the divisions under Everette Trues while Charles Brown and general Starring forces which were the last held in reserve were sent forward to check the enemy's driving success with parks of artillery. As these two new forces stemmed the advance of the enemy it cannot be described how inconceivably violent the battle now became and the shells fairly fairly honeycombed the battle field with craters, setting forest fires, and so terrible now was the losses of the glandelinians at this point that it was believed that they would be checked, but Evans warned all the generals anew "For Gods sakes to be careful" As losses in the best generals was becoming so heavy as to paralyze his strength and cause a serious disaster to the army of God.

It was three o'clock and still the battle raged on with unceasing fury. Evans had lost one hundred and forty nine generals already, and as Charles Browns main line of artillery got into action the cannonading thunders of artillery all along the line made such vibrations that hardly could the soldiers keep their feet, and now to daunt Charles Brown, and Starring, the enemy got mad, and made some of the most wildest and most furious charges ever seen during the battle up to this time, and though their whole lines were cut to pieces and rolled up again and again as the Abbeonians counter charged in overwhelming numbers, other long and ex massive lines in gray came on anew driving the christian lines back as if before monstrous irresistible tidal waves only to melt into fragments before the deadly christian artillery fire. Brown already lost ten generals and he raved with fury and angry and anger and threatened curses on the others who would dare recklessly expose themselves. One of the main tragedies of the battle now was the severely wounding of Jennie Vivian who had become too excited to realize what she was doing and who had rushed out in the midst of the fearful firing to grasp a flag that trailed to the ground, but she was successful and brought it back. It was a great rejoicing to the glandelinians when they heard a false report that three of the Vivian girls had been mortally wounded, but general Gal Cannon on the enemy's side had fallen and their losses was growing worse every minute. The terrific storm of shells on both sides was scattering the woods worse than the fiercest Abbeonians typhoon could have done and the extensive series of windrows of wreckage was literally intermingled with the myriads of dead and wounded of both sides.

During the frightful fury of the battle each of the Vivian girls had been largely forgotten, and so none of the surviving little girls knew of the wounding of their three sisters, until they managed to get together again and then missing their three sisters a soldier told them what had happened. "Oh good God I hope they are not badly wounded," said Nettie. "Where are they placed?"

"Don't know," said the soldier. "The battle is so fierce that everywhere there is wild confusion."

Violet's sisters immediately went forth to locate their three wounded sisters, and no sooner had reached reached a creek when all of a sudden there swarmed toward them a yelling horde of Gargolian Kurds on horseback hurling a shield front of steel toward them. Violet and her sisters had escaped many other dangers were fortunately but it seemed this time that this was going to be their worse experience. Nettie and her other sisters immediately stepped behind a group of trees, and opening fire brought down on enough glandelinian glandelinians to check their wild rush, but they had to make good their escape for they were given very little time.

And the worse of it was that the little girls were on foot and the enemy were on the swifts swiftest horses that Violet's remaining sisters had ever seen the glandelinians ride before.

"Quick," said Nettie. "We'll dive into the stream. It's the only way to escape the enemy for if they catch us we will not come back to tell what happened to us."

As soon as they reached the river the little girls divided in and swam across as fast as possible, and reached the other side before the pursuers who fortunately were only armed with sabres could wade in after them.

"Who over those little gutterships are they certainly can swim." They heard an officer among the glandelinians say.

"Aw thats not surprising." They heard another man say. "They are none of those dogmated Vivian girls and if they get away from us we are lost."

The soldiers urged their horses into the water and swam after the little girls who by this time were scrambling up the other side of the bank dripping with their clothes soaked.

Fortunately for the little girls just when they were about to be overtaken a party of Angolan horsemen suddenly rode out upon the glandelinians and dispersed them after some severe fighting hand to hand. The others who kept out of the fight picked up the little girls and hugging them close naked them who they were.

"When they learned the truth the men were surprised, and immediately went toward the location where Evans was commanding a portion of a division he was trying frantically to rally. But so fierce was the conflict raging at every point that for a time it was difficult to find general Evans and the soldiers were about to despair and give it up when they finally came upon the region and finding Evans rallying the command successfully, though the whole region was nothing but dead and wounded soldiers, and smoke and flashing musketry. They rode up to general Evans and saluting said: 'We have rescued these vivid girls who were pursued by the glandelinians who were Gargolians and on horseback. We came upon the scene just in time, and we rescued them though the enemy gave us a hot fight to capture them from us.'"

Evans was apprehensive over this news, and taking them under his care, he cheered them up telling them that their three sisters were not seriously wounded, and would be aroused as soon as the doctors finished dressing their injuries.

"They will be soon with you again as they are not too seriously injured as to be confined to the beds." Said another christian general. "They had narrow escapes though and the whole army will soon hear of their gallant heroic heroism." "

"Could we go to them now?" Asked Jennie.

"I don't think we could unless you want to go through more peril and excitement." Said Evans. "The portion of the christian army which has them in possession is cut off from us by the enemy and you would have to go through their wildly assaultin lines to go to your sisters."

"We don't care we'll risk anything to find out sisters and to be with them again." Said Angeline. "It would seem mean and ungrateful to desert them in their time of need, when they have been so good to us when we were in trouble."

"But it's exceedingly dangerous." Warned Evans. "In that location the enemy are putting in the deadliest fire, and no one could cross those those glens or go through them and live. So had better wait until the assault can be repulsed in that location and then go. If you go now it will be like attempting suicide."

"If it's that bad then why not send a large reinforcement and crush the assailants." Asked Nettie. "We got to go and will not wait. You must do it or we'll go now. We don't fear the dangers, and would be willing to risk anything to a cheer them up."

"Sure I'll make a passage for you dear little girls if I have to annihilate the assailants." Answered Evans. "So you must, and you shall, and I'll see that you can too."

Evans knowing where that portion of the christian line was cut off, drew up extra forces from the left rear reserve army of his left wing, and as fresh artillery was placed in that location and opened up a million salvos of cannoning thunders long lines of Abbeannians charged the glandelinian front from an unexpected quarter, while another division of Abbeannians came down upon their flank with all their might and fury, doing incalculable damage and smashing the enemys lines into tatters. The sudden blaze of firing along the glandelinian front during this unexpected attack was exceedingly terrific in the extreme, but at this location the charging columns of the new christian forces could not be checked at all, and the glandelinians were driven back in confusion leaving a fair passage for the remainder of the vivid girls to go to the other side of the christian line.

"Go now quick." Cried Evans. "Don't lose a moment."

"Yes before the enemy rally again." Cried one of the other christian officers.

Jumping on the nearest horses the little girls bolted like the wind and fairly tore across the meadow and headed full speed for the glen. The nearest glandelinians saw them, and realizing the intention of the sudden attack from an unexpected quarter opened fire at once and seeing that their aim took no effect started off in wild pursuit.

"Get them damn old fools before they ever too take the little girls who they are after." Shouted one of the officers to the machine gunners, and they immediately opened fire, and every man with horses and all sank in a rolling mass down to the ground, and profanities, blasphemies, and curses from the baffled enemy.....

In the mountain the other glandelinian forces were starting to rally, and Violet and her sisters seeing the christian forces coming back, in confusion decided to get out of the glen before they got in the torrent, and if they failed to do so to rally the demoralized christian troops themselves come what may. They now fairly made their horses fly. BANG! BANG! BANG! Three shells exploded a couple of yards away from the little girls, and then a bullet concert started above them.

"The enemy are firing at us now." Said Daisy. "We got to make it quick or they'll kill us without our chance of every seeing our wounded sisters who are on the other side."

On and on raced the little girls, while the retreating christian troops came nearer and nearer, firing at the foe as they retired, and to the ear of the little girls there was a horrible pandemonium sound. It seemed as if all the noises ever heard in hell were resounding in every direction behind them, the yells of the enemy, the battle cries of the Abbeannians, the tumult of bayonets or lances, the crash of musketry, and the violent thunders of cannons mingled with the booming and banging of thousands of shells. The enemy also was coming fast, and it was seen that a force of glandelinian cavalry were fighting like fiends against fiends, in their desperate efforts to break through the retreating christian lines, to pursue the little girls, and that the retreating Abbeannians were fighting with the fury of St. Michael and his angels to withstand them and prevent them from doing so. The little girls knew however that these glandelinian horsemen were glandelinians and in due time would succeed in breaking through, and so they looked over their little pistols as they raced onward and saw to it that they were well loaded.

Then suddenly far behind them there was a roaring shrieking storm of the wildest yells, and looking back the little girls were surprised to see about thirty six hooded Zimmermanians coming after them from the south, while a force of eighty glandelinians were approaching from the west to intercept them.

To allow them to do so would be fatal and so Violet's sisters immediately let the nearest portion come within pistol range, and then opened fire incessantly, dropping a glandelinian at every shot, and slaying the leader also. The glandelinians alone had not received the fire from the little girls as they had been too far away as yet but the little girls quickly taking advantage of the confusion caused among the Gargolian hordes, immediately raced off northward, keeping their eyes on the column of glandelinians.

Suddenly a long line of breastworks loomed up before the little girls, and though they appeared apparently deserted, a long line of red coats suddenly sprang up and opened a destructive fire, and down fell every one of the glandelinian pursuers, with their horses running wildly about in every direction. Violet's sisters immediately dashed over the breastworks, and halting close by asked one of the men if they knew where their wounded sisters were.

"You have quite a ways to go yet." The officer in charge answered. "See the enemy are coming again and so you'll have to stay here until we can drive back their next charge. You have only crossed the meadows. Over yonder is a large glen. North of the glen is your destination. If you can make it you are all right. But I doubt it if you can alone. I'll have to send a big force of cavalry with you as the glen is a regular ambush even if the main forces of the foe are driven back for many glandelinians lurk in the tree tops among the foliage and fire down on all who they see. I fear you'll never make it even with me up for you little girls would be the first targets."

"But couldn't the cannoniers shell them snipers from the trees?" Asked Gertrude Angeline. "We got to go and see our sisters. No matter what we'll face."

"It cannot be done effectually." Said the officer. "There are too many of the damn trees, and it would be an hours work to even drive the foe out of the glen itself. You had better try by passing the outskirts of the glen and not go through it. For you will not reach the section alive if you do so."

The retreating christian forces were now coming up and they recoiled behind the works, while closely following were long lines of the furiously yelling enemy. Violet and her sisters were immediately dismounted from their horses by a volley which killed all of them, and so to save their own lives the little girls had to lay close to the works, and not dare raise a head. They were in a dangerous position indeed for here they were alone to the very works and if the enemy started a storm of shelling well goodnight.

And of millions of the glandelinians came surging forward, all along the line, and as far as within the view of the sight of the little girls they could see column after column of the enemy come forward, and fire heavily upon the christians defending the works, records in fragments, come on again, and recoil, but never gave up and it seemed to the little girls as

The assault would never cease, and within their view the battle raged with inconceivable violence and fury. All about them the soldiers continually fell and the Christian cannon within the breastworks which were firing in the most terrific bombardment made a terrific universal clatter or roar far and wide and the little girls had to stuff pieces of handkerchiefs in their ears to prevent themselves from going deaf from the deafening din. It was the only time in this war that the Glandelinians within the view of the little girls fought so desperately as they did, and to the little girls it seemed as if the Christian losses far exceeded that of the furiously attacking Glandelinians, and now a surge of the foe to the surprise and apprehension of the Glandelinians fairly surged above the works, and at once closed with the Christians. Fortunately this gave a lull in the furious firing and the little girls immediately got up and though assailed at once by a score of Glandelinians fired wildly right and left shooting them down one by one, and then made a dash for safety. A Glandelinian officer raised his gun to fire at Gertrude Angeline but Nettie saw the movement and dropped him with a bullet in the lung.

As they ran onward the little girls saw that the Christian troops were being pressed backwards by the foe, and as they saw two generals fall they thought it high time to beat it and they did, pursued at full cry by seventy of the fiercest men with hair lit like little girls. Ten of them outran the little girls and attempted with wild frenzy to run the little girls through with the bayonet but they were readily shot down. An officer rushed at Nettie and grabbed her by the throat, but she only screamed defiance and filled with the excitement of the very battle herself battled fiercely with him and shot him down before he could choke her.

While the little girls were thus retreating, there came a frightful volume of thundering sounds behind them and suddenly among the retreating Christian lines shells fell and exploded like confetti, and so many exploded all around the little girls that they thought they were done for.

Fortunately as the Christian troops were being scattered and dispersed and as a force of the enemy were about to fire a volley that would surely slay the little girls, a new force of Abbeemianians appeared through the haze of powder smoke and opened fire bringing down one line of the foe, and then counter charging with demoniacal yells, and while Violet and her sisters were regathering their scattered senses a panorama of horror was prevailing everywhere within their view, millions of shots being exchanged every minute and also within their view there was starting a heavy concentration of Glandelinian troops against the Christian lines, and when it seemed about to throw them back, and cause the retreat to be renewed, the little girls heard the noise of horses and wheels and saw a long line of artillery come dashing up and they immediately threw themselves flat as they were hastily unlimbered, and soon a frightful storm of crashes seemed to come from everywhere, and looking toward the enemy lines they saw the Glandelinians slowly retiring their biggest columns showing many wide gaps, and explosions, which made an earthshaking, ear-splitting crash.

Oh how the little girls hoped that the assault of the enemy would be repulsed in this location so they could go to their sisters, but not quite so as yet, and they were only to have worse excitement than before.....

Everywhere the little girls could hear the roar of hundreds of cannons, the crash and roar of millions of muskets, and pistols, the tumultuous yells of the combatants, the ring of steel on steel, and could see the ranks of both sides being frightfully cut down. But the enemy were slowly pressing forward again, and a shell exploded above a tree top showering the little girls with sticks and leaves and a big branch which fell narrowly missed their heads.

The Glandelinians were again making some exceedingly violent charges against the Christian lines, and though for a time most of these assaults were of no avail Violet and her sisters continued their own retreat to the rear to take shelter behind the second second line of works for now they were so tired out from running and so badly wounded that they could hardly go another step and they could fairly feel the wild beating of their little hearts. The Abbeemian line meeting frightful destruction were slowly recoiling, some being swept back panic stricken, and the enemy were coming on with a savage and horrible wildness, their surges following one after another in quick succession, and as the assault was made on the second line of works, behind which the retreating forces had taken shelter, whole brigades and divisions within the very view of the little girls were practically torn to pieces, or wiped out entirely, but still millions after millions of the Glandelinians had come on anew assailing the Christians all along the line, and so heavy a fire that they put in as they neared the works each time that the Christians fell in such frightful numbers, that Violet and her sisters realized what would be their own fate if they once stuck up their heads only an inch, and now stern stern commands issued from every officers;

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"Don't keep your heads down or you'll all be annihilated."

This battle to the very little girls themselves seemed to be one of the most bloody of the war especially next to Grandville-Atlanta and Glorinda. So then the firing along this portion alone seemed to rive the world and the leaves flew from the din. Now a most terrific assault of the greatest violence and fierceness was being made by monstrous waves of Glandelinians, and Violet and her sisters were horrified for the firing of both sides seemed to be turning the whole last battle field within their view into a terrible volcano of flame and din, and now as the firing on both sides roared like a thrillion cannon the enemy's line recoiled for a certain space and then armed their way up to the works, the Glandelinian assault becoming so irresistible that Violet and her sisters were frightened when they saw a portion of the Christian line to the left give way in confusion, and as the main line was in danger of being outflanked, it had to recoil also. Violet and her sisters being again assailed by Glandelinians on every hand. The soldiers this time went to their defense and covered the retreat of the little girls and as soon as it was safe the officer nearest to the little girls said;

"Better beat it entirely to the rear for safety little girls. It's hopeless now to reach the other section of the Christian line for we are being beaten, and cannot drive back the assailants. Go before my men are scattered by the force of the enemy onslaught, or the Glandelinians will shoot you down like wolves."

"We'll never give up our intentions." Said Gertrude Angeline. "O we will no matter what the cost." And she and her sisters went on in the rear but watched for an opportunity to change their direction and make for the glens which they still observed in the distance, though so much smoke was pouring from them that they seemed like burning forest fires, and from that a terrific uproar came which was fairly stunning, the crash of cannons and the wild madman of musketry, mingled with yells and screams of every different description.

They finally got far to the rear of the slowly retreating Christian lines and seeing a number of horses standing near by unfettered the ropes around the trees mounted the horses and went off for the direction of the glens and within ten minutes, reached it and saw a most awesome sight indeed.

Just in time a force of reinforcements arriving was checking a frightful and bloody Glandelinian storm, but it seemed impossible that the Christians could hold their ground very long, for the wild Glandelinian assault was raging with such tremendous fury that the Christian cannons were being ploughing the enemy ranks through and through, the enemy losses being exceedingly heavy probably over 34,000,000 fell in these bloody glens all that the battle was raging, but the enemy was also making the fiercest havoc among the surging Christian lines with their own cannons and musketry.

A crushing down the fierce counter onslaughts of the Abbeemianians, and the firing fairly tore the barks of the trees off, and unsaved many of the trees completely. Fifteen Glandelinian generals had been killed in directing the onslaught through the inferno of these bloody glens, twenty seven had been wounded, twenty four seriously wounded, and two dangerously wounded. The Christians at this point had concentrated all the available guns in their desperate efforts to stop the maddened hammering onslaughts of the enemy which seemed about to annihilate all before it, hundreds of cannons of every make being concentrated incessantly upon the assaulting Glandelinian columns, and much havoc Violet's sisters never witnessed before, whole portions of the enemy's main line before their very eyes being torn to fragments, and the Christian lines being torn in return, and it seemed to the little girls that both sides were trying to annihilate one another, and hardly any of the trees could be seen so thick was the smoky inferno of battle....

As Violet and her sisters drew nearer, and observed that the wind was clearing the smoke somewhat, they suddenly saw a monstrous column of Abbeemianians surge heavily against the Christian lines, and though they were moved down in the most frightful numbers by the chains of thundering Christian batteries. Three million other Glandelinians in charging against a Christian battery to the right had fallen into an ambush and within the view of the little girls were being threatened with annihilation and so started a withdrawal. Violet's sisters hoped that this would make a serious break in the enemy's assaulting line and cause them to withdraw, so that they could get through this glen and go to the other side of the Christian line, but however this terrible blow did not daunt the main Glandelinian forces who were being led by generals Roswell Foster Smith, Godwin, Lapping, Ludolph, Pades, Edith Richard, Legation, Emma Westbrooke, Rodato, Robert, Harding, Roswell, Robert Westbrooke, Corklind, Randolph Miller, Reeves, Richard O'Donnell, Fabbie, Sciloredino, and Schloeder.

hose glendelindian forces charged the christians with terrible fury, retreat-
ed, closed upon them in desperate hand fighting, and retreated
amplifying a christian army which pursued them, had destroyed many more of
the divisions of the Abbeismians during the rally. Violet and her sisters
or Violet's sisters (a mistake indeed) were bound to get to the
other side of the christian army or die and so boldly and without any fear
they started to race toward those smothering glens.

"Come back here you little fools." Cried one of the officers. "Come back
here. Are you going crazy or what?"

And the din of the firing, Violet's sisters did not hear the shouts of
the officer, or the men and the officer fearing that they would certainly go
to their deaths ordered a permit and forty Abbeismians raced madly
after the little girls and finally overtook them.

"What is the matter with you little girls." Cried the leading
lieutenant. "Are you so going to commit suicide that you not like this, or has
the noise and fur of the battle driven you crazy?"

"We want to get to our sisters who are wounded on the other side."

Said Gertrude Angeline. "We know the way and we are going to go."

"Well you are not going to go through the glens if we
can hold you." Said the lieutenant. "Come back with us and don't be fools
for no one could go through those glens and live."

Violet's sisters saw nothing else but to obey, and they were brought back
to the rear of the firing lines the general riding up to them and saying
with a serious look:

"I'm going to report your rash attempt to general Evans young ladies.
You were going through hell and fire when you made that rash and it's a damn
right miracle that you did not get killed by the fire of both sides. Where
are your senses and what was the intention of that desperate dash?"

"Our three sisters are wounded, and we are going to get to them if we
die for it." Said Gertrude. "Evans knows that we are going to try to go
through the glen and so it would do no good to report us."

"Oh you it would too." Said the commanding general. "I know
he told you to make the attempt but not while the battle is raging. You had
best in those glens. You'll at least have you watched closely and too
that you don't do it again. It's your responsibility if you are killed.

It was through their own fault that they were wounded. They did the same rash
dash thing that you did. It's not us, it's you. You are the enemy, or work
your way around the glen if you like. But if you make that dash again for
the glens we'll stop you if we have to shoot down your horses and wound you
in the bargain. Better be shot for instead of letting the enemy
murder you in cold blood."

Violet and her sisters saw after all that it was folly indeed
to try to pass through those glens, and so they decided to work their way
around the rear on the general suggested, and then make a dash for the
other section of the christian line. So they rode on slowly but then they
came back and asked the general to send them a guard of cavalry men to
escort them on the way.

"Right." Said the general. "I see you are not losing your senses
after all. I love you little girls more than I would love my own children,
but when I see you make such a rash attempt it's no wonder I get angry and
scold. Were colonel Sanders. Take your squadron of cavalry and guard these
little girls as they go around the glens. Hurry off with them before the
enemy sees the attack. The firing is growing worse and worse. Hurry up."

The colonel rushed off to obey his command and soon appeared
with over three hundred of the finest Concentric horsemen, all armed
with repeating rifles, and long sabres, besides lances, and he closed
the little girls in the middle of the column as if they were prisoners,
and as the little girls started forward gave the command forward and soon
the whole party made the first storm of shot and shell overhead, and the
standards flying in the front were doubling toward the silent portion of the
glen to make a long dash again.

"Where do you little girls wish to go?" Asked the colonel of
Gertrude as he rode along side of her.

"Our three sisters have been wounded." Said Gertrude. "Violet and Jennie
and Jodee for the reason of this thing to save a flag which got captured
by the enemy. Evans told us they were in the army across from the glen, and
told us to go when opportunity presented itself. We got doubtful of it then
and tried to go through the glens whether the battle was over or not. When
general Sanders' command came we stopped no more. Sisters, glendelindians
from fairly mixed with us and threatened to report our rash attempt.
If we were indeed but for the fact we would forget ourselves. Will he really
report us to Evans?"

"Indeed he will." Said the colonel. "Now you'll find it better to dash
for the other side of the glen. If the battle is over, then you can
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for the other side of the glen. If the battle is over, then you can
report us to Evans."

329. Little girls you would have perished without my dash.!!!!

"Violet and her sisters did not say anything more for a while than in
Violet's sisters but followed the colonel a few men as quickly as they went
toward them. They were almost bewildered by the dense confusion of the
nightly battle, and hardly did not know what they were going for the
smoke that hung over the region and dense and intermingled objects almost like
a thick fog, or like the soft fall of a blizzard. Nevertheless they continued
on with the colonel until they reached the other side of the glen, and
the colonel suddenly shouted a warning to the right.

"Hundreds of soldiers in the broad valley, close in on the children and
if the glendelindians upon fire, don't hesitate to kill the attacking army."
The troops of the christian army continued to dash on smiling, neither and nearer
to those threatening trees. Some of the glendelindians saw their coming, and
also the little girls with them, and decided to catch them to be ready
and give the christians some a volley.

On dashed the squadron of the christian cavalry, reckless and ready
to return the well expected fire of the enemy but lurking in the trees tops.
The glendelindians now started to fire, and two of the Abbeismian light
hairs fell from their horses while a score of the privates were hit. The troops
and answered the fire with a tremendous crash of rifles and down a good number
of the glendelindians at the same time. Then from a hidden place had been hid
down by the graycoats in the lower parts of the glen came a solid shot which
drashed through the column of men causing confusion and killing three
men and two horses.

"Keep cool everybody." Shouted the colonel. "We must guard
the children. Forwarding and danger if we are not careful."

The soldiers waited, and dashed on faster than before. A bullet took
away a Evans' horse's head, a bullet hit gathering horse, and another it
hit before the animal fell one of the soldiers grabbed the little girl and
drew her onto his own horse. On and on dashed the troops firing back
in return at the soldiers, and now for the rear they observed a force of
Mc-Hollanthian cavalry coming on in pursuit, and approaching at a tear-
ing gait.

"If they come too near we'll have to clash with them." Said the colonel.
"But if we clash some of you men will have to combat with the children,
and risk the dangers along, for they must not be in the midst of the conflict
for it will insure certain destruction for them."

The officers all understood, and as their men dashed on faster and faster,
they hung on behind and watched the fast approaching little girl on
horseback. They were good riders too but the Abbeismians and the Mc-Hollanthian
soldiers seemed to keep their distance between each other, the two not smiling
on the fugitives, nor neither the Abbeismians drawing away. Suddenly a
severe volley was exchanged between the two running parties, but no one
fell. The Abbeismians in part the last line of troops belonging to the glen,
but were not past the soldiers, for many lay wounded in the lower brush
and occasionally a man or a horse fell dead or wounded, but none of the lit-
tle girls were hit as yet or wounded though J. Catherine had three bullets
holes in her dress, and Nettie had the tip of her arm torn off by a missile.

The Mc-Hollanthian soldiers however were advancing silently,
not yelling or shouting as generally the enemy, but they kept up an incessant
fire now as they saw that they could not get nearer to their fugitives and
shot down three lieutenants, and one of the privates within a short time.

The fire was sold returned however as the colonel ordered his men to
reserve their ammunition in case they would have to come to close quarters.
How many of the glendelindian soldiers there was the colonel did not know,
but they seemed to be a superior in numbers, about twice their strength and
the colonel was very loath to clash as yet.

But now another party was approaching from an opposite direction and proved
themselves by the r their features to be the fierce glendelindians, allies
in the form of their hair but different in the form of uniforms and color.
The colonel saw that an engagement was unavoidable and so he halted his
column in a square formation and sent on fairly men with the little
girls to continue the race. Then forming lines the two opposing sides came on
with fierce yells of rage, fury, and derision, and closed in a frightful
and most desperate mêlée. The design of the soldiers had been seen however,
and while the glendelindians were attacking the christians, some of those
not being able to get into the engagement went after the fugitives a tear-
ing gait.

The soldiers who had compassion of the victim girls saw the Mc-Hollanthian
coming and some of them immediately dropped back a little and opened a
withering fire upon the foremost of the wild warriors now moving their and
a man at one volley, and driving the remnants into confusion. This gave them
some delay and they dashed on to join the others but the remaining "lance
lancers" immediately renewed the fire and several of the christian soldiers
toppled from their horses, and the horse carrying Catherine and Nettie sank
to the ground.....

[illegible]

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able to go on ahead and hold them. It was not so very far to the town of Lady Decie, but nevertheless general Evans did not wish to take any chances, of sending the little girls out alone when there was no telling how many of the enemy were about, and what they would do when angered by their many failures during their efforts to suppress the irrefragable christian invasion.

Violet and her sisters mounted the fleetest ponies and rode on ahead of the troops and silently the soldiers followed as fast as the little girls went. After a few minutes riding the leader of the Abbeonmian cavalry rode up along side of Violet and her sisters, and said:

"How far is the town of Lady Decie?"

"About ten miles north of Mon Catherine," said Violet.

"We'll have to make a quick run for it then," said the colonel. "I see a large force of the enemy cavalry coming far to our rear and they seem to be following us."

Violet and her sisters looked back and saw that it was true. A large squad of the Mc-Hollensteinian horsemen were approaching far to the rear, and they were coming a-trotting too. But it seemed possible indeed that the ferocious Glandelinians would easily overtake them, and the little girls told their fears to the soldiers.

"If they come too near and we cannot elude them, then we'll have to turn and fight," answered the general.

The cavalry forces of the enemy were speedily gaining on the soldiers, and so Violet and her sisters were advised to halt which they did, and within a few minutes they were closely surrounded by the Abbeonmian soldiers, and the retreat was then resumed. The wicked Glandelinians saw indeed that the Vivian Girls were in the midst of the column, and though they did not know for real what the intention of the christian cavalry or the little girls was, they were suspicious nevertheless, and lashed their horses to the utmost, trying frantically to overtake the christian host.

Surveying the pursuers, the Abbeonmian general observed that this time an overwhelming force of Glandelinians was in pursuit. The Abbeonmian cavalry men numbered about ten thousand, and it seemed as if there was about fourty thousand Mc-Hollensteinians coming.

It was indeed the most tremendous odds, but nevertheless the general was bound to keep his distance as long as possible, and if he could not elude his pursuers, he would stand and fight, and send a messenger to Lady Decie for help.

On came the Mc-Hollensteinians yelling, and fairly blaspheming, like the fiends of a hell and the more the Abbeonmians tried to lash their horses the faster the Glandelinians came on, and it was evident to the cavalry general that there was no escape. He had it in mind at first to send the little girls on ahead with a squadron of cavalry, while the remainder would stand and fight, but he realized that a pursuing body would be soon as cooperated from the enemy and would go after the little girls and overtake them in short order.

He really did not know what to do for there was even no escape for them. He nevertheless decided to fight like hell as it is called and turning to colonel Madden he said:

"Hide with a 'll haste to Lady Decie. Lady Decie and get help.

Hurry as fast as you can."

He gave a similar order to another soldier, to go to Evans lines and get help from there. He then continued on his retreat for several minutes more but spreading his men out in line formation, and then suddenly wheeled his first line, and came down upon the surprised Glandelinian pursuers with a shocking crash. The Glandelinians had not expected this at all, and in the melee the first of the Glandelinian cavalry force was driven into confusion, the Abbeonmians fighting like fiends, dashing through their lines again and again, cutting down so many of the men that the survivors recoiled. The remainder of the Glandelinian cavalry still coming on spread out in long line formation, and advanced, firing carbines and pistols, and then with a tremendous roar of frightful "Devil Yells" closed with the whole Abbeonmian line, and Violet and her sisters saw nothing but a tempest of darting sabres, clashing carbines and pistols and a storm of lances crossing one another while the wild tumult was something terrible.

Three times the line of the enemy was cut up and thrown into confusion and three times the overwhelming Glandelinian soldiery came crashing upon the Abbeonmians, who proved themselves to be expert at the sword, and downed the Glandelinians by the hundred. The Mc-Hollensteinians fought with a raging ferocity that was savage and cruel, but for a time despite their tremendous numbers they could make no headways, and breaking from the melee, the christian cavalry continued its retreat for about one quarter of a mile and then wheeling closed with the Glandelinians with redoubled fury, and the slaughter on both sides was terrible. It was no skirmish, it was simply a terrific battle between two great cavalry forces, and both as fierce fighters as the other.

In this desperate struggle for the possession of violet and her sisters, where thousands of horsemen with their horses were working together each exchanging deadly blows, and each shooting at one another, and felling each other in every possible manner and every voice raised to its highest tone, in shrill yells, and hark, and curson, there were rapid successions of feats and incidents that would astonish and amaze and horrify, far beyond the conception of any one who has not had the singular good luck to witness the cavalry conflict.

In these individual struggles among the two cavalry forces every mode was used that could be devised to oppose the progress of the adversary, and amid all the various scuffles the fighters even came to fistfights, and those dismounted by the deaths of their horses, actually leaped over each others heads, and darted behind their adversaries legs, tripping and throwing, and fairly settling it among themselves, and such a confused mass of desperate fighters was rushing together again and again and clashing their sabres together, or flinging and stabbing with their long lances, and firing point blank that it was without a possibility that a man could at times hardly see each other for the dust that they raised. Violet and her sisters were indeed surrounded by the fiercely battling men, and so furious was the fighting at close quarters at times that it was a serious wonder that not a bullet struck the little girls. After fighting fiercely for quite a while and breaking the enemy's line all to pieces before the other body of Glandelinian cavalry came up to the rescue of their comrades the Abbeonmians broke away once more and swiftly courted their dash for the direction of Lady Decie, and again the overwhelming column of Glandelinian horsemen pursued wildly.

They thought that the resistance of the Abbeonmians was over, but the Abbeonmian cavalry general knew how to combat with a force overwhelming in numbers and the enemy's leaders were to be fooled again. After trying to place the distance between them and seeing that it could not be done the Abbeonmian column again wheeled around, before the pursuers were prepared for the shock, and crashed among the demoralized Glandelinians like a whirling cyclone of debris.

The Glandelinians were oh overwhelming but before the sudden and unexpected renewed attack the foremost part of the column was driven into a panic, and the Abbeonmians cut their throes their ranks shooting down their wily foes right and left, but the main column of the Glandelinian cavalry came up to the rescue and made a charge that tore its way through the whole Abbeonmian column, and so heavy was the losses in dead that the Abbeonmian cavalry had to draw back.

The general saw that if help did not come soon all would be lost for it was impossible to hold out successfully long against such overwhelming numbers. His force of Abbeonmian cavalry men could be annihilated, and then what would happen to Violet and her sisters who could not get away now at all unless the conflict was won in favor of the christians. The Abbeonmians fought fiercely as they drew backwards, but the odds were so vorably against them, and they had already lost over 3,000 men to that of the enemy's 5,578. The general decided to try and resume his retreat again, and the if possible select his swiftest men and have them dash off with the Vivian Girls. It was true they would be pursued, but there was an even chance of getting away than by remaining with the main body when so heavily assailed, and so break away again he did and resumed his retreat, but while the troops were dashing on he gave orders for a number to surround the little girls more closely and when the melee started again to dash on toward Lady Decie with the little girls. There was some hope anyway for now the town was in sight, and also the distant christian troops would hear the sound of the cavalry fight or see it anyway and come up in time to save them all. The soldiers followed out his orders, and then as the main body wheeled and faced the enemy once more and closed closed with the Glandelinians in a most desperate struggle, those guarding violet and her sisters, about five hundred in number dashed frantically on. At once a large party of nearly the same number of Glandelinians separated from the main body, to go on the chance, but was delayed somewhat by fierce opposition, but finally the pursuit was on in general.

The pursuers fired wildly at the fugitives bringing down a score, but the survivors returned the fire, and down the same same number of Glandelinians.

The fiercest part of the cavarly fight now took place while violet and her sisters were holding tight Lady Dea Decie. The Glandelinian pursuers over took the Abbieannians guarding violet and her sisters, and closed the close with the Abbieannians with the most desperate males ever known in fighting of such character before. and in which the Glandelinian lieutenants and captain were met in mid carr career by the Abbieannian captains Wheland and Glonskinon, all fighting sabre in hand with the most savage fury. The Mc-Hollensteinians were less than the Abbieannians in this part of the melee but in their rage of fighting they overwhlmed the christians and bat them back and back again, driving them well toward Lady Dea Decie, and pursue ing with utmost fury to capture the Vivian Girls and finally succeeded annihilating all of the christians who stood to their defense.

These Glandelinians had recieved no orders to kill the Vivian Girls on sight from any of the Anleys or other generals but nevertheless would have right then and there but the opa captian interfered saying:

"No not now. We'll hold them for investigation and kill them if they proved themselves to be as dangerous enemies as we feared. They were going to Lady Decie to bring the second army of Evans to his rescue and thank goodness we have frustrated that. We'll have to signal McAnley a warning about this and some of you men do it right away. Evans army must be destroyed or routed one or the other. Hurry up. We'll take these little girls along with us and send more troops to crush the opposition of the other portion of the Abbieannian cavarly."

Several of the men proceeded to obey while the rest with their fair captives rode away toward the fiercely battling lines of the enemy. It was learned by the Abbieannian general that the Vivian girls had been captured, but he was powerless to go to their aid for his losses was terrific, and he had to retreat before the overwhelming numbers in a scattering rout, help having not come, as either man had failed to reach Evans, or Lady Decie.

Some of the fi fugitives escaped the enemy and reached Evans fiercely battling lines, and reported to the first officers they met that the cavarly forces had been vanquished with almost annihilation, and that violet and her sisters had been captured. This news reached every office then directing the fiercely battling christian lines, and through some reason of the news about the capture of violet and her sisters it threw a good portion of the christian line into confusion, and a rout of the most disastrous consequences began. Officer after officer fell trying to rally the panic stricken columns, and no rout was so terrific before another the Abbieannians, and the Angelinians who were still standing ground could have almost laughed the Abbieannians sick.

Evans learned of the capture of violet and her sisters, and of the disaster within his lines, and hurried up big forces to bathe them in the path of the enemy but every effort, and precaution was unavailing, for the enemy pressed on as a ship does against a raging sea, and it was of no use, and men and horses, and artillery men were cut down in such frightful numbers that it looked as if a massacre was going on.

Amrose Fullerton's division of 5,678,000 men was thrown against the surging enemy, but was crushed to fragments, and could not stand its ground at any point, Fullerton being killed, and every regimental and brigadier commander fell. McWhithers, and Dennings divisions were put in, and shared the same fate, with the loss of their commanders, Great Heartings was annihilated when caught in bad ground Jams Costello, and Bernard Cannon was killed, and many other generals fell.

Evans was heart sick over both the disaster, and of the news of the capture of violet and her sisters. Any of his officers realizing their horrible losses begged him to fall back on Lady Decie and resume the great conflict from there. A general came dashing up and told Evans that a half of the army was broken into pieces and in full retreat northward, and that the battle was surely lost. Evans at once sent for word for all fugitives to be stopped, commanding general Ban's Bandiergome to stretch his army across the path of the fugitives, and then he ordered other divisions not in action yet to go and repel the fugitives themselves and rally them. Nearly half of the Abbieannian army had given way in all directions and a most frightful panic had set in, worse than any panic seen among the enemy at McAllister Run, or among the christians during the scenes of routs at the battle of Glorinia. Evans right grand division under Getty Mc-Hollisterine, and Lowell Drummer alone held its ground, elsewhere the rout was complete, but nevertheless it was evident that this could not hold out long either for the enemy was pressing the attack with the most frightful fury of all. Evans brought one division after another into line and placed into position to repel and rally the stream on of oncoming panic stricken fugitives, and soon the stream of fugitives came, but their rush was as irresistible as the enemy's charge, and nothing could be done as the panic spread and soon all were flowing furiously to the rear in the

wildest confusion ever seen among an army of christian before. And among the Abbieannians too. Evans was apprehensive, but he saw that strict orders were made to preserve all the artillery from capture, and most of the cannons not being withdrawn to the rear was placed into position to threaten the Glandelinian pursuers, but these were readily useless and had to be withdrawn and toward evening the enemy was in possession of the whole field, and Evans was cut off entirely from Lady Decie, while reports came that a Glandelinian army having discovered the intention of the vivian girls going to Lady Decie with the cavarly escort had attacked the christian army there furiously and was driving good portions of them back also crushed and mangled.

Evans Army indeed had suffered a crushing disaster, and a bloody failure. One quarter of his army was killed wounded, or captured, all of his most reliable officers were slain or wounded, and the Vivian Girls were once again in possession of the enemy. Evans seeing the outcome, and disheartened at the irresistible fury of the enemy's wild headlong attack, finally withdrew his whole army, and withdrew it with as much order as it could feeling sure and knowing that the battle was lost, that against the wicked enemy of God had vanquished even him with great loss, and gave his army the greatest thrashing, that any christian army had ever suffered in the entire war itself.

It is true that during a second melee with a sudden appearing force of Abbieannian cavarly that violet and her sisters had succeeded in getting away and were picked up by a party of retreating christians, but their return though it comforted Evans did not lessen his feeling over the defeat, and he blasphemed the Devil and all of his angels for it.

Though he was withdrawing his army at many quarters the enemy still persisted in their attacks, and toward nine o'clock Evans himself recieved a very severe wound, and was helped to his new headquarters to which he had self selected during the halting of the main retreat. He was attended to by his physician and then he recieved the news that violet and her sisters were once more within the christian lines.

At first he did not know what to say, and was half angry, and half glad, for he blamed almost them for the disaster that had occurred, and when he they were brought before them he said kind of gently but with a meaning of his feeling in his words:

"I heard that you and your sisters were captured. Violet, is that true?" "Yes," answered violet.

"Well how did it come that you were captured, when under the escort of 10,000 cavarly men, and such good fighters?"

"We were overwhelmed by forty thousand Glandelinians," answered violet.

"The general of the cavarly realizing it was hopeless to stand before the Glandelinian cavarly who proved themselves the better fighters, sent us on ahead with five hundred men, who were attacked and annihilated by our pursuers and we were captured. If it had not been for the arrival of another body of cavarly who annihilated our captors we would have been slain. They brought us back to the lines after being pursued for four hours. We heard that you were worsted, and could not believe our eyes. We now know that the war is lost."

"Either you little girls or the general is to blame," said one of the other generals. "He and most of his men finally escaped, and had you remained with him to the last, instead of going off you would not have been captured. It he two of you are to blame, you little girls, and the general. And you all shall be held for account. Ain't that right your excellency?"

"The general shall be held for it but not the children, and don't you dare threaten them," answered Evans. "It's not their fault. It was under his obligations to not let them out of his sight a moment, and yet he rushed them off under a small escort when he saw he was being beaten. If it is true that this occurred, he shall be for forfeited of two months pay, and be handed from his command for two months also. I told him not to let them out of his sight under no conditions."

"But it was not the general's fault," said Jennie. "Had we not stayed with him during that fierce conflict, with a cloud of swords swishing about every where, and lances flying here and there like straws, and shooting going on wildly right and left we certainly would have been killed, and many narrow escapes we had during the battle too. He thought it was safer and hid us go."

But this did not soften Evans for his defeat was stinging him, and he decided to them that no excuses would save him from the consequences, and then ordered the officers to redress the wounded three, and desired the others to remain with him until their return.

3294. "Vans there is not such a thing as can't do it!" Said Angeline..

"Can't do what?" Asked Evans.....

"In this battle," Answered little Evangeline.....

"But it's already lost, and the news of your capture which spread among my lines I'm blame for it." Answered General Evans. "My whole army has been swept back, and there is no chance to rally the forces until late y to night."

"I and my sisters can rally them if you'll let us." Said Gertrude Gertrude Angeline.

"Yes and get shot." Said Evans. Generals by the score have tried to rally them, and are already killed or wounded, for the enemy generally pick off those who try to rally the Christians. So you would face the same danger. I've even tried to rally them, and could not do it. If I expect to resume the conflict, or expect any success I'll have to wait until tomorrow, when I can get my armies reorganized.....

"I believe you are spoiling us Evans dear." Said Hettie. "If it was a man you would send him to rally the army and face the enemy whether he wanted to or not, or whether he was afraid or not. But us you are simply afraid to leave our out of your sight. We could rally them easily, and not get in the enemy's way either. Go on Evans say the word. Permit it before it is too late."

Ev Evans felt that it was true that he was too much afraid of their safety and wondering a little finally said:

"Yes I guess it's true. If the retreating men see you they will realize you little girls are safe and not in the hands of the enemy, and you can easily rally them. So go and make the try but for God's sake keep out of range of the damn guns of the enemy. Your experiences at Brimmo teaches me a lesson and I don't want nothing like that to happen again."

The little girls waited long enough for their other sisters to return, and then off they dashed for the region where the battle was raging. Fortunately for them the troops were not retreating any more, and the sight of them coming so suddenly at first surprised the soldiers, but realizing they were safe they spread the news quickly and within an hour the whole army learned that the Vivian girls had escaped from the enemy, and several of them quickly brought them back to Evans. The army had been partially rallied by the officers before the knowledge of the return of the little girls had been known the officers having said over and over again:

"The Vivian Girls are captured it is true, but if the enemy has them we shall show the assassins that we can commit horrible slaughter too. If the little girls do not return butcher all your prisoners."

So by the time the little girls had started forward to do the work which would have been perilous indeed they had found three quarters of the army already rallied, and were standing their ground against the repeated attacks of the foe. When the little girls returned they gladdened Evans by the good tidings of the rally, but then he feared and probably knew for sure that all hopes to win the battle and capture Hon Catherine was out of the question, for his army had suffered a disastrous defeat in the beginning. His only hope was to make a fierce and more desperate stand the next day and save his army from destruction. Then when he had succeeded in holding the raging enemy at bay he would then retreat out of the way of disaster and resume his advance when opportunity again presented itself.

He also wondered whether the report of the disaster to his army at Lady Decie was true itself, and placing General Dargwinia Greenburg in main command of the army, he went himself to find out, taking a force of men with him, and allowing the Vivian girls to come along as they longed for adventure, and feared the enemy no more than a lump of candy.

Evans had with him a large force of cavalry, and a extra force of dragoons numbering fairly 500,000 men on the fleetest horses, and armed like the most desperate of pirates. Let the Mc-Hollestonians come and make an attack if they dared.

UNDER A HOT FIRE, GENERAL EVANS
TURNS UP A BRIDGE.

As Evans was nearing the region of Catherine Dennie near Lady Decie he unexpectedly came upon a large camp of the enemy in the darkness, had a severe brush with the enemy, and was forced to retreat toward the Easter Starring river across of which there spanned a long and powerful steel bridge bigger and longer than even the Brooklyn at New York and worth over ninety trillion dollars.

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3295.

The great bridge was fully in the centre of the Glandelinian camp at that, and the Glandelinians were specially watchful to guard against surprise, for there was no telling when a raiding party of Christians would come around and destroy the bridge, and they feared also that lest their Christian foes should destroy the bridge, it would cut off their own part of Manley's left wing, and cause a turn in the events of the great struggle still going on at Lion. Catherine. DE. A. BE BOER HERESTFORD. The bridge lay under the

guard of a series of well fortified Glandelinian batteries, with a whole regiment of troops ready at a moment's notice to turn out and defend it. The guns of the protecting batteries were always kept clear for action and the bridge was also protected by a series of abatis, of which last defense the Abbeismians knew nothing. After having escaped the Glandelinians whom they had engaged with in the main outskirts of the camp with the loss of nearly 78,000 men in killed and wounded Evans and the others kept on up stream stream with the utmost caution, and by good luck passed unnoticed a series of Glandelinian lookouts below the bridges.

Evans foremost portion of the force galloped across the bridge, and seeing the Abbeismians coming the first regiment opened a withering fire, but the Abbeismians recovering from their surprise galloped on, the foremost of the ranks returning the fire, and then the soldiers on the opposite shore opened fire at the Christians, and some of the cannons began to roar. The rifle balls were singing around Evans and Violet and her sisters, but they continued the dash across the bridge, though Evans men fell by scores, then he heard the bustle of the men around the other side of the camp, and the noise of more great guns as they were got ready.

Everywhere the Glandelinians were running up, and scores of Mc-Hollestonian soldiers were swarming down from seemingly every where to aid in repelling the Christians and prevent them from crossing the bridge, which they thought was unusual, to think of a Christian force to dare cross a bridge in the face of many guns, and right in the heart of their own camp. The flash of thousands upon thousands of muskets made a scene like so many bright fireflies, unobscuring the darkness, and the droning bullets always came thicker through the dark night, and sixteen shells swept the foremost of the Abbeismian ranks, and the bridge was already covered with thousands of dead and dying. Evans still sat upright on his horses back guiding and controlling the troops by voice and signal, and saw to it that the Vivian girls were well protected.

Despite the desperation of the melee the Abbeismians gradually got across and upon Evans orders three of the men had gotten under the great bridge and setting a huge mine under the structural structure left the mine and instantly exploded it by shooting it with bullets and just as a pathling run on a raft in the stream was fired point blank at them not ten yards off and still failed to hit them.

Where one quarter of the bridge was there came an eruption of debris and smoke and water, and then one after another came more wreckage and smoke eruptions and down tumbled the whole bridge, with the thousands of dead and wounded on it. The raft was fired at accidentally by one of its own covering guns and sank simultaneously, and thousands of the well Glandelinians who had been on the bridge were for their lives, many of them sinking or being captured by the Abbeismians.

Evans continued on in his retreat having lost heavily in men and horses, and a large force of Glandelinians started in pursuit. How many of them there was Evans could not make out but nevertheless he had to keep his force from another serious encirclement at all cost, if he was ever to reach Lady Decie. The storming fire of the pursuing enemy was awful but nevertheless he and his men bent their wits about them, and soon managed to out run the Glandelinians, who had to fall back as they saw they could not overtake their enemies. In the pitch darkness Evans could not have no idea where he was, nor could Violet and her sisters who were now close beside him, and when sweating from their exertions, and their horses too exhausted to run another foot they finally reached Onion River, and halted but a few hundred feet below a gun battery of the enemy. For a whole hour unconsciously they remained within easy musket shot of where their foes were still swarming about the region, and for a time so intense was the darkness, darkness, that they hardly dared move.

Then the column of Abbeismians managed to slip unobserved into a dense swamp, and near another camp of Glandelinian soldiers they saw a long pontoon bridge crossing the Onion River, and with equal stealth and daring they managed to steel across in the face of the enemy, and then blew up the pontoon bridge just as the Glandelinians having seen them by means of light started in pursuit only to be halted by the ruined bridge, as the river was impassable at this point.

3296 But Evans Evans was a long distance from Lady Decie as yet, and as the night was darker on account of the sky being covered with heavy rain clouds the troopers could hardly see a foot ahead of them. Evans felt that he would give anything if the clouds would only clear up so that the stars could afford a little light. He did not know which way he was going, not, and his army had been traveling for some distance further on, when a long line of tents suddenly loomed out of the darkness, and he halted his men and fearing they were Abbieannians, and knowing the command the christian soldiers had received in case they heard any one moving toward their camp from an unexpected direction, said to violet and her sisters;

"Cheer the christian cause as loudly as you can."

Violet and her sisters did so fairly screaming the cry.

At once there was a rush of feet, a mass of moving forms swarming everywhere, and then camp fires flared up suddenly, and exposed to them all a vast camp of Tripolygonidians.

"It's Evans and the Vivian Girls as I live." Cried the officer in charge of this part of the camp. "Has there been anything wrong?" He asked as the troopers were led within the lines.

"Yes I was worsted to day at Hon Catherine, and heard that my army was cut off from yours." Said Evans. "I sent a messenger to bring on this army but it he never reached here. I had also sent the little girls under escort of 10,000 soldiers but they could not get here even with that many, the enemy seeing to it that they did not, and they were captured, though how they escaped it is hard to tell. I heard your army was routed during a sanguinary conflict here during the day. Is that so?"

"Routed?" Said the leader with a quical expression. "Routed and whipped by the enemy! Why general you must have received a false report. We did not even know a battle was raging, and we did not as much as have to fire a single shot all day. We heard the queer noise at Hon Catherine all day long, but did not think a battle was raging."

"It was fearful." Said violet. "And Evans was worsted. He hopes however to resume the battle to morrow, and if you will but advance your army to night we'll be happy. We don't believe now that the battle could ever be won, but without your support Evans cannot hold on without meeting destruction to his army and we got to do something to prevent it was occurring."

"I'll start the advance immediately." Answered the leader. "How far is Hon Catherine?"

"My army is about thirty miles north of it." Said Evans. "I was closer during the battle, and got driven back that far. Your army has a march of about ten miles I think. If you advance them in series bodies I think you can concentrate it upon my whole line of assailants as quick as needed. The battle is still raging, but my men have rallied somewhat, and Greenburg has taken my place until I return."

"It's up to you to lead the advance though." Begged Violet as the Tripolygonidian general went off to give the command.

"I am going to." Answered Evans. "And it's going to be a forced march too."

It took some time however for the great second army to get ready, and it was not until nine o'clock that night before the advance was started.

The cavarly forces took up their position in the rear, while the dragons took up as the advance guard, and general Evans and violet and her sisters went along with the van guard. The advance was swift enough, but the enemy in the meantime had learned well enough the reason of the destruction of the bridge, and the appearance of the Abbieannian cavarly, and where they had been headed for, and so every step of the way the Abbieannians met fierce and terrific resistance, and a regular advancing battle moved on from Lady Decie. However unable to see properly in the dark, and not knowing how strong the army of Abbieannians were that was advancing, the Glanlelinian troops did not dare make a general onslaught, but while they retreated they kept up an incessant withering fire every step of the way, and the whole region blazed with the flashes of musketry like blast furnaces, and the clattering uproar was terrible.

At the commencement of the enemy's receding fire, violet and her sisters had retired to better cover among the advancing troops, and saw all the flashes in the distance, million of them, and it put them in mind of so many giant fire flies flashing and vanishing swiftly through the dense darkness, only to reappear again, and when ever many muskets went off in a bunch it appeared like the will-o-the-wisp.

Evans saw indeed that though the Glanlelinians at this location were were retreating, he was nevertheless meeting the strongest resistance, and did not know whether it was wise to push on or not, for he feared they would bring up the whole army, and cause serious trouble at a place where where it was not exactly wanted.

Evans decided to halt his advance for a while, but violet and her sisters realized that this was just what the enemy wanted so that they could crush his second force before he could advance to the rescue of the other, and they earnestly warned him not to halt but to press his advance all the harder, and not stop a moment. Violet and her sisters and Evans himself had been counselled by many of the under officers to go to a better position of the advancing columns, for the receding fire of the enemy had become more and more stronger in intensity, and despite the darkness, men were falling by thousands all along the line.

It was also raining now, but by means of compasses Evans generals knew which way to go and soon a portion of Evans army had gone quite around and came down on the flank of the opposing Glanlelinians, and making a wild and roaring charge, fairly cut down their ranks by the score, and scattering the survivors in a total rout.

This left for Evans a way to be open, and they got clear past the enemy's resisting line, and soon were being aided by others, for now they were coming upon the main army which had been formerly driven back. The battle which had advanced from Lady Decie that night to the other christian army had lasted fully four hours, beginning at nine o'clock and ending a little after twelve. It was midnight, and the battle had also continued to rage along Greenburg's lines, but only in a desultory fashion as in the darkness the enemy could not make direct attacks, and it had been mostly severe long range firing, with cannons and musketry.

As soon as Evans ret turned Greenburg was hastily relieved, and Evans took command of the whole entire army, and immediately prepared for another general battle.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
CONTINUATION OF THE FIGHTING AT THE "MANNY'S"
ARMY IS CRUSHED AGAIN. THE DEATH OF
THE CAPTAIN OF GENDARMES "MANNY".....

"MANNY" had heard of the arrival of reinforcements for the army under the command of general Jack Ambrose Evans, and so as soon as the faintest signs of daylight came, started the battle anew, and hurled the most tremendous onslaught against Evans' whole line. Violet and her sisters had witnessed this wild and tremendous assault of the enemy, and within an hour's time the scene they witnessed along their own point of view was horrible and shocking, beyond description. More than 10,000,000 Glandelinians lay in front of the christian works which had been defended so fiercely for that whole hour by the terrible Abbeasians, and on the sides of a rise of ground they also lay thickly strewn, and despite it all it was amazing to violet and her sisters indeed to see the enemy despite their horrible losses, to continue the most desperate assault of the battle the Abbeasian artillery men handling their guns in the most splendid manner, and as Baldwin cooperated with energy, he managed to strengthen the rallying christian column who had recently been driven into a confusion by this wild sort of assault, and also managed to direct the most destructive fire of all his own guns, not only with great skill and bravery, but with such good effect that the enemy was held at bay along his own lines.

The front of the attacking glandelinian waves was horribly torn by the tempest of shells, and canister, and so terribly had the column of assailants along Baldwin's lines suffered that when they attacked again in a petty manner their losses were increased so fearfully that they began to waver, and fall back, but nevertheless Baldwin did not allow a counter charge, as he did not think it prudent to do so as yet.

Along other portions of the firing line the Glandelinians made a simultaneous rush of the wildest fury of demons million fold, and screaming and yelling like thrills of tortured souls and demons together, and making a roar as if all of hell, and the end of the world was appearing at the same time closed with the christian army under general Brunelaw and the demoralized christian divisions at that point was driven back with heavy loss, but an immense gap was made in the enemy's line, the broken christian divisions were soon restored by reinforcements, which Evans brought up from his extreme right, and for a time the enemy were held at bay, though Brunelaw hurried for the assistance of more artillery, declaring that he was still hard pressed.

The struggle was now more desperate, onstant and merciless than the two days before. All along the line at other portions the enemy had pressed to the attack with the most terrible fury, and though checked at some points, managed at others to leap over the works in possession of the Abbeasians, and for a time possess themselves of the intrenchments, their advance and attack at this section being somewhat more restless, and going on they finally reached a second line of works held by a portion of Glandelinians men and who having by this time discovered the disaster to his first line of works, threw forward his main forces, and gave stern resistance, and wave after wave of the glandelinians were raked through and through by the terrific fire along the whole Abbeasian line.

Along the point where Violet and her sisters had witnessed the terrible Glandelinian onslaught, the Mc-Hollistinians, and other glandelinians had rushed forward with great impetuosity, and though by counter charging several times, the Abbeasians tore big series of gaps in the gray lines, they could not check the survivors who made the most desperate and titanic efforts to drive out the Abbeasian defenders, and within a few minutes of the children, the Abbeasians were soon retreating at this point before the concentrated attack of the Glandelinian forces, who were pressing forward with irresistible force and fury, and now the attacking divisions of Glandelinians survived the sharpest fire along the other portions of the Abbeasian line.

Violet and her sisters could not make out, for broadside after broadside, of shells and as later went through their waves with the most deadly effect

terrible than thunder, this and again, a portion of the enemy were every second

and tearing up and pulling the whole line. Air sorted upon series of a dozen immense gaps were torn through the whole line of the attacking foe at this location, and all about Violet and her sisters who were hiding in a small cave the shot and shells shrieked in wild fury, and exploded with a deafening salvo of explosions, the minutes passing, and whistling like a furious whirlwind windblast, as they picked Abbeasian soldiers within sight of them by the hundred fold per minute. Violet and her sisters seeing how furiously the attacking foe were advancing, now realized that the problem of the battle was really going to be an Abbeasian defeat, and even now a little more and the Glandelinians would succeed in driving the christians from their works. The carnage indeed was appalling.

The glandelinians came surging on with the most frightful yells, and went over the works within the sight of the little girls, and as the main gray line appeared through the thick smoke and closed with the christian line the scene of hand to hand fighting, was sublime and in twenty minutes nearly two million Glandelinians were either killed, or wounded. All the efforts of the foe to sweep the christian lines back right and left was for a time failing however, their own ranks were going down by the hundred, men were being picked off as fast as they rushed on all along the line, and as the carnage steadily increased as more swarmed to the assault, and as the struggle became most pertinacious, the enemy's generals led forward thousands after thousands of battalions, at once being determined at all hazards to capture the works and drive back the furious defenders.

At all points the Glandelinians being heavily reinforced was redoubting their exertions, and though their foremost columns were withered away as fast as they swarmed before the cannons, the survivors continued the assault, and so fierce was the discharge of musketry on both sides, that the smoke became terribly dense, and for a time it greatly hindered the aim of the Abbeasian riflemen, and seeming to be relieved of the pressure of the assault they slackened their firing, and the foe seeing that they could not drive back the Abbeasians by dashes and wild charges, crawled forward under cover of the smoke, and reaching the works, suddenly raised a storm of horrible bloodcurdling yells, that was universal, and charging furiously, and valiantly up to the very muzzles of the guns swarmed among the Abbeasians, firing right and left, mowing mowing down the red coats as fast as they made at them, clubbing their muskets, like wild men, and using them as baseball bats, the glandelinian indeed in the fight at close quarters, being so overwhelming, at this point that they had the best advantage of the Abbeasians, and made horrible use of their bayonets, and pikes, and the immense column of assailants which had already occupied the works, partly swung around, and took a portion of the Abbeasian line on the flank. Abbeasians and Glandelinians went down by the score of thousands before the bayonets and clubbed musket butte butts, and still more faster, before shots of muskets at close range, all of the artillery horses of the Abbeasians, and all the gunners were cut down and now there was not a single christian officer in sight all having fallen in that needless inferno.

A hundred and fifty generals had fallen, and now as the Glandelinians seemed to have full sway and as the whole line of positions for thirty miles was fairly choked with Glandelinian troops, the Abbeasians having swiftly given way, and as an overwhelming force of Osmanian Kurds under Ismer Nylats was pressing forward like a roaring cyclone that annihilates all before it, a large section of batteries, under Brunelaw Bavarian Zimmermann, and Augustine St Calrie was quickly brought up to a slight rise of ground in the rear, unharmed as quickly as possible. The massive column of Glandelinians thirty miles long was pressing forward, the guns opened at close quarters with double charges of canister, being fired again and again, and though the line of the foe was was fairly torn to innumerable pieces, until only large groups were advancing or recoiling, all the artillery men had fallen.

Yet with frightful slaughter that it too terrible to describe the Glandelinian assault had been frightfully repulsed, with dismissal of the assailants, and as the slight calm came fresh gunners took the places of those who had fallen mowing the retreating enemy down in masses in every direction.

The first desperate assault had raged at white heat, the enemy's line along the whole of Evans' front having been torn to pieces, and cut down, the artillery and musketry all along the line ploughing their line of the foe through and through, the Abbeasians having stuck to their position this time like all the foul fiends of hell, and leeches, and seven hundred pieces of artillery along the Abbeasian center lay unworked with their muzzles protruding over the works, cut and hacked by the frightful storm of bullets, and the horses belonging to all these guns lay near by riddled by bullets

and splashed to fragments. Hundreds of thousands of the dead and wounded Abbieannians had been torn to pieces, sliced and cut up in the same manner as butchered children by the furious storm of fire along the enemy line during the mass attack. During the full Greenwald Division had come up to the support of the Abbieannians, preparing to go into fierce and bloody action. The Abbieannians were bringing up more artillery and after a lull of about an hour the attack of the foe started again, and now Abyssinilian forces rushed deep into the fierce and bloody action, which now increased with more terrific fury, the Abbieannians themselves closing their shattered ranks, and settling down to their task. The first, second, and third divisions of the Glandelinian assailants were cut to pieces, but the losses of the Glandelinians was frightful.

Manley had worsted Evans in the long and bloody action at Hon Catherine, but at such frightful and unspeakable losses that he could not stand it any more, and what remained of his once vast Glandelinian army had already concentrated at this point and having planted their torn and tattered flags on the once abandoned works, where they had stayed until shot to pieces like in a man's hand battle before by the storm of bullets. Truly the battle was a complete victory for the enemy, and Evans had to acknowledge that he was severely beaten, but nevertheless Manley's army had been crushed, by his losses, and despite his victory, great as it was the war to the cause of Glandelinia was lost, for it was only a success that enabled Manley's army to escape the destruction that threatened it.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS IN A BRUSH WITH MANLEY AND
SEVERAL OF HIS GENERALS KILL HIM AND FOURTEEN
OTHERS THE REASON WHY."

When the battle had ceased in the morning, and while Evans was withdrawing from his positions at Hon Catherine, Violet and her sisters happened to be in the rear of the retreating Christians, and saw a horde of graces pursuing a n Abbieannian priest, who was trying to escape with the Blessed Sacrament in his hand. Violet and her sisters were horrified, and for getting their own danger, returned to the defense of the priest without any support of soldiers. Manley and thirteen generals was with these trouble makers, and the Glandelinians had gained on the fugitive priest, and tore him to pieces with their bayonets. They grabbed the Blessed Sacrament out of the dead man's hand and scattered the contents all around, and trampled on them as cursed and blasphemed in the most vilest manner, and did other vilest things. Violet and her sisters had been too late, to save the priest, but in a rage they opened fire on the Glandelinians and deliberately shot ten of them down dead.

Some consternation arose among the survivors, but Manley seeing who had fired at his men, rushed upon the little girls with a wild curse, and struck poor little Jennie down from her horse with a terrible blow of his sabre, wounding her severely and dangerously.

He turned to rush Violet but she swept aside, and struck him a blow in the eye with her pistol butt crying;

"Take that you rascal and enemy of God John Manley. I hate you you abuser of our Lord."

Blinded by rage he rushed Catherine to strike her down with his sword just as other officers were coming up. Catherine avoided him, by a full rush and put a bullet neatly between Manley's eyes. He fell from his horse dead, having been killed instantly. Realizing what she had done, she quickly with the help of Joice lifted bleeding little Jennie on her horse and started to dash away when another of the officers rushed them. He came right up with Jennie and struck at her a sweeping blow with the keen edge of his sabre. Thank God the blow missed, and she deliberately shot him in the heart, and as three others dashed at them, the little girls also opened fire moving the three down, and eight others who rushed at them.

Two other generals rushed upon the little girls firing their pistols point blank, and though Joice was severely wounded in the hip by a bullet she remained on her horse, and alone brought these two generals down mortally wounded. Then in the confusion they dashed away, as fast as their horses could go, and the Glandelinian soldiers pursued with indescribable wildness, firing insanely to shoot them down, but missed, and before they could overtake the little girls, a party of Abbieannians having seen the commotion had returned and smothered the Glandelinians with their own sabres massacring every one of the pursuers, and capturing general Germania

Vivian who was among the pursuers, treating him as roughly as a dog treats a cat. A perfect host of Glandelinians seeing the commotion came upon the scene, and charged upon the Abbieannians, but Evans along having seen the whole occurrence, put in his own forces, and cutting the Glandelinians to pieces, withdrew the others safely within his own lines. He did not however realize what Violet and her sisters had done, and so asked them here after to be careful and not linger so far behind the lines. Germania was brought before Evans, but Evans would not see him, and demanded the men to go. "Get out with your damn old Prisoner" and retired a enraged and disconsolate to his new headquarters, and seeing to it by directions that his lines should be strenght strengthened in case the enemy renew the battle.

The whole Glandelinian army was disconcerted when the it, learned that Manley and fourteen general officers, had been killed by Violet and her sisters, and so great was the disorder that it could not be described, and general Innocence who took his place to command the army, at once withdrew southward, and Evans learning of it wondered why. Two days later when he was preparing to move his army cautiously forward, one of his generals came up to him, and said as the doctor was dressing the wounded little girls, "Your excellency general Evans I have surprising news for you."

"Surprising news?" said Evans. "I bet I know what you are meaning. The enemy have retreated."

"Yes it's true the enemy have retreated, but for a very good reason." Answered the soldier. Violet and her sisters, have actually shot down Manley and fourteen of his generals."

Evans stood aghast.

"You don't mean it?" he gasped. "How does it come that you hear this?"

"We found it out through the signal stations we captured at Goomie Candorine." Answered the soldier. "A priest carrying the Holy Eucharist had been torn to pieces by a horde of Glandelinian soldiers, led by these generals, and the contents of the Chalice scattered around. Violet and her sisters shot them down for it."

"I must see the little girls." said Evans utterly confounded.

He at once started for the house, the officer following.

Evans entered with the colonel who he really was, and went into the room where the beautiful little girls were. Drawing Angeline to him and looking at her very seriously he said;

"What occurred yesterday after the battle?"

"Nothing why?" Asked Angeline not understanding the question, having forgotten the incident for the moment.

"Who was it that shot Manley and fourteen of his generals?" Asked Evans. Angeline gasped in surprise.

Then she told the whole story.

"Well if you ever." said Evans when vehemently. If you beautiful little girls were small Glandelinian sergents I would have not been any more surprised. You little girls are certainly wonders. And so it was Manley who cut Jennie down. Well it serves him right the dog of a man, and now he forfeits for his rash deed. Committing a sacrilege right within the face of my whole army. You little girls committed a deed which will astonish and paralyze the whole Abbieannian army with amazement when it is spread around. The Glandelinians I'm sure will keep the distance from you little girls hereafter I'm sure. You have proved yourselves to be regular hunters of Glandelinian elements if I have to use the words. And what will Hanson say when he hears of it?"

Jennie severely wounded as she was did not feel any way a bad about it at all and almost laughed about the experience, and her nerve was not shaken a bit. It was

"It was the most exciting clash we ever had." She said. "We saw the graces charging after the poor priest, and forgetting our own danger, or forgetting even to call for assistance, rushed to his assistance, and shot down a number of Glandelinians after they committed the sacrilege, for pure revenge over the insult to God. Then Manley first rushed me and cut me down. Wounded as I was, and though I was lying there I would have shot him myself, but he rushed between me and Catherine as he attacked her, and she killed him that very moment. We shot down many of the other generals and a large number of privates, and got away before that they could overtake us."

"And after all your prayers for his evil conversion." said Evans almost smiling.

"We done it in our defense." said Catherine. "We were sure, have slain us if we had not shot him, and the others. He went into the trouble himself. And as our prayer for him is all a mistake. It was for Johnathan Manley we were praying for and not either Johnathan or his wicked brother. We did nothing about it, but nevertheless we helped the two of us well. I wish

a viper. Catherine shot Hanley right between the eyes. I saw the blood come from the hole as he fell from his horse."

Indeed the whole army are long heard about the deed alright, and there was great excitement among all of the men. And finally I realized that the vivian girls were more desperate than a tiger when assaulted, and the Glandelinians here after would have to realize it. Evans expected to see of it in placebonds which would have a probably been set up by the foe or at other times, of great delays by these fair little creatures, but there was no such writhing, and the whole nation of Glandelinia seemed to take it quietly.

But General John Johnston Jackson Hanley did not know of it yet, and when he did he was stricken with both sorrow and rage, and for a time he said nothing. It was rumored during the meanwhile that Abyssin Kile was also mobilizing her whole strength to help in suppressing the Glandelinian resistance for though the christian advance into Glandelinia had been victorious and irresistible the number of furious battles had been something terrible, and was exacting a terrible loss for both sides. Johnston Jackson Hanley who was appointed by the Glandelinian King to take his son's place declared to the ruler that it was in vain to resist the christian tide, any longer, that surely the war was lost, and that it was exacting a useless and inhuman toll of lives, which benefited him and the others nothing.

But the wicked Glandelinian king was stubborn and obstinate. He wrote back to Hanley's declaration, , , , , ,

"It seems indeed that the war is lost, but remember that we can win, and we must win, or those dirty christian dogs will end forever our old child slave trades, and probably take away our nation entirely: our son John Jackson Hanley has been assassinated by one of the Vivian Girls called Catherine Vivian, and fourteen of his general's besides. The names of the fourteen generals runs as follows: Generals Crew, Compress, Costelloes, Costelloe, Clarence, Norton, Cook, Chamberlaine, Costelloe, Consoe, Cooper Bicknell, Carlton, Lieberman, Callindia, Cantlin, and Cantlene. It is your loss and it is your duty to revenge your loss by upholding the country's cause to the very last, and show the christian dogs, that you can revenge the fall of your son. And I myself will give to you or any of the generals, or privates, the greatest sum of money probable for the destruction of those little vipers, of the christian armies.

THE END"

Evans in the meanwhile was advancing forward toward the vicinity of Bristle Toe station, and four days later after the last crushing battle he received a large army of Abyssinians. Evans was more confident, over the situation was now clear that he had lost the battle of Hon Catherine's, for his defeat was a severe blow to the enemy and not himself. Had he won all probabilities to capture the city of Hon Catherine would have been out of the question and the victory of John Hanley's army, made the Glandelinian armies at Bristle Toe station less cautious, and Evans realizing from evident facts that Hanson himself had fought fiercely at Bristle Toe Station at the same time the battle of Hon Catherine was raging, and that again Hanson from disasters happening to his army had failed decided to do the work himself and force the enemy out of the region himself, if he had to blow the whole Glandelinian army into hell to do so.

All this while Evans had not paid any attention to the prisoner Germania Vivian, and had forgotten her altogether. Violet and her sisters had seen his capture, and decided to find out if they could see the little Glandelinian general, and find out if he would change.

In asking the guard however, they got the answer that Evans forbade any one no matter who it was to go near the prisoner, and so they went to consult Evans on the matter. They told him about their attempted visit, and Evans said:

"By heavens I have forgotten all about that prisoner. You little girls will have all the opportunity to see in yourselves to night when we make halt in our advance. I wish to see the rascal myself, and settle matters with him for good and all. I have not forgotten that Brigano affair."

B-19

That evening the halt of the whole christian army was made, and Evans gave orders that the prisoner was to be brought before him. He waited for fully fourteen minutes before the prisoner came, escorted by over twenty men.

"He's a devil." Said one of the guards. "He gave us resistance when we summoned him to come out of the prison camp, but we got him to submit though it took twenty of us men to do it."

"He won't change a bit." Said Evans with a scornful laugh. "Well Germania Dear I see we meet again. How about that Brigano affair? Do you still remember it or have you forgotten it?"

The prisoner was silent. "Where is Violet and her sisters?" Asked Evans of one of the orderlies. "They are outside watching a swarm of Balgiglovesean serpents flying high in the air." He answered. "Bring them in." Ordered Evans. "They wish to see their wicked brother Germania Vivian, and I guess their wish shall be granted."

"I don't wish to see them." Retorted the captured Glandelinian general sullenly.

"I know you don't want to see them." Answered Evans. "But I'm not disposed to grant any favors to you and so don't mention anything on the subject again or I'll haul you around like a football. Mr Vivian. I shall have the little girls come to see you, not of your wish, but of theirs." In a few minutes the orderlies came back and in with him came the pretty little girls. They saw him standing there with a sullen look in his face and eyes, and then Violet said:

"You are a prisoner in the hands of the Abbsianians Germania and if you will listen to reason you'll become a better man, and regret the deeds you done for us. We speak to you not for our own sakes, but for yours because you are our brother. And you will I know surely reason with yourself if you know the nature of the Abbsianians. They all know what we suffered at Brigano, and it is lucky you are your capture is not as yet known. We refused to allow the Abbsianians who captured you spread the news among their comrades, and if they had disobeyed us, you would have been cut down like a dog by a raving mob. But no one can shield you any longer, and if you don't listen to reason you'll surely regret it."

"To hell with all the Abbsianians." Hissed Germania. "Let them dare attack me if they will. I defy them and all in heaven."

"You may think you do but you will soon find out." Said Evans. "And if you utter any more blasphemies I'll run you through with my sword. Order lie, summon general Greenburg right away."

"Yes sir." Answered the orderly, and he went to do his bidding. There was a wait of fully fifteen minutes, and during the waiting Germania was about to sit down when Evans cried out:

"Keep at attention. You cannot sit down in my presence, you dirty cur of hell. I'll let all the Abbsianians know you are a prisoner within my lines. Then see if you will defy them. Your lot for punishment is in the island prisons if they don't tear you to pieces."

The great new general soon appeared, and Evans said to him:

"General do you recognize this man, this prisoner?"

The general looked closely and then said:

"It is the first time I have ever seen him your excellency. That is face to face."

"But do you know him anyway?"

"Yes it's Germania Vivian, the Glandelinian dog who attempted to assassinate my own children at Phantonburg, and who had been driven off by a party of Abbsianian in time. He also injured Violet and her sisters severely during the frightful battle of Brigano."

"Well." Said Evans. "The Abbsianians are at all ignorant of his capture, and I summoned you to come and take these orders from me:

"Tele. Telegraph to every general in my command to notify their men of the capture of this dog, and then to come to me in person, and have a look at him. I thought his capture, and long confinement on how bread and too cold water would have changed the rascal but I think indeed that he is past repentance. So I don't intend to keep him much longer. I wish to get rid of him, and the sooner the better. And I'll be damned if he'll get a trial. Here's enough evidence against him to fill a world of books. All the massacres of children was on account of his poison words. And I will see him dearly for it."

Evans after giving the order looked at Violet and her sisters expecting them to protest, but they did not move an inch, or even say a word. "Wait a moment general." Evans said; and then turning to the little girls he asked:

"Did you little girls not hear me give the order? What do you say?"

"As long as he does not care to listen to reason why ask us a foolish question." Answered Angelina. "The sooner the Abbeismians know how a prisoner the better. It's better he be punished as he deserves than to remain at large and cause us more trouble. We forgive him, and really feel it, because he is our brother, and would give a million toothaches to our Lord if he repented, but if he does not why let the Abbeismians come on. If General Greenburg does not spread the news about his capture we will."

Greenburg went to follow his orders, and while he was gone Germania Vivian was attended to, being confined within the building, until the results of his wounds were really looked into. When the Abbeismian army toward evening were conscious of the capture of general Germania Vivian, which they had learned through the recitation of their general and other officers, their excitement knew no bounds, and they were wild with joy and enthusiasm. The general officers, who had been summoned by Evans came, and while Evans had been waiting for the arrival of these generals he telegraphed this to general Hanson, and also to his brother general Vivian, and also to the brothers of Violet and her sisters, ///

"I have to report that the wicked Glandelinian general Germania Vivian has been captured by a party of Abbeismians during the battle of Hon Catherine. Manley and fourteen others of his wicked generals, had pursued a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and whom he killed, and the Vivian girls going to the rescue of the Holy Eucharist, had been furiously assailed by Manley, whom they killed themselves, and the fourteen generals besides a number of privates. It would have gone hard with the dear little girls nevertheless if it had not been for the arrival of a party of Abbeismians who had went to their rescue, and who captured Germania Vivian. His offenses have been so serious that we do not know what to do in punishing him. Whether put him to death, or place him in the Island Prisons. He caused the Vivian girls serious injuries at Brigano."

GENERAL JAC EVANS."

Evans had been somewhat overcautious over the capture of his prisoner, and so had delayed his advance for about two days. He had received news that a new force of Glandelinians under Martineau was advancing to repel him, and prevent him from moving his armies, upon the others situated at Bristol Toe Station. It was too late for Evans to ever attempt to press his advance, which he soon saw. After two days stopping in his advance, Evans in going out on a scouting tour, found a vast Glandelinian army, confronting him, and managed to force out of some farmers, the prediction of whom the leader or general was. They told him but did not know how strong the Glandelinian army was, but Evans soon found out himself by making a dashing raid, and seizing a lot of prisoners who confessed that the Glandelinian army confronting him was ten to his one. To engage such a force of Glandelinians, who were all Mac-Hollatinians, and Zircosmians, was folly, and Evans decided to fall back further to a new position, on the Starring Run creek. It took a long time to follow out this movement, and during the movement, a portion of the enemy's division under Backerrank struck general Belfast Pavaras right wing a terrible blow, and would have carried all before it, if Evans had not learned of the sudden disaster and threw his forces forward to repel the attack made at this quarter. The slaughter raged for four hours, the Glandelinians making a violent and most tremendous onslaught, but though unable to stop the attack as he desired, Evans managed to withdraw the shattered columns to cover, and presented his full battery of artillery upon the attackers, which finally made them hesitate, and fall back. As this conflict happened near a town called Gooseland it generally got the name of the battle.

Later in the day the enemy resumed the assault with tenfold fury, and for a time drove all before it amid infernal slaughter. Destruction and desolation was everywhere, and the poor heroic blood of many hundreds of thousands of Abbeismians striving vainly to stand their ground against this superhuman onslaught, witnessed the battlefield of this terrible struggle, and Evans throwing forward three of his main grand divisions, managed to meet the desperate assault, sending a fire of musketry upon the enemy with such intensity as to cause all those who had reached the foremost Christian lines, to run back and seek shelter, and amid the sharp rattle and high explosives that burst in all directions the Glandelinian ranks resumed the desperate charge once more, and amid infinite all the Christian defenders, had as none of the Abbeismian artillery began to belch forth

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and soon the whole Abbeismian line which still stood its ground was broken down at the attacking foe. Wave after wave of the enemy under cover of their own gun fire, rapidly advanced over the broken ground, now rushing forward, with frightful speed, now dropping down to the ground to fire volleys, then forward again, now disappearing into ravines and gullies, and lanes only to reappear a moment later. It was frightful to watch them, rushing headlong into the very mouths of the Abbeismian cannon. At last, all of a sudden the Abbeismian gunners opened fire, and thousands of popping holes were torn in the attacking waves, but on they came wave upon wave, with irresistible force, the defending Abbeismians became fewer and fewer, and finally the few survivors fell mortally wounded before the tree trenches and after the Glandelinian waves had passed on successfully, all one endless stretch of dead and dying as far as the eye could see was revealed.

Thousands of machine guns defending the second line of works, hissed, the millions of blazing rifles spitted and cracked, with a deafening roar and the enemy's artillery broke forth with redoubled fury. The awful canopy smoke of battle rolled on in thick belching clouds, explosions were every where in deafening volleys, but on and on the Glandelinians drove, thousands falling wounded or dead but there was no ceasing. Over that tree less, grassless expanse carpeted with the scattered limbs of heroes and his flushed crimson with their blood they rush on.

Again the battle was won, again the enemy went all before them, and by night fall Evans had to withdraw swiftly and on the morrow most of his army was retreating northward before overwhelming forces. In meeting his two disasters, his defeat at Hon Catherine, and at Gooseland, Evans' army was badly broken up, and now again it seemed possible that the enemy would reverse the tide, and haul back the Christian armies from their native land and win the wickedest cause ever known. Evans did not intend to halt his armies for fear of another disastrous attack, and so he continued the retreat, but saw to it that the Vivian girls were well protected.

Evans had heard too that general Hanson, during the same time the battle of Hon Catherine had been raging, had made a fierce and most desperate attempt to cut his way through the enemy's lines, at Bristol Toe Station, and that he had failed at every hand. It was generally called the battle of Shoehorn Borronda, and it was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. For forty eight hours, the two opposing armies, not small portions but the two main armies, had surged back and forth in titan throes, charges followed each other in endless succession, and scores of regiments had been wiped out by losses every hour. Hanson would have won but he suffered the mutilation of his right grand division during the height of the struggle and had to withdraw. Then following a short lull the enemy had made a most purposeful assault all along the whole line, the battle again was renewed with redoubled fury, generals fell by the score, the privates fell in whole lines forty miles long, in three hours time, cowardly horses, during desperate close quarters fighting dotted the battle field like straws blown about by a tornado, men lay still thicker, artillery was disabled by the thousand, by a fitful storm of explosions, which seemed to tear the world to pieces, and general Hanson had to retrieve a serious disaster when his main center was crushed in, and rolled up for the distance of twenty eight miles.

This had proved to Hanson Vivian that general Ineburn Manley, was really the fiercest fighter of all the wicked Glandelinian generals, despite the rank of officership, and that no Glandelinian army was harder to worse than his. Hanson threw in forty three divisions, to stem the tide of disaster along his center, these forty three divisions were rolled back amid an inferno of battle, and all of their general officers, and regimental and brigadier commanders down killed or wounded, and every regiment had their flags shot to pieces, and the poles shattered by the fierce and snarling rifle fire.

Nothing could be done to stop the great assault of the Glandelinians, and so on that bloody first day Hanson had to withdraw most of his army to the distance of thirty miles, from his former base, and the enemy followed closely upon his very heels, and for three hours that night, renewed the struggle along the Pastor Starring, and raged one of the wildest onslaught ever seen in any battle since Glandelin. On the first day itself the struggle was more terrific, and caused more heavy losses for both sides, than the two days of the battle of Francis Atlanta combined, and in no battle in the entire war afterwards was there such a number of officers slain or wounded, of so many battle flags torn to pieces, by the infernal storm.

Backward to the Christian side, had the main command of the forty three divisions and he had been been brought to death by thirty Glandelinians who were Amerindians. Hanson's losses in the first day of the battle had been unaccountably estimated and though known was not revealed for fear of discouraging the other Christian armies then invading the enemy's country.

When the battle began Hanson had been advancing his left wing across the north branch of the great and famous Easter Starbuck, and this whole wing he had hurled at once against a good portion of General Vanley's army. For a while the attack had seemed to progress to the good fortune of the Christian cause, but Vanley had known just where the assault had intended to be made, and so had made such a strong concentration, that after three hours, he had managed to push back all the whole Christian line, thus assembling his, with a greater loss than the army that suffered at Logan Zoo Race Run. This great reverse was followed by a series upon series of onslaughts on the part of the enemy until the great success had been gained by the enemy as stated before.

On the next day Hanson had put his whole army into disultory action, every division making the most fierce efforts to recover all the lost ground and positions, but without success, and again General Hanson had met with disaster. His whole line had been swept back right and left, and was crushed, before he could throw into the action his second army, and so terrific and stubborn had the unequal contest become, that at first Hanson believed it would surpass the Glorinda battle but finally it ceased with another serious Christian defeat, and Hanson felt sure that he would have to abandon his positions on the former grounds, and retreat from the location altogether. When he had heard of Evans' receding a defeat also at Non Catherine, he began to feel more discouraged but nevertheless, he also learned later on that Evans was still pressing on nevertheless, that that despite his defeat he had wrested the city of Non Catherine from the enemy, and was advancing to put Huebaum in Vanley between two fires. But now Evans was defeated again at Goodwin and was retreating even faster than Hanson had done. Finally ashamed of his retreat, Evans decided to stand at Double Cross roads, and which he did, with his whole army. When he was halting his army, the enemy menaced him at certain times, but the majority of the army fell back, and Evans felt sure that the enemy did not wish to attack, and in the night withdrew to a strong position at a stream which had a hundred and fifty small branches, and which ran into the Erminie Run river. This stream was called the Cucucumbler, hundreds. Here he awaited the enemy.

THE BATTLE OF CUCUCUMBER HUNDREDS.

But they did not attack and Evans wondered why they did not. Violet and her sisters desired to go on a spring exploit but Evans knowing that about three or four of them had been wounded and that they had not recovered as yet was not willing that they should go, and also he dreaded the consequences, for one of the little girls had killed general Vanley and there was no doubt that something would surely happen that was terrible and shocking. Of course there seemed no excitement, about Vanley's fall, for all

of the Glandelinians in every army seemed cool, and quiet, even the whole nation seemed to make nothing of it, but it was just like the great calm before the cyclone. Why would the Glandelinians bear the loss of their great commander, and not revenge it in some terrible way? And was not it

probable that there was something in it, that caused the Glandelinians not after all the progress the Christians had made against them to reverse the tide in three successive and terrible battles, and whenever the Christian cause again with serious disaster and defeat. And did it not seem that the Glandelinian armies were mustering all their strength to repel the invasion with all their force and fury, and to attack the Christians with redoubled fury instead of standing on the defensive, as many other invaded countries in time of war. Glandelinia was the only nation that instead of standing on the defensive, made fierce and sanguinary attacks during the invasion of the Christian armies, giving the Christian armies no time to attack when in fact they ought to have been the assailants. And this indeed filled the whole world with stupendous wonder and even apprehension, for they feared that the Glandelinians were showing such defiance, derision, and stubborn despair that they would never be overpowered, not even by all Abbiennia.

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After some debating on the subject Evans came to a final decision, and said:

"I cannot permit you little girls to go out now, and it's for your own good. Catherine killed general Vanley, in that conflict, and it has made for them more sure enemies than ever before, and to go and spy on the enemy after that occurrence is like going into the uttermost depths of hell, and then expecting to find their way out alone. So let the matter drop and don't be foolish. It's God who warns me to be careful in your doings, and it is for his sake also that I tell you not to attempt it."

They accepted his advice then and said nothing more about it. Two days Evans' army lay quiet, quiet, and then Violet and her sisters who were taking a bath in a small but deep creek, saw in the distance a large column of Glandelinians moving forward toward the right of general Evans' lines. Quickly putting on their underclothes, and wrapping themselves in the remainder without waiting time to put them on they raced speedily for the Christian lines, and reaching it at once alarmed the picket guards, who caused the warning by firing five shots.

Violet and her sisters then put on the remainder of the remainder of their clothes behind a bush, while the officers having been aroused by the warning shots, quickly went out to see what was up and this is what they immediately reported to general Greenburg:

"The enemy in advancing against our right in overwhelming numbers. Bigger armies ever seen advancing before since the battles of any fury in Glandelinia. Warn Evans, and notify all generals on the list. Hurry as any moment in precise. A violent attack of the most savagely description is about to be made, and the Glandelinians are all Zimmermanians, and Hohelsteinians. Artillery also being massed to support attack." Greenburg receiving the message went out to see for himself and observing that it was true, signaled the warning to all the general officers, and saw to it that all the artillery of the right wing was massed so as to pour a tremendous shell fire upon this overwhelming tidal wave of assailants.

By the way it looked most of the officers at first thought it was a severe demonstration but general Greenburg did not think so, and ordered that all precautions should be taken to meet the assault when it came.

Violet and her sisters having fully dressed, stayed close within view to watch the and approach if the advancing battle line of the foe, and thought that probably the whole Glandelinian army was massing itself against the right wing of general Evans' army. They felt nervous and apprehended a very over this fearful sight, and decided to seek him and tell him to look out for the foe advance seemed more threatening than they liked. So they sped off and loading some horses at once rode for general Vivian or Evans headquarters tent. They soon found him writing some orders, and they told him what they had seen. Evans at first could not hardly believe his eyes, but soon general Greenburg wrote an advice to Evans and sent it by means of a messenger, and as Evans got the message the first crash of the mighty cannons fairly shook the air. Evans realizing it was true bade the little girls to stay within his tent, and ordering the orderly to bring in the other two little girls, went to the front himself. All he could see in the distance as he rode forward was a vast field of smoke, and ordering general Calann to bring up his own artillery to support the center, he at once made for another portion of the line, but anywhere else no enemy was advancing and he wondered why.

He also wondered where general Vivian's army was, and that of general Cannon and felt that he would give anything if they were within halting distance so he could get them to take the enemy in the rear. The army he faced overwhelmed him ten to one, and it seemed too great an odds to contend with successfully and so he decided to avoid as much fighting as possible and and escape too great a loss when it was too dangerous to risk it.

He decided to send several scouting parties to locate the whereabouts of either general Vivian or Cannon, and not to come back until they found one of them. Then receiving signals that elsewhere all was quiet, he rode back to his headquarters tent, and then taking out in automobiles at once rode toward the direction of his right wing.

The enemy assault he soon found out by reports coming while he was on his way, was only desultory, and not general, and he began to think himself that it was only a demonstration to feel the strength of his army. But nevertheless he did not lose caution, and determined to rest there as quick as possible, and gave orders to every officer he saw on his way down to the right wing. The more further he went the more reports of the fighting he received, but no reports as yet proved the conflict to be anything as serious as it was feared, by the sight of the strength of the foe's lines, which he then had been advancing. The cannons had ceased firing, the enemy was receding, and the firing had been slight. Some of the officers believed

also that it was only a demonstration, and so did not make much of the showy appearance, of the enemy. But as soon as he got there, Evans took in the situation. The enemy had withdrawn for the distance of a mile, all was still again, but stiller than ever, on Evans quickly observed a strange move out along the enemy lines in the distance, and suddenly saw far to the southwest, near another portion of the line which had advanced, a movement which appeared as if millions of men were running a mad race at once, and fairly striving to outstride each other, and simultaneously there burst a chorus of universal yells, that sounded simply terrific, and fairly tore their way with the din of blasphemy and shouts, screams and yells.

Realizing that something was going on Evans rode to another portion of the line, where the enemy still stood their distance, and then remarked to General Belfast:

"Have your guns ready when the moment comes." It is going to be a well prepared attack, and when it comes it will come like the avalanche of demons thrown upon us from hell. Be prepared, for I saw a portion of the enemy lines far to the west rush forward already. See the others are starting to run. Get the guns ready. Hurry."

Belfast rushed off to obey orders, while now a line of gladiators stretching as far as eye could reach, came forward, first at a slow trot, then all of a sudden at the same swift run as if they were fairly stampeding, and Evans rode first her to the rear, to take in the situation better, and saw to it that all the artillery was being brought up.

A terrible booming of big guns suddenly broke out to the west, and there increased rapidly and quickly, and suddenly following came a tremendous volume of sharp crackling reports millions in number, as if something was being hurled up inside the earth. Evans at once rode forward to view the western section of assault but everything was so a, smoke, and more smoke, and he could see nothing.

He at once, dashed back to his auto, and then dismissing the horse to an orderly set the machine a tearing for that direction. It was a long way off and soon he saw an officer rushing up on horseback with a sheet of folded paper in his hand which Evans stopping the machine took with a salute and a thank you.

"Go

"Come quick for Heavens sake. A wild assault of the most tremendous force is being made upon your main central wing. The firing is something, terrible, and though the first line of the assailants has been literally wiped out forty other lines are sweeping forward with the uproar of a thousand screaming avalanches, and the entire situation is terrible. Hurry and see the conditions, and decide what is to be done as to hold ground seems vain.

OR GENERAL, EVANS
TRUE."

"So that was the result of that first crush," I saw," said Evans.

"Here Colonel Belfast cried. "Watch for any signs of movements from other portions of the gladiatorial wave, and if something happens that looks like serious report to me. I once by wire wireless telegram believe this is going to be some battle and no mistake about it."

The excited officer rushed off to do as he was told, while Evans sent the machine full speed for that direction, and seeing a column of cavalry coming up, ordered them without stopping to go right to the center, and see if the Vivian Girls are safe. At once the cavalry went off, while to Evans there was nothing, but a whole world of booming reports, the atmosphere seemed intense from the din, and all this wild tumult the officers he passed seemed as calm as if there was nothing unusual going on.

"Ah, "

A high explosive shell exploded about forty yards in front of Evans auto and fortunately he ducked low in the car in time for a storm of shrapnel and dirt, and debris flew all about, and for a moment there was nothing but a cloud of the blindest smoke rolling all over the scene. It was a serious danger for Evans but his progress was checked in that direction for a large grating crater was left in the ground, and to go around with the machine was beyond him. Evans got out, and securing from one of the privates who had run up the fastest horse and he resumed his journey. The distant roar of the conflict was growing still more intense, and he became in a moment...

It took him nearly an hour to reach the destination, but fortunately the whole Christian line along the center had held its ground firmly, and though the assault of the enemy had not been thrown back, it was checked, but the conflict was still more fiercer, and the whole scene before his eyes seemed like a fierce forest fire. He gave orders to a cavalry force waiting near by, and ordered him to follow him. At once the whole party dashed off, and coming upon the whole Abhimanyu and Constantine cavalry, Evans ordered the whole force to follow him and with a tremendous yell of fury, the whole surge of horsemen dashed straight for the works of the Christian line. Realizing what was doing the infantry parted to let them through. Evans was leading a counter charge himself with the whole cavalry division he had picked up. The clash was terrific, and the whole column of cavalry riding forward with irresistible fury rode clear through the whole gladiatorial surge, rode back and fairly tore the line to pieces, and the wildest confusion. Scores of thousands fell in a single minute during that frightful melee, but for a time the Christian line was broken, and it seemed possible that the foe would be routed, and Evans decided to see what else could be done, to roll back the main line of assault...

In the meantime Martinique was secretly sending three quarters of his army upon General Evans right wing, while on the central line, and soon the whole right wing was assaulted by the most overwhelming numbers, and after four hours of terrible fighting swept clean from its own lines, and possibly, and so badly demoralized, that no efforts could again rally them. Evans learning of this disaster after his central line had held firm for all the day, finally withdrew his army, having again been beaten, and was disastrously killed the Evans and his in his service.

Another battle lost to the Christian cause, and Evans was driven still further north. As the Abhimanyu under General Evans was retreating, Evans had been somewhat to the rear with violet and her sisters, heard the crash of the battle, and listening this is what he heard:!!!!!!!!!!!!

1.

John Hanley's body lies a wonderer in the pit,
John Hanley's body lies a wonderer in the pit,
John Hanley's body lies a wonderer in the pit,
His demons goes marching on.

2.

The winds of hell are looking sadly down,
The winds of hell are looking sadly down,
The winds of hell are looking sadly down,
On the grave of old John Hanley.....

CHORUS

They were only only fooling
They were only only fooling,
They were only only fooling,
His demons goes marching on.

3.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Devil,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Devil,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Devil,
His soul is burning on.

4.

John Hanley's guilt is loaded upon his back,
John Hanley's guilt is loaded upon his back,
John Hanley's guilt is loaded upon his back,
His soul is burning on.

Despite his resource over his defeat Evans and the little girls had to laugh when they beheld these verses but so bitter how hard they tried they could not find out who had been singing them. For four days Evans continued his retreat, and it seemed endless if the whole war was not lost.

Indeed it did seem that the Gladiolins were covering the life of the city. Evans and Hanson were not the only ones who were making progress. Reports also came in that many of the other Christian armies, in various Gladiolin were also making progress. The advance of the foe, without even being able to offer resistance, and it seemed a too all that was again the Gladiolins were coming to crush down the Christian invasion, and not only drive out the Abhennian invaders, but also carry all before them and win one of the most spectacular victories in the whole war yet.

Victory was looked for most by the Christian armies serving under generals Hanson, Vivian, and Jack Ambrose Fuller. If either these two could make any more progress, than indeed the invasion would be broken, and all of the Christian armies would be swept out of Gladiolin, worse than before during the early part of the war, and probably not a single man would reach Angelina alive at that. Gladiolin armies were gathering in terrible numbers and the Christian troops were being immediately overwhelmed. Evans himself saw the only way to avoid a continual retreat which would be disastrous, was to take a formidable and unassailable position, and so he decided to do so when the first opportunity presented itself.

But, just now to do so seemed impossible, for the victor of Gladiolin under Martineau was pressing his retreating armies hard, and finally, and gave it no more. Violet and her sisters, the women did not feel so joyous as they did at the first setting out of the invasion, and already they had themselves fairly begged Evans to do a wiser move, and that in abandon the invasion, stating, that they now surely believe that the great war would never be won, that Gladiolin was even now too strong for even Abhennian to overcome.

Evans surely did not know what to do so, he continued his retreat, northward, until he reached the final point of the Eastern Starving Gap, where the first great battle had occurred, during the first invasion of the Christians and here he halted the Abhennian army, and threw up formidable positions. Two days later the army came upon Evans was concentrating on Titan's Fair, the army did not deem it wise to attack him too soon. Evans without any opposition captured the great city of Titan's Fair and turned it over to the army.

It was a terrible catastrophe for the enemy, and caused a loss of 999,976, 543 and caused a terrible loss of life also for amid the ruins of the smoldering city were 355,000 dead. All women and children. The Gladiolin army under general Martineau was horrified over the scene which was before them also had witnessed, but they did nothing, and suddenly without warning early the next morning Evans hurled a wild and most savage attack against the whole Gladiolin army.

Within four hours, when the battle had swelled to a general fury Evans' smallest divisions were hurled back with terrible slaughter, but nevertheless, he had captured over three million prisoners, which were with hardly a scratch by the fierce Abhennian who Evans was unable to restrain their thirst for revenge for their four defeats recently suffered.

During the bloody action Violet and her sisters had come out about and observed just when the Christian armies were being routed, with frightful desecration, a overwhelming wave of Gladiolins came pouring out of the woods, and storm their way toward the whole Christian line. They saw where the assaulting wave passed, and observed the whole extent of the assault and as cannons and musketry crashed in frightful salvoes, Violet and her sisters, rushed down the hill, and mounting their horses raced to warn Evans that he was being taken in the rear.

They succeeded in warning him in time, but not quick enough to avert a terrible massacre, and in the frightful conflict ten mighty waves of Gladiolins extending for tens of miles were literally annihilated by the Abhennian cannon itself, and then from every point of the line the Abhennians swept forward with tremendous galleys, and cut the charging columns all to pieces, and carrying a 1,1 before them swept the whole line of survivors, back to their own positions, while all the Christian batteries roared and thundered in the most deafening crashes, and shells fairly tore the Gladiolin columns to pieces, every minute.

But Martineau was startled and surprised by this frightful turn in events, and while he was preparing for more assaults, Evans threw forward his ferocious battalions of Concontinians and Abhennians, against the Gladiolin center, and over across the whole front the Christian line poured like an overwhelming torrent, the artillery of the enemy crashed simultaneously all along the line, like the roar of a cannon, then the Christian line of assault moved, and then added by a terrific shower of musketry into the Christian line to pieces, and then with a dash of desperation the Gladiolins poured over their works, and along with the Abhennian first, and swept them clear from the field, but could make no head against the Concontinians and Abhennians who fought like so many

birds, and the Abhennians now coming up the Gladiolins were cut down, routed, and shot up so frightfully that the survivors threw their weapons away and fled to their own lines in a frightful panic. With greater thrust with the Abhennians adding to the rout poured on after the retreating Gladiolins like a wild mob, and poured down across the works, but the main Gladiolin front opposed them, and the struggle was terrific in the extreme. At every point of the line 'at Martineau' seemed his mightiest divisions and finally he routed the Abhennians, and drove them back clean across the river with terrible dissipation. But Evans covering the assault with all his artillery, sent all the other available forces forward, and again the frightful conflict was renewed, along the whole three miles, and men and officers went down everywhere like leaves. Martineau was killed, but general Calhoun took his place and urged on his men to the utmost and toward two o'clock in the afternoon the assault was repulsed, and few of the Christian assailants came back.

The losses for the Christians was awful, but every assault the enemy made when following up their success was completely unheeded, and the enemy toward night fell withdrawn, silently, and ceased the bloodiest conflict of the Gladiolin invasion entirely.

Evans was jubilant over his slight success, and prepared his armies to resume the struggle in the morning. In the morning during the night Violet and her sisters had been up separated from her friends during the last miles of that day of the battle, and were on pins and needles, for where they were armies were searching all around the files, on a slope and perhaps a can full of debris and waste.

They had never been in such a ticklish position before, and though they were strange Gladiolins, Violet and her sisters, knew well enough that they would only be recognized, for who was the Gladiolin of any army, that did not have their pictures which Martineau had so recently published. All that time the little girls were within easy gunshot of the enemy, and finally when the conflict did finally cease, the little girls thought it safe to venture forth, and had just about stepped from their hiding place, in the darkness, when in the distance they saw flashes like fire files, and the trees which protected them was riddled by hundreds of bullets.

"Oh what shall we do?" cried Angelina. "They see us now and will go through all perils to annihilate us."

"We'll have to get away no matter what happens," answered Violet. "It's our fault for not staying closer to Evans or any of the regiments. We ran into the fire and so we must do our own work to run out again."

As they saw that no Gladiolins attempted to follow the little girls stole cautiously out of their hiding place, and crawled forward on the ground, stopping every now and then, to see if they were being followed. Three hours of this work brought them to the edge of the famous stream, and now they saw that to escape to the west was over, and the river they knew was too dangerous to swim across. Nevertheless they decided to try it, and in they plunged. They had fairly a most terrific battle for their lives, but helping one another they finally got across, and lay exhausted for a long time on the opposite bank. As they finally rose to their feet, they were surprised and horrified to find themselves surrounded by at least half a hundred fierce Ho-Hollolins, who had seen them lying there, and who had quickly rushed up to take them by surprise. To allow themselves to be captured was fatal, and to the surprise of the foolish little girls again dove into the seething waters, and swam down stream.

"Shoot the reckless little little devils," cried the Ho-Hollolins brandishing their spears. The men played, but expecting the volley the little girls had sunk themselves further down into the water and so they were unharmed. The Gladiolins moved about and about the bank, and firing only to wound their enemies who were on the other side, of the stream but the little girls could not be moved by the swift current, and so for several hours of the Gladiolins of this section, and were able to hide themselves under the dark arch of a bridge, and as the enemy came swimming up they hid under the arch, and were safe from the enemy.

"It's awful," said Violet. "We are in a most dangerous position. We are in a most dangerous position. We are in a most dangerous position."

"Don't be so scared," said Violet. "We are in a most dangerous position. We are in a most dangerous position. We are in a most dangerous position."

As the little girls tried to swim up against the current was again attempted, but they now found their strength exhausted, and so half drowned they rode for the shore, and reached it just in time. They were lucky enough to find a launch tied to a small wharf and this they quickly secured, and finding plenty of gasoline Violet and her sisters, as well as her sisters, started the engine and soon up the stream they were rushing for the distant shore.

and a complete of enemy attack, but on account of the darkness only to go down in whole units and more. Violet and her picture witness that this scene of this night was repeated at this hour. Violet happened on the sea area within bottom range, and it horrified the sea general's plan, but they feared that to retreat will mean annihilation now, and so they only urged their men on the faster, ordering the men to return the fire when within the market shot range. As to the enemy opened fire the red and green units soon began to drop in such enormous and frightful numbers that it seemed as if they were simultaneously lying down, while the enemy moving down with columns pressed on to success.

"Return the fire to all your forces. Give them yelling Glandelinian dogs all the hell they're looking for." Shouted the Abbeasian officers.

The Glandelinians had now drawn within easy range of the whole christian line, there was a tumult of flags and musketry, the Abbeasian lines seemed to have broken out into an inferno, and whole lines in purple purple, red and green seemed to go down together, amidst the bloody chaos of horror, and a state of hell black, the foremost notions of the christianity, moved and rolled, and the Abbeasians now started to press forward, when again came the cry of the commanders.

"For God's sake don't pursue like fools or you'll all be shot down. They're not driven back yet. Only checked."

Evans in the meantime saw this slight check the enemy was now receiving, and sent extra large forces to help check the assaults, attacking Bicknell's lines, and then observing the overwhelming numbers of the Glandelinian assaults he sent to general Kindermine who was now appointed to take command of a newly arrived corps of Abbeasians.

"I believe it possible that we really can't hold against them much longer. Will you please send for general Cavillan Johnston, and Fallon and ask them to come up with their wild battalions of Concentration and Abbeasian forces. Hurry before it is too late. I'll see to it that your forces are placed in a proper position, to repel the foe without a disaster...."

Kindermine decided to go himself and started off himself, when Evans replied up said:

"Don't go yourself. We need you too badly after all. Send a messenger to do it...."

So Kindermine at once dispatched a messenger with this note:!!!!

"To general Cavillan and Fallon, Please send large forces to the help of general Bicknell right away. He is overwhelmed by a tremendous Glandelinian tidal wave at Easter Starring. Fighting more fearful than ever now, and the slaughter is doubly terrific. Evans wishes you to hurry."

"URGENT....."

Fallon had been advancing his own forces toward the same location having heard the wild uproar of the battle, and observing that Bicknell was striving with might and main to hurl back a storm of assault against his lines, was doubly resolved that he should do so, and threw all his force upon the right of the Glandelinian tidal wave, throwing a portion simultaneously upon its rear turning it, and this part of the Glandelinian surge being cut off and suddenly thrown into confusion from being attacked on two sides, began to waver and fall back, hundreds of thousands being taken as prisoners. Shewan also came up with more troops under Evans order and went deep into the bloody action, and now the still retreating christian divisions were being rallied. The steady rallying of the whole Bicknellian christian line, and the steady concentration of reinforcements, filled the Martingus with amazement, and as Cavillan the Glandelinian general hoped for reinforcements he had to do so, for he was bound to drive back the christians still in further and prevent Evans from advancing to the rescue of Hanson at all costs..... Evans in the meantime seeing how close the conflict had become now advised Violet and her picture to keep away from the fighting line at all hazards, while he ordered Shewan with his 7,000,000 to move on and take the place of the shattered divisions while he withdrew Bicknellian divisions back across the river.

Ordinary divisions were also retreating before the pressure of the enemy attack, and from a high rise of ground Violet and her picture could plainly see the whole line of assault, and observed that five hundred thousand

of the new force of Glandelinians were crossing the Easter Starring at another point, sweeping toward Brown's central lines, and facing at the same time a murderous fire from Bicknell's batteries.

"They are mostly all Mc-Hollistinians." Said Violet to her sisters. "And they are advancing in grand array, and in a fury that makes it seem impossible to stop. And two of the divisions are retreating before such heavy numbers of enemy as they are unable to withstand their assault. And I know it's such against the will of Bicknell. One of us must warn him."

They did by means of signals and seeing this incident Bicknell sent this note to Evans:

"I'm outnumbered ten to one by a fierce surge of Mc-Hollistinians, and must have heavy reinforcements immediately, or the battle will be entirely lost as I cannot under the world repel such heavy numbers any longer. Please hurry up especially your own field of artillery, as the foe are coming on like a storm wave and are getting so wild in the assault that nothing can withstand it any more. Two of the divisions are falling back."

"BICKNELL."

Cavillan in the meantime had received Kindermine's note, and though his staff protested against his intentions saying it was rash to stand against so strong a wave of Glandelinians he gave the order for the rush against the foe. Cavillan saying:

"We got to obey Evans or we will no matter how difficult the situation is. We have to check the enemy or the battle is lost and we will not be able to close on the Bristle Toe Station positions of the enemy. If we hold back from repelling the enemy, at the start the foe will soon overrun our lines, and make the whole world think that no christians cannot lick the enemy of God after all. I intend to check them despite the odds and even if I die for it."

He then wrote this note to Evans:

"URGENT. EVANS."

Bicknell reports he is overwhelmed ten to one, and it will be advisable for you to advance your entire force not in nation as yet or all will be lost. Two divisions of Bicknell's army are faint falling back before the foe assault and Bicknell predicts that he cannot hold out any longer. I'm going to his rescue as you asked me and probably my death, but I know my forces alone can not do the work successfully either, thus the reason I warn you to act wise and avert a threatening disaster that will bring on serious consequences."

General

Cavillan."

Cavillan had in the meantime advanced all of his forces with Shewan's command his right, and bringing up his artillery, Cavillan covered his movements by a sudden and most frightful camouflage, and then deploying his columns into line, first tore the advancing waves of the foe into fragments, with a storm of shot shell, grape and canister, and then ordered a counter charge. Adding the carriage with a fearful musket volley all along the line the whole christian force swept forward, and assailed the enemy with the greatest valour, and hurled back their foremost columns checking them still more, but though checked nevertheless the Glandelinians held their own ground stubbornly, fighting with devilish fury, and it was evident to Cavillan that he could not hold them at bay very long. Division after division of the Abbeasians swarmed forward to the counter attack, and back they were thrown shattered and mangled, and down their retreating survivors were mowed like grass.....

At this point the two forces were struggling desperately behind a window of dead of both sides, and hundreds of wounded were borne away every minute, the ground being strewn with dead for many miles.

Hordruden whole Abhianian line furiously repelled the terrific attack of the gland lancers, Hordruden himself was killed, and though he himself was determined to hold his ground at all costs, he could do nothing and indeed he saw as well as pickmell that the antirebelle and even though was lost to the christian side right then and there. Hordruden did a ' they could to keep up the courage of the men in it was of no use, the enemy was a holy terror in their assault now and yelling like demons the gland lancers finally swarmed over the works and trenches at all points smothering back the whole of pickmell's army and crushing it, the general himself being mortally wounded.

Evans was hurrying forward heavy reinforcements but now it was too late, Hordruden himself had to withdraw his division, and the reinforcements met a veritable tempest of men and bayonets, and all of the christian line was driven back mangled and torn, with their dead and wounded lying in heaps and though other columns went forward to revenge it they met annihilation with the loss of their leaders. Brown's division capturing all the artillery poured a perfect storm of shot and shell and canister upon the retreating christian line the victorious gland lancers rushing on like a victorious no' carrying all before them and capturing scores of millions of christians and twenty general to boot. Charles James Brown of the enemy side was killed, but it did not stop the wild advance of his men and all was soon wild confusion and retreat everywhere.

On millard's line alone did not press the advance after capturing it he trenches but kept up a constant firing five waves the ranks of christians down the gorge and prevented them from rallying, while to revenge a loss of their old leader Brown was increased the fury of the assault, and no reinforcing division of Abhianians themselves could stand before them.

Division after division of christians that tried to rally met annihilation, and when one christian line was completely withered, Evans saw that Guevillan the only leader of the assaulting column was bound to carry all before him even if it cost him his own life and while the battle and confusion increased everywhere Hordruden brought up all his artillery and poured into the ranks of the assailants a fire that was more terrible tearing hundreds of huge gaps in the enemy lines, but these were readily closed, and thousands of remnants of more christians became confused as their dead and wounded lay in monstrous windows.

Guevillan just now saw the confusion near the bodies of christians and gave the word all along his lines:

"Fix bayonets. Charge double file."

He was still met by furious heavily fixed bayonets, and crushed under the christian line and finally carried all before them for certainty. In the meantime general pickmell's soldiers of the new large force were greatly amazed to take it in the flank, and saw that Evans was depending his attack on a rally in a portion of his shattered divisions. Evans must not be at all. He said to himself, "It is not a danger who don't see foolish officers notice me. I'll show that flank attack alright on my own terms."

To see this the christians were all annihilated, and all of the common force most christians were retreating before the enemy in the wildest rout ever seen in any battle of the war, or any battle of any war that has ever occurred in this very world. While Evans was being compelled to withdraw other divisions to prevent the christians from being attacked the first two messengers sent for general riding reached him on the return, stating that neither general division, or common can come to his aid, that they were forced to retreat continually and without getting a chance to strike the enemy a single blow, and that every christian was in absolute and utter retreating before them, and that it was not in the least time to abandon the human or surrender to the gland lancers and sit over with the trouble and expense. "The had about general riding or any of them," Hordruden Evans "They must be willing to catch the war for they are all a bunch of cowards. I'll not abandon the human if every one in heaven would come down and command me to do so shut up and don't give me any advice."

At this moment general Hordruden's soldiers were riding

"Up."

"I've sent reinforcements but they cannot reach the scene of pickmell's death," he said.

"Go on! All general Hordruden's men to turn his cannon on all of the pickmell's men as possible," Hordruden Evans, "Hurry up before it's too late. I'll check the damn screaming wailing fiends of hell if I have to go with them to perdition from their damn souls. I'll hold you for reward if there is any falling."

The soldier charged and eddied out in five minutes all of the war within the christian line was coming; a veritable storm of fire of the events at pickmell's death was still and brilliant and annihilated it moving down the gland lancers line. Such a fire was poured upon them that for a moment the christian divisions of the foe being torn and shattered through and through resulted in a wild panic as the christians broke away, but the main line still came on as before like a screaming devil yell at their highest pitch, the order being full of God defying words, and blasphemies, and blasphemies, and they rushed the christian infantry defeating the cause with the fury of titans, there was an awful roar like a hundred million cannon, and the whole line was up to fragments, but up on a thousand and told lines, holding a huge wave with it, and again they carried all before them, a great Hordruden's line, and several soldiers ran, the foe pressed on and with the enemy one of the christian divisions for pieces, and Evans saw fearing that the whole army would at its quarter would not rally but annihilation withdrew all that he could of the main division to follow to the rear, and while the struggle was becoming so redoubled Evans, and the whole line was actually driven from the field Evans himself fell from his horse seriously and dangerously wounded.

This incident threw all of the other christian divisions into instant confusion, and within two hours, there was not a single christian soldier for the enemy to contend with, the whole line having fled in confusion.

During the terrible general Brown's pickmell's line had come up with heavy reinforcements and no did Hordruden Evans, he rallied an inch of the main christian column and quickly ordered them to better cover and advancing his right wing on the large christian line, the christian army the most serious resistance, and while a storming force of firing was in progress, he brought up his elite of armored men and then upon the christian line and tore it to shreds. He also advanced his own line still further and then learning that the main christian line was disabled, took personal command and decided to counter attack the enemy immediately as he to try and stop their advance.

"Now attack their right wing," Hordruden Evans said to his soldiers.

"It's too strong," Hordruden Evans said. "And a roaring tornado could sweep down upon them and sweep up those gland lancers and destroy them on their attack as I can see in the distance from no such smoke is supported by a line of the strongest batteries. The sure we are done for as there can be no checking that will not be very now."

"Well we can be on the defensive then and reduce their number when they attack us," Hordruden Evans said.

"We can't get to do anything," Hordruden Evans said.

"The right portion of the assaulting line is the only point where we can defeat them," Hordruden Evans said. "Their left is more strongly defended than their right or central portions, and the right I depend upon for a reverse. If not we can do nothing at all."

"I'll have it back to me in the defense," Hordruden Evans said. "Maybe by that we will be able to reverse every one of the ranks. See they are coming. For God's sake decide immediately general. They are coming as if all the devils were blown out of hell by a million eruptions of volcanoes. They are rolling and firing. I no I can see it at the end of the world is coming."

The attack came with terrific force, the enemy fairly stormed and passed with fury, the christian line like a million cannon on both sides, the christian line more fearful than before. Here the christian was surprised with complete and total defeat, then another general noticed from the point of observation that a portion of the christian center was being pressed back from their position. "I'll have it back to me in the defense," Hordruden Evans said. "Maybe by that we will be able to reverse every one of the ranks. See they are coming. For God's sake decide immediately general. They are coming as if all the devils were blown out of hell by a million eruptions of volcanoes. They are rolling and firing. I no I can see it at the end of the world is coming."

The little line became a wrecked, and Hordruden Evans said that they should hold their own, and seeing that the christian line was being pushed back like clouds of a 4th century there was a huge and the little line moved a man up with their flag, and the general seeing the signals and realizing that was a good sign on sent forward the remainder of the army on the double quick, while hundreds of christian were striving with the fury of a sea to rally these still christian divisions. The enemy was attacking in solid columns in a line like a formation and it indeed seemed terrible to see their impetuous assault which had recently carried all before it.

In violent and hot action but never pausing the course of terrible carnage, they saw that all the time and effort all within the battle within reason had been put, born, ingested, and all exhausted in a terrible manner. The side of both sides, especially before the point of picknell's column had to be, and from the terrible rain of cannon, itself everywhere in a terrible manner. Along picknell's line the enemy was still attacking with the most indestructible fury, and the Abbeonians who were still holding their ground were suffering such usual losses that it was evident that a long attack against the assault was an impossibility. The central main division of the Abbeonians of the Glendalians were in check but still the remainder of the attacking line being reinforced still more continued to press their advance, attacking in parallel lines, moving the Abbeonians down in many waves, and the firing along the lines of both sides, forests assumed such terrificity that all was everything became obscured in smoke. It was a frightful scene for Violet and her sister. Indeed on the carriage along general picknell's line was more horrible than it had been elsewhere along the christian line, the bloody struggle becoming fiercer and fiercer, as all the central divisions of Glendalians which had been temporarily checked now began to press forward once more, and general Charlesman Brown bringing up two thousand cannon. Let these loose upon the christians with a most deafening uproar, and as the first line came closer five million muskets broke into action in one simultaneous volley, and no more divisions of the Abbeonians were re-coiling as they were now down in whole swarms.

By now they had made all the most desperate attacks of the entire war to drive back the enemy assailants during this terrific battle of Renter Starring, but had failed, had been crushed and driven back with frightful loss, and suffered the loss also of over five hundred heavy weapons.

Victorious on the enemy were their losses was terrible. Generalians left grand division was shattered to fragments and Robert Knight Bannack now which had also stormed the christian line near Milton Den and Vanity Hill was almost annihilated by the christian fire. Picknell's a heavy relief to a lot of the pains which had not division after division to help in repelling the enemy assault and general Robinson's divisions of the Abbeonians were caught between two murderous fires, but nevertheless the christian counter assailants were forced to retire, leaving 70,592,222 dead behind.

The losses of the Glendalians for their threatening victory was awful but twice or three times more greater was the Abbeonian losses. A scene of more awful slaughter than ever Francis Atlanta of Logan Sea Run met together was along the Roman Run defended by 67,000,000 Abbeonians under Rudolph Heller and along picknell's line of 100,000,000 men. Picknell proved himself to be a more obstinate general than any of the christian generals known yet and his whole line fairly stormed with fire as the frenzied multitudes of gray lines came rushing on like screaming avalanches, and though thousands upon thousands of Abbeonians were fairly torn down by the fire of the enemy covering guns, the survivors only continued to hold their ground, repelling every assault of the foe, running away from division of the Glendalians but nearer and nearer over the enemy success for as fast as the strugglers a requital for the enemy they only resumed the assault with redoubled fury and without intermission. Scores of thousands of Glendalians' fragments immediately reached the christian trenches only to be wiped out, but the main line under the murderous fire of cannon and musketry tore onward, and threatened again to carry all before them, as they rolled up picknell's right wing.

But picknell was not daunted by this terrible disaster disaster for he threw forward to the defense monstrous fresh columns his own plucky new divisions in the enemy charging lines, and all was done to stop the charge, but amid the screaming undying battle, the enemy pressed clean up to the works, and soon the whole Abbeonian line faced a death dealing storm of musketry that tore the whole main line to pieces, and back retired the mangled, torn and bleeding columns and divisions, despite all that picknell could do to restore order. For four hours the struggle had increased before his right had been rolled up the christian general Rudolph Heller was killed, and Logan wounded, and his column facing an annihilating fire retired in utmost confusion, the general officers falling down by the score. The other main lines of ground were fairly obscured or littered with the bodies of the dead and wounded christians, and still a million of trees everywhere resembled the victory brooms.

The Abbeonians who were still holding their ground were lying down, behind rocks and breastworks, or trees and buildings and from this defense they continually tore up the enemy charging columns with a fearful gun and musketry fire, but without intermission the surviving columns of the foe kept on the desperate attack, and to make matters worse in due time

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new divisions of the picked Glendalians came up and used their own rifles, muskets, and cannons with the most faithful effects, cutting masses of the Abbeonians down as desperate their shelter, Logan Henson of the christian side a great general being mortally wounded, and as more and more divisions arrived for both sides at this location the firing grew fiercer and fiercer, and so fierce that the very boulders of stone and granite were dreadfully cut up by the tempest of minute balls, cannon and shells, which repeatedly brought to the destruction whole sections of Abbeonians, Angolians, and Glendalians together.

Simultaneously Heller's men driven from their works, had retreated to a long wooden hedge of weeds and thrown and other brushwood, two or three feet high, and these were so badly torn down by bullet storms, and cannon, that they shielded no one and so terrific was the losses of the Abbeonians that threatened with annihilation they again withdrew and three hundred big trees near here looked like victory brooms. Many trees even resembled sweeping brooms.

In the meantime as the batteries of both sides roared in the most incessant fury and deafening gradation it was seen that other portions of picknell's line was wavering, and later it had been found that 100,000 dead had been observed with their ears, legs, arms and even bodies cut away by the storm of bullets, and so frightfully dense was the smoke from firing that the whole scene resembled some gigantic fir forest fire.

Nothing whatever could check the wild onslaught of the enemy under Generalians, who was incessantly reinforced by Martinique army. Sherron reinforced the retiring Abbeonian columns in person and then he led them forward to the defense with colors flying. Rodney also arrived to picknell's assistance with seventy five thousand cannon, but it was soon that this time the enemy was advancing in overwhelming numbers, for though the seventy five thousand cannon now down whole divisions there were too many to now down fast enough to stop the charge.

Several thousand big machine guns had also been brought up and the frightful carnage and now opened fire doubly upon the attacking army, while all the other cannons now resumed their work at their guns when reloading reinforcements and more ammunition opening fire with terrific and destructive effect, and while they were doing the gray lines through and through general picknell changed his front, and sent many officers with cavalry to rally those who had been driven back. In the mean while the assailants came rushing on like wilder demons than ever, even though the artillery fire was kept up without intermission, and though all the Glendalians' cannons as themselves were all shot down many others took their places and on both sides the carnage became more horrible and increased in a frightful manner.

Perfect waves of the Glendalians rushed over the works shattering the christian line and to be torn to pieces by turn. The whole battle field was like a hell legion of demons gone mad. At the left of the field picknell's christian line the enemy had made attack after attack with unceasing fury and though each successive assault had been repelled and driven back, with the loss of scores of hundreds of thousands dead and wounded, the assaults had been repeated with such desperation and fury, and with such obstinacy that they finally carried all before them and again the battle surged forward with the enemy victorious along the other main wing.

These repeated disasters and appalling losses enraged picknell but he was not disheartened as his main columns redoubled their energy but as fast as the columns of Glendalians were dissolved in the face of this mad insidious fire, they had come on in ever increasing numbers and fairly committed a massacre when ever they closed with the desperate christian line. The enemy in this battle had made a fiercer charge than any seen in battle before shattering the whole christian line again and still again, and before they knew it the most faithful losses they ever.

The Glendalians calling like a hundred million cannon against the christian army as a fight and only saw the terrible carnage. The Abbeonians were demoralized, and as the generals still courageously kept their back to rally them they fell one by one. All of the broken and mangled columns were being driven out of the battle in a wide direction and finally they were driven out to the rear the enemy sweeping them up. The remaining small number of christian soldiers were scattered in all directions, some of them were killed, and others were taken prisoner. The christian army was now in a state of utter confusion and the Abbeonians were now victorious.

In the meantime the christian army was in a state of confusion. The loss of the christian divisions was so great that even the christian line of the enemy still number around the battle became three times fiercer than before, and increased some fifteen times with a peculiar fury. All of the christian army was now in a state of utter confusion and the Abbeonians were now victorious. The christian army was now in a state of utter confusion and the Abbeonians were now victorious.

"You little girls are terrible, engaged and set no more than to abandon the invention. Better application by finishing, they're raising with our heads to the fog." I've found out how to abandon the invention now with no such overblown mistakes and I'm well to provide, for not a single one would need a machine alive. We have started the final invention and now we have got to finish it. I don't think we notice how it turns out. But they worry about my defense. They do of course cause a serious situation to the cause, but there is nothing to be done. He said, "You've won the war. The future is only being finished." In my attempt to go to the end, and that is all. I would not abandon the invention now if I did for it myself. I've finished the machine, and now I'm going to finish it. "

Wiolet and her sisters did not feel that "to exist is crime, and to live
when alone amounts to 'betraying' this to someone." If ever individual

Several Eugene men besides me have been several in our executive committee this morning, and it was felt to write to Dr. Spittle Tom Skiles and tell him what we had done. To present to you better than this, and to tell us how we proceeded so far to a new day. We had not a few men but not one of them, and other churches in the area, and in the county. We don't think this, and it makes me a lot. I would like to see the people understand the anti-communist danger, and the danger of it.

[illegible]

"After our long hard battle, we have to do with Abkhazians. We are angry, but we are not a criminal. We have to fight the Abkhazians. I said: 'Evil. If it did not affect the Abkhazians, the Abkhazians would have captured the city of Gori.' In a time of months ago, it is the old 4 months ago, the terrible battle of Gori. The Zoo has run and we are over two hundred miles north of the city, yet, and nothing to progress toward for others. I told you it was something to do with Abkhazians. But then I don't see where it can do a real leaders or even fight for their defense, because over the picture of your idea of a nation. I don't know, I don't know and I don't know for two days, instead of rushing on as I should have done. So as not to get into a situation. I'll

"No one can solve the mystery and probably never will. It's about as hard to solve as the dignity of a man," answered Evans. "But what ever it is it is causing disaster upon disaster, and only the destruction of her other personality can be doing it to a stop. Only then can we expect absolute success." "Not to a destroyer," said Richard Thompson some way, and capture and subvert that general Anthony Desmond Federal who was her only companion."

"I know he did it for I saw the report in the papers about it all." Answered Brown. "It's your duty little girls to shoot him down and kill him like deer, for many thousands are so to me of our Lord Jesus. Help me to help your little girls with that assurance of so many poor helpless children. We'll all get him Jesus deer, so no now don't cry about it. I know how it feels for your little girls to see such a crime, and by God it moves me deeply too. I have longed with heart and soul to send him to another place to be loved, and believe me you and I will."

Violat and her sisters in the canton decided to spy on the enemy no matter what happened, and so 7 or 8 out of the soldiers were armed they managed to strip just the canton, and leave the lines. However they soon found that to leave the Altiplano Indian was impossible for christian actually were running around everywhere, and so the little girls badly disappointed decided to return to the lines and did so. They soon also found out that to spy on the enemy was impossible and so they let the matter drop.

"Don't take no chances with ' ' the general Pickens' plan.' 'It's as treacherous as a snake and would turn on you without the least warning it."

"You'll have to bring the case before general Evans," said general Richardson. "At least they ought to send him to the Island prison."
The general was brought before general Evans then, but Evans would not send him, and gave the status quo. He did not care what was done to the wicked Hamiltonian general as long as he was put away somewhere."

"I don't like the way he acts." You had better have the man search him at once, general. He may have concealed weapons."

Gammillan was ordered by general Johnston Jackson Hanley by message to go ahead and attack the christian army, but he stated to Hanley that to assault a supremely impregnable position was suicide, and that he did not wish to annihilate his army. Realizing his mistake at last, Hanley repented of his deed, and wrote a message to general Martinique to return but he wrote back:

"I would have resigned anyway if you had not removed me from command. I realize what a cause I was fighting for and if I expect to save my soul I'll remain at home, and let the consequences come to you what they may. You are a wicked lot of rascals who are defouling your very country, and it's better for us if the christians do win and make a better nation out of us. I'll not come back to resume command, and by the time you receive this message I'll be far away on a voyage to Hickenville. Don't write me a gain. I'm your enemy and your whole darn cause to boot.

MARTIN MARTINIQUE."

Hanley was furious over this note when he received it, and gave orders and advises to all to see to it that the man would be pursued and placed under arrest on the charge of treason but his returned answer was from those who knew him:

"It's your fault general Hanley, and we cannot persecute or prosecute a general who opposes your intentions. You removed him from command without reason at all when he could win any battle for you that was desired, so not now take the medicine as we'll not do a thing to bring him back. He committed no treason. It's you that did and if you start any more trouble like that I'll report you to the king."

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.

THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF BRISTLETOE STATION.

IT'S CAPTURE.

BATTLE OF BRISTLETOE JUNCTION. HANSON'S MOST SEVERE
THE DESTRUCTION OF AUBREY FOLLERS ARMY, DURING
THE SEVERE AND SANGUINARY BATTLE OF
BALLARD'S RUN.

It was fully over a month since the great struggle at Denton Starring before Evans had been able to take command of the armies again. Since the invasion of Glandelinia up to this time the number of battles had been indeed great and now it was the month of September ten months since the frightful carnage at Gloriana.

Two more months Evans kept his army out of action through necessary reasons, it was too crippled just now to try and regain any of the lost ground, and he was waiting patiently for reinforcements that he had long expected. On December 14th Evans had already a newly formed army of 367,999,466 men and Gammillan had without any further fighting been forced to retreat all the way to Lion Catherine, and from it pursued closely by Evans and general Vivian also, with Evavette Trues army, and King Cannons. By the Fifteenth of December Evans was so secretly concentrating his armies south of Bristle Toe Station unconscious to the enemy. It was a glorious change of affairs, and all on account of caution, patience, and carefulness, and great gallantry.

And also because Gammillan did not dare oppose Evans. For this act on his part general Gammillan lost his command and general Madam Bubble was put in his place. General Vivian opposed Bubble, while Evans concentrated his army upon Bristle Toe Station. At many other points during these months there had been general quiet, for no battles had been fought, but nevertheless, there had been numerous skirmishes, and terrific raids, and forages, and work of devastation going on.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters had been working on the many mysteries of the Aronburg situation, and then suddenly they came to the facts of the conclusion of the tragedy at the battle of Emerald gun creek so long ago when a little girl gave up her life for the sake of a general whom she nevertheless had failed to save. They brought this situation before general Jack Evans and said:

"It's strange that she had the same name of our adopted sister Evangelina Aronburg. This seems to be the real part of the mystery. Ain't she the weak and criminal Aronburg child who was murdered?"

"No, my beautiful little saints I should say not." Answered Evans. "I can easily explain the mystery alright. She is no relation of the old children, your little adopted sister, and the beloved sister who had been so cruelly murdered, but from the family she came from she was also the last name 'Aronburg', she originally came to have that name through the case cause of her parents. I have known that little girl for three years and I saved her life and again to keep away from the firing line, but nothing whatever could keep her away, and on that day when that frightful battle occurred, she was killed by a Glandelinian machine gunner. Her death is never forgotten, and on account of her death the army will fight for more than any other. Her death was not accidental but an assassination as well as the assassination of the original Aronburg child, Gertrude's sister, and as well as the assassination of all the other children slain by the wicked Glandelinian soldiers. There is no excuse for the Glandelinians for this deed or any other, but nevertheless it has nothing however to do with the situation of the great Aronburg mystery. As she is no relation."

Evans lay before Bristle Toe station for some while, while he was preparing for attack, and simultaneously he was extending his armies, in such a fashion that he did whatever could come to general Robinson Hanley.

Violet and her sisters threw their glances could see in the distance the long stretches of the Glandelinian prairie, and also far to the right the well known and famous railway station. . . . They had a longing to go to the place and see their uncle once more, but they knew that unless a victory was won it was impossible, for to go through the Glandelinian lines under Hanley was suicide. They were standing by a fence overgrown with green shrubbery, and trees, looking like the prettiest fairies of Ireland when up galloped three of the Abbeonnanian generals, strange soldiers to the little girls, and between them they had a prisoner which looked very much like general Picknell the friend of Violet and her sisters. The generals halted when they saw these beautiful children, and felt touched in spite of themselves. They had never seen these little girls before, and at first had the suspicion that the children would have darted away at their appearance but immediately to their surprise the little girls walked over to them or rather flitted like little birds, and little Catherine herself said:

"General who is the prisoner you have. He looks like a Glandelinian general who had befriended us on many days."

"It's general P.D. Plausible." Answered the Abbeonnanian officer. "He are you little girls that you ask this question and salute me like a soldier does?"

"We are general Vivians daughters." Answered Catherine.

"You are very young for your age little girl." Said the Abbeonnanian general.

"And yet you speak as if you were a young lady."

"I am." Answered Catherine with a winsome smile.

"I know it." Answered the Abbeonnanian general. "But that is not what I meant at all. You speak like a girl of twenty one years of age and you look to be only eight. But who is general Vivian? We never heard of him before. There are at least so many Vivians that I do not know whom you mean."

"General Robert Angelio Vivian." Answered Catherine. "He is supposed to be the main commander next to our uncle uncle Hanson Angelio Vivian. We are known as the parlours of the nation, the Vivian girls, but as the 'Wild Cats' by the enemy."

"Oh you are the Vivian Girls!" He gasped. "I ought to have known it by your sweet smiling ways in the first place, but I have forgotten about it. Glad to meet you my dear little heroines. This man we have gave himself up yesterday, as he did not want to serve in the war any longer. He is being taken to headquarters to be transferred to the prison camp. He is a Glandelinian general."

Violet and her sisters decided to follow the general, and as the general knew the little girls could ride horses, he ordered the cavalry men who were coming up to dismount, at least eight of the men, but the little girls said:

"We will ride with the men, they need not dismount. It's all right."

The soldiers were all strangers to the little girls, and they thought at first that the generals had rescued the pretty little children from some skulking foe, and they insisted on dismounting, but to their surprise the little girls were on the horses backs behind the men before they could understand what had happened. How could such little girls mount horses even when wearing dresses like they did. They were not only awed, but flabbergasted and wondered indeed who the strange and peculiar little girls were. They chatted with the soldiers all the way as if they had known them for all their lives, speaking first, on religious matters, asking the soldiers, if they were taking good care of their souls, and so on, how they wished the war was over, and how they wished to know how to reach Hansons lines at Bristle Toe station. The soldiers answered every question bashfully, but truthfully, and one of them finally said:

"You must be the little Vivian girls we have heard so much about, for your ways of speech, your character, and features show it. Are you not then little children, the dearest flowers of the whole world?"

"I suppose we'll have to admit it in one way." Answered Jennie. "But how do you know we are flowers. Did you see us grow on a plant?"

The other soldiers laughed at this and another said:

"Tossy look out with your flattery. You can't get the best of those little girls. I'll be bound. They are really the Vivian girls. A right, and it's a heavenly pleasure that they are among us for once. But how come you little girls to be picked up here. Were the enemy looking for you?"

"They were not looking for us just now, though I don't doubt they are looking for us every minute." Said Jennie. "We were just surveying the scene far in the distance and saw through our field glasses the situation of the railroad depot called Bristle Toe Station. If Evans puts his left wing through that gap we are to the right of the station the war will be surely a victory in a shot this for us."

"Oh no you little girls were spying again." Said another soldier. "Where in the world did you get all the bravado?"

"We don't know ourselves." Said Jennie. "We were always like this since we ever became conscious that we were alive, and we seem to enjoy peril as if it was nothing but sport. At least it is sport to us to pursue or be pursued by the enemy, captured, and get away, with all their plans and other materials. But it did not need nerve to spy on them this time, as we never went anywhere near their camp. We observed the gap in their lines through our field glasses in the distance. That gap if once occupied would cause a serious disaster to Hanson Hanley and his army would be thrown out right away. It will take a fierce battle to do so however."

"Oh general Goodwill." Said the soldier suddenly. "The little fairies here have good information."

"Good information?" Cried the general. "What about?"

"They see a gap in the enemys lines, which if general Evans knows about he could easily capture Bristle Toe Station before general Hansons very eyes."

He The Abbeonnanian general Goodwill was surprised at this astounding news, and he was so shown and directed by little Catherine just where he could with his glasses see the gap which was exposed in the enemys lines.

"You little girls can take the opportunity and report it to him."

Said the general elated over this discovery. "Do you know where general Evans has his headquarters?"

"Yes." Answered Violet herself. "We are his charges. We'll let him know right as soon as we reach him. You soldiers whose horses we are riding can come with us if you like us so well. Will that be all right?"

"Certainly." Answered the soldiers in a chorus.

The little girls then changed their course, and sent the horses flying faster than usual. As they reached a small Glen they were surprised by a rush of gray clad soldiers, who immediately surrounded them and cried:

"Surrender you little child devils and surrender right away if you wish to save yourselves."

The christian soldiers felt the little girls were done for and with a sinking heart prayed, not paying any attention for the moment what was going on, until regaining their senses, they found themselves still riding, and looking back saw about twenty dismounted Glandelinians, horses running back and forth, and a number starting forward on a fierce gallop firing furiously. Looking at the little girls when they had expected to be excited excited if not scared, they saw them taunting the foe with their little handkerchiefs, and laughing until the tears ran down their rosy cheeks.

"Well I'll be." Cried one of the soldiers. "How can you little girls manage to get away so easily?"

"You mean how did the enemy escape so easily." Answered Jennie. "You boys must have been asleep that you had not observed the fun. Why we simply made a dash that was all, and upset them all."

The foremost of the Glandelinians were crying a tearing after the fugitives, and the soldiers, unloading their rifles, and started firing, but did not hit any of the pursuers.

The Glandelinians however who were really within the christian lines, but did not know it did not pursue very far, for all of a sudden a large force of christian cavalry rushed upon them from seemingly all sides, and shot down down every single one of them. They were the fierce and abysmal Glandelinians who will massacre any bunch of Glandelinian soldiers who they see pursuing child ren, no matter who the child may be. So ends the slight permit of the wicked once more, and in a few minutes more the main line of the Abbeonnanian camp was reached, and the little girls reached Evans headquarters.

Evans was busy at that moment when they came in playing with little William and Francis and when he saw the Vivian girls reappear he at once greeted them as he had always greeted them before.

"Evans dear, there is a great gap in the enemys lines to the west of the railway depot called Bristle Toe Station." Said Angelina. "If you can get a large force of your army into that gap you will easily drive the enemy from Bristle Toe Station right before our uncles eyes."

"Good that you little girls discovered this." Answered Evans almost hugging hugging her till she screamed. "I'll do it for your sakes anyway."

Hanson was stationed in his headquarters when a general officer came riding in and cried general Hanson there is a great battle going on south of here. Don't you hear the noise it's something terrible. Oblisten."

Hanson risk rushed out of his headquarters and listened.

A loud continuous booming roar as if many volcanoes in the distance were in action made his heart, added, by nightier roars, and all kinds of sounds.

"It's true," he said. "I wonder who is attacking, for I'm sure it's Manley's army that is being assailed."

After being informed of the gap Evans had went to the very spot where the little girls had discovered it and also observed that it was true. He did not wait until the morning for action as he had planned, but had immediately ordered his full force of cavalry to go in and fill that gap immediately, while he would send forward his whole right wing to its support. The cavalry did as was ordered, and charging across the open fields under cover of massed christian batteries, tore their way into the gap like a roaring cyclone and carrying all before it, without much loss, occupied all the space, capturing over 10,000 Glandelinian artillery, general Manleys headquarters, Bristle Toe Station, and the whole stretch of Easter Starring in that location, and soon after before Manley could realize what disaster had befallen his army, the main christian force had come up, and was in possession of the gap.

Manley did not learn of it until two hours later, and then he made terrific efforts to drive the Abbeonmians out, but another force of christians had arrived, all Angolians, and they put themselves in the way of the charging enemy and crushed the mighty assault in an hours time, the general of the foe whose name was Worldy Wisemann being killed.

Evans toward noon brought his whole army up and soon toward evening was engaging all of Manleys armies in the fiercest manner. The Glandelinians repulsed the attacks of the christians troops all that day with frightful loss, and put all their cannons in motion, tearing all of the charging lines to pieces, but Evans though he failed in carrying the main position, had possession of the gap and at night time he withdrew the assaults, and brought his army up into a better position. This is what Hanson had heard.

Violet and her sisters were happy over the results of their discovery, and hoped now that the enemy would be driven back. There was however no need of more fighting, Evans had been repulsed in all of his assaults, but never theless Manley did not dare maintain his position, for he knew who now confronted him on the south, and if he stayed much longer, Hanson would take advantage of it and close him in and then it would be all off.

In the morning Evans was between Hanson and Bristle Toe Station, but not an enemy was in sight. Evans notifying Hanson who had been the attacker, and advising him to seize the location right away, went off in pursuit of Manley.

Violet and her sisters were feeling less blue now for they saw that Evans had won some success again, and realized what would happen if the christian armies under general Hanson took possession of Bristle Toe Station.

When Manley made a halt on the 24th of december, Evans had to halt his armies also and prepared for another battle but Manley did not attack, and when Evans remounted him he recoiled still further to a stronger position. That night it appeared as if it was the most perilous duty for snorties that had ever been experienced as so many had been shot down by Glandelinian sharpshooters lurking in the tree tops near the christian lines.

Evans intended to crush the army under Manley as soon as possible, but many of his generals were against his attacking the foe too soon stating the reason that the retreating Glandelinian army had placed themselves in a very unsafe unassailable position and that to attack Manley now would bring a reverse that he would never recover from and the christian cause would certainly be lost. Nevertheless at first Evans decided to attack the enemy without delay but he found on scouting that all the facts related by his advisers was true, and to attack Manley in such a poor position would be complete suicide.

Nevertheless Evans decided not to be outdone in this way and startled however so a spirited artillery firing, which brought a severe response, but never theless no attack on the part of the enemy came and for a long time the two armies had already faced each other and now the season was Christmas. Christmas in Glandelinda is different than those in Calvernia. Calvernia is winter as early as October, Glandelinda from coast to coast is tropical and intensely warm in the winter as seasons. To the Angolians the heat was torture, but the Abbeonmians having a hotter country than any in the world made little of the Glandelinian summer throughout the year round.

During one of their exploits Violet and her sisters had a harrowing brush with the enemy and one of them who was Jennie had been severely wounded and lay still in bed though now Christmas was fast approaching.

"How is my little Vivian Girl to day?" asked general Evans, sitting down beside the small white cot, upon which repose, in a half sitting posture, the little maid of eight years of age was reading a story in the Bible. Her pale face, and half wasted face and hands, denoted the recovery of a most severe illness produced by her wounds, but the large deep blue eyes that were raised to the face of the great and mighty Abbeonmian general were bright with joy.

"I feel very well to day Evans dear," said Jennie, smiling happily. "The doctor says I can get up, and in a little while I'll be well again. Oh I'm so glad, because I've been in bed such a long time since your last battle at Easter Starring. It seems a whole year."

"But my little Jennie has been so patient and willing to bear her pain for the Love of our Dear Lord, that I'm surprised he has not taken you with him already," said general Evans touched in spite of himself, and gently stroking the golden curls.

"I have tried," answered the child simply. She lifted her eyes to a picture of the Holy Innocents hanging on the wall opposite the bed in her tent. "And I have asked our Blessed Father to help me and my sisters grow still holier. Oh Evans dear, don't you think I will be all right with my dear sisters in the Christmas procession, and also in the Christmas evening of the Blessed Virgin, and join the Children of God and Mary to morrow?"

The General Evans looked dubious. The Holy child was so eager that he did not wish to discourage her, but it hardly seemed possible that the little Vivian girl, who was recovering from a serious wound in her right lung could regain her strength within this short time still left before the beautiful ceremonies at the Christmas day which was on the following morning, but to be refused it would surely kill her right.

"I know what we will do dear little Jennie," he said. "We will start a series of Rosaries to day to the Blessed Virgin for this intention. She will I'm sure obtain for you a speedy recovery."

"Oh yes that will be fine," exclaimed little Jennie vividly, her big blue eyes lighting up. "I do so want to join in the Christmas procession, and join the little children of Mary, now that so many of my own friends are already in heaven."

Years came into the child's eyes, and a general Evans put his arms around her slender shoulders. General Evans left little Jennie to her sisters after a short time and returned to the Knights of Columbus building, and he at once knelt before our Lady's altar, offering up a fervent petition that she would obtain Jennie's wish. The hours passed quickly enough for poor Jennie, yesterday ever y hour she had become a little stronger, but the doctor was worried, because her little heart had become slightly diseased. As soon as the child was up he advised her to stay out of doors in the warm sunshine. This was a source of joy to little Jennie, who spent most of the time in the fields around the army plucking flow'ers and with the help of her sisters distributed them among the many wounded christian soldiers. On the day before Christmas eve she picked a large bouquet and sent it to the church in the army for our Lady's altar by her sisters.

During the last week before Christmas she was able to take them herself. How good it seemed to poor Jennie the first day she was able to be around again and re-enter the army churches. It seemed an age since she had been able to visit our Lord. She walked swiftly down the aisle, and knelt at the railing, as close to the sacred Heart of our Lord as she could get. How dear to that Divine Heart must have been the loving words that came so simply from the unpolished lips of the child.

Then Jennie passed on to the blessed Mother's altar, laid her frail offering at the feet of the statue, and kneeling down recited the Novena prayers. On Saturday the little patient visited the doctor, and expressed herself

as feeling very strong. However doctor Larnson experienced eyes noticed the bluish shadows under the eyes, and felt the unsteady pulse with some anxiety. Mortally wounded she surely was, but she pleaded so eloquently that he had not the heart to refuse her. He would have raised her and gladly too, but he thought and feared that the disappointment might do her more harm than the participation in the ceremony on the morrow. So after a few moments of silence during which Jennie looked at him with anxious, pleading eyes, he gave his permission. With a cry of joy the child impulsively threw her arms around him and gave him a literal "Bear Hug."

"Oh doctor you are an angel," she said. "I will certainly pray hard for you to morrow. Oh I'm too happy for words."

The little girl looked positively radiant when she almost ran into Father Finney at the door of the Knight of Columbus Building. "Well what has happened to make my little Jennie so joyous?" asked the priest kindly.

"Oh Father the doctor said I might go in the procession to night. And I shall join the children of Mary." Was the answer. As the child entered the building or rather army church and took her place by the confessional the priests eyes rested on her lovingly.

"She is like a lily pure and sweet. Dear Mother of God make her your own lily to morrow and keep her forever unsullied."

The evening was perfect in the weather. The still deep blue sky was without a cloud, a gentle breeze sent the blossoms swaying back and forth in the distant fields, and the setting sun still bathed the landscape in glorious golden hues. I did not look as if a terrible war was going on at all. The main Knights of Col Columbus Building which was called the Church of our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament was transformed into a perfect bower, innumerable candles blazing on the altars and with the Urbs and other statues the statue of the Blessed Virgin was almost hidden by roses and lilies. At midnight the music commenced and while a hundred pure voices of children sang the beautiful Mass by one of the German girls, a little flower crowned and led by ten of her companions, kneeling at the altar and crowned first the Holy Babe, and then our Blessed Mother with a wreath of lilies.

Then a band of young girls in white with veils looking about their own bright faces, approached the altar rail. In clear distinct voices they recited immediately the act of consecration to the Immaculate Virgin vowing perpetual fidelity to their Heavenly queen and became the Children of Mary. The happiest of that privileged band, was violet and her sisters. Their little faces were fairly radiant. When the priest slipped the blue ribbons holding the medals of their over their heads, a thrill of joy passed over them, and they imagined they saw the mother of God smiling lovingly down upon them. Sole benediction ended the beautiful midnight ceremonies. Violet and her sisters bowed their heads in adoration. Never had our Blessed Mother seemed so near, they almost could see her standing on the altar, raising His pierced hands in blessing. And the little girls begged him in their childish ways to bless them and to keep them always pure and good, as became a child of Mary. Violet and her sisters were sorry and distressed was all about to be over. As violet and her sisters sat in the pew next to the christian generals who attended the little girls made a fair picture of the Blessed Virgin when she herself was a little child, with that rapt look on her face. The eyes of a violet and her sisters caught the eyes of the christian generals and smiled. The next instant a shot rang out and simultaneously Catherine put her hand to her side. Her face turning deathly white, and general Poleros hastily stopped forward and the little girl fell senseless into her arms. Simultaneously the priest who had been administering the Blessing, was seen to stagger, and fall to the floor. Just as the priest was being attended to they carried the little girl into the sacristy, while someone ran for the doctor. But Father Finney as he bent over the slender childish form and looked into the white face felt sure that earthly help of was of no avail. Her sisters were wild with grief. As the doctor came and took away her hand he found it bespattered with blood, and examining her he saw that she had literally been shot in the side of her chest, and that the bullet had lodged very close to her heart. Tenderly he stretched her until the little golden head rested on his bosom. A deep sigh came from the bluish lips, and the great violet eyes opened. They seemed bright with a light not of this earth to the doctor. She did not notice them kneeling around her. Her eyes were fixed in a rapt gaze beyond them. Then a radiant smile transfigured her white face and her lips moved.

Father Finney bent down to catch her voice, words.

"I am," she whispered. "I am my Blessed Mother."

The golden head sank back against the priests shoulder the long lashes swept the marble cheeks and the little hands fell helpless at her side. A moment of deep silence reigned. It was broken by the sob of her sisters. Father Finney his own eyes wet with tears reverently drew the veil back over her white face.

"Get gone," Evans said to one of the men. "Doctor do you think she is really beyond hope. Is she mortally wounded?"

"I think I can save her by a serious operation," answered the doctor.

"She and the priest were shot right down by some one at the same time."

Evans came up at the same time by the orderly and he knelt down beside the little girl who was really sinking fast. At Evans orders she was carried into the hospital tent, and the operation started immediately.

"He has laughed Evans before her sisters. "It's the greatest thing that ever happened. General Johnston how many prisoners have we in the camp?"

"About ten million."

"Massacre them all," thundered Evans.

"What?" cried the astonished officer.

"You heard what I said," answered Evans with a fierce pugnacious look. "I'll spare no damn fool officer or private. Massacre them all. Do it now. I'll have no contradiction."

Orders were orders and the general saw that he must obey though he relented faintly gave the order to all the fellow officers.

While the operation was in progress, a terrible massacre of glandelinian prisoners started. In vain they tried to escape they were shot or cut down by the fierce Abyssinians, who became like raving mobs. The only man who escaped this reign of terror was Germania civilian and because he had alone been in Evans headquarters at the time. And he was the one who had shot little Catherine down and the priest right before the altar. He had lain in quiet with the intention of preventing the progress of the operation and when he got the chance he shot the three doctors down while they were at their work and dashed away just as three of the soldiers saw him.

"at the damn accursed mile," I missed Evans. And mounting a horse he immediately led the pursuit.

"How did he escape the guards in the first place he thundered. "I'll shoot the cur down if I go to perdition. The fugitive was on a horse but Evans being a good rider fast overtook the man and seeing himself cornered Germania leveled his pistol. Evans saw the movement, and fired simultaneously. The report of Germania's pistols. Both horses sank to the ground, and Germania escaped into the deep recesses of the woods, and all the efforts to locate him was in vain. The would be assassin, and scoreless convict had literally escaped from the christian army without injury, and by him Evans had been hit in the shoulder. Though not severely wounded, Evans was in no mood to pursue further, but he nevertheless saw to it that his orders were obeyed, and within three hours time all of the glandelinian prisoners had been massacred by the Abyssinians who joined the Abyssinians in the frightful medium.

Manley had in the meantime heard of this frightful massacre, on account of the shooting of one of the civilian girls by Germania who had escaped and sending large forces of cavalry to go to his rescue to stop his pursuers. Manley early in the morning took the whole left wing of Evans army by surprise and after a terrific con. contest in which 23,000,000 men fell on both sides in four hours broke up the whole christian line, captured twenty million christians and massacred the rest. They had also captured over sixty thousand of the child slaves who had been rescued besides twenty priests, bishops, and army guns and before Evans eyes committed the cruellest massacre of these persons ever happened, before, and Manley defied Evans before God and all his angels to revenge the massacre, and following up his threat and defiance raging the night battle all along the line in the most desperate efforts to capture the civilian girls. Soldiers along the christian side went down by the five hundred thousand, and the losses of the enemy still worse in the firing of cannons tore the ground to pieces with shell fire, and drenched the heavens with the din.

Manley put all his forces in that assault, and though one life of attackers not complete annihilation, he hurled the sum of her forward, and crushed back the whole christian center, and carried all before him capturing many more millions of prisoners whom were massacred.

Evans frantically brought up all his heaviest reserves to stop this demoniac onslaught, and massed all his batteries, while he withdrew the children who seemed to suffer, and saw to it that Violet and her sisters were more closely guarded. It was terrible the night's onslaught, but there was no chance of holding ground, and the whole center was again crushed and rolled up for good, and many generals on the christian side fell mortally wounded. "Honor won a glorious victory, but he has yet failed to capture the christian girls. Evans was compelled to withdraw his army, and he retreated hastily toward Henrietta Junction, and notified Hanson that he had been defeated again and that he must be reinforced or other wise the christian armies would be annihilated and the vivian girls captured. While great parts of the forces were retreating, Evans commanded his main army to go forward, and repel Hanley. As he saw to it that Violet and her sisters and the other children would be taken over to general Hanson's lines.

Toward the afternoon the battle was resumed with redoubled fury, and while Evans was preparing for the deplorable departure of the little girls, he drew up his biggest guns and all the such as guns that could be massed, and let the enemy have the full storm of rolling point blank. It was a massacre of gladiolins guns and ships, and Hanson was enough now suddenly hearing the crash of so many guns, that seemed to make the heavens above his own lines go wild with din and clamor, though his lines were inactive, grew apprehensive and apprehensive, and ordered forward his armies just as he received the note sent by Evans.

A hundred thousand soldiers were detailed to take the vivian girls to the lines, while Evans sent general plannon to see that no armies of the enemy would try to intercept the escorts, and if so to report the matter at once. Hanson read the note, and realizing the situation hurried his orders, and also awaited the coming of the vivian girls whom Evans predicted were coming. Evans was now active with greater intensity his whole line was in action, and seeing that he could not hold out any longer he sent an other messenger to Hanson, that help must come as soon as possible or all is lost, as by the way the enemy was making an attack, it was evident that they meant to massacre all of the soldiers.

For wounded themselves were brutally slain by the enraged gladiolins who spared no one, and who having captured more children tore their very entrails out and flung them at the retreating christian soldiers.

It seemed possible that Hanley's army had gone mad with fury, for their wild assault never stopped despite the heavy fire the christian line was putting, but now as reinforcements were arriving from Hanson it did no good, and Evans was compelled toward four o'clock to withdraw again, and in no time the whole christian army, shot down by the millions were in terrible panic, and streamed toward Bristol too station in the wildest confusion that Hanson who soon witnessed it had ever seen in his life.

He sent division after division to repel the enemy, while he strove with the help of his officers to crush the enemy at other quarters, and sent swarthy forces to beat the panic out of the soldiers streaming so wildly to the rear. Even those those escorting Violet and her sisters were caught in this wave of confusion, and fled precipitately, the little girls think of it being abandoned by the panic stricken soldiers, and left to their fate what ever it might be.

Hanson saw that something must be done, and so he massed all his own batteries, and from Henrietta Junction, to Bristol too station, and along the Foster Starring, there was a perfect stream of cannon volleys, and shell fire tore the gladiolinian columns to pieces by the terrible thousands, but maddened by the din of battle, they struck at Hanson's line like thrillions of raving demons, and only went back sullenly when their whole line of assault over 45,678,999 strong was torn in tatters, and almost withered.

To Evans before this check it was a frightful disaster over expected, for his army had been scattered, the vivian girls narrowly escaping, and all his new generals Evangelist, Help, James Interpreter, Silence, Comforter, Watchful, Discretion, Piety, Prudence, Charity, Cedion, Jacob, Sinera, Shungur, David Goliath, Gath, Jeremiah, Faithful, Peete Josie, Knowledge, Experience, Sincere, Great Grace, Good Confidence, Hopeful, Honesty Wine, Sagacity, Jack Meray, Reliever, Gains, That's-that-which-is-good! Hanson, Contrite, Holy man, Love-saint, Penitent, Hall Lucie, and Valiant for truth were all mortally wounded, and Evans himself was able to boast of fifteen severe bullet wounds.

Hanson saw it was impossible to rally the scattered army of christians, and allowed the stream to the rear. Night for the time closed the bloody and merciless contest, but early the next morning the battle was resumed with ten times the greater fury, and this time Hanley directed the fiercest assaults against Hanson's whole line. He did directed the center of his most desperate attack against the line situated at Bristol too station, and carried it after fighting of the most savage character.

Three hundred divisions were thrown against Hanson's main center, and terrible indeed was the battle now. All day long it raged with the most frightful fury. Hanson's lines were driven out of its position, only to re-grasp the lost ground, but not without terrible loss. "Honor he ever was bound to sweep all before him and finally toward evening he did. Hanson's army overwhelmed Hanley's ten to one, but it was as if Hanley overwhelmed Hanson a hundred to one. In trying to rally the troops Hanson received a bullet wound just where Catherine had been shot, and he was borne from the field in the most critical condition. His army also was completely routed, and scattered for scores of miles, an untold number of prisoners were captured by the enemy and slain, and the enemy did not stop the pursuit until they had fairly scattered the whole christian army, keeping up the driving pursuit for two weeks, until Hanson's army was beyond rally. Bristol too station was retaj retaj, the enemy was in possession of many of the works, and had regained one hundred miles of the lost ground. Ambrose Fuller's army had come up in time to join in the fray, and he had himself given Hanson his most severe wound.

Violet and her sisters, themselves had been fugitives, having been scattered even from each other, and for those two weeks, almost starved and had to pick up food on the ground. Where Jennie and Catherine were they did not know but they felt sure they were slain, for they had been left behind in the pain panic and Violet and her poor sisters realized probably they would never see them again.

It was a frightful state of affairs. The army from the sight of a christian soldier. They certainly were in great danger, and they had to disguise themselves as gladiolinian peasants to escape detection, and the way they were questioned for every place they passed, sent a thrill of horror through them.

They laughed at peril many times before, but now they wished they had never went into gladiolins with the christian armies. They had a foreboding in the first place that the christian armies would meet a serious disaster like this and now the fears had come true.

"We are lost and the whole cause is lost!" cried poor Violet in despair. "Our two sisters missing, probably dying, our prisoners, and we far from refuge of any kind, and the two mighty christian armies are more greatly scattered than Hanley's was at gladiolins. I tell you sisters we'll soon see the enemy invading the countries of Calverbia again. And you will see if I ain't right."

"And this to happen to add to that sorrow committed by some one." Said Angelina. "Shooting our sister and the priest down at the altar. That was awful. To wonder Evans caused the prisoners to be slain."

"Yes and I believe his massacre of the gladiolinian prisoners, made Hanley's army to wild that this occurred." Said Nettie. "We are lost and that's all there is to it. We are scores of miles from any other christian armies. It will take many months before Evans' army is rallied and regathered again. And still I still longer for Hanson. And he was shot the same way as poor little Catherine, though I have heard he is in a more critical condition, and will not live."

"Oh our poor uncle." cried Peat. "We did not know he was mortally wounded." "Who told you this Nettie?"

"I saw it." She answered. "Ambrose Fuller shot him down."

"I knew this would happen in the first place." Said Evangelina. "And if we don't reach the refuge of some christian army soon we will never live long enough to escape the foe."

The little girls had reached a certain farm region when they came upon a small batch of tents which loomed in the distance, and going forward cautiously they surveyed the tents at a distance.

"They're gladiolinians so be careful." Whispered Violet drying her eyes. "We won't go near it at all. Better starve than be captured and slain. by the wicked foe."

They made a wide branch of the tents and continued on northward and then entered a dense woods. Here at least for a while there was shelter and they laid down and cried themselves to sleep. Indeed it had been a fearful time in events for the christian cause. All the other christians armies had still been retreating, general vivian, and cannon wisely kept their distance from the gladiolinian armies opposed to them, and general Vertette's army at all retreated from the foe. There was no good luck anywhere, and every christian army had been hurried back for all the distance they had won without any further battles.

The very world realized that the war seemed lost to the christian side, and some of the nation's began to advise the Abbeauminian governments to be on the winner's side, and lay off from gladiolins before it is too late, stating that no nation could conquer mighty gladiolins now for it was too late.

For three days Violet and her sisters were horrified fugitives in the wilderness, their only food being berries, the, and, and the water they brought down from the trees. Very little water they were able to obtain and at times they were so exhausted, and thirsty that they could hardly move a step further, and had to suck on tree leaves to relieve their parched tongues. To ask for shelter was in vain for they were in the heart of the dense country, far from any Christian army, and yet they must do something or other wise they would perish. They never ceased prayer, praying that it did no good to pray at all for here they still were. The only creatures they saw in the wilderness was the wild deer they saw occasionally, and dangerous animals of every description, even tigers, were abundant, and fortunately the little girls never encountered the fierce and bloodthirsty Glandelinians. Bloodthirsty Glandelinians, who were different than those north in California and destroy all human beings within their reach.

It was indeed a perilous wilderness, and not only was there great danger from all these wild beasts, but every hour the they had been set upon by Chalkin Glandelinian warriors, who were really scouring the region for them, as Hunsley had known of their escape, of their wanderings, and was bound to capture and destroy the little girls.

At last reaching a small wooden pathway the little girls were suddenly surprised by seeing a swarm of horsemen coming, and they wore the Californian uniforms. Despite the uniforms they were the little girls did not trust the soldiers, and immediately darted into a hiding place. Three of the men saw them dash into the hiding place, and rode immediately to the spot, and finding the children who were unarmed immediately dragged them within view.

"Look who we captured colonel," said the men who had seized them. "They appear to be peasants but by luck they are the pretty children of Heaven. I'll be bound. Let's use them as our nannies."

Violet and her sisters screamed and tried to break away but the men held them all the firmer while the rest of the party came up and halted.

"What are you beautiful little boys doing out in this woods all alone?" demanded the colonel.

Violet and her sisters did not answer a word, and the colonel said: "You children are peculiar to me. Tell me who are you and what is your purpose in this wilderness. Tell me or I'll let the men give you a good flogging with a switch."

"We are lost," said Nettie.

"Lost! How come you who are peasants and who ought to know the whole country around about be lost. It's a black handed lie. You are little girls disguised as boys, and if I'm not mistaken you are spies. You will have to come along with us and give a better account of yourselves. Why the idea. Telling us such a fib. Here get on the horses, and mark my words if you try to make a break you won't hesitate in shooting you down."

The little girls obeyed at once and impatient over this the men forthwith hustled them on their horses, with no little gentleness, and then the column of horsemen continued on their way, but instead of northward as the little girls expected they went on southward.

"Off with these clothes," said the officer and the girls. "You have your own underclothes. Go on and don't delay about it either." Violet and her sisters had to obey but they never felt so humiliated in their lives, for all they really had on was their thinner inside clothing, and when they had followed the instructions the soldiers were surprised at the strange and appalling beauty of the little girls.

They are extraordinary children, and I believe we are making a mistake in being harsh to them," said the Captain surveying the beautiful little girls. "Some children. Don't be fools. We are not devils and won't eat you up. Tell us who you are and why you were found in this wilderness."

"If we were to die like dogs we could and would tell nothing different," answered Violet. "And if you are telling us the truth you would not dispute us either. You men look like Californians but we doubt you are. You are Glandelinians. I'll bet imposing as Californians."

"Indeed we ain't no Glandelinians," retorted the captain grabbing her gently by the arm. "We see our own mistake now and believe you. But how come you to be lost in the wilderness. We are anxious to know."

Violet told him all that had happened.

"Yes we know of that serious disaster," said the captain fiercely.

"It was general Hunsley's fault really. He did he wait until morning, and let the enemy attack him. I belong to general Henry Dargers army. For children must have been fugitives for many days. But now don't start to cry. We can see that you little girls are mighty hungry, and as soon as we reach camp we see what we can do."

The cavalry rode onward, and after an hours riding came within sight of a long line of tents in the wilderness, and soon a number of redcoats were rushing up, and demanding who the fair prisoners were.

the men shrugged their shoulders with the answer;

"They didn't tell us."

Violet and her sisters were helped to dismount for they were faint with hunger, and a hasty meal was immediately prepared for them. The soldiers did not know what to supply them for clothing, and so after they had finished eating, they brought the little girls before the general as they were. He knew them right away.

"Well boys," he cried. "This is indeed a surprise for me and all of you. I suppose you don't know those little girls but I do. They are the daughters of general Vivian."

All of the men gasped in surprise, and then all surged forward to offer their sympathy and congratulations, and one after another many of the soldiers cuddled and embraced the little girls so tightly that they almost winced from pain.

"They were unhappy however for all that and crying as if their hearts would break out," said;

"We are safe, but we don't know what has become of poor Jennie and Catherine."

"Ha, ha cheer up little dears, you are only crying over spilt milk," laughed the good nature. "Surely god would not let them come to harm at all. They were brought here safely to me by a large column of Abbeabukilians who never deserted them, and who when pursued slew all the pursuers every time they appeared. They are both recovering, and so you won't need to cry any more. And think little girls another good news. All of general Hunsley's army was not routed. Only a portion. My brother August Darger was advancing in the region at the time, and he came up with the army he had took Hunsley's place after he fell, covered the retreat of as many of the soldiers, as possible and withdrew the rest of the badly beaten army in good order. Over a hundred miles of ground has been regained by the foe but we never should let that worry us. We'll win again. All we look for is the recovery of Hunsley and Evans who are in the hospitals in Angolia to which they had been sent."

Nevertheless the little girls were fairly run down by their experience and they were allowed to go to the bedroom of the generals and get a well needed rest, where they again cried themselves to sleep, with poor Jennie and Catherine. General Darger had all that meanwhile sent troops out by the thousands and those who had picked them up, and had been on the hunt for Violet and her sisters, but though they picked up the little girls, had not recognized them at first, and so supposed them to be mere Glandelinian children who were prowling around the region to obtain information for the enemy. General Darger was sorry for the little girls, and did not know at first what to do. To three of the little girls he gave him own bed, and slept on the floor, and made in it as comfortable as he could for the little girls. It was a tragedy that had happened to them all right, and he felt a lump arise in his throat as he the next morning bent over the fair children whose cheeks were still tear stained.

Jennie and Catherine had recovered thanks to the goodness of providence and had been reunited to their sisters after many weeks of separation. He did not wake them as he intended that they should sleep as long as they could. He had heard tremendous news about the disaster to the two non-sterous Christian armies, and had felt terribly about it. Two armies had been beaten severely by a vastly inferior force, their two main commanders wounded and millions of prisoners even massacred by the victorious foe. The whole of Abbeabukil had heard of this tremendous reverse in Glandelin, and the government was at a loss of what to do. General Vivian also having heard of the disaster was flabbergasted, and so was King Cannon and he advised general Vivian by message to have the little girls sent immediately to Abbeabukil before it was too late. In the note to general Vivian he said;

"Your excellency general Vivian."

The armies under generals Evans and your brother Hanson, Vivian have been disgracefully defeated, with exorbitating losses and scattered widely in every direction, and disorganized in the most terrible manner. I have heard of the Glorinda disaster to the end enemy at the end of that battle, but the defeat of the Abbeabukilian armies under Evans and general Hanson as wild reports show was ten times worse. It even seems as if all is lost, but nevertheless we can try now if opportunity takes its chance. I do advise you to have your little daughters taken back to Abbeabukil before its too late, for I'm positively sure the enemy will at last slay them yet. Don't be a fool, and do as I advise. The enemy are bound to get the little girls and I'm sure they will get them. They were nearly captured during that last great

and frightful struggle. Surely there will be a chance for the enemy yet if you are not careful about your poor little daughters. And even now they are fugitives, and general Darger is trying his utmost to locate them with his vast cavalry forces. And what is the matter with your great old Will Zimmerman? Why don't he do something, and try and retake Trieste too, and recover all the ground regained by the Glandelinian armies. Surely he is the man who can do the winning. Can't depend all upon general Evans."

KING GANNON."

In the meantime evil forebodings were hanging over the whole scene of war. All of the Abbeismian armies had heard of the ruthless massacre of christian soldiers during the frightful battle of Henrietta Junction, and were fully aroused beyond describing, especially the plight of violet and her sisters aroused Dargers army the worse. Darger did not think of starting anything but a day later after the Vivian Girls had entered his own lines, he could see the threatening attitude of his men and decided that it was right any how to let them have their way. It was Dargers wish anyway to see it done for reparation of what the scenes had been in northern Angelina and throughout the whole of Galverinia. His army were all Abyssinians, killians, no Abbeismians, men who in a fury were impossible to restrain, that no officers could do anything with, and though they were brave, their looting looks and actions were suspicious to da Darger and he knew that trouble was brewing indeed. Finally he said to all his officers:

"I see how the army of soldiers in my command is doing. They no doubt have been aroused over the plight of the poor little girls more, and of the massacre of women and children, men and priests, and soldiers during the battle just waged at Henrietta Junction, and so I wish you to tell them, then that they are at liberty to do what they please, on this situation, but that I do not want them to harm Glandelinian children unless they cannot convey overt it. But whatever they wish otherwise, tell them go to it with all the fury they can muster. Here after I'll not object to anything if possible. If we are to worst Glandelinia as this war we will have to resort to the harshest methods. We have not been following out our commands in the first place, and one one tenth the damage has been done in Glandelinia compared to that done in Galverinia alone. So tell them to go to it when ever they wish. I'll do all I can to help them at that."

In the meantime he went to see if the little girls were yet asleep, and found them getting up, and dressing themselves. He sat down by the bed and taking poor Nettie and little Violet in his arms said:

"The men are aroused to fiery fury over the plight of your little girls, and there is no telling what will be done. I have told them to go ahead and resort to all the fury they can. We have not done our work well anyway." Indeed Violet and her sisters had a beautiful Christmas day. Witnessing two bloody, and frightful disasters, made fugitives, for two weeks, and having the true knowledge that they would be separated from their parents for a terrible long time and also from each other because they both had been severely wounded..... They received no gift gifts, because none could be obtained, and yet they bore all this meekly without a murmur different from the many millions of children who had no christmases for over three years, and who complained bitterly about it and cried their eyes out because they had received no gifts.

All of the soldiers felt sorry for poor Violet and her sisters, and did their best to cheer them up, giving them gift gifts of their own kind, and telling them that soon their faithful friend general Jack Evans would come back again to resume command.....

In the meantime a debatement was held between the councils of Abbeismian and Angelina, on which proved himself during the war to be the best of all the christian generals. Any he had their opinion of opinion that Will Zimmerman was the best able commander of the lot, despite his rank, that general Gannon was next to him, general Vivian came first of all and that Danson and general Evans was the weakest generals of them all. Through examinations of the outcomes of the war, it was seen by the various battles taken notice of, that general Jack Evans had been more responsible for and it was also held that if it had not been for the doing of general Evans, Danson and Robert Vivian, the invasion of the enemy's country would never have happened again, and that the enemy would have won the war at the very battle along the Archange Run.

Thus they came to the conclusion that whole three were alike not greater than either one, but that general Evans alone proved himself to be the worse enemy Glandelinia ever had. The debatement had been held for the reason of the various passages of the christian invasion, and that it was intended to remove the christian general responsible for the disaster that had occurred. But no one was found guilty, it was realized, by predictions of all newspapers of all nations of the sudden and frightful fury of the Glandelinian soldiers, that during the invasion of the christian countries, in the early parts of the war the enemy had allowed themselves to be overwhelmed in every battle, because they had been wise wisely retaining most of their best fighters, the Mc-Hollesstinians, Omarians, and Zimmermannians at home, and these were thrown upon the christians in full force when the invasion had gotten considerable headway, and that these three kinds of Glandelinian

Glandelinians the worse of all the fighters had put up such furious battles that only the armies under the two Dargers, and Will Zimmerman never lost ground. At all other points the invasion was really completely broken, for the christian armies already having broken across the Angelinian boundary line, and that a new invasion of the christian countries was threatening. Zimmerman and the other two generals with their armies were in dire peril, and had been advised to withdraw from the enemy's territory before all the Glandelinian armies came and concentrated against them in all their most overwhelming numbers, but the three generals were determined not to back out under any conditions, being confident that if the others could not push the game through to a final end they could and would at whatever cost.

THEIR armies were no doubt enormously large, large enough to repel large Glandelinian armies, should they attack them, but to hold out against the besieging armies, should they lay siege to the christian armies, was as it seemed in the eyes of the Abbeismian governments an impossibility.....

Knowing that the invasion of the christian armies was completely broken, by the furious resistance of the enemy, the Abbeismian governments, and those of Angelina started work at once. After the battle of Galverinia was over, and when the invasion of Glandelinia started, the many armies of Angelina at the orders of Gannon and King Gannon of Abbeismian had remained at home to repel another invasion. The christian armies, liberated out of Glandelinia, and so when the news spread of this great disaster which had already happened, the Angelinian armies started at once to flock in toward the holy lines, while all those who were in the northern parts started to move forward to take their places. Galverinia was aroused and became apprehensive over this turn in events, and so Abbeismian being anxious and surprised, and also embarrassed before the world that her own troops should be thus handled, decided upon more decided action. She had already the rest of her enlisted men well drilled, having during the invasion sent 200,000,000 men into the struggle. The rest had remained in Galverinia to await developments. Now as the rumors came of a threatening defeat, the whole remainder was ordered to start forward, to help their comrades, and through many Angelinian towns poured the Abbeismian armies, while also apprehensive Abyssinians were mobilizing her own armies to their fullest strength, and sent provisions by the shortest route through Angelina, aimed to the succor of the starving ones.

So though the invasion of the christians had at last really been broken it did not seem to benefit the Glandelinian cause any, for it only aroused the so-called christian countries enraged in this bloody game, and all one force of the nation poured forth through Angelina and were on their way to the boundary line, with the intention of pressing on in the invasion until the enemy of God was crushed.

Violet and her sisters having remained their normal happiness and learning that generals Danson and Evans were speedily on the road of recovery, felt better, and felt more like seeing the thing through, though at first after being taken in by Dargers army the little girls had the strong inclination of offering to go back to Angelina, and thence to Abbeismian, but not see any more of it as long as it seemed as if God's enemy was going to have the upper hand. And when they heard, that Abbeismian had only sent a portion of her armies, before, and was now sending all the armies of men that had enlisted, and that they were pouring in tidal waves for the boundary lines of Angelina, their spirits returned, and they felt like laughing and playing again. Darger was so confronted by the Glandelinian army under general Caluso Aberdeonia, but this general had delayed attacks against this formidable christian enemy so long, in spite of entreaties and threats and commands, from the Glandelinian governments that at last his command had been withdrawn, and general James Smith was giving full command of this Glandelinian army. He tried to draw general Darger into an engagement, and would have succeeded, but now the government knowing what had happened to the other christian armies, ordered him to wait, until all the other Glandelinian

armies not engaged would come up surround Darger and help him force the christian general into a surrender. Darger knew the scene of the glandelinian authorities, and decided not to allow himself to be outwitted, in that way, and so he continually kept all of his eagerly awaiting in many parties, to watch every movement of the enemy, and for every movement reported Darger made movements also which flabbergasted the wicked glandelinian generals of the army confronting him.

Violet and her sisters watched the movements of the great christian armies under Darger with awe and amazement. How different he worked than general Evans or general Hanson. No wonder that Darger was a formidable foe. The glandelinian general, Smith was too slow in his actions to satisfy the glandelinian governments, and so he was also withdrawn from command, and general William Schloeder was appointed to take command. He was a formidable foe to the christian armies, though in earlier days Darger and this glandelinian soldier had once been the best of friends, and there had not been hardly a single day or night that they had not seen each other, and had good times among each other.

It was dull days for violet and her sisters. They were alone in a strange strange army, Evans was far away in Angolinda, slowly recovering from his wounds, and no one knew when he would be back, Hanson also away from the armies, and in Angolinda, and his armies still scattered. Violet and her sisters indeed felt lonely and did not even know what to do with themselves. They wished themselves back in their home in Abyssiniana where they had been that time when with Evans before the great and bitter war which was raging now, and also wished that Hanson, or their father had not gone into the strife but had stayed at home. Time and again the tears would fill their eyes, when they thought what had happened to general Jack Evans, and they prayed that he would recover quicker so that something could be done. Within this time they had heard that large portions of Hanson's, and Evans scattered armies had been partially rallied, but that they had not heard of the other divisions yet, and feared they they had fared badly, or been annihilated by roving glandelinian armies and slaughtered. They asked Darger daily for good news but he heard of none, told them that all he heard was that the Abyssinian armies pouring toward the boundary line of Glandelinia and Angolinda had stopped advancing, and that general Hanson's army and that under Evans was without a head, and that it was rumored that William Schloeder by orders of general Vivian through the decree of the Angolinda government was to take command of the two leaderless armies, for there was no telling but it may take many months that Evans would return to resume command of Hanson's army.

This was indeed discouraging news, and later Darger himself was shocked by receiving a note from the Abyssinian government stating that he must abandon the invasion if he valued his army. He answered back,

"No one is to give me orders but general Hanson only. If he orders me or the others to leave the enemy's country I will gladly do so, but not with out orders from him will I do so. I appreciate your good advice, but then I'm going to stick it out no matter what happens. I depend upon Zimmermann to change the scene since he is to assume command of the armies Hanson had been formerly commanding, and if he carries better advantage against the enemy, then I would be a fool and a big goose to abandon the invasion. If you think it is better to do so state your intentions to my superior either general Vivian or Hanson. Without their orders I cannot do anything."

General Henry Darger.

Later on when he learned who the new glandelinian commander was Darger became saddened, because he did not like to clash with his long time friend, who though still fighting on opposite sides, were as firm as friends as ever. Schloeder however did not know who at first commanded, the christian army opposed to him, but he soon learned that the Vivian girls were in his power.

In the possession of the Abyssinians and determined to see into the matter himself. Violet and her sisters were out in a small creek by a wayside and taking a crack in the water, when a large party of glandelinians approached led by general William Schloeder himself. General Schloeder had a red flame in his hat and a ferocious bull as big as a Minotaur charged upon the glandelinians with fury. The soldiers became panic stricken and fled, and the general was badly jeopardized. He was an enemy it is true, but it did not make an difference to violet and her sisters. Jumping out of the creek, the little girls at once rushed to his aid, flinging their own red cloaks which they hastily wrapped around themselves. Seeing the red the bull was still more infuriated, and charged with terrific ferocity

right for the little girls, who saved themselves by diving into the deep water which saved them from the bull who dared not try the deepness of the water. He however turned his wrath once again upon the general who had no time to escape but again the little girls were at their work, and this gave the general time to draw his pistols and after five good shots he brought the infuriated beast at last. In the scuffle the little girls were slightly injured, but nothing minor to scratches and small bruises.

The general looked around him in amazement, and then at the little girls. Here these little girls, unarmed had saved him from the fury of the bull, while the party of soldiers with him armed to the teeth had fled to safety leaving him to deal alone with the fierce monster. He had always been a decent general in the first place despite his long service in the glandelinian armies, and he had heard a good deal about the little girls and their ways, and how they had eluded many times their wildest pursuers. At this moment the men still cowering returned one by one until all were there. They were going to make a dash at Violet and her sisters.

"There are the Vivian girls." Cried one of them. "Let's kill them and bring their remains to Manley."

They would surely have easily done it, and cruelly gitted the little girls but just as they had surrounded the little girls Schloeder cried out; "Who has a hair of your heads, dies like a dog. All of you men are cowards black hearted cowards. You had good good feet when the bull attacked me and while you left me alone to the damn beasts mercy, these little girls saved me at their own peril. Get back in ranks and leave them alone."

The men sullenly obeyed, but with downcast eyes as they realized their cowardice.

"This shall be reported to the government." Said Schloeder. "I'll have no cowards within my lines. Your penalty will be death for your desertion in time of peril."

He was about to turn and resume his march when noticing the little girls he said;

"You little girls have gained my everlasting friendship for your deed. I don't know what to do on the matter though for I would like to have you little girls alone with me as prisoners for you are great spies. But it would be ingratitude to take you prisoners so you had better hurry away before any other party of my troopers come along. But would you mind telling me who is the leader of the christian army. I heard he is general Henry Darger a friend of mine in early days. Is it true?"

"Yes." It is general. Answered Violet.

The general said no more but doffed his hat to them and went his way. Later about two days, Violet and her sisters managing each to get a newspaper the glandelinian news were surprised to read this article

"General William Schloeder the formidable glandelinian general and a fighter whom no christian army ever mastered against us for truth could whip has resigned his command because his adversary general Henry Darger commanded the christian army. It is blamed on the Vivian girls more because they showed off before him by saving him from a wild bull which they no doubt place there on purpose as a bait. Glandelinia has lost the last of our best generals on account of that little set of devils in beautiful forms, whom has gained this general's everlasting friendship and a reward of \$456,789,999 will be given to the first man who shoots these little brats down in ambush when not conscious of danger. Their interruption must be stopped."

KING GLANDELIN OF
GLANDELINIA

"So the glandelinian king thinks we put the bull on purpose does he?"

Said Jennie. "Well he is certainly mistaken. He said that just to make slander against us. We know that he resigned more because he would not fight against a friend he loved so well no matter if he is a christian officer. And he acted wisely for doing so. A brave friend who fights a fight even even in time of war is no friend."

Violet and her sisters went at once to general Darger and one of the little girls showed him the article. It indeed does seem strange indeed that these little girls could act so familiar with every christian general no matter who over he is as if they were their own daughters, but no good were these little girls that all of the generals had wished ardently that they were their own and always received them gladly. Darger loved violet and her sisters as strongly as Evans did though he hardly had them in his embraces embrace as yet.....!!!!!!

General Darger was surprised when he saw this report in the paper, and was also glad for a friend had refused to fight a friend, and had also forbade his wicked soldiers from harassing the little girls at the same time.

"It's good news," said general Darger. "But just the same you had better look out for yourselves. The enemy will surely try to get you now since the reward is so great."

"But rewards were offered for our capture all the time, and they never got us yet," answered Violet. "We do take care of ourselves. We know the rules of Manley despite the fact we shot him. He does not slacken up and we are on the watch. The foe would give anything to destroy us."

It was evidently perfect to general Darger that there was nothing whatever that could daunt the little girls, and he did not know what to make of their bravery at all. To him the little girls were not mere children. They seemed children with natures beyond comprehension, and whose bravery out-rivaled the fiercest lions, nay a score of tigers could not have the fury that the little girls could show when aroused by so many wicked Glandelinians as to they had done so often before. He also almost feared the little girls himself. Pretty indeed as the prettiest angels, graceful in every form, but their looks showed indeed what they really were, and there was a peculiar light in their eyes which showed danger lurking there. Many of the Glandelinians when they saw the little girls, had did not with a little dread, and there is no doubt if it had not been for their reckless officers urging them on, they would have turned tail and bolted at the first sight of the little girls.

They were always conscious that no time could they ever be or even stay the little girls. Even the worse of the Glandelinian generals wondered who indeed were these children they pursued so often with fierce and desperate efforts to take or slay, and yet with no success whatever, and only lost many of their soldiers during the pursuit. Darger indeed admired Violet and her sisters, and at their first appearance he had been overawed, but nevertheless he had not been like Roswell Buxton Johnston, overawed, and had moved to them on the very first moment they came to him.

He had longed to fold them in his strong arms, but this he did not exactly have the nerve to do, and yet he felt the desire almost irresistible. He had heard every detail of the experiences of the little girls now before him, how they outwitted the enemy so often, how much they suffered how they had been almost assassinated at the bloody battle of Brigano, and hundreds of other things already described in the story. He wondered how they could have endured it all as they did. During the early part of the morning he asked them many questions, about themselves before the war ever broke out, and many other things over described or not described.

Then he asked them just for fun to see what the answer would be, which of them all was the worst worse for the foe to tackle.

"Gertrude Angelina is," was their universal answer, before Gertrude could say a word. We were really good girls, more than angels she called all the time, every day of the war, and though missing for a long time never was a prisoner as we had heard when false rumors told about her capture. We know of her depredations because we read it in the papers, and she fairly terrified the enemy who strove with greater efforts to catch her than they did us, and never succeeded in doing anything to her when they did take her."

"I don't like to brag about it, but to be honest, I'll have to admit that it is all too true," said Gertrude. "It's my bravery that brought general Vivian to me. I'm a good and holy father to adopt me as one of his own and include me as one of the dearest of little girl friends. But then I escaped all the misery when they did not. They suffered, while I suffered once when spring on the enemy, and getting out unharmed by four desperate assaults, when I killed and escaped from just the same. Their lives were harder than mine and so they deserve all the credit and not me."

"All of you are just as good," said general Darger, "I wish to draw the little girl into his arms. This is the first time that I ever saw your little girl's face to face, but nevertheless I knew both general Vivian, and Hanson his brother when we ourselves were children. We were content to be, ever known among the children there, and never once in our lives had a single cross word."

"My sisters never quarrel quarreled either," said Gertrude, speaking for them herself. And neither have I ever quarreled with them, except one day unintentionally when not recognizing them I came near shooting them as Glandelinian boy scouts. They had some difficult work proving to me who they were, and only their disarming their disguises before my eyes changed our cross words."

"But it could not be helped," said Violet. "There ain't a single one among us that can't be too careful when so many wicked and

wicked enemies are hunting for us. It showed that you were careful who you were meeting with, as well know ourselves from experiences that the Glandelinian boy scouts are more dangerous than the Glandelinian soldiers themselves."

Violet and her sisters felt at home with this great Christian general who they had only seen this first time, but just the same they wished that general Evans was well again, for they missed him more than ever now, as well as both their uncles and father. General Vivian's army was really another army not driven out of Glandelinia but his was further north than any of the other three. But early that morning the little girls had heard that a portion of the Abbeinnian fleet, bearing toward the boundary line, had

swopt down across, and that general Vivian was having his army increased so in immensely that he had to send an appeal for the help of more generals as he alone could not perfectly command so great an army as he had now. And he had received in the shortest time possible forty six well commissioned general officers, many who having been wounded during the war and who having recovered with returning, especially all who had been wounded in any of the battles were well enough to return to resume command, and soon general Vivian himself had the biggest army that any single Christian general ever had before, bigger than any army that even fought at Florida.

Hanson's army had been rallied, and so had those under Evans, and these two being formed into one, and being also reinforced by Abbeinnians, was still commanderless as Zimmermann did not like to take the place of general Evans, but from his own hospital in the city of Pandora general Evans wrote to Zimmermann this telegram:

"My friend general William Darger Zimmermann;

Outside of myself or general Hanson, and Vivian there is probably no better general than you. Be wise and accept the rank of officer office

given you. You have proven yourself a great soldier, and deserve this best of commissions. It's my wish and Hanson's, and even general Vivian's, and the dear little adopted sisters of mine that you assume command, and push on to recover all the ground that I have lost. I have been whipped again, I must admit it, but then it has cost dear to the enemy, and I know from true reports all around the world, that the enemy are only on the last stages of desperation, are badly played out, and that improbably another six months they will themselves be laying down their arms and begging for peace and mercy. If you are the friends of my little sisters, their two real good brothers, and of the two holy generals who I trusted more to you than any one else you will take the command. Abbeinnia herself depends only on you general Zimmermann for success, and so I advise you to go ahead and assume command. It will do you good too, and probably you'll get the chance of taking care of the little girls until I return."

GENERAL JACK AMBROSE EVANS."

Getting this telegram from Evans was the final. Zimmermann immediately assumed command, and did not lay idle either. He immediately started forward, making a strong advance and so thickly was the Abbeinnians pouring behind him that his very army seemed to the Glandelinian army as opposed to him to have no end whatever.

Violet and her sisters were happy when they heard that Zimmermann had taken the command of the armies and that he and their father both were advancing again and that the enemy was retreating before heavy and over-whelming numbers once again, and that many armies were also also preparing to pour over the boundary line. General Darger advised Violet and her sisters each to write a letter to Evans, and they told him that they did so, and were expecting an answer from him, and even Uncle in a few more days.

"We asked him to hurry and get well again," said Violet. "We told him and even Uncle and told him to come safe in your lines, and that we hoped that they would soon come close enough to that we can be together again and never be separated. Till"

In fact it was the last time that general Hanson or Robert Vivian, and Evans would be separated from these dear little girls. Glandelinia was really driven to the last stages, and it was evident that no more successes would be won by her for now the armies of Abbeinnia and Angelina together with the Abbeinnians and Glandelinians were meeting across the boundary

Due to reason the broken human, Darger desired to make an advance, but he got no orders to do so, and so had to wait. The enemy carefully would not attack him because his army was so heavily armed, and as Darger did not advance against the nothing doing he could be done.

Later on, while the armies under Zimmermann and the others were lagging to advance again, Darger received reports that general Lord Van Gloom who had taken general y William Schloers place was making strange movements, and Violet and her sisters who had been out scouting saw the same movements, and reported it to the other Christian generals themselves. Whether the enemy intended to attack or not, Darger did not know, but nevertheless their movements was certainly suspicious, and so general Darger decided to have the enemy watched.

Darger was not conscious that Violet and her sisters were scouting on the enemy, and so going out on a scouting tour. He suddenly came upon the little girls in the act of signalling a new movement which they had observed among the enemy's lines.

"Why what are you little girls doing out here?" He said. "Are you the persons that are giving all the warning to my officers?"

Violet and her sisters were surprised at his sudden appearance but nevertheless they answered him right enough telling him all the truth from start to finish.

"You little girls are peculiar indeed," He said. "And don't you feel not the slightest fear of being discovered by the enemy? You know they can destroy your lives even at this distance."

Violet and her sisters surprised him still more by giving a chirping laugh.

"We know no fear but of God," answered Violet. "Why should we fear the wicked enemies of God? We never did before, and never do now. It's our duty to scout on them anyway, since the government generals forbid us to spy and so we went on this scouting tour."

Darger did not say anything for several minutes and then he said: "You little girls are I believe responsible for every victory our Christians have won during the war, and the papers had said so too. What are the names of the enemy are making?"

"Just look and see general for yourself," said Gertrude Annelise. "I think that they are intending to give you battle."

Darger watched the enemy movements carefully and then said:

"It's a heavy demonstration they are making. I'm positive they are trying to draw us into attacking them. I will attack them, but with my artillery only if they act too suspicious. Better we allow you little girls and return to the lines before the enemy—"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Two shells exploded close to where they were all standing and the horse general Darger was mounted on staggered and fell, the general hurrying just quick enough to prevent himself from being caught under the horse's body and all.

The general however was not injured, and quickly jumping on his feet up to the little girls to hurry for safety.

"Jump on behind me," shouted Violet. "We'll make a get away before they fire their guns again."

The general did so and away the whole party dashed and just in time for two more shells exploded just where they had been before. The artillery of the one enemy tried to get the range of the fugitive, trying to follow them with the shells but in vain, they escaped, and soon they were within the Christian lines, and Darger gave warning to his officers to be on the lookout.

"It's a demonstration they are making," He said. "But Violet and her sisters were out scouting on them, and I got out too discovered them, and a short conversation, were discovered and had to dash away for my very lives as the enemy let loose their cannon upon us, though it seems only to be merely a demoralization, just the same don't allow those dirty Glandelinians down to take any of your commands by surprise."

Violet and her sisters had indeed discovered the movement of the enemy, but it however was a preparation for attack for the enemy did not think it wise or safe to storm general Darger's lines just then. Violet and her sisters listened for several hours expecting to hear the sound of firing but nothing happened, and just then an officer came riding up and inquired for the little girls. He was shown to their place and he asked them and gave a letter for each of you little girls, one from general Hanson, and another from Evans and general Vivian."

"Oh the kids," cried the little girls as they craned the precious envelope long.

The soldier then saluted them and left the room. The little girls opened the envelope and read the letters first to themselves and then to each other. Evans and Hanson told the little girls that they were asking quick recovery, and also that the Abbeinnian, Glandelinian, Glandelinian, and Glandelinian armies were pouring over on the Glandelinian boundary line, and that it was expected that the war would soon be closed. They also stated matters of love and affection, and many other things too long to state here, but the letter from Hanson or general Vivian meant their father was home!

"I

"To my beloved little daughters;

"I have found out that you little girls escaped capture when the two Christian armies were defeated at Glandelinia and have reached general Darger's lines safely. I'm perfectly thankful to God and the Blessed Mother that they have guarded you so safely here, but I'm worrying about some things. General the Abbeinnian King advised me to send you little girls to Abbeinnia, and I thought I would write and let you know about it.

"For my part I do not wish to do so, as you little girl I know do not want to go, but Hanson fears for your safety, and I really don't know what to do. Since the invasion of our armies, and the frightful defeat of the Glandelinian armies, at Legum Zoe Rae Run, Francis Atlanta, and Glandelinia the Glandelinians have become filled with the stubborn fury of desperation and despair, and so greater ferocity in battles than before, and have massacred hundreds of thousands of the Christian soldiers who were prisoners among them. I have written to general Ambrose Evans your good guardian about the advisement of general Hanson, and see what his opinion is. If Evans approves of it I believe you little girls had better take the best of it to Abbeinnia as soon as possible. But wait until he writes of it. Not sooner.

Your loving father

General Robert Vivian."

Violet and her sisters were astonished when they read this letter, given in person to little Jonnie his most favorite, and though they at first felt strongly opposed to going, they did not wish to disobey, and probably King Hanson would be right. Something might happen to them, if the Glandelinians win the war. So they decided to wait until general Evans wrote to them on the matter, and if he advised them to go then all right. They showed the letter to general Darger.

"If general Evans advises us in the next letter you had better do so," said general Darger.

"We would have to do so," said Violet. "It's not that we don't want to leave Glandelinia. But if we run away from the country, just because of danger are we not playing the game of cowards. Any one else may tell us to go we won't but if Evans says so I suppose we'll have to, for they will send for us anyhow."

So they waited patiently and nervously for the next letter, expectant of course what would be the report. The letter came soon enough however but it was not from Evans.

It was from general Hanson and it ran as follows:

Dear little voices;

"I got word from Evans that General Hanson of Abbeinnia advised general Vivian to have you little girls withdrawn from Glandelinia on account of the threatening situation. I've already wrote him, that if advises are to be given, it must be to me. He and I and my brother are the best of friends, but I do not want any orders given to general Robert Vivian who is to give orders, and not to take. NO, do not leave Darger's army. It will be cowardice to do and the whole world will think badly of it and lose their consideration for you little girls. Stick to the post no matter what happens. If danger becomes too great, then of course we'll come ourselves and remove you and then no one can think anything.

Your uncle
Hanson viv' an."

This letter cheered the little girls up. They knew that Hanson always knows the best and so they decided to follow his advice hereafter.

HOW GLANDOLINIAN SEA POWER WAS BROKEN FOR EVER.

Chapter 25. September

In the meanwhile while the first portion of the bloody christian invasion had been in full progress, severe conflict had raged around the western and eastern coasts of the country of Glandolinia.....The first great sea battle was fought before the town of Cartage-Sargonda, when the Abbeannian admiral Assurine rained his fleet of six thousand battle ships, and three hundred dreadnaughts and tried to storm the fortified harbor. He had kept up the attack on the fortifications for three weeks, but he lost sixty three ships and 10,000 men and with this immense loss he had to retire. Struttan equally Captain Xerxes annihilated the giant Glandolinian fleet under galunis at the battle of spartanda, where the Glandolinians lost in drowned and slain over 45,000 men.

Along the western Glandolinian coast in the great Glandolinian harbor of Kaerkyarann the Abbeannian fleet under Pyloos was destroyed, and a few miles further south simultaneously a large glandolinian squadron under Flandonia blockaded the harbor of Sandemmer into which an Abbeannian fleet had sailed until the great admiral Zimmermann arrived with his fleet and annihilated all the glandolinian ships. The survivors had to land in the quarries of Abbeannia. Only a few broken glandolinian dreadnaughts returned ingloriously to their naval base.

Along the southwestern coast the Abbeannians once smashed the Glandolinians at Kolynoss. The last of the glandolinian fleets were reduced to ashes or sunk in this quarter by the rains of the Abyssinkillians. The first wonderful sea battle of the southern coast in the Mc-Whirbidian seas was the struggle for the seaport of Archbades, whose fortifications and shore batteries threw a storm of huge projectiles upon the Abbeannian boats, and set the wooden war cruisers on fire by means of burning glasses, firebombs, and fire rafts, and sinking many ships by such submarines and lifting them out of the water and throwing them on the shore with the aid of huge iron cranes. It took the Abbeannians fully four weeks to conquer this sea port which contained a terrific fire of a hundred cannon with unceasing fury, but the Abbeannian admiral managed to protect his fleet in the glandolinian harbor by a fourfold row of anchored cuthans on which an army of cannons reloaded the enemy and blew battery upon battery into the air and tore the fortifications to pieces. This proud glandolinian sea port lost all the ships out of 56,789 dreadnaughts except in this thundrous sea fray and the whole city had sunk into ruins before it surrendered. In killed and wounded both sides lost 67,990.

Admiral Golbert a few weeks later had exterminated the famous Glandolinian fleets at the seaport of Grete Caesar, and also defeated the Glandolinian fleet at the north of the Eruinde, in the northern coast of Glandolinia, and who also steamed along the whole coast, toward the eastern seaports, and defeated and annihilated the Glandolinian fleet which fought against him at gardenia town and two days later in another desperate sea fight gained a final victory over his enemies. At the battle of glandolinia Cape both sides had fired like furious cannon battles for thirteen hours tearing each other's ships to pieces, and both sides drew off completely. Simultaneously the glandolinian border pillaged the glandolinian coast in the west as well as along the southern and eastern coasts, burned the city of Etrading, and plundered other towns and villages.

Along the northern shore at the town of Gellie the Glandolinian fortifications for three weeks held against the besieging fleets throwing a storm of fire bombs, and sending thousands of fire rafts down upon the attacking fleets every day. The poisonous miasms were thrown upon the assailants who tried to land and also scorching and millions of human beings, and here lives were also piled down upon the Abbeannian assailants, and though the Abbeannians were again and again driven back panic stricken all this did not save the city from the fury of the Abyssinkillians. After a long and terrible struggle the foe lost more than 23,456 ships out of 24,000, 15,000,000 child slaves were set free and 1,000 liberated from the Glandolinians. The Glandolinians lost over 11,000 boats and 3,000,000 in dead and 2,000,789 in wounded.

One of the most desperate of the sea fights raged in the bay of Pasha where Zimmermann with his fleet finding the glandolinian squadrons opened the battle at once. During two whole days and nights hundreds of thousands of guns roared in titan clangors. Zimmermann's flagship the Abbeannian ran aground, twenty other Abbeannian battle ships were badly damaged, the Glandolinian flagship the Hickenville was crushed ten war cruisers were set aflame, and three of the Glandolinian admirals lost a leg, an arm, and his head. Zimmermann's flagship exploded, ten

Glandolinian ships surrendered and only four ships escaped. And all this occurred at the very first start of the struggle. When the battle was at its full height the struggle was terrible and the main glandolinian admiral Francois St Glare was killed in the terrible duel of artillery ensuing from both sides, an artillery duel which killed all the fishes of the sea in the region of the watery battlefield. The conflict was finally a victory to the Abbeannians, and the Glandolinian fleet was annihilated.

Since then, up to the time when the invasion of most of the christian armies had been broken, the sea had been quiet from thundering of guns.

Dargers army still lay inactive, and along the whole northern part of the country no action was going on, though armies were advancing and retreating here and there. Violet and her sisters were impatient to hear news from general Zimmermann, but the enemy had refused to struggle any more for a while but had continued to retreat, and kept dragging the new christian armies further and further into the country, when if they had stood ground instead of retreating they could have held the invasion at bay after having broken it. But most of the Glandolinians did not like to contest ground against Zimmermann and his other scattered armies now under commanders as fierce a fighter as himself.

General Vivian was also advancing without meeting opposition and excitement prevailed everywhere. True enough no matter how hard they fought or no matter how bravely, the Angelitians, and even the fierce and never beaten Abbeannians had met with disasters upon disasters, and had been reversed in successive many times, but to Glandolinia it was nevertheless a hopeless case. The wicked win first, the good God gives a hard licking in turn. So with the monstrous christian armies who through out the main part of the war had waged so many battles in Northern, Southern Western and Eastern Calverland and Angelinda from coast to coast. They had made a second desperate invasion into Glandolinia, the invasion had been broken and most of the apparently victorious christians hurried back across their own boundary, except the Arids under the Dargers, Zimmermann, and General Robert Vivian, and back they had come tenfold stronger than before and now with seemingly irresistible force. The invasion had been several and seriously broken but did not stay broken.

Finally general Darger got the order from the wounded Vivian general to press on himself and so he decided to start his army forward as soon as possible. Two days later after receiving the order Darger started his whole army on the march, but had to soon stop as the enemy confronting him was different than the other Glandolinian armies and would not retreat, but threatened fierce opposition.

General Darger received reports that the actions of the enemy was very menacing and so he had to halt his advance, and then further on had received rumors that no portion of the enemy's army had given way when he had started his advance, and had he tried to continue his advance a terrible battle would have raged without reason or preparations.

Darger decided to push on however and so early the next morning moved a large part of his army forward to show the enemy that he was bound to advance and that he would not let all hell stop him. Violet and her sisters who had been out scouting knew from what they observed that the Glandolinian army opposed to Darger would never retreat without a serious disaster to their own side, and seeing that Darger was moving forward a great portion of the army went further on to scout better and saw that the enemy were massing strong batteries of artillery, and also crowding before the advancing troops a multitude of infantry lines and cavalry.

Voices who had the fleetest horse rushed to the nearest signal station and signaled to the christian officers what she and her sisters had seen, and then riding back to her sisters gave them directions and off they all went to signal the warning to general Darger, as they knew what a fighter this Glandolinian army was. They were all Mc-Hollistians, all old timers who fought under general Calverland-Sherman before he resigned his command.

They managed to warn him, and so he halted the advance of the force that started forward, and started a scouting tour himself. He first went alone

then encountering the little girls they all drew as near to the enemy's lines as possible and examined the whole position. The line of works extended almost for many miles away as far as eye could reach, and it seemed that possibly the enemy was stronger than the christian army under general Darger.

THE BATTLE OF AYA MARIA. A CHRISTIAN
DEFEAT, ONCE AGAIN AND THE LAST FAREWELL, DISASTER TO
THE WHOLE WAR. DARGERS ARMY IS ALMOST DESTROYED."

Two hours later to the surprise of general Dargers an overwhelming force of the enemy led by general Banderline made a sudden and desperate assault upon his whole entire line at once and cut the first line of christian infantry to pieces in the shortest time possible.

At first the fiercest charges of the glandelinians could not force back the human barrier. The battle however within two hours after it had begun raged in deadly earnest, and in counter charges both sides plunged at each other with awful ferocity and committed regular massacres, but every time the enemy got the better of the christian troops and hurled them back with still greater loss. Dargers realizing the ferocity of the attack started massing all his available batteries and fresh forces to the defense of his position, and while already seventeen hundred christian cannon were moving across immense gaps in the enemy lines, general Dargers right wing was rallying the portions driven back in confusion, and then three grad divisions followed by a strong supporting column of savarly charged furiously upon the Glandelinian assailants.

General pressed the Abbieannians and Angolians and along with the surprised Glandelinians, but they were gradually brutal hurled back by christian numbers.

The Glandelinian artillerymen had in the meantime dug up all their artillery light and heavy and these opened with great intensity ploughing the whole christian line through and through, and suffering terribly from the sanguinary loss the Abbieannians at many points started to retire from their positions, and the Glandelinians completely reckless went onward and drove all back to the distance of ten miles within an hour's time. The other section of the Abbieannian line fought like millions of tigers for blow to blow. The Glandelinians had brought up their full batteries and a full ten thousand Glandelinian cannon was now in action causing dreadful destruction among the christian lines. General Dargers 10,176 guns opened simultaneously upon the enemy without effort whatever, and as three divisions of Abbieannian infantry dashed across the farm grounds to repel the assault from there they met a most killing fire which tore their main line to fragments, and simultaneously a division of Angolians who threat end to assail themselves guns on the brow of a small hill faced annihilation right then and there and had to recoil. At the same time on to the right as if moving straight against the right grand division of Dargers army pushed forward the Glandelinian battalions of death. Then over the works as if impatient of the strife at long range rushed all the Glandelinian veterans with fixed bayonets. The struggle was now more deadly and became a wholesale massacre, and in the meanwhile general Hendro perceiving the command dash of the left wing of the Glandelinian army signalled to general Dargers to have his own main batteries shell these assailing waves of men in gray. The artillery along other portions of the christian line thundered continuously, and fearful was the havoc among the charging Glandelinian surges but with a wild soul thrilling cry the Glandelinians continued to rush on and into the shattered ranks of the Abbieannians they burst firing a series of murderous volleys point blank and then closing with the survivors death death and ghastly wounds with their sabres bayonets and pikes at every stride. The Abbieannian veterans after fighting with the most terrific fury ever known imagined before and having no success as the foe continually concentrated heavily against them, broke and fled as if from the men throwing away their firearms in the fearful panic as they flocked back to the rear of the line. Then with the most terrific fury the Glandelinian savarly dashed rushing through the Abbieannian lines in their headlong charge, throwing horse and rider into awful confusion and causing the most terrible carnage ever seen inflicted by Glandelinian savarly before. As the whole line of entire Glandelinian savarly moved on in their irresistible attack, another part of the Abbieannian line with still holding was desperately assailed and made such a furious and stubborn resistance that the advancing Glandelinian cavalry and infantry nearly swept it out of existence after a terrible struggle.

General Hategood was in command of this immense charging wave of Glandelinian troopers and infantry, and one half of his wave was steering quietly to the rear of the christian line. This gallant Glandelinian officer who had been in many severe conflicts before and who had come face to face with general Evans in one great battle had noticed a good position of the rear to be weakened, and the idea came at once to the Glandelinian general that to strike a blow here at once would immediately end the battle and crush the christian army beyond rally.

General Hategood made up his mind to strike the rear of Dargers army at 3350. While doing so, and so ordering the wave to radiate the attack along the several positions of the christian lines he pushed the rear under along the brow of the lowest hills under cover of dense woods. General Hategood had his eye on every part of the battle field. The attack came upon the rear unlight and though the whole line stood its ground it was completely annihilated and the Glandelinians pouring now from two directions at once placed Dargers small army between two fires. The Glandelinians charged with such fury that they forced many of the shattered Abbieannian columns in between the furious Mc-Hollistinians under Evans, and the surviving Abbieannian army was thrown into a confused mass, hundreds of thousands throwing down their arms and surrendering even to their Glandelinian foes. Then before general Dargers could rally his men the Glandelinian savarly came dashing upon them with pistol and sword, and general Dargers seeing it in vain to rally and reform his shattered division yelled as he beheld the slaughter of his forces;

"RETREAT. RETREAT. And dash this way. All who can."

About five hundred thousand of the Abbieannians rushed out of the frightful frightful holocaust to death after their general who was fleeing toward the higher hills. Pursue them and capture the living girls. Yelled Evans as many of the Abbieannians close by fell upon their knees with their hands upraised as if in prayer and pleaded for quarter quarter but received none. The remainder of the christian army which had been almost destroyed was swiftly pursued. General Dargers now was now starting to advance with Evans far to the front already when a Glandelinian officer came galloping up and cried;

"Hold hold. The main commander orders me to tell you to charge a stronger or stronger greater position in the rear of that hill and take the remainder of the Abbieannian cannon planted there. Our gallant forces have taken the heights and the fortifications on the backs of the Aya Maria and all the Abbieannian divisions driven from it are retreating in the wildest confusion and panic toward the nearest hills. He wished to have their retreat cut off and have Dargers army surrounded as quickly as possible. Hurry hurry."

"Oh heater is praised." Yelled the Glandelinian commanders as they threw their swords aloft and caught them again. "Hurrah boys hurrah, and dash with me in full gallop toward the artillery still in possession of the christian dogs. The Glandelinians will strike a telling blow for Glandelinia. Now hurrah for the cause boys. Long live our King and country."

And loud and piercing was the Glandelinian "Devil Yell" sent up by the Glandelinian savarly men as they dashed away, while down on the panic stricken Abbieannians from the adjoining hills rushed the regular Glandelinian divisions surrounding Dargers army completely.

The Abbieannian battalions backed by the remaining battery of guns repelled the Glandelinian charge but Hanson's Mc-Hollistinians made a precipitate dash at the bat batteries, and while the savarly were pressing the Abbieannian line on the left sending forth thrilling yells of victory at every stride and pouring a furious fire into the confused multitudes, causing a fearful panic the Abbieannians though overwhelped in numbers could not withstand that brilliant assault and they broke and fled toward the remainder of the retreating army in a shameful and utter rout.

The christian division under general Violatline had lost 117,000 in this frightful battle which only lasted six hours. Jennings had lost 200,000, Joice St. Clare 175,000 and Glandelin 250,000. Generala Revillon, Mc-Gunn, Mc-Cantler and Donald had lost 500,000 and general Hanson Grentheart, 185,222 in killed and wounded and 28,000 in prisoners who had been ruthlessly slain by the wicked Glandelinians. General para Hot Lie Francis had lost 211,000 and Lord Eriest and Lord Child 312,222. Under nine lost 345,000 in killed, and 500,000 in wounded. Paterwin lost 400,000 in killed and wounded and John Evans Hanson 100,000. Two other generals Overtherton and Baldline lost 350,000 in wounded and 100,000 in killed. Frank Rob lost 170,000 in killed and 300,000 in wounded, and the rest 3,400,000. The total loss was 3,764,444 in killed and wounded alone. 3,000,000 had been made prisoners leaving a final total of 75,764,440. The Glandelinian loss in killed and wounded was 10,555,447.

Surrounded as his army had been Dargers by means of most desperate efforts had extricated it out of the trap and got over the hills easily but he had lost all of his artillery, 55,799,999 muskets, and 10,000,000 pistols, and over three quarters of his army which had been 73,000,000 strong the smallest of Abbieannian army then in Glandelinia. The Glandelinian army opposed to him had only been 73,000,000 strong and had so disastrously defeated him.

It was however through the cleverness of General Darger that his army had been saved from capture or total destruction, and also it was on account of his maneuvers that enabled him to prevent the Glandelinians from laying hold of Violet and her sisters who were seized at the serious moment of the outcome.

Darger had less than three million men and with this cannot be continued his retreat northward, in a desperate effort to make a junction with General Vivian before another Glandelinian army would be thrown upon him for the other had been too badly weakened in the battle to persevere while in that critical condition. But there was dire danger that greater armies of Glandelinians would be thrown in his way, and so he stopped not day or night. It was a disgraceful defeat, and one of the worse in the war for real, and still it showed that the situation remained just the same.

Darger continued his retreat for a long time, and finally unpursued all that distance he reached the Angelinian boundary and came into contact with a new and big Abbieannian army under General Dra Broadway.

In the meantime it was held that the invasion ought not to be resumed that these disasters showed that it was too risky, that Angelina and Abbieannia ought to remain on the defensive but General Hanson still laid up stated before the council who were by his bed that to give up now was real disaster.

"There is something to blame for the disastrous defeats that our armies are suffering," said Hanson. "And it is that the Abbieannians are too slow with their big forces. In the war of 1914 they pushed forward broad belts the biggest armies that could ever be mustered, but now at the first start of this invasion they only throw in the first mobilized divisions and this gave the enemy time to mobilize their reserves which when in addition showed that the Glandelinians could really muster a bigger army than we could ever produce in a century's time. But no matter what the situation that invasion must be pushed to the end. Another cause of the reverse is that my orders or General Vivian's and Evans' was not obeyed. Instead of desolating the country as I told to, they go on fighting battles after battles, when I know a storm of desolation would be more effective. Such orders are going to be enforced hereafter and disobedience means death. It's been Evans' decree and he told me too that though I'm chief commander he'll tolerate no interference from no one. Disobedience means death and so I'll confine his decree. The invasion shall be resumed come what may and I'll have no disputing it either."

"No then continued; "Those generals who commanded under I My Brother and Evans are fools. They saw when passing through California what the Christian countries suffered at the hands of the enemy during the Glandelinian invasion and they vowed vengeance and yet all they do is make forest fires and floods which do more harm than good. To hell with the forest fires and floods if they are made alone. Ravage the towns and cities as by cannon. Spare nothing no matter what the beauty. Beauty in that country is the devil in disguise. We are letting the enemy off a easy after all we suffered, and indeed the whole world is laughing at us. The Abyssinkilians were the only ones who continued the devastation. I do not blame the Abbieannian soldiers or the Angelinians. They wanted to do it I know because they are complained that when they started destruction their generals would stop them. It's the fault of their leaders who are too damn soft hearted. Of course we don't wish for what they generally call 'Revenge'. Revenge is wicked. But it is the only way to terrifying the enemy into submission. Keep desolating their country and you will soon see how quickly the enemy will submit and how easily we'll end the war. Order all the Armies to again sweep into Glandelinia and to desolate to their hearts content. Now your dismissed."

A NEW VISION OF ANITA ARONBERG.

A little after General Darger's army had been swelled by the new comers, Violet and her sisters had proceeded along the beautiful creek bank of the Embute, called Plunderline river they perceived a peculiar looking child sitting down by the nearest tree. She looked unusual in her appearance, her dressing was strangely more like the celestial regions for she only wore a small white robe, which was sleeveless, and wore what seemed a peculiar set of diamonds on her head which sparkled like fire.

Violet and her sisters proceeded toward the strange child slowly, and getting nearer Gertrude Angelina held back and motioning to her sisters said;

"It's little Anita Aronberg as sure as I live. It's my dead sister."

At first Violet and her sisters became awed and were almost afraid to approach nearer, but the stranger conscious of their near presence arose

to her feet and was bolder than before they realized what had happened.

"It's little Anita Aronberg whom you saw once before the battle that raged at Glandelinia." Said the child. "I was sent by the Blessed Mother to warn you little girls of a personal danger which will threaten you if you do not do as advised. Cannon proposed before to sent you to Abbieannia. Don't go for it will be your real doom for the foe will hear of it and send thousands of secret service men to slay you. They will succeed for how can the Abbieannians know who is intermingled with them when the assassins are in disguise. If you wish to avoid this peril do not go."

With this the child smiled sweetly upon them and then was gone. For a time the children were so impressed at seeing Anita Aronberg once more that they could say nothing, and did not know what to do. But nevertheless they decided to keep the vision to themselves and tell no one at all. But several Abbieannian soldiers had witnessed this scene and a scout had reported it to his officers who they had seen and soon it was known along the whole Abbieannian army that the Vivian girls had met with a celestial child and they were bound to follow. Darger had decided to try his luck once more and not allow his defeat to discourage him a bit. He decided to advance but Violet and her sisters did not know it and so were surprised when he gave them his word and told them of his intention. He alone as yet did not know that the little girls had been in connection with a celestial being. Violet and her sisters hoped that he would get better success this time and prayed that it would come. Violet was about to ask the general a question when a officer came up and saluting handed General Darger a message. Darger opened the sheet of paper and read;

"General Darger;

"When you begin your march once more carry a storm of ruin in your path and do not spare anything whatever. Ruin and destruction is the only means for you to retrieve the disaster you suffered. And why not ruin their country. Look what the enemy did in California and Angelina. Go at it like hell."

GENERAL EVANS."

"What now you tell to do now?" Asked Violet."

"Burn and raze the enemy country." Answered the general grimly. "It was an order from your guardian General Jack Abrons Evans."

"Are you going to do it?" Asked Hattie.

"Do what?" Asked the general."

"Disobey the order!"

"No indeed I will not." Answered the general. "You little girls don't wish to see me do it I suppose. You are too soft hearted."

"We are not too soft hearted." Said Jennie with a sob. "We would be glad to see it done." "Then tell it to us."

While the general was preparing the big army for a long and tedious march he telegraphed to other armies close to his which proved to have leaders of not much account to come and join him as quick as possible and reinforce him. It was his purpose to obtain as many troops as possible and then to make a swift drive or advance for the region of Bendokor Run a small stream, where the climate in summer was so hot as to be nicknamed the little river of hell. If successful he would cross his advantage immediately and unhastily, and make an attack upon the little town of MaryGold and thence go toward the town of Maininda. It was his purpose alone to recover not only the ground he himself had lost, but to make an example and show that he could also retake all the ground lost by the army driven back under Evans and Hanson during the series of bloody battles around Bristol Station and also to make a drive for the city of Glandelinia and thence to the sea coast and crush the resistance of the foe himself. He laid his plans before all the officers, and in the night started his advance, each division going independently of its own so as to be able to move almost simultaneously. Toward morning the whole army was on the march, and Violet and her sisters were with General Darger, and with his staff telling them everything they observed, and answering all questions asked. It was not the biggest Christian army ever formed since the war began that was advancing; and the army was under the guiding command of three thousand generals. Darger was in main command and General Goodhope was his lieutenant.

But he was so fearful of a landing which he decided to keep close to the shore and of danger for the little ships that he was in the end of the day.....

But general Darger found no Glandolinian army to oppose him, and he finally began ordered to halt by general Vivian who wished to make a junction with him as soon as possible. But from the southeastern part of the country two Glandolinian armies one under Spoofendool and general Heidecock, and the other under general Grainsberry were advancing between Bendebooger and general Vivian's army with the full intention of preventing any such proposed junction between the two christian armies.

Darger discovered this and ordered his army to extend between the two sections to prevent them from striking general Vivian a blow. It was his intention to receive the blow himself. His maneuver was made and soon the two Glandolinian armies having made a junction found Darger between them, general Vivian and strongly entrenched at Bendebooger. It was the purpose of assault had assailing the christian line right away, but the Glandolinian generals not knowing the strength of the mighty christian army before them, and knowing who their adversary was, and that he was a ferocious fighter decided to wait for a better opportunity. General Darger was determined to join general Vivian however and when he received a more urgent request to do so, he notified general Vivian the condition of the situation, and decided not to let the enemy strike him a blow after all but to strike one himself.

The enemy was still advancing with the purpose to extend their own lines still further, and this action on the part of the Glandolinian generals made Darger angry and suspicious. Working in his earlier days for the General he knew full well the actions and maneuvers of a General, and watched the enemy at every point closely. It was evident that the enemy intended to strike around his rear, and so general Darger strengthened his rear and formed it a front instead of a rear.

The foremost portion of the enemy came around in a perfectly good swing, and made a most bitter attack upon that whole portion of the christian line while the other columns were thrown heavily upon Darger's center and left. A very cruel and bloody conflict began, and while the struggle grew in full progress Darger gave commands to every commander to throw all their available divisions to the support of those attacked, and then went to see how conditions were along his right. So strong was the assault of the enemy that it seemed from the noise as if a wild German typhoon was raging, mostly from the din of the terrific "Wall" of the ferocious Glandolinian assailants. However this time Darger's army stood well on its own formation and the enemy indeed found serious resistance.

General Weatherspoon was hurrying forward eight divisions of fierce Zimmerrmannians, and these with the wild fury of a roaring cyclone threw itself heavily against the christian left and for four hours the most desperate battle of the war that Darger had ever fought was on. Both sides contended for the most position like so many insane demons and the losses of the Zimmerrmannians was unusually heavy but nothing seemed even the fury of hell and all its damnation could stop their headlong rush and over the works they surged with fierce and deafening yells and battle cries and closed with the christian line with a terrible shock.

This whole portion of the christian line was thrown into instant confusion by the irresistible pressure of the Zimmerrmannian wave, and they could have been rallied nevertheless, had it not been for the fact that unexpectedly a large force of Mc-Hollsteinians and Condorians was moving well around their flank. Like an avalanche sliding down the mountain side they struck, cut their way clear through the massive christian line, and threw the whole column of Abbeannians and Abyssinkilians into an uncontrollable panic. Back they went fleeing pell-mell and it seemed indeed that the battle would be won by the enemies of God right then and there. But in the frightful melee general Weatherspoon had been killed, two other generals were mortally wounded, and general Weatherspoon was disabled with a leg so badly crushed that to save it was impossible.

The losses of so many officers demoralized the Zimmerrmannians and Mc-Hollsteinians, and their consternation gave Goodwill time to bring up reserve forces, and these were thrown in overwhelming numbers upon the apparently victorious assailants, and threatened with annihilation in that bloodcurdling inferno of battle the enemy withdrew in confusion themselves and the other christian troops being rallied, the whole line was able to be reformed, and the remainder of the Glandolinian onslaught at this point was swept back right and left, and the whole Glandolinian right wing was rolled up and driven clear from the captured works, and back to their own position with murderous loss and three more generals killed, and twenty mortally wounded, and among them was general Grainsberry.

At other portions the wild battle went on with varying fortunes on both sides. Along the whole christian center and right the firing was fearful, but as yet the battle raged on for a while without any commanding whatever. However the assault of the enemy was becoming stronger and a stronger along these two wings, and so the artillery had to be brought up, and only when threatened with destruction did the enemy finally desist in their reckless attack. At the same time the battle still raged with ferocious fury, and all the efforts of the army to hold firm the christian line at this point was unavailable. Darger managed to pass the strongest concentration upon this point with his oncoming reserves, and the concentration became so great that finally after fighting desperately for five hours, and making five successful charges in which five hundred thousand Glandolinians fell in each charge the foe withdrew from the attack, and Darger's army counterattacked his lines which had been badly thrown out of shape.

This part of the conflict had lasted only five hours and three quarters along the line and along the rear alone the enemy had lost 25,500,000 men killed and wounded, while at other points the losses had been still greater ranging as far as 33,456,666 in slain and wounded making a total of 58,956,666. Darger decided to renew the battle himself and strike the enemy, but there was no need to. Seeing the strong forces concentrating against him Spoofendool decided he had enough for a while and toward evening retreated southward, and left a clear path for the approach of general Vivian's great christian army. The losses of the christianians was only 10,000,999 in killed and wounded prisoners and missing.

But what cheered general Spoofendool was when toward midnight he received heavy reinforcements under general Molaison. He therefore made preparations to resist general Darger, and also sent a call for more troops from other portions of the advancing series of armies. They came toward morning and again general Darger found himself heavily attacked. The battle was on again with the most terrific fury, but this time general Spoofendool did what he did not do the day before. He held all his other parts of Glandolinians in reserve and threw his whole force of Zimmerrmannians, and Mc-Hollsteinians upon the whole entire christian line in the most violent assault ever seen by general Darger before. All the christian artillery was mowed down by the assailants and their fire tore line after line to flying fragments and dislodged all the oncoming waves like a roaring cyclone of damnation, but when the foe threatened to give way all the Glandolinian artillery broke loose with a tremendous thundering roar and carried all before it with the heaviest shell fire ever seen in any battle of the entire war itself. Everything was torn and shattered by the storm of hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of exploding shells, and all of general Darger's breastworks was ground to sea earth and his whole line threatened with complete annihilation gave way before the combined assault of the fierce soldiers and the Glandolinian artillery which ploughed the whole christian line through and through and tore hundreds of avenues in every massive line of the entire fighting army.

So cruel fell by the score on the christian side, and general Good was killed. It was impossible to stand before both the artillery fire of the enemy and the desperate assault of the Mc-Hollsteinians, and despite the fury with which the enemy fought the Mc-Hollsteinians were the first to be driven back, only to recoil again, but nevertheless the Zimmerrmannians reached their goal first and within an hour's time had fairly cut their way through the entire christian line and rolled it up for twenty miles with the most terrific slaughter. Darger was seriously wounded, millions of prisoners were captured by the enemy many of them general officers, battleflags numbered by the hundred were seized and the losses of the christians was shocking. The other portion of the Abbeannian army was not yet up and amid the dauntless median general Goodheart was compelled to take general Darger's place and in trying to rally the panic stricken hordes of Abyssinkilians, (The Abbeannians only retreating in order unable to resist an irresistible Zimmerrmannian tidal wave) was shot through the heart three times. General Goodheart took his place and likewise fell mortally wounded, and a large portion of the christian line along the small street called Jemido Two Turner Francis Run about five million strong was annihilated because they would not retreat. The scene of confusion and massacre was startling to behold, the shell fire tore all before it and generals after generals by scores fell in trying to rally the confused divisions of Abyssinkilians.

The Mc-Hollsteinians however had slackened their maddened insane insane fury of advance, but the Zimmerrmannians like a sea of crazy demons pouring from the bottomless pit pressed on with such irresistible fury that nothing could withstand it and indeed to the Abbeannians themselves it seemed that instead of Glandolinians attacking them, it was as if all the demons

of hell and all the angels in heaven with all the heavenly leaders itself had joined together against them, and such a yelling of the clamestians could never be described. The firing of both sides condemned the very axes where into fuge of smoke, and the falling soldiers lay so thickly that they carpeted the ground for scores of miles. General August Dargor command the second part of the army becoming apprised of the danger hurried up large portions of the other section of the army, and hurled them upon the Zimoromians first, while massive parks of artillery was massed upon the N-Hollesitians who for some strange reason had been stopped in their advance but whose lines could not be seen on account of the forest of musketry they were blazing away at the christians with.

It was evident indeed that general Spoofoendool had recieved still more reinforcements, and so general August Darger sent orders immediately for Charles Darger and General Joseph Sparr to hurry up with the third section of the army. By the most desperate efforts the confused divisions of Aby sinkillians were reformed, retored in their ranks, but they could not for their very lives withstand the firing of the Mc-Hollensteinians, and as they were almost encompassed by the wild Zimmermanians they withdrew to the rear unable to stand up before such a bitter assault, of the Mc-Hollensteinians. General August Darger had concentrated all the artillery which could be brought up, and though the shelling was causing the Mc-Hollensteinians to retire slowly and silently nothing whatever stopped the wild insane assault of the Zimmermanians, and coming on in one perfect wave miles long they struck with crash and roar of fury the whole new christian line, and pushed it clear from the recovered ground, and drove it back toward its own position despite all that August Darger Darger and his generals could do to have them hold firm. This time it was showed that the Zimmermanians when driven wild with the thought of the consequence of christian success could do, could outwit the very ferocious Mc-Hollensteinians in their wild fury. The Mc-Hollensteinians had been easily and disastrously disintegrated checked by the rallying christians, and by the cannonading, but nothing so evil and hell and storm could stop for a moment the wild surge of Zimmermanians who still came on with irresistible force. On the side of the enemy the losses were great, and general August Darger had to conceal this from his infantry and army lines upon the assaults, and all his artillery leaving out not a single gun, and it appeared to many spectators a who witnessed the struggle that instead of a battling on it was a big fire for smoke of shell explosions, and musketry and cannons grew so dense that at times nothing could be seen. Everywhere between both sides there was a wild flourish of flags and standards, and the opposing sides yelled so fury furiously that it seemed as if a million Terrocian typhoons was raging in that one particular spot. At one section of the line the Zimmermanians had come into possession of the works, and August Darger grew anxious and sent messenger after messenger to hurry up the other army under the two generals while another was sent on an urgent appeal to get help from general Vivian. Defeat now for the christians meant surely before god and heaven a disastrous loss of the war and the utter extermination of all the christian armies opposed to the newly gathering glandallian armies. The situation of the christian line was indeed extremely critical.

But there was no hope. The enemy would give no time for the Christian army to oppose any advance that general Adrian would make, and half of his army to the arrival of the other army. The other section of the army was unable to arrive for two good reasons. They could not advance because of barriers that were shown in their way by the enemy under general Jannel Turner. And because this very same Glindilinan general was attacking them with the same threatening success that Speed Spoofedpool was.

August Darger tried to make a flanking movement but this was unavailing and the flankers were annihilated. Violet and her sisters were frightened over the situation and determined immediately to leave the endangered army at all costs and go to general civilian themselves. Of course they would have to make the attempt without telling any one of it for otherwise they would be detained. So scouting they saw a chance where all before them was clear, but no sooner had they gone a certain distance when at them rushed a score of lecherous headed Zimmermanians, and who looked so much like little girls with the stylish form of their hair and seemed ridiculous to be captured by such soldiers. At the horrors of the capture made the little girls utterly reckless, and it cannot be described how they escaped these fiends of all grandchildlike soldiers but they did not do it. They managed to save themself and they managed to reach the Christian line to leave it they realized was impossible that to get help was also impossible.

Under the battle was lost

It had been seen however that the little girls had been attempting to leave the Army and if it had not been for the intervention of General August Dargatzis the little girls would have been labelled as deserters, it not at first being known of their true identity, and General Dargatzis always has the tendency to be a bit overbearing, looking to maintain the dignity of appearing the little girls in male looks.

The battle went on with increasing fury, and all along the line the most furious battle of the war again was on. General Given was advancing in the meantime, and toward afternoon he reached the region but suddenly found himself opposed by half of the whole Glandallinian army. General Given himself could make no headway and after fighting most desperately for three hours with unceasing ferocity he had to withdraw his army and acknowledge himself beaten in the end.

August Darger never imagined the onony to attack so heavily before, and could not comprehend the situation at all. Most of his works were already in possession of the onony and nothing whatever could be done to retain them and twenty divisions suffered annihilation in making ferocious counter charges.

General Dargatzis did not know what to do. The two other armies which he fully depended upon did not arrive, in fact he never received one word of their whereabouts, and finally messengers came in reporting that the two armies could not advance for a because they were heavily attacked by overwhelming numbers and that they were also getting worried, and even rumors came that General Robert Vridin himself was killed and his whole army annihilated when caught in a tremendous ambush along the Jenide farmers plain. The report in many ways was completely true.

These rumors unerved general August Burger and he decided to withdraw his army from the frightful and bloody conflict before his army was also annihilated. So he had suddenly ordered a retreat, and soon the whole army was flowing back toward the north, and within the evening met a christian division was standing its ground any further. The enemy however did not press their advantage and general Burger was able to reform his army and get ready so to make another try out for the morrow. The other two armies had also withdrawn from the frightful struggle, and so general Burger's leading of it and finding out their location, made a march with the intention to try and force a junction with either one of them then. The enemy denied his purpose and a large large portion of the army under general van poolde stepped in his way. August Burger managed however to annihilate this tin glandelinian army. The conflict during the night, but the main army then stepped in his way and he had to halt his advance, after suffering the most frightful loss ever yet. Morning dawned bright and fair, but nevertheless the battle was again renewed more renewed with the most bloodcurdling fury. The Doodle's army had been destroyed during the night portion of the battle had escaped the Abdominians, and so had been given command of the right wing of the main Glandelinian army and he threw his 2 threw his whole force upon general August Burger and annihilated over 10,000,000 christians in one hour. The 2nd routed the remainder of the army at this point fifty million strong cutting the whole christian army fairly to pieces and carrying off 100,000,000. It was during the most important part of the entire battle. General August Burger in trying to rally this portion of the christian line was killed, and three hundred of his brigades were annihilated. It was the most disastrous christian defeat ever imagined, and the enemy had still the other two armies won. Charles Burger and Joseph Burger were to contend with. In the afternoon the remainder of August Burger's army came upon the scene and the battle was again renewed and this time with still greater and more frightful fury than before.

He told me that he had seen Harry when the book came to Anne's garage place. He ordered them to make a carrying cart and to get the engines there, and to try and break through at all costs and cut down all of the enemy assassins. It took fully an hour to get this big force of savvies prepared for the terrific encounter. THE leaders were under the instructions to ignore the Gladiolindas savvies and not to engage them, but they absolutely had to but to go straight ahead against the Gladiolindas Gladiolindas it took only.

Then all was ready the whole line of christian cavalry started forward to make the decided charge. There was a shout as to for it would come out, but none of the christian general was left to lead the christian cavalry in the effort to penetrate the whole christian division moved in a powerful current of men and horse forces toward the enemy infantry lines, and finally rode through it causing the most terrific slaughter. By the force of the cavalry charge the Gladiolus line at this section was demolished, in the main portion of the Zimmerman line came up to it in the back sick of time to reverse the side of battle, and up to the christian division under general Hildebrandt Zimmer and the christian troops were taken back for all the distance they had won and to their own works.

For a time now there was a slight lull. The Christian generals certainly did not know what to do on the situation. They had heard also from their overhanging reports that the plans of General Hanson given by the other Christian generals could never be carried out just now. The only hope of the Christian of the will be invaders, and so to prevent them from devastating the country. The Glandelinian authorities had: at every small whole city town and village, and every available force of the order of Glandelin's that were not needed on the battle field, the biggest number of all too, and this this seemed that the foe had country, was not much depleted as the Christian generals had believed. It was only a sign of the part of the enemy by allowing no rest. Christian armies in the early parts of the war to overwhelm them, and while this trick had been on the nightfall armies had been forming. The Glandelinians and now they were opposing the Christians with all the fury they could muster against all the Abiddinians.

These rumors also convinced General Harry apprehensive and he considered what he should retreat or really resume the battle. Yet to do so would cause an unnecessary loss of lives and so they had already fallen that it nearly came as big as the battle of Horn Zoo the night. Thus that day as for only a severe cavalry charge had been made, and had been severely repulsed.

But whether he was willing to attack the enemy or not, or whether he was willing to make another conflict did not good; for three hours later after the cavalry charge had been made the Glandelinians at once sent out the Christian armies with terrible fury, and the battle raged with redoubled violence. Violet and her sisters realized the peril of the nation indeed and decided to do something themselves no matter what the risk. They knew that they might as well for should the enemy really triumph in this battle the whole war would be lost, and probably themselves too. So the little girls disguised themselves as Glandelinian peasants and started out on horseback.

They did not know what location the enemy was, but as they progressed further, a friendly Glandelinian farmer recognized them and said:

"Oh little girls are you going a if you go any further, to get through the enemy lines are impossible. So you had better take warning and go back."

"Why is the danger so pressing?" asked Violet.

"Oh said the farmer. "The Glandelinian armies are stretching out every where to stop all messengers who would be sent by your generals for aid, and you yourselves for the sake of God himself could never get through them, and to try to do so would bring on your destruction."

"But we have to do something," said Violet. "If our armies are worsted, they will be destroyed for we are completely surrounded, and if defeated cannot escape the Glandelinians who will commit a massacre as soon as they they will a complete victory."

"I know what you can do," said the farmer. "Of course I'm putting myself in peril for I'm betraying my own country, but then the cause is so wicked that it drives me to. Twelve miles north of here there lies a Christian army under General Schloederline and if you can signal to them by wireless, you may bring them to your rescue. Of course they are not sufficiently near strong enough to win a victory, but they can at least stop you away from destruction."

"At what time can the Abiddinians be located?" asked Violet.

"At Pinesconna," answered the farmer. "Go in little girls, I have a wireless calling that you or one of you can find. I'll loan it to you."

The little girls went in, and he produced the outfit and the little girls commenced the signalling which they were familiar with. They soon received this answer:

"Have received your message and know full well the situation of the army. Don't worry. General Viviana's army had almost been annihilated but your father has been saved and has been rejoined by another force and will also arrive to renew the battle as soon as possible. Am coming as soon as possible. Will advance on forced march."

Violet and her sisters then thanked the farmer and leaving proceeded toward the Christian lines once more. They soon saw that to reach the Christian lines which they had just sent out was a real difficulty. The foe had a possession of a good portion of the battle field, and instead of Alexander's army there was now only a few scattered companies. From the noise they heard and they concluded that the battle had begun in force and fury, and were surprised to find that the action was rather for now they were in greater peril than ever, and if the enemy overtook them they would be no longer free to follow. So the little girls advanced at a rapid pace.

To the little girls heard the loud deep breathing of thousands of artillery; they felt at all more apprehensive and so raced down the nearest road they could reach. Suddenly their horses staggered and fell a small hairy beast close by and though none of the little girls were injured their horses were killed. They realized that they had to foot it all the way, and that this was nothing else to do and so they continued on but kept their watch for the appearance of the will wily foe.

"I say Henry!" cried a man riding up to a soldier in a soldier's red uniform. "Don't you hear all that racket. It appears to be near the region of Jewish Street but on Rindshooper. I've heard it already for the past two days. It appeared at times to come nearer, to recede and then to grow worse mingled at times with a terrible crash of thousands of exploding explosions. I wonder what it could be."

"It must be a great fight going on," said the one addressed. "It sounds like a battle anyway. I was wondering what was the cause."

The soldiers listened for a moment, and then became more alert. A soldier had cried out his challenge.

"What who goes there?"

"At once the two lieutenants rode over to where they had heard the challenge and halted."

"Good day and asked one of the lieutenants."

"O was the answer. I am a messenger but received no response. Heard my own father of sent more like those of children thought. But I can hear no one."

"Maybe there are fugitive children."

"All took there," said one of the privates coming up. "I just received this message from one of my friends. He asked me to take it to the general. A great battle is raging at Rindshooper and we are requested to come down and offer aid before the enemy breaks. All's killed. The two parties are reported down for, and the whole Christian line is badly broken off."

The officer took the message as soon as he had finished reading and gazed down the beautiful roadway winding through a still beautiful glen, he suddenly gave an exclamation.

"Great God I think I'm seeing things."

"What is it?" said one of the other officers.

"Look," said one of the other officers who had observed something first lieutenant had seen.

Coming down the road within their full view were eight of the most delightful fairy structures that these soldiers had ever seen. They were upon "moors" they were the soldiers could not have met at that distance, but their features and the gracefulness of their walk made them seem as the children who were they were and throw off whatever dignities they had worn and were wearing their own natural clothing.

They were coming at a fast trot, and their hair curly hair all golden seemed to dazzle the air with brightness as the sun shone upon it and the soldiers looked on in amazement.

"That's better than I have any of the Glandelinians who are now being crushed around corners upon the unexpected," said one of the officers.

The soldiers started forward, and just as the little girls saw them they uttered a glad cry and started forward toward them at a run. When near enough the first lieutenant gave the exclamation:

"It's the old story, the prettiest little children ever seen in the world. And they are the only Glandelinian little children left, the daughters of General Viviana."

Violet and her sisters were regarded kindly and warmly by all of the soldiers who had ridden up and all the privates crowded around.

"Where are they?" asked Violet.

"The new camp of General Schloederline a few miles west of the officers," said one of the officers. "I'll take you to it. He gives a question before we go any further."

"What is it?" asked Violet.

"Where in the name of the world is the battle we hear of?"

"The cause was there two hours ago," said Violet. "It's the army that has been under General Henry and I've at Rindshooper. August Burger was killed, and our friend Henry was wounded. The battle is much near Jewish Street now."

"The children struck upon us in this," said the officer. "We no doubt are only a few miles away from the reason and as soon as the great general knows of it he will advance to their aid."

"The world is in fact," said Violet. "The army are overwhelming in strength strength, and General Burger who is now in command could hold much longer. I'm afraid. And it would take a mighty large army to save them from destruction. The Christian army is surrounded."

the most inhuman slaughter. The Abbaenunians general who had arrived to the assistance of the hard pressed Abyssinkillians at this critical time declared that the Zimemmannians had made the assault with all their force this time and that probably it would be safe to counter charge, but just as preparations were being made to counter charge the enemy, on came a bigger force of Glandelinians not Zimemmannians alone this time, but also Ho-jollastinians, and Gargio Gargollians also with Owarbons and Rurds, and followed by a wave of Owarbian surges. This charge was covered by a fire of Glandelinian artillery and now indeed it became a most thunderous fray.

Maurice Costello was concentrating the whole entire first part of his army at this point and seeing the great concentration of the Glandelinians he sent orders to the commanders of the other two parts of the army to hurry up and join the first fray. The other parts of Glandelinians were finally checked with frightful slaughter, but the Ho-jollastinians and Zimemmannians did not cease the attack, and their prolonged assault gave time for other Glandelinian columns to join in and the fifth assault raged with the mightiest fury. Violet and her sisters and the other little girls witnessed the whole scene and indeed were horrified when a million cannon like roar of masonry broke out along the whole line of Zimemmannians and Ho-jollastinians, and then as they poured on like a mountain wave of yelling men and mobbed themselves with the Angolians, and Abyssinkillians hurled them back from the works and pushing the Christian line to pieces. Upon them then were thrown the Abyssinkillians and Abbaenunians, and then the concentrated but for a time it did no good, until general Grackentire on the enemy's side found his left overwhelmed and almost surrounded, and then once more he surrounded the retreat, and the whole surviving columns recoiled suddenly but this time when pursuing the Christians met the sternest and most unshakable resistance all the way, and were finally called off from the horrible slaughter. Three hundred regimental flags were torn to tatters by the sweeping storm of bullets on both sides, and every divisional and brigade commander was down. During this charge three hundred regiments had been wiped out among the Angolians, and one division of 674,999 Abyssinkillians had only three hundred men remaining, and all their colors were shot to pieces, and their color bearers killed or mortally wounded. "Maud," Maurice Costello found harder fighting and greater losses than he expected, and one deliberate counter assault against the enemy's line met with rapid and slaughter of officers and men.

"The enemy was soon coming on to make a sixth assault and this time Maurice Costello extended his lines, and hearing that the second division of his army was approaching decided not to allow the enemy to hurt his back in this assault either. The assault of the enemy this time was made with beating fury, the Zimemmannians and Ho-jollastinians attacking this time with the fury of desperation and throwing all precautions to the wind. "This one tremendous blow was given for blow, general Maurice Costello directed the divisional commanders where to place their reserve divisions and seeing to it that all the artillery was massed correctly stormed the foe's lines with a destructive withering fire. Violet and her sisters watched this tremendous assault with awe and almost terror, and warned aside Turner and her companion to keep close to them. Finally the children had to seek shelter behind trees as the random shots came their way, and once a shell burst among the treetops and rained down twigs and leaves among the children. They saw how the enemy surged forward and through the Christian line, how the Abbaenunians with horrible savage barbaric like yells closed upon them and cut them all down, how the assailants recoiled a little distance, rallied and came on again with tenfold fury, and all the time could be heard the stunning crash of thousands of big guns and the terrible blam derous roar of masonry, and the whir- whir of many machine guns. Both sides yelled madly and the scene before the little girls was like both a fire and a slaughter inferno combined. For every time that the enemy threatened to burst through the Christian lines the little girls felt nervous, and at times clouds of smoke hung so thickly over the scene that nothing could be seen. While the uproar was bewildering and made a hellish clamor, there suddenly appeared to the rear of the little girls a yelling mob of soldiers through the sheet of smoke. They were Ho-jollastinians rushing forward to take the last battling Christian line in the rear.

It was too late to warn the last of the Christians but the little girls managed to save themselves by hiding behind the other side of the trees, and watched the battle crazed soldiers as they swept forward like yelling screaming maniacs. Soon all was a confused mass beyond, but for appearance of things it was evident that the flank attack was no success, that the Christians had been on their guard, and soon the Glandelinians were surging back in broken and scattered ranks, with a surge of redeaters after them a-battering. Violet and her sisters were safe from the enemy but the battle as both sides rushed so thickly about the trees that it was a good fortune that none of them were hit. All around them on both sides fell swiftly and in

the most appalling numbers. It was also evident that the sixth assault had been repulsed for the firing again started to recede, and oh how violet and her sisters hoped that the enemy would not renew the assault.

"I never saw anything like it before," said little Angelina pishoo. "This is the sixth time that the enemy went so hard into this storm of death and destruction. I hope for their own sakes that they won't do it again."

"They surely will," said violet. "As long as their commanders won't give up they will have to come and charge our lines. Good God Jesus! murder look here they start from the woods again."

"It was true. The enemy had not receded enough. The Zimemmannians were approaching in fresh divisions and added by a still stronger force of sturdy Ho-jollastinians. They swept on with the same fury and the battle was on again with raging fury. At one portion of the Christian line the Ho-jollastinians this time fairly cut out outstriking the Zimemmannians like a won race broke through the Christian line like a torrent breaks through a levee of a irritated dam and fairly carried all before it. The Christians were pouring in a panic stricken mass toward the hiding places of the children and they were met with a roar of yells like a storming torn tornado and on after these poured the fierce Ho-jollastinians yelling back at the Christian soldiers. How it came to be that the children were not noticed by the foe it could never be understood but the enemy did not observe them, and the little girls seeing themselves not noticed hastily climbed the nearest trees. The other two little girls were not able to climb trees to the dismay of violet and her sisters and now ten Glandelinians coming back saw the two little girls and made for them with fixed bayonets. From the tree tops came the crash of eight pistol stultaneously, while the two little girls below also fired and the ten men pitched headlong in the dust and lay still. The Angolians who had been driven back had been rallied by the approach of Sollosodrinian divisions and now the enemy was receding but more Glandelinians saw the two children, and leveled their muskets to shoot them down. Violet and her sisters were too quick for them however and caught all of them down before they could fire. Then on the left of the foe was overwhelmed and intermingled with the surging Abbaenunians violet and her sisters hastily climbed down from the tree, and asked the little girls the reason they did not climb up the tree.

"We never learned to climb trees," Jean Jennie in answer; "And you really frightened us when we saw you do it for we did not know you were two children."

"Had we known this we would not have left you down to here," said Jodie. "We did not know you had not followed us until we reached the top and saw those ten Glandelinians charging upon you. We were frightened and called but we stopped them. But who fired the other two shots?"

"We did," said Angelina pishoo. "We were not going to let them do any harm to us without showing them our real fight."

As the little girls were thus conversing among each other assault number eight was on, and Violet and her sisters decided to seek a better place this time and so started off toward the rear. The noise of the battle was stunning to the children, for everywhere could be heard the crash of the conflict. The battle could be heard along the lines, and a now distant prolonged roar told fully well that general Vivian's whole new army was in fierce action, and that Sollosodrinians were now also coming. The ongoing the enemy as they had never engaged the enemy before. As to the other section of Maurice Costello's army had come up and joined into the battle and the firing had been growing fiercer and fiercer. The enemy was now being driven back, and a long general Kurva then the enemy assault had been still more fierce but nevertheless now the enemy had failed to make any progress whatever.

Violet and her sisters hastily rode their way to the rear but were continually annoyed by the noise of the conflict. They were wondering what had become of Sterling and of his two companions since the time general Kurva had been worried at Brattle Tree Station. William and Francis they knew were safe for they had remained with the better army and had been taken to Angolians. As the little girls were thus progressing onward, listening to the wild clamor of the battle, an officer came riding up and halting them and said:

"The sixth assault of the enemy has been repulsed, but Maurice Costello requested me to find you little girls and advise you to stay where you are before. You are going into real danger instead of escaping it."

"Why how is that?" asked Jeanie Vivian.

"The foe army are in possession of the woods beyond this part."

"Good God and we were running right into them," gasped all of the little girls together. "It's a lucky thing you came upon us lieutenant. We must return

came sisters Marjy Jennie and little Nichee."

So back with him the children went, to watch the assaults of the enemy.

The ninth assault was indeed a beautiful one.

The enemy came on in great waves direct toward the whole christian lines and made the wildest assault upon maurice costelloes lines ever mastered yet. With the terrific thundering of many cannons, and the wild stammering and bewildering crash of millions of firearms, and the boom bang of exploding shells could be heard the wildest wilder and frantic commands of the generals generals who issued orders here and there, while the onrushing assault drove forward like a gigantic storm. Violet and her sisters watched this gigantic attack with interest, but the other two little girls thought they had seen enough of the battle and kept themselves hidden behind the nearest trees. A shell exploded right against the tree in front of violet, and this whole tree gave way with a thunderous crash, falling against the tree behind which Jennie was standing and splitting it off right at the trunk and the whole tree came down with a shocking crash showering all of the children with a blizzard of branches and leaves. Jennie was buried under the branches of the fallen tree, but she was unharmed though her clothes were a bit scratched and badly torn and her forehead was bruised.

Jennie was able to free herself however, and the little girls at once retreated further to the rear, taking defense behind these trees. All the while the roar of the conflict was growing wilder and wilder, and now the enemy came surging among the christians once more, and poured over the works at all points driving the first line of Abyssinians and Abbie Annans back and crushing the divisions of Angelinians to pieces.

Victoriously the enemy came pouring on, and the little girls found them selves handicapped. "Ornate y near then was a steep ravine, and into this they all plunged just as the panic stricken fugitives came surging up followed by the wild glandelinian assailants. A shell exploded in the middle of the ravine, but the children were unharmed. A force of christians rallied and took defense in the ravine, shooting down and slaughtering their assailants in fearful numbers right before the eyes of the children who were in hiding in a small cave. The glandelinians finally drove the christians out of the ravine and pressed on after the retreating troops.

The main part of Maurice Costelloes line had however held its ground, and thus the general was able to bring up his reserve artillery and these guns were opened upon the flank of the pursuing glandelinians causing them the greatest confusion. This gave the retreating forces more time to rally, and as they reformed Schloederins threw forward a large portion of his division to their rescue and the assailants were again beaten back and with such heavy losses that few of them reached the works at all in possession of the main body of the Glandelinian attackers. The firing here was something terrible but Schloederins concentrated half of his forces upon the assailants, and raised all of his artillery, and mowing the glandelinians down by the hundred thousand drove them pell mell to their own works.

But this did not ban the fierce Zimmermannians in the least. They were soon gathering for the next desperate assault, and general Schloederins and Maurice Costelloes prepared his own lines to meet the next desperate assault. Prisoners had been taken in untold numbers by the christian troops, but every time the enemy had closed with them they had been retaken. While the enemy were moving forward again to make the tenth assault Violet and her sisters during the lull had ascended a small hill more closer to the fierce battle zone, and could see more clearly the raging battle all around them. They saw that the woods beyond was nothing but a sea of glandelinian soldiers as to call it and realizing that half of the glandelinian army was concentrating also at this point the little girls went back to their own post, and signalled general Costelloes of the enemy's concentration of the foe. The whole of Maurice Costelloes army was concentrating against the advancing assailants by this time however, and now the whole of Schloederins army was up and preparing to repel the foe.

The assault was desperate, obstinate, and sanguinary, and also irresistible for large portions of Maurice Costelloes lines could not stand before it, but Schloederins massed all his troops, and also did the generals of the other divisions mass their troops, and while the battle was going on hotly general Costelloes received word that a large force of the enemy were massing upon Schloederins rear. Schloederins was immediately warned, and so the battle in this location progressed back and forth with the utmost fury for three hours without the slightest pause, and so bloody was the struggle that the generals of both sides became appalled.

But again this great assault of the enemy had been repulsed, and just as the foe gave way a shell laid general Schloederins low.

Another christian general by the name of Huges Sanderlins was also severely wounded, and many other christian officers had fallen.

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The battle raged all day long, with the utmost fury along general Vivians lines and the portion of general Spoofendocle army which assailed him. The charges made by the enemy had been most desperate and incessant, and against general Vivians entire line the enemy had thrown the heaviest masses, but without success. It was probable that after all the battle was going to turn out as a christian victory. General Kerry's lines were also holding firmer than it had ever been expected, and general Van Delle of the Glandelinian side was killed. It had been general Spoofendocle's expectation that if he hurled all of his Zimmermannians and He-Jollistinians against those series of christian victories he would be enabled to complete his sweeping successes of the day before, but now despite all the facts of Glandelinian that he throw against the christian lines he found himself met with stronger resistance than ever, and all his expectations unavailing. In the meantime while the battle was progressing along general Maurice Costelloes lines, general Maurice Costelloes captured a spy who had an important letter which had been found on him.

As the spy was being held for investigation general Maurice Costelloes opened the envelope and read the contents. It ran as follows:

GENERAL MAURICE COSTELLOES
COMMANDING AT LEAST OF NEWLY FORMED CHRISTIAN TROOPS

It is my request to hold the foe that attacks your line at all costs. For it is the purpose of general Spoofendocle to force the main part of the Glandelinian army so as to sweep you back, and prevent you from relieving the pressure upon my own lines. For God's sake don't let me down at all costs, and yet try to avert annihilation if possible also. Three quarters of the Glandelinian army is massed upon you and general Kerry, and if you are swept back, so will be general Kerry and then the main strength of the Glandelinian army will be concentrated upon me. If you hold we can and will win the greatest and most important battle of the entire invasion.

GENERAL ANGELO
VIVIAN. *****

The note was dated '9 A.M.

"This spy had this in his possession all that time." Though general Maurice Costelloes to himself. "And yet without receiving this note my lines have nevertheless stood firm against ten desperate assaults and are repelling successfully another great onset. I have so many men that I cannot get them into action here and so I'll send them around to relieve the others who may be hard pressed."

He gave orders for the spy to be taken to the rear and closely watched and then notified general Vivian by wireless, when he just received his note and that he had withstood with great success ten desperate attacks and that though the enemy were making to the eleventh the foe seemed unable to even pierce his lines at any point, and that altogether he had so many reserve divisions at hand that to get rid of them he had sent them to reinforce general Kerry or Schloederins divisions. General Vanderdon had assumed command of a Schloederins army and was directing operations.

The battle was raging on fiercely, but soon rumors came everywhere to general Maurice Costelloes that general Vivian was pressing the advance advantage at every point and that he would soon be able to crush the foe and make a prisoner of general Kerry.

This was indeed good news for all of the christian generals, and they spread the news among their men, and this caused them to fight with still more greater spirit. Maurice Costelloes had finally repulsed the eleventh assault of the enemy and he gave this information to general Kerry and urged him to hold firm, and that he would see him all the aid needed.

General Kerry was delighted over the success that the Abbie Annans forces under Costelloes were making, and this encouraged him to still increase the fury of the resistance of his own divisions, and indeed the foe suffered untold off losses. Indeed it was again one of the bloodiest battles of the invasion and almost equaled that of Logan Zoe Rae Run now.

The battle was progressing wilder and wilder hour by hour. For every failure and every assault that was repulsed, the enemy only became more powerful and drove in harder at the christians, but still unwilling, and the christian soldiers were heard to shout again and again amid their fierce yelling at the cries;

"Yes We'll rally around the flag boys
We'll rally again and again
Raging the mighty battle for Freedom;
We stormed from the plain,
Raging the mighty battle for Freedom.

Then the whole line at times as the Vivian Girls sang was heard to shout the chorus;

The Calverine forever Hurrah boys hurrah,
Down with the traitor, on with the charge,
While we rally around the flag boys,
Rally again and again,
Raging the mighty battle for Freedom.

Another verse later during the action was also heard by Violet and her sisters and it thrilled the little girls through and through at that. It went as follows;

"We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Raging the mighty battle for Freedom,
And we fill the vacant ranks with a thrillion freemen more,
Raging the mighty battle for Freedom.

The battle was still progressing still more furiously and many of the Glandelinian generals had fallen. Generals Obstinate was killed, carnal Policy Slough Despondency, Legality was also killed, Morality was wounded, and Civility, Passion, and Henry Dives were disabled. The Glandelinian generals Formalist, Hypocrisy, Difficultly, Distrust, Timorous, Midden Apollyon Pope, Pagan, Decist, Wantan, Adam, Discontent, Pride, Arrogancy, Self-conceit, Worldly-glory, Shame, Talkative, Saywell, Prating, Now, Feels Beelzebub-Vainity, Lord Hate Good, Envy, Superstition, Pickthank, Lord Oldmann Lord Carmalidelight, Lord Luxurious, Lord Desire, Lord Vain Glory, Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, Blindmann, Francis No good, George Malice, Love-Lust, Live Loose, Live Lise Heady, High-Mind, Embodity Good, Tellingliar Liar, He's-A-Cruelty, Hateligh, Implacable, By-Ends, Turnabout, Lord Time Server, Lord Fairspeech, Smooth mann, Facing-both-ways, Hanson Anything, Two Tongues Laddy Painting, and gave all, having suffered the tremendous slaughter of three quarters of all their divisions.....

General Vivian had indeed been pressing his army forward, but the reason was because the enemy who was opposed to him was much slimmer as really Spoofendools had thrown three quarters of his whole army upon Kelly and Maurice Costello. Night time finally ended the battle cruelly as a decided Glandelinian victory, for they had been failed to be driven back and under cover of the darkness the beleaguered christian armies were compelled to retreat, and to keep on retreating to avoid any further engagement with so formidable a foe.

Since lately the Glandelinians have been winning endless and most tremendous successes. And why? It was evident that Glandelinia was far from being subdued, that they were massing stronger armies than ever believed to be mastered, and so fierce had been the resistance that it was no reason that the christian armies could cause very little devastation.

All the points and places recaptured by the enemy, and those not captured by the enemy were heavily guarded by armies not needed in engagements, and it now seemed impossible for even the most massive Abbeannians armies to dare, yes even dare pour over the boundary line to make a repeated invasion. Hanson ordered general Maurice Costello to take personal command of general Dargers army and to withdraw from the enemy territory and as quickly as possible and the same order was given to Williamsburger Zimmermann.

As so far no such orders had been given to general Vivian, but nevertheless general Vivian decided to abandon the invasion, and to have all the christian armies stand their ground along the boundary line, and suppress all attempted invasion that might be resumed by the enemy.

THE INVASION FOR THE TIME BEING IS ABANDONED.

While the three christian armies were retreating northward, general Cannon gave various orders to every army concentrated at the border, and the Angelinian, Calvinian, Abyssinian, and Abbeannian governments sent much needed supplies, and even sent more artillary and ammunition to the border than was really needed, and soon along the whole border there was gathered nearly 5,678,999 pieces of artillary of all kinds.

It took three weeks for the retreating armies under general Vivian and Maurice Costello to reach the border of Angelinia, and Zimmermann was still unheard from and all feared that he was in peril. But a week later he arrived, but there was no appearance of the enemy, and for a time all was quiet as if the entire war had really ended. All of the christian armies had soon left the Glandelinian country, and the invasion had finally been abandoned. These events surprised the world indeed, and no doubt the millions of children of every nation must have felt broken hearted, when they felt sure that the next coming christmas would be the same, a sorrowful giftless one.

But general Hanson was not discouraged. It had been over a month now since he had been wounded, and as general Evans had been less severely wounded than Hanson, Evans was requested to leave for the boundary and take command of the entire series of armies, and see what could be done on the matter. It was evidently believed that his absence made it impossible for the christian armies to fight such foes, and that Evans being a good leader, could accomplish much. Evans felt that he was unable to do so yet, and would have refused, but then separation from his little girls friends for so long already felt to him like the separation of God from a lost soul, and so he decided to do his best, and believed that his doing so would speed up his recovery. It was already near the end of January, and it was drawing high to February. On the twentieth of January Evans left his hospital.

And bidding goodbye to his pretty nurses, and the doctors, left for the train. He reached the boundary line after two days fast riding, and as soon as possible assumed command of a personal army, and issued orders for all the other generals commanding the Abbeannian armies to follow out all orders that he should give. Yet he longed for the time that Hanson would recover so he could resume command for to command so many big armies was too much work for Evans alone, and yet he found no evidence of the presence of the Vivian Girls, and did not know where to locate them. He made inquiries but no one knew which army they were in.

Violet and her sisters were oversaddened over the outcome of the last great battle, and did not know what to make of it when the news came to them that the invasion was entirely broken, and that their uncle general! Hanson Vivian had ordered that the invasion had to be abandoned..... They were almost discouraged, and feared that the enemy would surely make a new invasion now and that the entire war was lost for good and all..... They longed for the return of general Evans, and prayed that he would soon come and take command of all the christian armies.

Finally three weeks after the christian defeat at Bandoobogier Violet and her sisters learned from their own little girl friend Jennie Turner and Angeline Niches that general Evans had taken command of all the christian armies, and that he was making inquiries about their whereabouts but could not get any satisfaction.

"We must go to him then," said Violet. "Whose may has he taken command of?"

"No one knows as yet," answered Jennie Turner. "But we are great informers and could easily find out for you in no time....."

"Then do please," cried Jennie Vivian pleadingly.....

"We will do anything for good little friends of ours like you." Said Jennie Turner. "But to find out this information we will have to leave you for a few days. And if we find the great general ourselves we will bring him to you."

Evans was looking over a map in his headquarters at Illina section. It was an important map and gave good proofs of the situation of all the christian lines along the border of Angolinia, and Glandolinia. As he was thus studying this map and looking over every detail, an officer came in and saluting said;

"Your excellency, there are two little girls outside who would like to see you on important matters."

"Who are they asked Evans." "The Vivian girls."

"No." Answered the officer. "They are little strangers to me and under no conditions will give their names to no one but you. By say they must see you and won't leave until they do."

"Well why tell me before bringing them." Said Evans in a surly manner.

"If little children wish wishes to see me let them in. Do you think they will cut me up on first sight?"

Evans that day on some account was in an ugly mood, and the officer knowing it said nothing more. He went out to where the two little girls were standing and said;

"I would like to see you little girls. He told me to bring you in."

"We wish to go in alone." Said the little girl with pink dress and golden hair. "We are not horses and don't want to be led. Do you suspect us as some treacherous spies of Glandolinia?"

The man cowed by her manners did not say a word and allowed them to enter the building. They mounted the steps but under no cause or despite the protests of the children would the little girls be permitted to pass by the guards at the door until the officer said;

"Allow them to proceed. Evans your general wants to see them."

So the two little girls were allowed to enter. They were shown by one of the privates to where Evans was sitting looking over the map. They were asked to sit down, and Evans forgetting about them for the moment went on studying the map. It was the first time that the two children had ever seen this great christian general and they felt almost shy and timid, and for a while kept as quiet as if they were not there at all. For an hour there was silence. Evans still continuing the working over his map and then he chanced to look up and noticed the two little girls sitting down in the lounge.

"Oh I have forgotten all about you two." He said in a pleasant manner. "Are you the two little girls who wished to see me on important business?"

"Yes." Answered Jennie Turner shortly.

"Well, well." Said Evans pleasantly. "I'm glad to see you. Where have you come from? Were you not with my little charges the Vivian girls once at Glorinda?"

"Yes we were." Said Angeline pishes. "And we know where they are now too. That is why we came to see you. They heard of your taking command of the great big christian armies, and begged us to find out how they could get to you. I thought it would be best to find you and have you go to them."

Evans was astonished at this information and said;

"You little girls did wonders. Where are they?"

"They are in the army under the command of the general known as Maurice Costello." Answered Jennie.

"It's glad you have told me this." Answered Evans. "More orderly tell the chief to bring up something to eat. Hurry." He added to the orderly who just then stepped in. "Then turning to the little girls he said;

"What is your name if you please to tell us?"

"My name is Jennie Turner, and this is my little friend Angeline Riches."

"You must be the very battles that have been fought." Said Evans. "Have you named after those cities?"

"We must have been." "Was the chief answer."

"But how did you find your way to my lines?" Asked Evans. "Maurice Costello's army is far from here, and there is danger lurking over where."

"We learned where you was and got here on a fast train." Answered Angeline Riches. "We did not see any of the wicked Glandolinians on the way, nothing but christian soldiers everywhere we looked. We don't see how so many Abbleandians can be so easily beaten."

"I don't either." Said Evans. "What is keeping that orderly?" He wondered to himself. "He's been gone ten minutes already. Does he have to make the chief before he gives him any order?"

But at this moment the orderly appeared.

"What detained you?" Asked Evans sternly. "You have been gone for ten minutes."

"The chief was not in at the moment and I had to prepare it myself."

Evans looked the orderly.

"Oh that's different." Said Evans. "Here little girls is some dinner for you for I believe you are mighty hungry."

"Oh thank you general!" Cried the two children. "We had even missed our breakfast in our hurry to reach you."

As the children proceeded with the eating Evans rolled up the map and placed it under his arm in his drawer and was about to close it when he accidentally swirled apart the table cloth, and saw a man hiding under the table. Suddenly he drew his pistols to the surprise and fear of the little girls and cried;

"Come out from under that table you sneaking cur or I'll shoot you down as I would a dog."

"Seeing himself caught the man moved. He was a fierce looking second hand scoundrel. Evans relieved him of his pistols two of which were found on him and Angeline pishes summoned some of the soldiers who came in a run."

"You were here on some important business of your own." Said Evans.

"You no doubt heard the conversation between me and those two little girls here. And I believe you are one of those sneaking agents looking for the whereabouts of Violet and her sisters. Tell me what your intention was."

"I'll have to admit that you are right." Said the spy. "I was sent here to prevent these little girls from giving you any information as to where they are but have failed. I'll surrender myself to you as a prisoner, as to go back now when suffering a failure would bring upon me a worse fate than you have in store for me. You shoot spies. They torture me when I'm not successful."

"I'm not going to have you shot when not successful." Said Evans.

"But you will serve a long term in prison. Then take him away out of my sight."

The soldiers marched the spy away and the children recovering their apprehension resumed their eating.

"You little girls seem to have been scared when I brought that spy forth so suddenly." Said Evans. "Am I right?"

"We were startled but not frightened." Said Angeline. "We did not know what had happened when you took out your guns. I thought you saw a wild animal under the table."

"I did." Said Evans. "A wild animal in here?"

As soon as the two children had finished eating, Evans determined to take the girls to his room, and when he had arranged to Maurice Costello to send them the Vivian girls to him, giving directions as to where they were to be sent and on. It was two days however before Maurice Costello got this order, and then riding up to where the little girls were still lying on the grassy sward sleeping he dismounted and woke them up.

"Good afternoon general." Said Violet. "What is the trouble now?"

"There is no trouble as yet." Answered the general. "I've received orders to send you little girls to Evans. He has given me full directions as to where you are to go."

"Oh goody." Cried Jennie. "We have been praying for this so long."

"How long will it be before we can go?" Asked Jennie.

"You must start right away." Said the general. "And alone too for scouts have reported that the christian armies are so numerous and so close together that there is no need of a canopy in sight."

Receiving full directions Violet and her sisters mounted their horses and started off toward the point indicated. They must reach the railway station but when they got there they found that the ticket agent was gone, and inquiring learned that no trains ran any more as the trucks had been destroyed to prevent the enemy from using the lines. Violet and her sisters did not know how they were going to reach general Evans, but one of the men knowing their well said;

"You can have colonel Jensen to make the trip. He'll let you have it."

In a few minutes the little girls were in the machine and the chauffeur started off right away toward the distant country. Violet and her sisters enjoyed the beautiful scenery as they passed, and also watched every roadway to make sure that no enemy was within their region of refuge.

Violet and her sisters wondered if they would be long in reaching general Evans, but they did not ask the soldier any questions on this subject. They knew however that little Jennie Turner and her companion had found general Evans and had given him word as to their whereabouts. This they were thankful for, and hoped that it would not take very long, as they were almost impatient to reach him. Finally they asked the soldier who was driving the machine how long it would take to reach the destination.

"That I cannot tell you," said the soldier. "We have a long ride before us and we are lucky if the gasoline holds out for all the way. We have over fifty miles to go yet."

Violet and her sisters sighed.

"It's too bad they wrecked the tracks so soon," said Jennie.

"Yes but it had to be done," declared the soldier. "You see the enemy has used the tracks for their own communications without our knowing it, and that was the only way to prevent them. Our troops are ripping all the lines that run southward, or eastward. It's got to be done. We don't like to do it as we are ruining our own property, and not the enemy's, but then when it is necessary to do so we cannot help but do it...."

"I know it is true," said Catherine. "But how do you know that the enemy would not use some other means. They are clever as you all know."

"We'll prevent anything on their part if possible," answered the soldier. "They have driven out of their own country all of our enemies, but we are not going to let them invade us again and cause much more damage like before. We will show them that even if we can be driven out of glandolinia they will meet just as much resistance as they gave us. And we'll prove it when the opportunity comes."

"I believe Evans will do his best to recover all the lost ground," he exclaimed Hettie Vivian. "He is a good general, and we were awfully whipped because he was absent."

"Yes and he was whipped three or four times when in full command of the armies," said the soldier bitterly. "And how comes that he was thrashed?"

"We can explain easily for us found out," said Daisy. "Three of his generals blundered repeatedly during those battles, and lost their commands. Evans does not stand for no blunders, and only our pleading to him prevented him from doing what Hanson our uncle does to those who blunder. And that is condemn them to death as high treason."

They had now reached the junction of the planvieda gun and here the machine was stopped by some guards and after being questioned were allowed to continue on their way. This was a strange part of the country to the little girls, and they indeed did admire the lovely scenery. It did not look like any there at all for all kinds of beautiful tropical flowers were in bloom and all the trees were fully unburied. The ground was especially beautiful and every house they passed had a cozy appearance. The weather was delightful and exceptionally fair, and the sunbeams darting through the thick foliage made a sublime appearance indeed. They were nearing the region of the largest portion of the Sunbeam Creek where it empties into the Erminia. But they were many hundreds of miles south of where the great battle of Sunbeam creek had been fought. Violet and her sisters watched all the beautiful scenery in silence, and the more they progressed toward the more beautiful it became and finally they reached the stream, and sped across the bridge. Here the scenery was a paradise.

As they crossed the bridge, they halted for a few minutes, to refresh themselves, and then they continued their journey. As soon as they were quite a distance, Violet and her sisters saw moving objects behind some overhanging vines and suddenly a swarm of soldiers stepped out and leveled their muskets, but as soon as they recognized who were in the car they lowered their guns and smiled.

"Beg pardon little Darlings of the Nation for our mistake," said one of the men. "But we must be on our guard you know."

The party still continued on their way until over thirty miles had been passed and night was fast approaching. Then the party realized that they had to stop and turn in for the night as to continue further was not safe without daylight. Near by was another Abbeonnanian camp and here the children and the soldier received shelter.

The Abbeonnanians here were glad to see the little girls and welcomed them warmly and gave them first a good and hearty supper. The officers of the two troops were not Abbeonnanians but Abyssinians, and did not know the little girls until informed who they were, but never theless they were treated with the utmost respect, and eight of the generals offered their own tents for the little girls to sleep in, the general proposing to sleep on the outside.....

The night was a beautiful one, and perfectly clear, and warm. For a certain time for some unusual reason Violet and her sisters found it difficult to go to sleep and so they got up for a while and sat outside the tent, looking constantly at the stars far above them, and at the moon which was shining brightly overhead. They had never seen such a splendor of the heavens before in their lives, and were awed as it seemed very unusual.....

"Ain't the stars much numerous to night," asked Jennie. "And is not the moon beautiful and bright. I believe it never looked so bright before."

"It certainly is," answered her sisters. "And the air is so clear and black. And the air is so beautiful and calm. I wonder what it can mean."

"It is hard to tell," said Violet. "I saw many a tranquil night but never like this. Maybe it is a spell of very fine weather which occurs so frequently in this part of Angolonia."

As they continually watched the scenery, they noticed the nearest bushes slowly wave aside and before them stood a tall, lean man with a gun on his shoulder. He no doubt was one of the guards, but the little girls did not like to take chances, and desisted of what he wanted.

"Oh nothing," was the answer. "I heard your voices and came to see what was up. Why are you not sleeping? It is near ten o'clock!"

"We do not know ourselves," said Catherine. "We could not get to sleep."

"Maybe it is the tranquility of the atmosphere," said the soldier. "I'm usually sleeping while on guard at some nights, but to night I fell as if I could go without sleep forever. It's unusual."

At times Violet and her sisters could hear the drum drum explosive signals among the distant christian camps, and at other times the occasional challenge of a sentry, or the cry "All is well." They liked to listen to all of these sounds, and finally they began to feel drowsy and so they went in and retired for the night.....

THE BATTLE OF BILLIARDS RUN.
THE GREAT EXPLOSION. EARTHQUAKES CAUSED BY EXPLOSIONS.
VIVIAN GIRLS IN PERIL. FIRST GLANDOLINIAN VICTORY.

At ten o'clock in the morning, Violet and her sisters came within the location of general Evans lines, near the region of Billiards Run, but some farmers came up and warned them not to proceed any further than the town of Goodnow for a battle was raging along Evans lines, and that the region was believed unapproachable. This was surprising news for the soldier, but then he had to head warning, and so directed his course toward that town. He and the children had been positive that something was going on, for all that morning since the early break of day they had heard continually the most strange noises, and believed that a battle had been raging somewhere. As soon as they reached the village or town, they could hear the roar of the distant battle more clearly, and also the fiercer yelling of the combatants.

When the little girls were at large in the streets of the town, they found the people all excited, and when mingling among them soon heard the cause. It was rumored that general Ambrose Fuller had led his whole army out of Johnston's camp, and was now fighting against general Evans' army, and that three armies were at present in the field, besides all the christian army. They had heard of all these accidents, and after clapping especially fifteen times, they had heard out of all that Ambrose Fuller had led his army out of Johnston's camp, and had escaped with his life.

No one at first could hardly believe these rumors but it was really true for no one who gave the reports lied. Johnston's army had pulled up his main defense army to force his way to make another great invasion for the cause of glandolinia, and had found general Evans' army opposed to him at Billiards Run. The result of the meeting was a tremendous battle, and for three hours early in the morning Manley had delivered three bitter and violent assaults against the christian line. Then came up the army under Ambrose Edwin Fuller, stronger than ever known before. Each time he threw five million men against the christian line until his losses had been terrific. Within two hours he had made six desperate assaults losing entirely 30,000,000 men. He had expected aid from other

portions of Hanley's line, but Hanley had been heavily assaulted by other parts of Evans' main army, and soon for Ambrose Fuller himself all was over. He had been repelled with great assault, and the Angelinians followed up their successes with great counter charges and destroyed Ambrose Fuller's army completely after repelling over fifteen assaults from his Gladiolians.

Hanley had been dismayed over this loss, and Ambrose Fuller who escaped was so broken hearted, that he felt discouraged, and would no longer join in the battle.

Violet and her sisters were shocked indeed over the news, and at first they did not believe it, until the bulletin told it all which had been learned from the main Christian line still inactive. All day long the noise of the distant battle could be heard, and still no one could tell how long it would continue. It was later on reported that the firing of the battle caused series of earth tremors that wrought pain and ruin in the villages and towns thirty miles away from the scene itself. Even many cities, districts and towns were totally devastated by great shell explosions of both sides. This battle seemed another bloody Jennie Turner raging for the losses seemed equally as great. The inhabitants of the town of Goodnow however gave no thought to any immediate danger for they did not believe that the battle could produce shocks as to reduce their own village into ruins. But toward evening scarcely six or eight hours distant had caused great havoc, and even in the town when a peculiar uproar of the battle reached them a severe rocking of the earth was felt but no one paid any special attention to it. But Violet and her sisters were suspicious. They remembered what the disastrous battles of Sunbeam creek, Jennie Turner, Big-Girlkool, and Glorinia had done, and warned many of the people of the village not to go in their own houses until the roaring of the conflict ceased.

Violet and her sisters over the tremendous din of the distant battle were restless and agitated, and they walked about through their room into the garden, and listened to the appalling noise of the distant battle. It sounded like millions of volcanoes far in the distance in activity. A strange foreboding oppressed the little girls intensely, for they felt that the very house was about to collapse about their heads. It was now eight o'clock in the evening. Night now the battle seemed suddenly in violence, and the little girls finally awoke down the town as it did the others. Frenzied and disturbed the little girls went out into the garden, the coming stars were found sparkling so mild, and the distant hills and mountains rested as solid as though their foundations were destined to last forever. But far to the south continued the noise of fierce cannonading, and the crashing thuds of great series of explosions. They return into the building. Then they try to divert their little minds by reading their prayer books, but the letters seemed to move about on the paper like ants, the chairs beneath them seemed to shake continuously, the ceiling overhead to creak. A second time this severe indefinable sensation drove the little girls out of doors, and though in the distance the battle seemed to have slightly increased, as more cannons than before seemed to be in action, the sky above appeared to be as calm and as quiet as ever, all nature itself seemed to be peaceful.

THE FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION.

"How strange." The little girls mused to themselves. "Is this unaccountable fear that is within us. What we alone be seized and tormented by such unjustifiable apprehension?"

At they took the nerve to go inside the house again, Violet looked at the clock. Eight o'clock had passed.

"Go outside. Go outside." Calls a warning voice seemingly within the air and almost resembling that of little Annie Aronburg. And a third time the same interior prompting urges the little girls to leave the building. The terrible crash of the battle still resounded throughout the coming night, mingling with the hoarse boisterous song of thousands of cannons, and the thunders of terrific explosions. Far to the west the sky was all aflame as if there was some great fire, but Violet and her sisters had no time to think of it. Scarcely had Violet and her sisters left the threshold again, when they observed something in the south like a sudden outburst of a volcano, there came a tremendous crashing as if millions of parks of artillery exploded simultaneously. Indeed roaring

and with furious speed the rolling wave came on bringing swift explosion. Then suddenly to the ears of the little girls came the stunning and tremendous deafening noise of falling houses, caving walls and collapsing ceilings. Stones were hurled through the air, the end of the world seemed to come, and mingled with the din came cracking floors and crashing timbers every where, causing a dense cloud of suffocating dust to ascend to the bright starry sky. A moment only and the town of Goodnow was no more. Two terrific shocking explosions had occurred within the Christian lines following each other in quick succession had produced an earth shock which leveled a score of other towns around, and the city of Jennie Wren town only twelve miles further away went down into a mass of ruins, filling the air with dense clouds of dust. The inhabitants were hurled almost a yard high by the shock of the concussion, and indeed it seemed as if the earth had opened into spasmodic convulsions to bury the alive with the doomed city.

"Merry Merry." Was the desperate earthrending cry that rang through the stunning noise and blinding clouds of dust. The plea was no longer for that world in a moment hundreds of thousands appeared before the tribunal of the Judge who unprepared or prepared as they were will pass sentence upon them for eternity. That hours of suspense and terror preceded the tragedy. The wailing cry of the millions of wounded, the unheeded cry for help from those partly covered with debris, the death rattle of the dying the pitious moaning and whining of crushed and mangled children all increased the horrors of this dreadful night. Folted by repeated shocks of earthquakes produced by more great explosions the awful ruins pinned down their victims still more tightly as fresh masses of walls and earth caved in.

As long as the battle would be continuing there would be no escape, no means of rescue for the wounded from this confusion and desolation. The streets were blockaded by piles of debris with no possibility of passage. After this experience it was clear to Violet and her sisters who it was that had given them no peace. Without the faithful warning of their guardian angels and of little Annie Aronburg, they thought to themselves they would now lie dead or buried alive beneath the debris of the house they had taken refuge in for the night. Thanks to the interior promptings, they had apprehended the approaching dangers, and were able to secure their proper protection and safety in the beautiful garden, at a safe distance from buildings. In fervent prayer they gave thanks to their guardian angels and the little Aronburg Girl for this miraculous rescue.

In the meantime before the explosions had occurred, Hanley had massed all of his army forward against the whole of the Christian army under general Evans, and thus after the occurrence of the explosions the Christian army could be seen retiring northward as fast as soldiers could run. Evans could not stop the wild rout, and it was feared exceedingly that the fierce Gladiolians would soon overrun the Christian country once more.

But it did not seem that anyway the battle could be as yet won by the enemy. It was only half of general Evans' army which had been worsted and this he quickly got ready, and during the late portion of the night he had rallied and gathered a large section of the beaten armies, and was prepared to meet the enemy once more. The enemy were in possession of the devastated regions but it did not benefit them anything whatever.

Violet and her sisters and the millions of homeless survivors had been compelled to retreat before the tide of confusion, and were succored by many other villages and towns further north. Tired, weary, and apprehensive Violet and her sisters were given shelter in a frame house, and they laid awake for quite a while listening to the noise of many explosions, and the rumbling of many big guns. They felt apprehensive over the entire situation for evidently it appeared that the enemy would surely make an invasion into the Angelinian country again. Even if the foe did invade Angelinia, there could still be hope of holding out successfully, but the main danger was Gladiolians. Should the Gladiolians march over such as Calvernia the three, Abbeville, Angelinia, and Calvernia might as well be their arms and surrender. Thus they thought while lying awake. Finally they fell asleep. Enemies however were prowling around this region in disguise, enemies as thick as swarms of flies over a decayed animal, and several of these in the darkness of the night set the frame house on fire. The fire when discovered was in full blaze when the fire bells clanged through the dark noise calling the people to hasten to the rescue.

Houses at other points had also been set afire by the prowlers, and the sleeping occupants of the many ill-fated houses knew nothing of their peril until aroused by the outsiders, and only by rapid flight down stairs did the elders save their lives and their own children.

The fire had caused a general panic, and while the confusion was at its height the fire-department of other towns arrived, and started to work on the fierce infernos of what had once been houses. No child in the buildings had been forgotten, but when the crowds had surged toward the place where Violet and her sisters had been sleeping it was also found that this building was also aflame, and that the children were not out, and had been sleeping in the attic. What was to be done? To re-enter this building was impossible, suicide, already the stairways, the floor and walls, every one were ablaze, and soon the entire house would collapse. The fire departments were already arriving in increased numbers, and two of them started a desperate fight to save the houses, and two being attracted by the crowd to the special one where Violet and her sisters slept, started the work more strongly on this building, but the fire had spread too far, and nothing could be done to check its wild progress, and all the lower section was a roaring furnace. And there high above the burning structure, slept those eight innocent saintly little girls - the beautiful Vivian Girls, who had survived so much for our Poor Lord, and who had risked so many perils for his sake, and who were the Darlings of the Nations. No one was able to call them, no one could give them aid. Ladders were placed against the walls but the flames leaped so far from the lower windows that no one could climb them, and this attempt had to be abandoned. The floor of the room where Violet and her sisters were sleeping, was already burning fiercely, already many timbers have burned through, and the place was smoke filled. Soon a portion of the floor fell in with a heavy and deafening crash. But fortunately the loud crackling of the flames, the stifling smoke, and the noise of falling timber, and the shouts of people outside, and shouted orders from all firemen, and confusion of sound, besides the noise of engines, and firewhistles awoke the little girls, and at once they jumped from their beds and rushed to the door.

In a moment they had jerked it open, but to their dismay saw singing sheets of flame fairly blew in their faces, followed by black clouds of dense smoke. With difficulty they slammed the door against the devouring flames and ran to the nearest windows about three of them.

"Oh God how far are we from the ground!" gasped Jennie in horror. "We are eighty feet!" cried Violet. "At least it seems so and no ladder can reach us for the men I would free the flames of fire below. And there is no rope at hand with which we could save ourselves at the other side. We will have to jump."

"Overhead already great tongues of flame were breaking through the roof beneath them leaping through the windows, came long a tongues of fire, which were also rapidly consuming the walls. And already the house was starting to sway and tilt as if about to collapse."

"Oh God help us, we simply must jump down!" cried Joice. "I will jump first dear sisters, and if it don't hurt me you must jump after me."

"Taking the sign of the cross she cried:

"Only guardian angel, help me and she leaped to the ground fully thirty feet below - wonderful indeed indeed. She did not suffer the least harm, and as she rose quickly and called to her sister with a joyfulness that was indescribable. "X Come on little sisters it did not hurt me." She leaped among the throng. Daitating her sisters pious example Jennie made the sign of the cross and begged, "H Holy Guardian Angel, help me."

Another jump from the window. To the inexpressible joy of the weeping friends, and anxious bystanders, the little one too rises without having sustained the slightest injury. Instantly her sisters followed, and just in time for the house collapsed with a thunderous roar sending clouds of sparks high into the air. Instantly all are on their knees thanking God. You true is the word of Holy Writ:

"He hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. In their hands they shall bear thee up."

In fact the enemy had won that last day a sweeping and crushing victory on Evans' foremost army. A brilliant victory indeed on odds best serves. But their progress inward was noticed to be peculiarly extended. The main line of Evans' army had been pierced badly but not bended back, and should Johnston Jackson Manley advise Evans to resume the battle without pressing his own advantage which he had gained, Manley's army would pay little hell for it. His whole Glandelinian army was caught in an angle of Christian armies, not under Evans alone, but generals Jimmie Vivian, General Vivian James Cannon, Williamshurzer Zimmermann, and now others of worthy note. Manley was in danger for his victory had carried him right into a trap that was more dangerous than a snare of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

General Evans did not know this fact at all. He believed indeed that he was already beaten, that the enemy would now surely decide the situation. "I'm beaten," and all the rest in their own favor in the darkest time that it takes to think of. He was not discouraged or dispirited, and vowed that no Glandelinian general no matter who he was could ever make him surrender. "It's like surrendering to the devil and his angels." He said to his staff that night after the armies had been withdrawn to the main line. "To surrender to the worse enemies of God under that Manley, is cowardice, and for one I'd rather commit suicide than do so. I'm beaten, I'll have to admit it but just the same I do not lose heart. I remember the stories of the many battles during the Civil war in the United States, in Eighteen sixty one when many times the cause of the Nationals was just as much at stake as our own are now, and how did the whole quarrel turn out. Why the Confederates were finally reduced to the last stages of desperation, and general Robert Edmund Lee had to surrender to save his armies from destruction, and the Southern States from further devastation. We cannot be like the Confederates who were beaten through their own fault, and neither will we allow ourselves to be beaten. We can win, and there is something wrong somewhere that causes the victory that the enemy continually wins."

Violet and her sisters were with him and heard this statement he made. They had earlier in the evening reached his lines, and succeeded in scouting on the enemy after the earthquake scenes, three days before. Though worsted in the battle Evans did not allow his army to retreat, and determined to await his opportunity, and strike back as swiftly as a thunderbolt. Violet and her sisters who had been out scouting, had discovered the condition of the enemy's lines. They had observed that the enemy were really victorious in the battle, had accomplished more than even Manley had ever expected, but Manley's whole army unknown to him was trapped, and so when they had returned to Evans' headquarters, it had been just in time to catch him in his speech to the general officers, and for a while they gave him all the information which they had to his surprise and joy.

"You little girls are certainly wonderful," said Evans. "You have to the world all you discover all this."

"Easily." Answered Catherine. "We went out to scout on the enemy early this evening, and discovered it through means of our maneuvers, and learned of it through a certain Glandelinian we heard talking to a companion. We shot them down, and wounded them, so that they could not escape and bring the information of his danger to Manley, and made haste to tell you about it. And we hope that we have succeeded."

"Well it would do little good for Manley if he did discover his danger," declared Evans. "Of course we cannot capture his army, but he will not dare assault us again, and we will not fear the results. And we can withdraw our armies to better cover."

"I think it will be foolish to do so," said general Baldwin.

If you withdraw, you'll move the trap out of Manley's way and he will take advantage of it and strike you again, and probably more successfully, and more disastrously. I can see, and probably the little girls can see it too that if you defeat Manley this time, after all the success the Glandelinians already have made, it will be a blow from which they will never recover, and we probably can march on their captured capital then without much further resistance."

"It seems possible that you are right," said Evans after a moment's silence. "I believe it will be the best thing, to strike him, and strike him hard. And I'll have general Williamshurzer Zimmermann who is only twelve miles away from me catch Manley at the same time. This will give me a chance to revenge my many defeats, which I have already experienced."

Later on Evans went out scouting, himself, and for favor and company brought Violet and her sisters, and even the other two little girls with him. As they had progressed for a short distance, they were suddenly attracted by the sound of voices, and going closer heard one of the men said:

"Yes I was shot sergeant by one of the Vivian girls and so was my companion too. But don't blame them sergeant. It's our disguise that fooled them. They heard us talking about the trap into which Manley fell into and believing us Glandelinians they at once charged upon us, and shot us down. But only two of the little girls fired the shot. Jennie and Daisy."

"But why did you not explain who you were?" asked the sergeant.

"We had no time." Was the answer. "We were being ordered to all this time still you and your cavalry came along. Please hurry to the lines and don't any more on the matter, for I don't wish to have it spread around that Violet and her sisters shot down their two best friends John Evans and Rudolph Bassett's dale."

Telling Violet and her sisters to stay in the background general Evans rode lastingly to the spot. The sergeant had ordered the men who were with him to place the wounded christian generals on a horse each, and was about to direct Violet's horse when Evans came thundering down upon them. At first each man suddenly drew his gun and prepared to fire, but when they saw that it was they were glad.

"Your excellency these two men in disguise have been shot down by two of the Vivian girls." Said the sergeant.

"Yes I know it." Said Evans. "And even my brother for I heard the conversation. A : they severely wounded."

"Seriously, and dangerously." Answered the sergeant. "But I believe if we can get them to the lines quick enough, we can bring them through. Your brother was shot more seriously though, and has a wound in the right lung, and left arm."

"It's startling, and they have heard your conversation too." Said general Jack Evans. "They are only a little ways from here I having come alone." But as it was a mistake I suppose they did not mean it. I must call them."

He rode forward to where the little girls were, and advised them to come. They did, and as the disguise of the two men were stripped off, it was soon evident that they were really the two generals, and Violet and her sisters felt frightened, and thought that they could never forgive themselves.

"We surely thought you were Glandelinians." said Violet. "You were talking so suspiciously that we thought you were Glandelinians who knew the secret of our armies, and we show no mercy to spies, and so two of us let you have it. But I hope our shots were not fatal."

The whole party led the two wounded generals within the lines, and as soon as the hospital camp was reached, Evans turned the wounded generals over to the most expert army surgeon.

"They will pull through." He said. "But they must be kept from noise and excitement. If a battle happens to rage, see to it that they are transferred to one of the northern towns or cities."

Violet and her sisters were full of apologies, but general Evans drew them away from the wounded generals and said:

"What is the use of feeling so terribly over it? You little girls made a mistake. Surely it would have been me to do the same thing if I saw them first, and thought them as suspects. The doctor says they will recover and surely they'll forgive you."

Violet and her sisters however did not know what to make of their mistake, and felt that indeed Jennie Turner and Angeline niches were surprised that Violet and her sisters could have made such a mistake, but who could trust the chance when any one would have suddenly rode right into two gray coats. Anyone who dared wear the graycoat whether enemy or not, took his chances, and they knew it. So Violet and her sisters could not be blamed. Jennie Turner and the other little girls, told Violet and her sisters, how they had reached Evans lines, and also told them how the battle of Billiards Run had raged. Violet and her sisters lying down and looking at the bright and beautiful stars, were interested in the story of the two little girls, and then Violet said:

"I suppose you two friends of mine have had a lot of our own experiences."

"We read of it all in the papers." Said Jennie Turner. "You have suffered a great deal in the four hands, and we are surprised to see you living with us to day. We don't understand it and yet we see it."

"You and your companion have proved yourselves to be brave and courageous too." Said Jennie. "When in danger that the two of you killed two graycoats, while we shot down the rest."

"We did not know that we did be brave." Said the child. "We thought we could have screamed when we saw them lunging toward us."

"But you were brave nevertheless." Said Jennie. "We have felt the same way ourselves when cornered by the foe. But we suppressed ourselves, and did not utter a sound, but fired at our foes."

Jennie Turner and her friend admired the presence of Violet and her dearest sisters, and wondered that such fair and beautiful little girls could really have such bravery. Nevertheless they did not even so much as hint at their special guardian. They were called in by Evans to a private call of the little girls to go to bed as they would probably have to arise early in the morning.

"Go to bed!" Asked Violet.

"Yes." Answered Evans pleasantly. "Good little girls always go right to bed when they are asked to."

"But we can't." Answered Jennie. "You know well enough Evans Dear that there are no beds in the cots. We sleep on the floor last night, and so did you and the other generals." And the little girls started laughing.

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"You little children are greatly mistaken." Declared Evans. "Do you think my soldiers make raids for mere nothing. This morning our sole soldiers made repeated raids on the enemy, and captured articles of furniture of every description besides over 567,000 beds, and everything belonging to them, added with provisions, and many wagons. So to night none of us generals at least will sleep on the floor, and I congratulate you to say that neither will any of the soldiers, for their good work these past three days. So this is where I surprise you."

Going inside the little girls saw that it was really true. In their own well selected rooms these the three beds that was well fit to have for a number of kings. After their prayers the little girls tumbled in in no time and were soon fast asleep. Jennie Turner alone could hardly get any sleep, but finally she grew drowsy and was soon as sound asleep as any of the other children were. Soon the children were suddenly awakened by the sound of fierce thunder or something what appeared like thunder, but thinking it a thunderstorm they gradually went to sleep again, just as the noise ceased and all was quiet. Evans had been shot in a large section of Glandelinian country who had been discovered scouting on his lines. Evans during the night had been concentrating his main forces toward Lizzen Pirsian, and learning of the approach of Abraham Manley's armies, had extended his other forces to the left, to prevent the new Glandelinian army from making a junction with Manley's or Billiards Run. This was generally the cause of the fierce campaigning, but fortunately it did not cause any serious action.

But late in the next morning the very Glandelinian army showed its teeth when machine guns were turned with dreadful destructive success on the mobs of Abbeannian assault, who made a storming assault upon the whole line with unceasing fury, and great ferocity. The battle had raged for over three hours before Violet and her sisters had been awakened by the frightful din, and later they heard of the frightful repulse of the christian assailants who stormed the enemy positions so fiercely. Wireless dispatch reached Evans which said that the Glandelinians had not been able to repulse the bloody assault or disperse the wild mob of Abbeannians and Abyssinkilians until the most vicious of war weapons--flame throwers--a new device was used by the Glandelinians. While the forces which had been driven back were being rallied all the army was agog with wild rumors and unconfirmed reports that scores of millions of Abbeannians and Abyssinkians were killed and wounded and many more millions taken prisoners, and that scores of christian generals were also killed and wounded. A furious and most sanguinary battle was now raging along the main and extreme christian right held by general Cal Clannon which seemed to be the climax of a furious demonstration of a surge of Glandelinian waves estimated at over 26, 26,799,000 strong, and who in the face of a murderous withering fire of christian musketry and cannons poured successfully over a large section of the christian works, quickly but gradually pressed back what portion of the whole Abbeannian line. The Abbeannian machine guns about sixty a thousand in number at this moment opened a terrific and withering fusillade digging vicious holes in the gray surges, and splintering them into pieces, and even splintering the trees, amid the terrific storm of shouts which rose from the throngs of Mc-Hollentinian assailants, and as massed fresh divisions of Abyssinkilians and Abbeannians were thrown in overwhelming numbers upon them, and shot and cut them down in whole sale masses, an indescribable panic and confusion broke out, and many Glandelinian officers who were caught in the panicly turnabout of the Mc-Hollentinian waves finding for the shelter of the woods, fell mortally wounded in that screaming, thundering, and fearful storm of slaughter and conflict. Men and officers piled on top of one another, and as the machine guns kept up unmercifully, the Abbeannians as if driven by fury pressed on after the retreating foe. Evans who had not ordered any attack on the enemy lines in the first place did not know what to make of it, or how in the world the battle had started. Nevertheless he did not believe it wise to allow the enemy to rally at this section at all, and so toward noon massed all of the wing against the Glandelinian army in the location of the first main notion and soon crushed the assailants, and sent them flying back to their own lines at a headlong rate. It was a christian victory so far as it went, but it was evident that the foe in no time would resume the action which was known as the battle of St. Santa Claus Marie. Violet and her sisters and the other two little girls had not witnessed any of this tremendous action, but they had heard the frightful din, and had hoped and longed that the foe would not meet with any success.

Evans during the lull was suspicious of the enemy's actions toward the left a section of the Easter Starring Run junction and threw three quarters of general Jackwick Baldwin's divisions at once at that point, and opened on the enemy's center a tremendous cannonade of many thousands of guns.

He was indeed suspicious when Evans saw three glandelinian divisions and all. Zimmerman thus meaning upon his own center from a different and new quarter, for from the point where Johnston Jackson Manley had his army as situated, and he came to the conclusion, that it was not Johnston Jackson Manley's army that was harassing him but some other glandelinian army of itself. So fearing some thing treacherous he sent a note advising Williamson and Evans to move toward at once, and strike Johnston Manley down, to prevent him from throwing his army upon him, and then raised his second half of the Abbieanman army to meet the new assault that was coming, a-tearing like a roaring, screeching cyclone out of the Hells blowhole.

Cannons of every make tore the glandelinian waves into flying pieces, the din was hentshocking, and terrific, glandelinian waves start staggered and gave back, and with yells of derision the Abbieanmans swept forward at a fierce counter charge, but the glandelinians had rallied, and struck back with all their might, and reduced the column of christian assailants to fragments, and sent them also flying back in the wildest rout to their lines. Evans again massed a immense division before the glandelinians would recover from the effects of the close engagement, and the battle assumed such a murderous and insane fury that of all of the christian generals became suspicious that Manley was massing some new armies from some different location, and warned Evans to be on the lookout. Likewise, when the glandelinian assault poured on, and was torn to pieces, and hurled back in panic. Again the glandelinian surge massed itself in unbroken storm waves of human beings upon the Abbieanman lines, and after a wholesale wholesale massacre driven back with the loss of three quarters of their numbers and with twenty generals slain. But along the christian center the christian army had broken the whole christian line to pieces, and had captured general Evans headquarters, and everyone in it. Fortunately he and the child were absent, but nevertheless surely not finally the battle was going to be a glandelinian victory, for Evans was now overwhelmed by the assault and by a murderous and annihilating fire of 34,000 glandelinian cannon.

At other points of the line he over the assault of the foe did not meet with evident success, and the glandelinian leaders had withdrawn out of their attacking column, thus leaving the assailing glandelinian center fearfully exposed to extreme danger.

Evans had discovered this blunder of the glandelinian generals, and made the strongest concentration of the whole battle upon the glandelinian armies attacking his center, and finally toward night fall the glandelinians withdrew but nevertheless though the fierce conflict was over, it was only a drawn battle as the main glandelinian army still retained its positions and it was in vain just now to make any further efforts to dislodge them.

The battle had been extremely fierce and sanguinary to behold for any length of time, and was the bloodiest battle along the border that had as yet ever been fought.

Manley later in the evening tried to make a diversion and though it resulted in some activity, no more general fighting occurred, and soon all was as quiet as if no battle had been fought. Evans then made efforts to bring to conclusion the cause of the battle. So that night the generals were all assembled and questions were asked about the whole situation.

"I ordered the first great charge that the Abbieanmans made," said general James G. "And I had to. The enemy I discovered were massing three quarters of their full battle batteries of guns on our own line, and so I gave the order, to make the assault. The attack I made was indeed terrific and lasted fully three hours. At the first part of it, my divisions was able to push them back through the glandelinian front, and capture a good number of their best generals of the day, but the main glandelinian general with the last hour throw upon me all his force and crushed all my assaulting line to pieces. What the enemy's intentions was I was not sure, but I sent parts of artillery upon it, and was successful, but I feared an Abbieanman that I feared the enemy might be able to do so, and so I ordered the attack, and I was successful. I have captured them last night, and have saved our armies from a severe dissolution."

"It's possible that it had to happen," said general Evans. "I did not wish to have an engagement with the enemy yet until I could concentrate my main army on Jackson Phynum but as long as the battle could not be avoided then I had to tell any one responsible. What do you think general Cannon was the intention of the enemy in making all their artillery on your side?"

"I cannot say," was the answer. "But I would not take any chances and so let them have it first with my best batteries, and then throw my whole army to the assault. I tell you general they never fired a gun in the whole battle, for when temporarily victorious the men spiked and disabled all the guns so the enemy could not use them."

"You have accomplished something great for the army and prevented a real disaster," said general Evans. "Since the battle of Florida, I thought the war would be over in its fierceness but it seems to me it's getting still more fierce and without any pause. So many glandelinians fell in these recent battles which they won, or lost, that I believed the glandelinian nation was trying to face annihilation, and still comes more glandelinian armies. I cannot understand it at all, but nevertheless it does seem to me that our armies will never cross the border again to make a invasion. We have not casualties of disasters, have been worsted three times in making an invasion of glandelinia, and have raised Cain and hell literally in our efforts to drive the glandelinian armies out of our own countries. The more we gather the christian armies to the defense of our country, the stronger the foe become, and I thought sure they were being depleted more and more and that it would be an easy victory for Angelina now that Abbieanman put in her own armies, but the Abbieanmans seem unable to do the work that the Angelinians were. I cannot understand the reason at all."

"It does seem peculiar," said general Baldwin. "I know of my great talk with you at Florida and we may have to have another. It's strange indeed that the Abbieanmans seem to have so many reverses, not to say losing every good battle fought, fought during the invasion and driven out of glandelinia quicker than they paired in. How does it come is the question, when in the great war of Eighteen fourteen One the Abbieanmans cleared Galverinia from armies of glandelinians scores of times bigger than their own in a few months time, and destroyed forty armies of Ho-Hollatinians in as many battles on the very very Angelina soil during the year of Eighteen Forty Four when the war was in full sway and at its most sanguinary fury. How was it that the glandelinian armies during that war were surrounded by the score, and how was it that the Abbieanmans in Eighteen Eighty Eight were almost completely the glandelinian capital and that other armies that were in the city were destroyed and had to withdraw in terror? I do not making forest fires caused by their own fault. How does it come that they finally reduced the city to surrender, and vanquished the whole country, and now mean now that we reported and most serious disasters and defeats that any army have suffered in all the wars that have the world? Well I can explain. And easily too. Glandelinia has been changed since then. They were so small, so weak, so that great war because they have not how to fight, and were not themselves and able only to vanquish smaller nations themselves. They could at that time raise immense armies but their style of fighting was not even as good as those of Glandelinia. But now they have the style of fighting the Abbieanmans have, they learned it from that time. The world changed in a very short time. Glandelinia was changed, it changed, and we ought to have listened to advice. It will be soon as it will not, but let me tell you general Evans I'll swear to it that as soon as it's over the whole world I if not attended to will be plunged into pestilence and fearful ruin, which were never heard of. This dark war is a warning of hell to itself, and all in off we cannot break Manley like within another week. We'll get it and get it good. Glandelinia has shown herself before the whole world at the end of this war to be the most powerful nation in the world. They suffered nothing in this war, we suffered all, and what can we do to escape from in Galverinia where thousands of cities of ground has been desolated, worse than the end of the world itself could do. We'll not finish of course not yet, but the other side we will. The war has caused terrible sorrow already but it is only a trifle what will come."

And Glandelinia will support those nations or I'll destroy her all together," said Evans with sarcasm. "No matter how hard on the situation is from this war I'll be prepared to meet it, and so will Hanson, and you others will have to too. We'll raise crops in Galverinia, and I'm going to make all of the damnable prisoners who are confined in Galverinia rebuild the frame which they have ruined, or take the places of the children who had been so cruelly murdered during this war. I've sworn to have revenge for the suffering the living girls have went through, and for the assassination of my parents relations and sisters, and I will have revenge too or go down into the uttermost depths of hell as a liar. I'll not give way from this border not even if all of Heaven was to join the glandelinians and pick pitch against us and try to lose. I'll wait the two Manleys or die one or the other. I proclaimed God himself that I myself would be the main leader to keep the city of Glandelinia, and I'll get there too. I have to take the same old old as I did before. There is no more of anything, and in the end of this war I'll have a very strong army. I'll make them pay for God asking me to stop the terrible fire among the lines. I feel a defeat as I feel to be called a coward, and the more defeat I feel the more determined I'll be to win, and shall. I'll cross that border and defy all hell to stop me."

General Baldwin however did not feel so confident of success. The foe's armies were reported to have easily overwhelmed the christian armies during the invasion, and that now it did seem that both sides really equalled each other in obstinacy. However he did not believe it possible that christianity would and could be worsted by an enemy of God. He saw that there must be some way to crushing the two Manleys, and of ending the war. So he concentrated along the border and repelling another attack upon the border, and it did seem as if the war had been reported from all points of the border, and it did seem as if the war was growing more terrible in fury every day and that both sides seemed to face annihilation. While all of the generals were silent for several minutes Evan pondered on the situation. It was real probable that if the Glandelinians won the war Violet and her sisters would soon look like so many of the other murdered children did, and this must be prevented at all hazards. Strike he must, and at once. There should be no waiting untill to-morrow.

"Damn it." He suddenly cried to their amazement. "I'm going to resume the battle at once and crush Manley at no matter what the cost. Go to your respective commands every one of you, and start them forward to strike Manley a blow. I have three hundred thousand Cannon and will blast the way for you. I'll order Zimmermann to strike Manley immediately too. I'll push through all right or know the reason why."

"Alright your excellency we'll do so." Said Baldwin. "And may God help us to win so we can move our armies and concentrate upon Lizzien Pirrian. If we cannot push forward here, we'll never force the way into Lizzien at Lizzien Pirrian. Manley will then laugh us to scorn."

The generals were dismissed, and preparations were made for the assault, while Evans within three hours had a full play of three hundred thousand cannon in action which made a din so terrific as to shake Zimmermann out of his bed, just before he got the order to move like a wedge against Johnston Jacken Manley.

It was Evans purpose to move fiercely with his whole army against Huebaum Manley crush him, sweep past, and throw his whole army upon the rear of Johnston Jacken Manley. If this movement could be successful all would be well. If not then Evans would conclude that he could never do the work desired of him, and if he saw he could not accomplish anything he would hand in his resignation.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

CONTINUATION OF BATTLE OF ST SANTA CLAUS MARIE.

IT'S CONCLUSION. GREAT BATTLE OF THREE DAYS

DURATION AT LIZZIE PIRRIAN. AND THE HIGHEST FURY OF

THE MAD CONFLICT HUEBAUM MANLEY'S ARMIES ARE DISRUPTED.

HIS FATHER'S ARMIES CUT UP AND THROWN INTO CONFUSION AND ROUT. HUEBAUM MANLEY BEARING THE ANNIHILATION OF HIS ARMY, IS COMPELLED TO FLEE, BUT IS SHOT TO DEATH BY FIERCE ABYSSINKILIANS IN A RUSH. GLADELINIA IS REALLY DEVASTATED."

Early the next morning Evans had his whole army thrown upon the glandelinian forces under Huebaum Manley. At first Evans had little hope that he could accomplish anything a success, as no such opportunity presented itself, but during the frightful melee, Evans had discovered that Manleys had extended his left grand wing too far toward the east, and that if any big force was thrown upon it unexpectedly it would cause a disaster.

Evans decided to take advantage of this blunder immediately, and bringing up general Charles Glangings divisions of Concentinians, he hurled it upon the left wing of the glandelinian army, while he sent all the Concentinians and Abyssinkilians cavarly to strike the wing a blow in the rear. The assaults of these two immense forces was made almost simultaneously, and though for a time it seemed possible that the Abbieannians would not be able to pierce the line, the Concentinians cavarly, got far around the main rear, of the glandelinian force, and threw themselves for with the yell of a terrific cyclone. Ten repeated desperate charges were successfully and frightfully repulsed by the glandelinians along their front, but the main body of Abbieannian cavarly after having checked their own rush for an hours time to gain time to reform came tearing through the rear of the glandelinian division, scattering all before it like chaff before a windstorm, and the glandelinians were at once thrown into confusion. Back was rolled the entire left wing of Huebaum Manleys army, and dreadfully cut up, with their fallen lying in monstrous windrows, the survivors retreated in panic.

Huebaum Manley saw the disaster, and warned his father what was going on and tried his level best to retrieve the disaster, but his main reserve force was cut off by the Calverinians under general Childs, and he could do nothing whatever to surpress the onslaught of the Abbieannians along his center. The whole thing was accomplished in one whole morning, and soon the whole of Huebaum Manleys army was retiring southward.

In attacking general Johnston Jacken Manley, Whilliamsburger Zimmermann met serious and stubborn resistance. Johnston Manley had discovered the evident intention of general Evans through means of his spies, and had brought his whole army into the trenches during the night, and repelled every assault made by the Abbieannians with great success.

Evans fortunately had worsted Huebaum Manley sooner than he had expected, and the warning that Huebaum Manley had sent to his father, never reached him, as the messenger fell into the hands of the Abyssinkilians, was shot and the document taken from him.

Toward late afternoon Evans was well in the rear of the army under the second Manley, and toward four-o'clock Evans pushed forward, and finally after most sanguinary fighting, cut his way through the whole Glandelinian army, drove it back for ten miles, and toward evening made a close junction with Zimmermann. Manley at eight o'clock tried every effort, to dislodge Evans, and Zimmermann. Twenty eight successive assaults starting at eight o'clock and ending at twelve midnight was made by the foe with terrific fury but without success, and finally Manley gave it up and retired southward.

"This is surprising indeed..." said Violet to general Evans the next day after the battle had progressed later on in the night with still more success for the enemy, after the fl. foe had been forced to withdraw toward evening before. "Why is it that we can't win anymore... believe we are ourselves too far reduced to have a even chance with Glandelinia."

"Maybe, or at least it seemed so so," answered Evans. "But you little girls must remember that Abbeannia has been through many great wars. She smashed the Normonians in her great battle with them in the bloody and cruel christian war of 1771, and then she smashed the Abyssinkilians who had beaten the Mormonians too, and who were supposed to have the most efficient armies in all the world, and who were then known as the mightiest nation in the world next to Abbeannia. You see the Abbeannian nation has been doing a lot of fighting for many hundreds of years, in series upon series of bloodier wars than ever waged in U.S. or any other country in all Europe. Every man in the Abbeannian army is a veteran, and knows just what war really is. A man like that is worth more than those who have to get used to the idea of campaigns, and who has never been under fire. And I knew and do know that if she seems unable to do anything, I can use her power because of Glandelinia's stronger resistance Abbeannia maybe will not have to fight Glandelinia alone. The Angelinians were a most beaten in the war, Abbeannia admits defeat already through her bulletins, declaring that she cannot drive the glandelinians to submission, but then there is one ally and state of Abbeannia that can under all conditions, if she throws all her armies out."

Violet and her sisters stared at general Evans not knowing what he really meant.

"It's Consentina, and Domb Dombolia," he continued. "And maybe Abyssinkille will help us in all our for their forces. And I think she will in many moments notice. If Glandelinia has to fight Abbeannia and Dombolia or the other side she won't be able here on to spare the armies she has left to her to fight us Abbeannians and Consentinians, and Angelinians here. And Three hundred and sixty five million Abbeannians, Abyssinkilians, and Angelinians won't be beaten by that many Glandelinians I can tell you once I get them all going right. The main thing we must depend upon is the recovery of general Hanson Vivian."

Evans had just finished talking when he heard a heavy pounding on the lower door or door of the lower room which was at the bottom of the stairs, directly in line with his own, his room being on the first floor. For a moment he was curious enough to open his door to listen and saw the woman of the house open the door.

"In the name of the law of Abbeannia," he heard a voice say. "We have come to take one Richard Sanders calling himself an American, a citizen of the United States, who is accused of being a dirty Glandelinian sneak and spy, posing as an American, and is to be immediately sent to Abbeannia. He is hiding in here somewhere. Stand aside aside."

The spy was hiding under a table in Evans room. He was aghast in a moment for to be captured by the fierce Abbeannians was like being seized by starved wolves. Then by a sheer instinct of self-preservation, he got out from under the table, flung the door shut, bolted and locked it, and examined his guns. The door proved itself to be stout and would hold against an assault for any length of time. He rushed to the window. It was an easy drop to the garden below, but of what use to drop, for what chance was there for him to make the leap when he saw that the building was surrounded. He thought it better to yield himself up. Though he was not a coward, he knew that the Abbeannians would shoot him without trial as they never try the spies like the Angelinians or Abyssinkilians. Just then heavy footsteps came up the stairs, and deciding not to take any chances the spy leaped out of the window, shot down several of the soldiers who made for him, but was immediately seized and overpowered. Enemies of God could never escape justice. Evans saw the man leap from the window and was outside in a moment.

After the spy was led away Evans went back and resumed his conversation with Violet and her sisters.

"Yes," he continued Abyssinkille will also help us if Glandelinia tries to force her way on to make another invasion. We know that already. Then Protestina must help Abbeannia, and Blaulina must help Abyssinkille, and Abbeannia must help them both. And then the great war will have to and will be carried forward to great success, and Glandelinia will suffer the defeat which she threatened us with, when she tried to wrest Galverinia out of our possession that millions of our comrades had died to win the Galverinian fatherland. We have given way many times during the bloody war, have seemed about to lose the war entirely, just as we gave way at Big girl knoel when the glandelinians were enslaving millions of children near Theantonburg, no there might be peace for a space in that region."

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But this time Glandelinia has gone too far when she tries to take away the independence the child slays in the rebellion bought from the child slave masters with even their blood. Angelina and Abbeannia can not give way, and must not again. And Abbeannia will not let Angelina be wiped out by Glandelinia."

"We are in the right, and we are going to win," said Joise. "There is no other way. As too," said Evans. "And little girls there is one thing. Glandelinia has treated Galverinia badly and that she should not have annexed lands which there were so many Abbeannians..."

"And that murder of the little Aronburg girl was an awful thing," said Jennie.

"It was indeed a frightful deed," declared Evans passionately. "Every true christian of any nation fighting the glandelinians in this war will tell you the same thing. But it is a wicked lie for Glandelinia to say that Manley or many of the other glandelinian generals who were accused, to say they had anything to do with it. It was that fierce and dreaded Phellinia Tamerline who planned and had it done. The Abbeannians did all we could after it happened to run the rascally assassins down. Our own governments learned also that on account of the Crowley massacre that trouble was then brewing between Glandelinia and Angelina, and the Abbeannian minister in Pardora Galverinia begged, general Vivian at that time to send you little girls to Abbeannia immediately, or at least to take special precaution to see that you were safe. The Glandelinians hated little Annie Aronburg because they knew she was the little rebel who planned the whole child slave rebellion and who with you her sisters Gertrude Angeline carried it through to such success just before she was murdered."

"No that is only an excuse," said Gertrude Angeline. "The Glandelinian child slave masters were really terribly afraid of us little rebels whom we once got started, afraid of us, our patriotism to god and all his creatures in heaven. Glandelinia hearing of our rebellion planned to crush us rebels before we became too strong, and that is the reason they assassinated my sister. And now Glandelinia is really trembling because of her memory of how resolutely in 1841 Abbeannia crushed her easily in the ten years war, and thus the reason of her insane resistance. I know Evans that the time is coming when we'll really turn the tables once again and for good. She came to me in a vision not long ago, and told me that Glandelinia will never win. She gave the notice to me that the war will rage just exactly four years and by that time Glandelinia will be begging for our mercy. And despite the looks of the situation now too."

"Yes and until we become power powerful by beating Normonia and Abyssinkille which attacked us as the result of a dirty glandelinian trick it mattered less than known now. But ever since the child slavery took foothold in Galverinia we have known that wicked Glandelinia was only looking for an excuse to attack us. And so from the start Angelina had tried to be ready. It was our only chance to save ourselves, by throwing our armies immediately into the conflict as after the massacre of children by Glandelinians at Crowley and Jennie Wren town."

"But you say Abbeannia can't lick Glandelinia alone. I thought Abbeannia could never be licked by any nation."

"She can do it," said Evans. "But then Abyssinkille is a part of Abbeannia a state just as Dombolia and Tripogonolia are."

"They all will come to our aid won't they?"

"In a way yes," but just now they don't think it will be wise to send any more troops to fight with our armies against the glandelinians. They may attack Glandelinia south and east along her border and coast where she least expect an assault, and so keep many of her large armies busy elsewhere and give us a chance to march on to Glandelinia theft on their capital without much more opposition. But that is all. Just now we can't not touch Glandelinia anywhere. She might send troops through western Angelina and Angelina in that location would bar her from sending troops and ships of provisions by sea to Millford for they would have to pass through the region of the Boyging Islands, and that now is simply impossible as those armies and the region around is swept by Abbeannian battleships, torpedo boat destroyers, submarines by the thousands, and scores of regiments of the Abbeannian government in making ready. She can strike quickly. Protestina will be slow on account of the distance she is from us. It will be three months before her armies could land on our western shores, and two more months before she could make herself felt. even if she declares war against Glandelinia at once. Or two not months more Glandelinia can only devote her attention almost entirely to us. And during that time the odds in her favor will be so great, that anything might happen in that short a space of time, if we had not prepared for her. As it is there is

nothing of glandelinian plans and preparations that we did not know." Evans later on went out scouting bringing several officers, and the little girls with him, for though defeated in the battle Hanley had not abandoned his position, and had later in the same evening after his defeat come back at Evans tenfold and crushed him back for several miles, making the battle totally another Glandelinian victory. As Evans and the little girls got out to a certain distance things commenced to happen. Glandelinians suddenly appeared, and caused a disturbance, and three of them unhorsing the christian troopers nearest Evans, and three of them unhorsing Evans, and burst down a small tree in their haste to clash with Evans who eluded them and fired with great effect. Then there was a sea severe spattering of rifle fire from the rear of the railroad cut they had just left, and colonel Mische Evans bodyguard officer, staggered from his feet and collapsed just as he was about to remount his horse. A bullet had reached him, and killed him outright. Suddenly to the south there was a dull booming roar. Evans, and the rest who had escaped their assailants start stared at one another and at the same moment there came a wild burst of cheering from the soldiers on the Glandelinian side of the railroad.

"What is that?" Asked Violet, apprehensive. As she spoke the sound was repeated with greater intensity.

"Cannon," said Evans. "This sounds suspicious."

"Yes cannon," repeated another officer his face lighted up. The first guns probably of a new battle. Who knows how many shots or echoes those shots will have. They said that in the United States a shot was fired once that was heard all around the world. I believe that this is just such a shot general Evans.

"Where is the firing. It's growing heavier and sounds as if hundreds of cannon are breaking out into fierce action."

"It must be from the glandelinian batteries near Lissen Pirian. They are bombarding that town I suppose." And then there was a most deafening roar, a sound far greater than a million volcanoes blowing to pieces in one particular spot, greater than the firing of even the heaviest guns of modern warfare would make, and toward the east down the great Krimidie, there was a great flash of fire, and the great railway bridge across this immense river was seen to sag in many places. The beams were collapsing the piers melting away, while the whole central span of the bridge collapsed in utter ruin leaving a gap where the river now flowed partly unbridged unbridged.

As Evans and the party was still watching the place where the bridge had caved in suddenly a bullet whistled over violet's head following the crack of a rifle, then a volley ran out furiously from some hidden point of the landscape and a hail of bullets swept over them and pattered against the trees near by.

"We are discovered by the glandelinian cavalry, and boy scouts," said Evans. "We'll have to get back to the lines or we'll be shot down. They mean business."

As they started off the glandelinian rifles spoke once more from again an entirely different point of the landscape, and two of the Abbeismian horse men dropped as more than three score of bullets pattered against the trees.

Soon there came a loud detonational roar near by, followed in a moment by a dull explosion, that seemed to be within a few feet of them and three soldiers, and four horses went down in a tangled heap, one man being dismounted but not injured. The ground rocked violently as it seemed and a shower of dirt and gravel descended deluging them all.

"Good! they are anxious enough to get us," cried one of the other officers who escaped unharmed. "That was a close call for all of us who survived. But I'll bet it was just a lucky shot. We are too small a target and we are moving pretty fast. I don't believe those glandelinian gunners will really hit us."

"Too close to be comfortable," agreed Evans. Three of my troopers are killed by that high explosive and its wonder none of us or all of us got shell shock. "It feels funny for you little girls don't it," he said turning to little Jennie Turner and Angelina niches. "Being under fire. You never was before were you?"

"Yes we were but we don't care if we never see again," he joined Jennie Turner. "I'm frightened, and I don't care who knows it. I don't mind the bullets or the other shells, but high explosives. When."

"So an I admitted. Angelina niches a little tremulously. "And I hoped I wouldn't be. I wanted to be like your little charges the vivian girls who are only laughing at this disturbance, but a coward can't be like them."

Before Jennie Turner who did not think it was cowardly to be afraid, could answer her little friend and companion, another shell clumped into the ground beyond them, and again showered them with an avalanche of earth, and debris and even clay and mud, while again the concussion seemed to set the ground under their horses feet to rocking. But in some way even this danger was a source of safety for the upheaval of smoke like a volcanic eruption had spoiled the aim of the riflemen at the same time, and each time, and though the fugitives did not dare to look they felt they must be very near the southerly sentry picket lines of the Abbeismian army by this time.

And then general Evans laughed aloud.

"You need not be afraid little Jennie," he said to Jennie Turner. "You need not be afraid that you are a coward I mean. I am a great general but at the outbreak of this war I was afraid at first every time I was under fire, and had strong temptations to desert the ranks, and so are most soldiers no matter who they be. Ask violet and her sisters how they felt when first getting their own dose of what we are getting now. Now that you and your little companion are under fire yourselves. At first violet and her sisters had been terrified. But the bravest men need not be ashamed to admit that they were afraid when the first bullets sang in their ears, or they heard the wild sing-song 'Devil yell of the No-Holliestinians, and other Glandelinians or when they heard the storm of shells burst near them.' Twice more in a few moments shells dropped near them. But either luck was with Evans and his small party or the battery was target practice was poor for neither the latter shells did any more damage."

"Look out every boy body. Scatter," cried Violet herself. "They are going to try forty shells at once just to get even now that we've got away from their hiding riflemen."

Urging their horses forward in every direction they scattered wildly at once, and sure enough forty shells struck close to where the small party had been just before half burying them in the ground before they exploded and sent dirt and gravel flying all around like a snowplow thrown tons of snow from the mountain pathways. The fire of the hidden bombardiers carried across the meadow from the opposite side, but the bullets had little force left after carrying so far.

As they continued to progress onward a shell burst high in the air above them like a peculiar clap of thunder, and in a moment there followed a curious tearing sound, and then a pitapat on the ground about them. Violet and her sisters guessed it was shrapnell, though of course they never had been under shrapnell fire before. But none of the children or other Evans were hit as far as it was known.

They reached the christian lines a moment more.

"All right dear little Jennie Turner and your little companion Angelina niches," cried Evans. "I did not have any idea of bringing you into anything as hot as this. You might have better stayed within the christian lines."

"I don't care. We are all right now," said Jennie Turner. "She laughed nervously. "I'm not sorry a bit." She declared fixing her hair which had come unfastened in the disturbance. "It's the most exciting thing that has ever happened to me. Now that's it is all over I—yes I believe I have enjoyed it."

"So have I. I mean it Evans," said Angelina niches. "I'm not saying that just to make myself brave." Continued the child. "Or make myself think I'm brave, because I was awfully frightened all the time. But now that it is all over it's something to look back at. Isn't it? It's not every one who is under fire after all."

Then they heard Evans calling.

Violet and her sisters. "He cried. "Where is your sister Jennie, Vivian?"

Violet and her sisters immediately recalled something that they had only half grasped as they rode hastily toward the christian lines while under fire with the pattering of bursting shrapnell, with its load of all slugs and bullets, nails and pieces of iron, all about them. They had seen something like a little girl fall from her horse which had also staggered and fall to rise no more. Before Evans Evans could realize what they were doing Violet and her sisters had turned and plunged back in the direction from which they had just come.

"Violet and your sisters where in the name of N Heaven heaven are you going?" cried Evans as the thunder of cannon fire grew with red doubled fury. "Where are you going? What are you going to do?"

"We are going after our sister," shouted the little girls.

"Wait that's madness. I'll go with you."

"But if they heard violet and her sisters made no answer. They did hear they paid no attention and scarcely understood the words. All that violet and her sisters knew was that they had unintentionally run away from their own adored sister who had been wounded because they had she had

braved death to save their lives. They had seen her fall it was no doubt a death and they had not stopped to see if they could help. Violet and her sisters felt a surge of shame. They felt as if they could never respect themselves again unless they tried to make atonement now for having run on it was fantastic, quixotic, absurd perhaps, but it was their way as any one who had known them at home in their younger days would have realized at once.

"We saw her fall we know where she is," Violet and her sisters told them selves again and again as they ran on stumbling over roots, tripping repeatedly in their hasty progress. "It's up to us to find her at no matter what the cost or peril, and make up to her for our desertion." That was their thought. Jennie had fallen out in the open and Violet and her sisters came up to her at last. Violet and her sisters were horrified at first and believed that poor Jennie was dead, but then in making a closer examination they saw that she still lived but was severely wounded. Like all the boy-scouts of even United States Violet and her sisters knew something of first aid and a very hasty glance showed the little girls just what had happened. Jennie lay stretched out and the blood was gushing out from her leg above the knee. One of the great arteries had been cut by a shell fragment. In a few minutes minutes she would bleed to death if help did not come to her.

"Oh I hope we are in time," cried Violet almost weeping in a heartbroken way.

And then she and Joice alone wasted no more of the precious seconds. Taking out the red cross packet containing the absolute essential of first aid treatment they started to work. Catherine had went alone to the bank of the Emaine and found two small flat stones.

This she pressed into the open wounds where the shell fragment had passed in and out, and then Violet drew a tight bandage around it. All this time be it remembered they were under heavy fire. Bullets pattered about them more constantly than it was camp cozier comfortable. And once a stick Catherine was using in an effort to provide a still better tourniquet was shot right out of her hand. But the little girls never faltered and nevertheless it was fortunate that the shooting was wild.

The blood soon ceased to flow, and finding that the little girl had recovered, they proceeded to help her when the soldiers came rushing down and quite by bore her toward the lines, and for the nearest surgeon.

Later in the evening it was told to the little girls that the Jennie would be up and around in a week the doctor having said that who ever applied the tourniquet had saved her life.

Later that night the Abbeasians succeeded in blowing up a big big Glandelinian arsenal. For suddenly the ground shook like an earthquake, and there was a dreadful roar, a huge flash lighting up the sky, and all around in that direction hadian seemed to break loose like a war in Mars. There was a succession of reports thousands at one time continuously for many hours like repeated volleys of explosions during a continuous volcanic eruption and the whole region was set on fire and smoke - scene which attracted the whole christian army who saw it. It Abbeasians planned not only to inflict a severe blow on the victorious Glandelinians by the destruction of war material, but to spread terror as well, they succeeded admirably. For there was not one explosion but series of explosions all night long, and big fires spread from the arsenals too. Shells went off everywhere in bewildering reports, exploding in all directions sending an awful lot of bullets around promiscuously. In the meantime there was frequent fighting along the whole border. It was regular border war now. On the Emaine there were minor battles and thousands of skirmishes. Abbeasian fortifications were frequently fired of Glandelinian battle ships, and vessels who attempted to steam up the rivers running across the borders. In the Emaine near the wrecked bridge an Abbeasian who destroyed six Glandelinian monitors. And all along the entire line along the border between the many varied Glandelinian and christian armies there was constant skirmishes.

When news came from Carpathia first as a wild rumor, then as a complete Glandelinian victory. Of Abbeasian troops in panic stricken flight and losing scores of millions. It seemed too sad and shocking to be true. But every hour not only confirmed the reports but added to them. The Abbeasians had not alone been beaten they had been utterly routed, and the routed army was general divisions, who had combatted against Ambrose Fuller and Stainelawa now forces of Mc-Hollentian in either or of the first faintest battles of the war. And the Abbeasians were reported to be in full retreat in their own territory. Then more Glandelinian victories in skirmishes and small battles came thick and fast. Even while batches of Abbeasian prisoners were taken Glandelinian troops in great strength followed across the border, and there was a daring, magnificent

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raid also across the border in which all the Abbeasian monitors were driven out of the Emaine and other rivers and army by the terrific fire of the splendidly handled guns of the Glandelinians. For two or three splendid days the Abbeasians under Paul Mc-Hollentian before the exigencies of the campaign forced them to give up their prize and let the Glandelinians now heavily reinforced re-enter the city.

The Glandelinians also sent reinforcements into other captured villages and towns and the Abbeasian armies at these points had to retire. For now the Glandelinians poured across the northern and western borders in overwhelming force and the Abbeasian soldiers mattering and fighting wisely step by step as they went fell back before them.

A battle also had come on at Servias Run. For three days the cannon in an unlimited numbers had been thundering incessantly and shaking the earth in great throes. Rifle fire tore gray lines to pieces for every charge they made, broke up whole divisions into fragments, and crushed and mangled every army that clonched with the christian line under Jmads yvian. But that day the Abbeasian army learned that they had charged their own armies against the Glandelinians only to run them into a trap. That at first before their charges the Glandelinian armies had only retreated not because it was beaten, not because it was afraid, but that it might fight when the time came for battle on its own chosen ground.

From the east came the new Glandelinian army that had done so much work to recapture Bristle goe Station striking fiercely at the Abbeasian flank and crushing it and capturing many prisoners. And again an Abbeasian defeat became a monstrous rout. Once more the Abbeasians were pursued their generals crying as they rushed on after the fleeing christian troops.

"The time has come my children. The time has come for us to drive the christian invaders from our soil. We have had to retreat, and it has been hard. But now - now we can strike. This is the dawn of Glandelinian greatest day in victory or defeat."

This battle was one of those crushing decisive struggles that seldom occur. With a second defeat along the border the last hope of a renewed invasion of Glandelinia, and even a successful stand to repel the Glandelinians from making another invasion themselves seemed to be shattered, and when the sun went down there was no longer any doubt of the issue. The Abbeasians had fought for three days well and bravely, but the fiercer fiercer Glandelinians had fought with the courage of despair and the cool precision of trained soldiers used to victory as well. The stars that night looked down upon the abject flight of a whole Abbeasian army of a nation which had never known defeat, split in many parts, scattering its army arms, its equipment everything that would retard the search for safety from the furious pursuit of the wild Zimmermanians, Mc-Hollentian and other Glandelinian hordes.

Two divisions of the Abbeasians were caught at the Angeline Run where Glandelinian cannon had smashed to pieces bridges of boats cunningly contrived for safe retreat. And while they were making their last fierce resistance a brigade of Glandelinians marched around their flank and the Abbeasians who had been cut off were annihilated because they refused to surrender to the enemies of God.

All this time Violet and her sisters had kept on wondering whose hand it was that had drove the cruel sabre or knife or sent it tearing its cruel way through the heart and body of pretty little Anna Aronburg, on the eve of what was to have been the most joyous success of her life during the child slave rebellion. What Glandelinian could have cursed a bad hate and anger so bitter that it could only be satisfied with the murder of the brave little girl who was about to become one of the best child leaders ever known.

And indeed what was the reason for this wicked overpowering hate of the Angelinian child, a hate that reached its wicked climax while that year the Christmas bells were ringing out their message of peace and good will? Was it the intention of luring the Angelinians into war, greed, fear, or exposure or some entirely different motive that impelled the mysterious assassin, to steal into her home, and relentlessly slay her down?

Violet and her sisters also had a foreboding that in some way if such a thing was really true as believed, that the Aronburg situation hung heavier over them, than it did over the Angelinian nation.

Evans feared the very same thing about it, and did his best to discover where the real part of the mystery came from. He was also rendered desperate about the situation of all of the christian armies, and wondered what could be done to change the states of affairs. It seemed now positively that the glandelinians were winning the battles more brilliantly than ever before, and that not even the brave and hardy Abbeannians could crush them or bring them into submo submission. Evans felt terribly ashamed of his defeated which he had suffered so repeatedly, and decided that if he has to lose another battle it will be a good sign that the war for the cause of the christian side would be entirely lost, and he himself would then resign his command before the enemy overran the whole Angelinian, and Galverinian country.

Evans in his quietude and while the little girls were sitting around him just as quiet, the great christian general had the map of the whole world out before him and was studying it, and brain trying to make an idea out of the situation.

Then taking an old time history of recent great wars, he looked through them all, taking down all the victories that were won by the Abbeannians and in the stories he read here saw that as the statement goes the foe really were no different then in fighting than they were at all before or now, that some mistake was made in saying that glandelinia in is improved her fighting a talent, that glandelinia was still better in fighting in those days.

It was evident to him when he examined the whole situation that the christian nations no matter what the reason could really be whipped by more than ten glandelinian nations, because invasion of glandelinia could go only as far as Galverinia and no more. To try to invade Abbeannia or even Abyssinkile would be like a man walking the third rail, but then it would be probable just the same that if it would cause greater disasters than before, and insure glandelinia safe from invasion herself as well as the other countries. If glandelinia could not be put into submission, then

it would have been folly for so many soldiers to have laid down their lives in the vain attempts to end the horrors of child slavery. To accomplish the good that was needed glandelinia must be crushed, and Angelinia and Galverinia spared from a second invasion at all costs. Evans that day had received word that he must push forward in the name of God at all hazards and this just now had seemed impossible and Evans had sent an answer stating that it would cost a horrible battle to make any attempts to force his way past the Zimmanian forces concentrated along the Lissan Firian and that it would end only God knows how. Evans even sent word also that without sufficient reinforcements for the war border he would sooner resign his command than have to admit that he suffered the mortification of another serious defeat.

Many of the christian officers however had the suspicion that all these retreats of the Abbeannian armies was really a snare. Surely without doubt the Abbeannians were never licked in any battle of any wars before, and indeed it seemed impossible that they could even been licked now. And discoveries had been made that something suspicious was in the wind. It was looked into and discovered that all these retreats were only plots. Planned for some reason not given, and planned by King Gannon himself. Glandelinia knew not the tricks that Abbeannia could play when, at war with so powerful and wicked a nation. And indeed it was only a sham those retreats. It was the purpose of King Gannon to draw all the mightiest of the armies of Glandelinia northward to the boundary, to leave their southern country exposed and now while this had been done bigger armies of Abbeannia had reached by sea their southern ports had captured every one without a battle and was marching through this portion of the nation, and headed toward the north and before the alarm was spread, the Glandelinian King saw indeed what the christian retreat from Bristle toe Station had really been. The Abbeannian armies as the ir generals finally confessed to Evans had been retreating because they had been told not to stand firm at all, but to lure the bigger glandelinian armies on and expose the southern part of the Glandelinian country to the invaders who would come in from the south. And simultaneously the plans of Abyssinkile had been worked out with the most tremendous success. Their armies were in possession of all the western and eastern seaports, and were moving eastward and westward, to close the glandelinian in. The glandelinian nation was between a converging fire, in a trap which it was utterly impossible to escape from. The severe defeats were only shams, and God only knows what losses the enemy of Our Lord payed even for the costs of their supposed victories. Victories indeed they were but what victories?

This showed the clever head that King Gannon had and how no wicked glandelinian general could really outdo him. He had in some way proved himself to Evans to be one of the best generals agoing, and when the opportunity came and when Gannon was summoned to Evans Evans said: "I'm a greater general than many supposed. General Gannon, and have done many plans that could outwit any enemy of god have proved myself to be a the uppermost general of all Christ inty up to now. You general Gannon have done a deed which surprised the whole world who have learned of your success in placing the foe between four fires, and to your credit the war will end just as little Annie Fronburg told Gertrude Angelina her living sister. It is my wish that you may serve with a higher honor, so as you proved your ability in outwitting the enemy of god as you have done I'll use you as my Lieutenant. It's also the request of general Gannon who declare he will be back within two more weeks that I should do so and I will. Shake old man you have proved to me and my little charges the vivian girls to be the best friend we ever had. You have crushed the enemy before the war is over yet, and next to general Vivian you are the highest of all the generals. Shake and May God keep you in your good work, and hope to see you repay Glandelinia well for your and life of so long ago."

There were tears in the good Abbeannian eyes as he shook hands with general Evans, and also there were tears in Evans eyes, as the soldiers cheered until they were wild and hoarse, shooting muskets into the air and tossing their hats about. Two days later Gannon confirmed Evans decree and King Gannon of Abbeannia was placed as the highest general. General Vivian protested saying that King Gannon ought to be made the main chief of them all and generals Vivians advise would have been carried out but Gannon did not desire to high an honor as that and after a hot debatement he was made as Evans first Lieutenant.

Gannon on his initiation made a speech which ended,

"We will boys carry the war to a final finish and show that no enemy of God will triumph long. We have lost battles but on purpose, and now we will strive to regain all we lost, and force the foes of god to a speedy submission. And we will also put down child slavery at the utmost too, and not only put it down, but make sure that it will never reappear again. And another thing boys, and comrades comrades, that Childhood is endowed with certain inherent and inalienable rights among which are freedom from slavery and many other horrors which they have experienced, during the recent child slave years before this great war, that they have the right to play, to be happy, and to dream, the right to normal sleep of the nights season, the right to an education, that we may have an equality of opportunity for developing all that are in us of mind and heart. We have easily and within the same short space of time that my uncle did, cleared Galverinia and Angelinia together of the wild and savage glandelinian hordes, and will show them now that they are utterly mistaken if we will allow ourselves to be beaten now. Tomorrow Evans wished to force his way past the foe at Lizza. Lizza P. Irrian and we will show the two Manleys they we can do it and sha/l."

There was a wild storm of cheers to his words, and an inspiarted inspiration also. Early in the next morning, the enemy had suddenly made a fierce attack on the barracks of the christian camp, and though they took the christian troops there by surprise and drove them out, they only got for the oples burning houses, and tents and the loss of 41,000 in killed and wounded. The Abbeannians this time in this conflict had really been wreted without doing it on purpose, but they had no orders to play off retreating as yet and so were stung to the quick by the knowledge that they had been forced to abandon this part of the camp without short notice. To them it felt like the bite of an adder. After a full of perhaps half an hour the Abbeannians came back upon the apparat apparently victorious Glandelinians who were then trying to put out the blazing barracks, and drove all before them in the widest confusion capturing many prisoners and shooting the panic stricken glandelinians down like flies. They even

joined the gladiators silently and went so far that two main general commands had to be sent after them to bring them back. It was the wildest charge that the gladiators had ever known. The Abbeismians were on the attack before they had expected that the Abbeismians were easily beaten and had been surprised to see them come back like a wild pack of crazed demons. A second desperate assault was made for the possession of the burning barracks but the Abbeismians would not yield a single inch of ground. In spite of the fact that the enemy really charged with irresistible force, and allowed the crazed assailants to close with them, in which they cut and shot them down and did not yield until so badly thinned out that annihilation of the Abbeismian troops seemed probable. Knowing what was up general Hannon sent a large force of Abbeismians to the assistance and the gladiators' Gladiators Glandelians were soon driven back with terrible loss and with the loss of their main leader general Spoofendoodle who had led the assault. In this assault the losses of both sides amounted up to 356,666 in killed and 1,365,799 in wounded.

The gladiators were surprised over this turn in events, but thinking that the Abbeismians were only reinforced they decided to try it again and a good deal of booty could be obtained in this portion of the camp. A wilder assault than before was then promptly made, and also almost successfully this time, but the Abbeismians came back with the force of an avalanche that tears all to pieces in its path, and the gladiators were compelled to throw away their weapons in their efforts to reach a place of safety. Again they rallied and reinforced made the attack once more but of no avail. They could not force the christian line at all and finally did they give it up when the officers yielded to their own wishes. So fiercely had the Abbeismians counter charged them for every assault that the gladiators believed that the soldiers in red uniforms must have lost their reason as they were like crazed beings. No cannon had been used in this action and it could readily be called the battle of Logan Barracks and general Logan had main command of this part of the camp.

Evans was surprised when he learned of the fray in the camp in the army under general Callahan twenty eight miles east of him, and decided to watch that Manley made no attempt on his own camp. He also had many barracks in some of the camps of his army and these had been especially guarded as an attack would be probably of fatal consequences if it was made while the troops were off their guard. General Evans placed Cannon's headquarters in the house next to his own and finally transferred him to his own building, and then still closer than ever. Manley soon heard of the trick of Cannon's and decided that he must do something or he would lose all without a doubt. He must never allow Evans or Cannon to pass him at Lissen Pirrian and so he decided to bar the way at all points. So three days was spent in extending his lines, while Hannon Manley maneuvered, and ordered his father to see to it that nothing goes wrong. All the movements that was being made worried King Cannon who observed it as well as many of his scouts, and when Evans got word of it he grew suspicious. He went out scouting again but without the children as he did not wish them to be under serious fire again and seeing the reason of the movements of the foe seemed it probable that Johnston Jackson Manley was barring his way, so they thought that should he attack his son he would not be able to pass. He immediately telegraphed to Whillansburger Zimmerman:

"Enemy under Johnston Jackson Manley----making maneuvers and demonstrations that look extremely dangerous to me.))Strike immediately and throw all your force into the conflict. I'll follow as soon as possible as I'm bound to get past the gladiators' armies. Hannon shall be requested to force his own way through too."

EVANS."

"Zimmerl Zimmerman receiving the order made preparations to do so. Evans soon had all of his scouts out, and ordered them to report every thing they observed and so frequent were the reports that it could have filled a book. And all of the reports were exciting. Zimmerman was engaged with Manley but in a desultory manner as Evans had later in the morning advised him not to start a general battle until it looked safe. But it really was the first action of the battle of Lissen Pirrian.

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However the army under general van Evans was not in action that day, and when the noise of desultory conflict could be heard elsewhere, and it was learned whose army was in the action it was thought a marvel that nothing happened along the christian line under general Violet and her sisters had not observed the noise of the far distant conflict, and neither had any of the other christian generals, but Evans and the other other two little girls had and also the boy-scout friends of Violet and her sisters.....

They feared that a terrific struggle was coming on the morrow, and so the boys warned Violet and her sisters to be careful as there was no telling but that it looked as though a desperate assault before Evans could take the opportunity to assault Manley or his father. The night was bright and starry, and so Violet and her sisters went into one of the barracks in the eastern section of the camp to visit the many soldiers concentrated there, one playing a talking machine, others playing cards, or other games, and singing songs.

At the entrance of the little girls the soldiers became silent and stood at attention until the sergeant cried: "At Rest." Then they showed their commendation for the little girls when they respected as they did their highest officers, and started for their quarters a regular regular and played all sorts of games and even had boxing matches.

Jennie Turner and the other little girl had been in the barracks building all this time and when Violet and her sisters entered, they felt more at ease. Suddenly while all the soldiers were thus relaxing with their sports and fun a sergeant shouted "ATTENTION!"

All was quiet at once and in came general Luckwig and Jacob Baldwin the oldest friends Violet and her sisters had. After giving the word "AT REST" the generals spoke to Jennie Vivian and for a moment Violet motioned to the soldiers to be quiet.

"It's all right to have your fun boys" said the great general who had first come in. "But I have come in to warn you to be on a better look out since these little girls have come in with you. The enemy has recently surprised a portion of our own lines and are now in possession of our barracks in Camp Rockford. The Abbeismians have failed to retake the camp and Evans is massing his main grand division to storm the enemy's lines and retake the camp at all costs. So you boys better be on the watch for there is danger everywhere and the enemy may take you by surprise and if they do the little girls will meet their destruction."

The soldiers were surprised at this warning, and so on from then they hardly uttered a word so quiet and finally when it grew pitch dark they appointed a number of men among their own selves to go on guard outside and wait that the enemy did not come upon them suddenly. Far off toward the west they could see an awe inspiring and bright glowing glow which covered the whole horizon and also in that direction there was a peculiar sound unlike the noise of battle, but nevertheless it was no doubt that it was a counter attack that Evans was directing to recover that portion of the camp where some of the barrack buildings were burning having been set on fire by the christians when they had to abandon them. Violet and her sisters and all the soldiers had been attracted by the glow of the distant fire, but the awesome sight did not distract the soldier soldiers and they listened strictly for any sound which would warn of a surprise attack. But here all was as quiet as if nothing was going to happen as quiet as the time of peace, excepting where in some other barracks across the company streets where some soldiers were either playing a game or a mouth organ.

Some groups of soldiers were even playing foot ball and other games out side, and officers passed silently back and forth.

Every now and then there could be heard firing at unexpected quarters but nothing happened to startle them around here. Violet and her sisters felt conscious of an unseen danger, and so kept themselves on the alert and asked whispered questions of their two girl friends when ever the strange noise in the distance grew stronger, and the glow of fires still more brighter. It had however been some time on the part of the enemy in attacking the barracks camp in Evans' main line, but nevertheless, Evans took all the reports he got and decided feared it was no attempt on barracks but a forerunning of a general onslaught on his own lines, and so during that time while the fierce attempt had been made to regain that part of the camp he was sure that the nearest portions of his strongest batteries were in good condition and ready to meet any attack that the foe would dare even dare to make upon his lines.

As Violet and her sisters watched the distant glow of fire with apprehension and awe there suddenly came the sound of many cannons far to the east which swelled to a dull but terrifying volcano of flame and din, and added to it were volumes of queer sounds.

While the children were wondering what was up a stream of infantry rushed down the company street, bugles began to sound, and drums to roll in an exciting manner. The soldiers started to rush out of the barracks in short order forming into ranks in a moment's notice and then dashing off toward where the other's had gone. Those who were in the barracks where Violet and her sisters were had received no call as yet and neither the others of this part of the camp and so they believed that nothing was unusual as yet in the wild though indeed the thunder of so many cannons in the distance did sound mighty suspicious. A bright moon was shining and the stars were not a single cloud in the sky.

As all was still quiet in their part of the camp Violet and her sisters feeling tired decided to go to a bed believing that there would not be anything unusual here and so with their two little girl friends they made their way back toward general Evans headquarters. It was a ten minutes walk but they got there without an very exciting experience though they had watched every dark part of the camp carefully and suspiciously not that they were afraid of the dark, but that they would not be taken off their guard by any Glandelinian prowler who may be hiding in the dark waiting to spring upon them without warning.

However there was one Glandelinian who had stolen his way into the camp and just as they had reached the location of Evans headquarters a strong dark form had made a sudden spring, knocked the little girls all sprawling and grabbed Jennie Turner by the throat with the intention of choking her to death. Her opponent had both his hands on her throat and was attempting to kill her in the most brutal fashion, but the child did not try to pull at his wrists or hit him as Violet and her sisters expected, who at that time were not close enough to render aid in time having been thrown some distance from the impact of the assassin's charge. They at first thought that the rascal was strangling the child so hard that she was paralyzed beyond the power to struggle but not so. She simply reached up with her hands before he could strangle her even, and forcibly took hold of his two little fingers, which were always easy to get at if you know how, and bended them so quickly backwards that she broke them, and with a loud yell he let go cursing and blaspheming.

Taking advantage of what she had done Jennie Turner picked up the gun which had dropped out of Violet's holster during the collision Jennie Turner struggled to her feet and before the blaspheming wretch could charge her again shot him dead.

The sound of the shot immediately caused a commotion and a swarm of Abbieannians immediately surrounded the little girls.

"I killed him," said Jennie horrified at last at what she had done at the flash lights of the soldiers displayed the dead man to be wearing a red or scarlet uniform. "But he attacked me and tried to choke me."

"Look ye ah," said the leader. "Well you did good to shoot the varment. You w need not be afraid of punishment for he is not an Abbieannian. He is a sneaking agent in disguise looking for a chance to assassinate you and the Vivian Girls and ye put him out. But if he choked you or tried to how did you get out of his dangerous hold?"

She told him of the means of escaping many assailants which she had learned when at school.

"It's only a little girl," she said proudly. "But I could prove that few little boys could outdo me in boxing. I can do the hit, guard, duck, clinch, and fight, and footwork without hesitation, and can do all kinds of back breaking orjia-jitsu holds and releases."

"I don't doubt it because we saw how you made the rascal let go," said Violet.

"And is it if we had only thought of it if we ourselves would never had to suffer from no many chockings as we did," said Gertrude Angeline. "We'll know what to do ourselves now the next time an enemy tries to grab us by our necks."

The dead Glandelinian was carried away and thrown contemptuously into a deep trench and hastily covered up with earth and gravel.

"Child assassins like that don't deserve a decent burial," said one of the men. "His body ought to be ornamented as his soul is now."

Violet and her sisters and the other two little girls reached Evans headquarters without any further mishap and Evans being about they asked when he would return.

"He will be back in a few hours," said the sergeant in charge of his room. "He is gone to lead in person the counter attack to regain the barracks of the camp which had been captured by the enemy."

Violet and her sisters waited patiently for the return of general Evans and wondered indeed what was the reason of all the noise caused by distant batteries of batteries. They had intended to go to bed early that night, but then if a general battle was going to begin there could be little sleep for them that night and so Violet and her sisters did not know what to do.

They waited for about fifteen minutes for Evans and then as he did not appear they decided to do something to occupy the time and then if the roar of distant cannons ceased they would go to bed as they wished. They had started to play cards and true when the noise of cannons grew in stronger fury and there seemed tremendous excitement out side among the soldiers, who were all talking excitedly and making remarks that something was going on that looked tremendously suspicious.

"I think we won't sleep to night," said St. John. "Those cannons would not be in action for nothing, especially when they roar like that and so many are booming and booming." I believe that it is something more than an attack merely on the barracks."

"Shall we go and see?" asked Angeline.

"For my part there will be no going there just now," said Gertrude Angeline. "If we get in the path of an assault now without our knowing where its progress is in we are going the fiercest we'll be losers. We'll stay right here if we know what is good for us."

"But I have desire for some excitement," said John. "We have not been doing anything lately since the big battle of Gloriana and those Glandelinian troops must think we are getting scared of them."

"But we cannot go without the consent of Evans," said Jennie. "But we could find excitement in looking for him if you like."

"That's a go," said Gertrude Angeline. "Let's go."

Putting on their bonnets they at once went outside, Jennie Turner and the other little girl following them.

They at once mounted their horses, and set off to where they had been indicated of the location where Evans was to be found. They had not gone far when a party of Abbieannian officers came riding up and who were perfectly strangers to them.

These Abbieannians had never heard about Violet and her sisters or had they ever seen them before if they did hear of them, and so when they saw the ten little girls riding horses as well or better than they could themselves they were flabbergasted and halting the leader shouted to the children who had come ahead:

"Here little girls come back here. We want to see who you are. Come at once."

Of course Violet and her sisters immediately wheeled their horses and retraced their steps.

"Say," demanded the leader. "Do us a favor will you little girls? Tell us for heavens sake or come at that you here children can ride horses so good. Did you ever work in a circus or something?"

Violet and her sisters were amazed at the question but Jennie took the pleasure of answering:

"We are the Vivian Girls, daughters of general Vivian and these two little girls are our companions and friends. We are on our way to look for general Evans."

The Abbieannian soldiers could not very well make out their features in the dark and the officer said:

"You are peculiar little girls, and we do not know what to make of it. As for general Evans you will not be able to reach him just now for he has gone off to investigate what is causing the tremendous commotion. You had better come along with us and stay for the night."

At first Violet and her sisters felt like refusing but finally Jennie said:

"We are under instructions to do so no where when reaching ourselves then to general Evans headquarters. We are sorry to be separated like an old couple but we don't want to let Evans worry over our absence. If we are not there when he returns he will think we are captured by the foe."

The leader of the party had a strong flash light and this he turned on to show the children to see who they really were. An exclamation came from the men as their real features were revealed and the officer fairly gasped.

"I believe they are children of the celebrated Vivian," he said. "I have never observed them before. Good God and here we are face to face. Off with your hats boys. We are before our own superiors then if they are children."

The soldiers obeyed and then the officer said:

"If it's your case of finding Evans I believe you had better turn back. He is not in the location where the attack had been made on the barracks but had went to see what is causing the commotion. It's dangerous to proceed for it is not like that there is a battle or something like it going on and you may go into real which you would not like to risk."

"If the danger is so pressing then I believe we might as well go back." Sighed Violet. "We don't wish to bring our two little companions into any real peril. We are already and don't want any more." "Sure."

So bidding the soldiers good night the little girls returned and the way they had entered general Evans headquarters. As soon as they had reached general Evans headquarters the sound of cannons had slackened considerably and it was apparently growing more quiet though now the moon bright before was going behind a thin curtain of clouds appearing from the southeast.

"I believe we might as well retire for the night." Said Paige. "I feel so sleepy that I can hardly hold my eyes open." And she finished with a yawn.

As Violet and her sisters were already in bed general Evans came back followed by his staff generals.

"We've had quite a bit of trouble down there." He was about to say by the little girls who were not asleep yet. "The enemy had been at it a good while. Under general Jacob Baldwin and general John Bennett brother suspicion and so they had opened their batteries upon the enemy and started quite an illery duel. There is still some excitement going on but I do not think there is an occasion for the enemy making any general attack as yet. But just the same keep your lines well prepared and do not let them be surprised by the enemy."

Then the officers dispersed themselves, and with heavy tread Evans went into the big hall of the building just in time to see a man dart behind a winding of the corridor.

"Halt!" Cried Evans. "Halt or I'll fire!"

Evans being suspicious of the man after his disappearing figure, did not go to the spot just in time to see an object throw itself out of the nearest window. Evans darted for the window and fired three shots but could not get the fugitive in the dark.

Violet and her sisters had heard him give the command to halt, and heard him run down the hall, and then the three shots, but they stayed in his bed as they did not feel like getting up again, though little Angeline Riches hid her head under the covers. Evans at once aroused the men and they sound the alarm started a search for the fugitive but no trace of him could be found. Be one of the soldiers found a paper on the ground which the fugitive had dropped and, this was handed to Evans. Evans glanced over the paper.

"He was a spy." Violet and her sisters heard him cry out. "This paper proves it. It's the good providence of God that we got hold of this document even if he did get away."

Evans came tramping back toward the hall, and went into his room. Just as he entered there was a pistol shot and a bullet whistled dangerously close to Evans. At the same time he saw a man dart out of the window with a package of papers in his hands. Evans fired quickly and with good aim and though he did not get the fugitive he wounded him for blood-arts was seen on the window sill. It had been the same man and Evans was surprised indeed that he had made his way into his own room after he had been chased down the hall and made to clear his way out of the window at the end of the corridor. In his haste the man had dropped the package into the room and Evans examining it found that nothing was missing. In the meanwhile there was a hue and cry outside, and Violet and her sisters feeling suspicious that the spy may try to gain entrance into their room.

Looked over their little girls and kept their eyes open though they pretended to sleep. Their suspicions were correct for they heard the window open slowly and opening their eyes cautiously they saw a head edge its way in, then came a heavy body, and then before them stood a tall Glandelinian soldier in full uniform. He had dared to enter the Christian lines without a disguise. He saw the children apparently asleep, and smiled grimly to himself.

"Of course I won't harm them." He said to himself. "It ain't worth it." But I have a plan to get them out of the way more easily. I have written papers about the watch if found on them will cause their expelling from the army by the Abbeinnian government. With them out of the way Glandelin will never need to fear defeat."

Going on tiptoe he approached Violet's bed and she saw him slowly lift the pillow and place a envelope under it. Her eyes appeared closed to him but indeed they were not and she saw every proceeding as if she had then wide open. Then he stole softly away, and proceeded to go throw the drawers of the dress dresser in the room. He found nothing of importance except some of Jennies waists and hands and an old bonnet, and a pair of slippers belonging probably to the man who first slept in the building. From the date marked on a book he judged it must have been there since Johana was swallowed by a whale.

Then Violet purposely let out a moan. Quickly the man had his wits about him and wheeled around his face toward her bed and in his hand was a drawn dagger.

"Aw I guess she is dreaming." He muttered. "If she wakes up why I'll shoot without hesitation. I'm no child murderer. I'll swear till I die, but just the same I'm not going to allow myself to be caught if I can help it. If she sees me she'll probably scream or shoot me herself. I know how those Vivian children fear me from what I have heard and read about them."

He waited for a minute and then as all was quiet again, he closed the drawer slowly and started toward a wardrobe which was on the opposite side the room being big and having six beds in it.

There happened to be a slight undulation in the floor here on which he tripped and fell awar sprawling to the floor with a thud. Of course he felt sure that all of the little girls were aroused and was about to shoot the light out and make a bolt for the window when he saw that none of the little girls moved.

"They must be heavy sleepers." He gasped. "Josh I thought I woke all of them." "One to cope with is plenty but all of them are like a million tigers and I would not have a chance at all."

Recovering from his scare he culprit went and unlocked the wardrobe as the key had been left in it, and then looked through the interior but found nothing that would suit him.

"Nothing here to disguise myself with." He growled. "How in the world am I going to make my escape. Maybe if I seize one of those little girls and bear away with her it will probably insure my escape. I guess guess guess I will spare goes for the one who moaned."

He made for Violet's bed but just as he reached it he was confronted by eight revolvers, and by the fierce warning defiant look of eight little girls.

"I'm going to fire six shots and get Evans." Said Joice.

She did so and the man winced. He was outwitted by the little girls who he now realized had been awake all the time, and who had evidently seen all that went on in inside their room. Violet took out the envelope which he had placed under her pillow and as a candle was handy she lit it and held the paper

or envelope over it and burned it up before the spys face. Evans at this moment came in with ten soldiers and the spy was seized hand cuffed and led away. Violet and her sisters explained how they had caught him and Evans laughed.

THE BATTLE OF LIZZEN PIRRIAN BEGINS IN EARNEST.....

The morning broke bright and early. Evans could see by the demonstration of Johnston Jackson Manleys army that he meant something that looked mighty suspicious and so decided to wait no longer but to strike general puebaum Manley a terrible blow and end it for all. He was bound to resume the invasion again and follow up the ruse that King Gannon had so successfully made. He also depended upon ruses that the Abbeinnian King would make during the approaching progress of the battle now impending and so he advised Gannon to look sharp and shot that he was worth being made his first Lieutenant. Gannon did show it as soon as possible and caused the frightful disaster to Glandelin that happened here, and which had broken all hopes for the older Manley for making another invasion into any of the Christian countries. At about daybreak was on Evans massed up all his artillery and brought up all of his troops and concentrated his right wing toward the little border town of Anna Francis Marie.

Manley suspected this movement and had also in the meanwhile made preparations to meet any assault that the Christians would make upon his lands, a line and also had warned his father to look out for any blows that would be struck by Zimmerman.

Violent and her sisters had been warned about the coming of a battle and so had decided to stay out of the way for there was danger of the enemy making the wildest assault that ever had been made on account of the desperate condition of their situation..... Evans Evans did not know whether it was best to allow the enemy to attack him or to attack the enemy. He had no spies on the enemy's position the day before and observed that it was well formed and strong. Thereafter, he asked general Darger for the subject of the attack but it would be difficult to make an attack to be made upon his own lines than to allow his colon columns to be frightfully decimated by the enemy's batteries, and the fire of their infantry. Evans then decided to follow the general's order, and massed his batteries with the intention of forcing the enemy to a battle.

It took quite a while before the cannons could be put read on account of a blunder in orders from other superior orders who understood the commands of Evans and when they were ready so were the enemy, which Evans did not like at all. He surveyed the distance between his and the enemy's batteries, and saw that to open an artillery duel would do him more harm than the enemy at that range and so decided to change the range by which costs another delay. It was not until noon before any of the batteries could be brought even into action, and so Evans was forced to abandon the idea of fighting a battle that day.

Evans had been disappointed over this occurrence and blamed the blunder for it all. He decided at least to show the enemy he meant business and so at half past two did open up with over 22,000 of his heaviest cannon when the enemy took advantage of the blunder of his and destroyed him not long afterward. Evans had believed that Evans would not dare anything after it all happened. The storm of shot and shell landing among their lines surprised and demoralized the glandelinians but within half an hour over 30,000 of their own guns were thundering away to beat the hand and a general artillery duel was on.

If it had not been for a blunder on the side of an ally also nothing serious would have occurred. But there was also a misunderstanding of orders and general Darger of the glandelinian Mc-Hollistinians believing that the command was a sign for an assault launched his whole army forward against a portion of the christian line under the christian general Henry Joseph Darger, when Violent and her sisters had been with before the position was abandoned on purpose. The assault was completed, took cost the christian troops for Evans delay in the artillery action had been so long that when the artillery did break into action they had believed that the enemy would not make any assault at all. At the first approach of the glandelinians the pickets had opened a rolling musketry fire, but the Mc-Hollistinians had advanced without the slightest noise until almost upon the christian line under Darger, and for the christian infantry there was not the slightest time to fire a single shot, for the enemy came rushing up with fixed bayonets and closed with the surprised Abyssinians and Abbeemians.

The attack of the enemy was fierce and desperate, but the Abbeemians and Abyssinians resisted as manfully as they could and drove back the frightful assault twice and killed the whole of the enemy lines with a scathing cannon fire that tore whole divisions to fragments. The glandelinians had not expected such fierce resistance at all, and gave up the assault when it was not intended as by their officers, and not believing that anything would happen they retired quickly and sullenly to their own works.

Darger had lost his favorite horse during this terrific struggle which had been a prize to him and he felt so sore over it that he decided to take revenge for the attack upon his lines.

He had all of his artillery massed upon that portion of the enemy lines and began a frightful cannonade of fifty thousand cannon, and then threw forward under cover of this fierce and deadly fire thirty divisions of Gondocontinians and Abyssinians, supported by ten long lines of infantry. The charge tore its way through the glandelinian forces under the other Henry Darger, but so fierce had been the resistance that it could have easily been repulsed if it had not been for the ten lines of cavalry which poured on after the retreating glandelinian and scattered them to prevent them from rallying. This made a serious breach in Manley's lines and alarmed general Hiebaun Manley, and the strongest forces to regain what he had lost. Two bloody charges made by monstrous waves of glandelinians was repulsed with the most shocking slaughter ever seen but the third was an overwhelming concentration made by the glandelinian general Darger which gradually but surely forced back the Abbeemians to their own works with great loss for themselves. Manley not knowing what was going on at any other point of his line threw ten successive giant columns upon the christian line under Darger, and so intense became the roar of cannons and musketry that Evans was surprised for though he did not hear any conflict at that point before on account of the

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thundering of so many guns he was directing he heard it now and plainly and as it grew worse and worse every single instant he was a surprised and telegraphed toward that location to find out what was on and learned that Hiebaun Manley was making a fierce assault against his right command by general Darger, and that the leader of the assault was a general, general general by the very same name. Evans was puzzled over this news, but did not delay in noting. He immediately ordered his two main reserve columns which were held at Spencer to go to the aid of general Darger, and then galloping up to his headquarters to see that all was safe, for here the noise was much more nearer he sent orders for all his cavalry not engaged to see to it that the rear of the christian line is well protected, and to resist any attempt of the enemy on the flank of either wing.

The cavalry under John Evans was nearly 16,789,000 strong and was deployed in many divisions to protect each wing at the same time being in a long extensive line, and using light artillery, and grenades also. Evans wondered what the reason was that caused general Darger to be assaulted, while no other part of his lines was assaulted. As he was issuing orders here and there, and giving advises, reports that activities came from other quarters, and then ten minutes later a heavy column of Gondocontinians and Gargolian Gurdies was seen moving forward under the reserve support of a monstrous tidal wave of Mc-Hollistinians, Amerionians and Zibnermannians.

Where the assault was going to be delivered it was not correctly known as yet but the officers on the nearest hill watched with the greatest interest, and then as they saw the tidal wave swastave and move toward the main center of Evans' line proper they at once gave the alarm, by telegraph, and signal stations.

Evans had observed this monstrous column also and issued orders for the children to be immediately removed from his headquarters. While this was being done the assault came, and like the sudden outbreak of some terrific storm, and the cannons suddenly burst forth in a wild hurricane of salvos followed by series upon series of ear-splitting broadsides of musketry which gradually but steadily became incessant.

What was strange about the assault was that the enemy came on silently neither firing nor yelling or uttering a sound. Evans knowing that the result of the assault would be if nothing was done to stop it for the attack was wilder and more furious than he had expected, decided to mass all his available forces upon this point only, and within two hours hours more after the most desperate fighting, the concentration of so many christian troops began to tell, and the glandelinians were finally forced to withdraw, having sustained the most heavy loss. Night fall closed the scene of action and though it was not as yet a general battle it had showed what would issue if the struggle once began in earnest.

Violent and her sisters had stayed at a respectable distance during this desultory fray, and had remarked that the battle had not been a general struggle, and had believed in this and that it had been too late in the day for either side to fight a full struggle.

No generals had been killed or wounded during the fray and this was a comfort for both generals Manley and Evans. Whilderns-burger Zibnermann had been inactive for he had received no orders to attack, and general Johnston Jackson Manley did not think it wise to assault him.

The night was quiet and peaceful and once again it looked as if there was nothing like a war and that all the camps and soldiers was only a certain army of hibern parties. Violent and her sisters retired early in the night before seven o'clock far earlier than the usual bed time for children, as they felt tired having been doing much of their scouting work, and warning officers and generals whenever the enemy had threatened a menacing movement. At a other two little girls Josephine and Angelina picked had desired to stay up later and so did not go into their room just now but stayed up and went among the soldiers watching them at work and at their playing in the camp. The two were picking back and forth in order to see the men of the looked suspicious for she could read features describe the most clever disguise known and there was no one would or could catch her. But all of the sentries appeared and christian soldiers and so she did not fear of any surprise attack upon her at the night before.

She then went to see general Evans and told him that she was watching them and that she had seen the men of the looked suspicious for she could read features describe the most clever disguise known and there was no one would or could catch her. But all of the sentries appeared and christian soldiers and so she did not fear of any surprise attack upon her at the night before.

he lull in the assault however was only a feint. Hanley knew that he could accomplish nothing with the christians too well on their guard and so he had decided to play a game of his own and lull the battle for a time. He believed it evident that if he did not make an attack after being repulsed the christian generals would believe the fighting to be over for the night. So gathering about 23,456,789 men he drove this whole column in a wild headlong assault direct upon the christian center, depending upon the strong and bright moonlight to lighten the way for the soldiers.

The christian generals had not been so sheepish however and had some how or other expected just the very thing and was ready for them. As soon as the enemy came surging within range, the whole line of christian intrenchments became lighted with musketry as if by an inferno and all of the big cannons and machine guns let go simultaneously and tore the assaulting line to fragments before it had the chance of coming within close quarters of the christian lines. Evans was startled by the sudden medley which had also awakened Violet and her sisters though they had fallen into a deep sleep before it happened.

Though repulsed so frightfully the main line had not as yet come up and while the confused glandelinians were retiring in panic the main column opened a way for them, and then in one long solid surge came upon the whole portion of the christian line with a great roaring fury. The uproar of firing became terrific, and Violet and her sisters fearing that something would happen and knowing that now sleep was out of the question, was about to get up and dress when Evans who had just come in told them to stay where they were as he was sure that the assault could and would be repulsed. The enemy made wild attack indeed, yelling like a frenzied storm of charging demons but the Abbeismian fire cut them down by the hundred score, and as they withdrew in confusion the christian line threw itself forward, and decimating the whole glandelinian surge drove the survivors back pell mell in the most frightful panic ever imagined. This again quieted down the noise and the conflict was really over for that night. Hanley saw that the christians could not be caught napping, and to prove it an assault upon his own lines had simultaneously been made at another quarter, and by Darger who had decided to take his own adversary by surprise, and he had full possession of the Glandelinian works, and four hours of the hardest and most sanguinary charges made by the enemy could not dislodge him. The Glandelinian troops under Darger had made six successive charges in quick succession but in vain, every charge was cut down and routed, and soon quiet reigned all along the line for the rest of the night. Jane's Tur or and the other little girl had also retired before this attack by the foe had been made, and strange to say while Violet and her sisters had been awakened by it, the other two little girls had slept through it all.

On the morrow while Evans was still asleep Huebaum Hanley hurried forward many columns and by eight o'clock in the morning the assault was hurled against the whole three wings of Evans army, and Evans aroused by the terrible din which was universal hurried out of his bed and into his uniform and then directed all the officers what to do. The attack had not been unexpected however, but this time it was not like the other two days only a desultory action with long pauses. It was general and most frightful. One charge followed another, and Hanley threw forward the heaviest masses he could muster upon the christian lines under cover of a terrific fire of all his cannons and the battle raged with the most tremendous fury.

General Joe Costello had brought up all his heaviest artillery and fairly pounded the christian lines with a terrific storm of shells and high explosives, added by a hurricane of shrapnell and gang-gang shells of every calibre. Every movement made by the Abbeismians to turn back the furious onslaught was frustrated, but nevertheless at last yet the christian line could not be forced. All of the christian cannon were also in action and Evans seeing how desperate the assault of the enemy was threw a supporting column of 10,000,000 Abyssinkilians upon his central portion of the line and withdrew the Vivian girls and the other two little girls to a safer location. At ten o'clock the battle was in full swing, and both sides within that short space of time had exchanged a thousand terrific and most terrible volleys many miles long. On cannons blew up by the score on both sides, explosions of munition works tore the earth into the air like volcanic eruptions and the whole region was overshadowed in the thickest clouds of smoke. It resembled another great Adge Evans raging.

But at no point as yet was the foe making any progress and this gave Evans so confidence that his lines could not be forced. As yet Cannons army had been untouched, but Evans sent him warning of what was going on and told him to watch the actions of the enemy closely

and not allow them to take him by surprise. Then he notified Zimmermann of the great attack then going on and asked him how he was faring with the Glandelinian army under general Johnston on Jackson Hanley.

He wrote to Evans;

"All quiet along my lines. For not doing anything whatever. I believe I'm making a mistake by laying inactive as I cannot for all the world get the Glandelinians under John ston Jackson Hanley to attack. I got a note late last night from general Johnson advising me to attack and crush Hanley before he throw a his army into your way to the aid of his son. And I'm going to do it."

Williamshurger
Zimmermann.

Evans notified him that he had better do it as soon as possible and strike as hard as possible, and it would now be dangerous for a long delay, and also declared that probably it was what Hanley wanted. Delay."

In the meantime after the first repulse of the wicked glandelinian assaults a bigger force of glandelinians, consisting of the Zimmer avidians, Omarians, Omarian Girdes, Kurds, Condensians, No-Hollistianians, and Margolinians made the bloodiest and most furious and longest charge of any battle ever seen before, and resembled indeed one of the worst charges that the glandelinians had ever made during the battle of Glandin. These Glandelinians consisted of about one hundred and twenty three immense divisions on the right of the line of charge, and over one hundred seventy nine more on the left. There seemed altogether about three hundred two twelve that had engaged upon the christian lines, their columns pouring across the plains of Glandinman Zee Pae Run, and between the junct o junct ions of Penreita and Francis Atlanta Run.

This immense column of Glandelinians were commanded by about eight hundred eighty four generals of high rank, while the total officers of all rank was about three thousand six hundred and thirty nine. During this charge the firing of both sides was so extremely terrific and fierce that nearly all of these eight hundred generals were killed and wounded, besides all the others too, but what ever the losses of the Glandelinian divisions was it could not be estimated. But nevertheless Hanley had reaped upon Evans one half of his 107,000,456 men upon the whole of general Evans army in the wildest or one of the wildest charges ever seen in the war, and the Glandelinian losses had been so extremely heavy and sanguinary that the surviving Glandelinian generals made the statement that they did not know their exact number, though it was probable that it was their intention to withhold the real number of slain and wounded that fell in that frightful battle massacre. The plains of Glandinman stretched toward the great stream called the Anna Marie to the junction of the Francis Atlanta Run and here at this portion of the field a charge nearly as violent as the battle of Francis Atlanta itself was waged and lasted fully six hours in duration.

Like six human tornadoes the six main Glandelinian generals commanding this mighty tidal wave of Glandelinians made one of the most desperate assaults upon the christian lines that general Evans had ever seen or could have ever imagined, and though the violence of the desperate assault at first threw a portion of the christian line into the greatest confusion, Evans hurried upon the foe his reserves just as they poured over the trenches, and Kinderkins Makin, a vigorous turning movement caused a serious disaster which brought the annihilation of the left section of this mighty tearing tidal wave of Glandelinian foes.

The fury of the battle now was terrible in the extreme, and while he barred the enemy's progress in that one location, Evans seeing how the pressure of the assault was upon Dargers army still in possession of the Glandelinian works along his front, reinforced him steadily, and held the foe at bay and a terrific medley of musketry and artillery which tore the enemy's lines fairly to splinters and shivers. Huebaum Hanley along this location delivered fifteen desperate assaults on Dargers army with the intention of recovering the lost works and position positions, but general Francis Schmidt who also fought at Francis Atlanta put up his own parks of artillery and held the assaults in check while Huebaumida Calmanida made a furious counter charge upon the extreme right of this Glandelinian surge cutting it to pieces and routing the survivors with the loss of hundreds of thousands.

This counter attack soon terminated the situation of the battle along general Henry Dargers lines and Dargers massed his own troops and renewed the assault of his own troops soon throwing the whole of the other Dargers Glandelinian armies into greater confusion than at other points, the attack of the Conventinians and Abyssinkilians supported by heavy masses of Abbiannians being as steady as the seas assault upon a breakwater, which finally grained and torn to pieces by the heavy surges gives way in many confused fragments. The battle was now extremely severe all along the line a screaming horror before heaven and earth but now a good portion of the assaulting ways of Glandelinians had been cut up and thrown into confusion all of the Zimmermannians and Mc-Hollistians in this mighty surge who managed by sheer force of fury to carry their onslaught home not expect a annihilation and while hundreds of their officers fell dead or wounded the other Glandelinians driven into a pandemonium of confusion and wild panic fled precipitately, and threw away their arms in their desperate efforts to escape the fury of the Abbiannians. Along the main christian center the assault was still more desperate, and still more wild and ferocious and almost told on the christian line, but Francis Hanson's divisions led in the meantime been brought up after being on the march for thirty hours, and these were thrown into the bloody fray and after two hours mortal fighting drove the foe back to a distance of a mile and a half and kept them there to a fighting position, and then as Evans brought up his main force of Conventinians he led a charge in person and like a flood that tears up a town the whole of the christian line poured forward, in the face of a barrage of cannon fire, but the charge was carried to a final success, and the whole portion of this Glandelinian army being completely surrounded fought to the last because though it offered to surrender the Abyssinkilians were too enraged to have mercy and buthe butchered them all. Federal Melfords Glandelinian army was well posted and resisted the christian assailants manfully, but the christian assault tore his line all to pieces, and though their shattered columns were compelled by him and his officers to rally again and again they could not hold against the christian counter attack, and Federal falling dangerously wounded, his troops broke into a panic that could not be stopped and the survivors stampeded back toward their own lines the christians after them a-terroring like a forest of stampeded cattle. General Hiebman's Hanley's main right of the assaulting line consisting all of Zimmermannians really made gallant success capturing a large portion of Evans central position, by driving the charge to a reckless headlong force, the foe fighting the christian at close quarters like millions of wild demons, and fiends, but their lines had been badly cut up, hundreds of thousands of the Glandelinians had been captured and the losses of their officers amounted to the three score within a few hours. The firing along this portion of the battle field was extremely fierce and excess exceedingly severe, and the Glandelinians overwhelmed by the Abyssinkilians and Conventinians tried to hold ground, and would have too insipid the odds, but while they had low whole forests of christian soldiers who strove to re take the position by the curtain storm of shell fire and spread a desolating fire for the length of ten miles before which the christians could not dare charge against, a large force of Tripontigonians and Pombobians, with divisions of Hornomians and Protestentians, came down upon the flank of the apparently successfully fighting Glandelinians and holding until threatened with annihilation, they finally finally gave way, and the whole christian line finally crashed down upon them at all points and not only changed the retreat into a total rout, but captured so many prisoners that few of the Glandelinians got back to their own lines.

Along the left of the christian line the assault of the enemy had been still more deliberate as stated before in which Dargers had also carried all before him. But the struggle was still fiercer along Evans right wing commanded by general Cannon Profile himself. The Glandelinian cannon every available battery covered the Glandelinian onslaught at this section of the line and though the A G Angelinians had twice that number of guns as the enemy had they did not answer the as enemys fire of heavier artillery but reserved the ammunition of all of the batteries to mow down the charge of the enemy. The christian line at this point was overwhelming in numbers ten to one of the Glandelinian assailants and it was horrible to see how the christian cannon committed such terrible and unhuman slaughter among the Glandelinian columns. Ten divisions were immediately riven into fragments and recoiled in panic, the blasting artillery fire tore the main line of assailants through and through, and as the surviving column got nearer a machine gun fire of the greatest intensity wiped them all out. The Glandelinian assault along this point was like a moving hellstorm of tidal waves of demons but it never reached the christian lines. General Francis Schmidt left grand division all Angelinians made a sweeping counter charge which

crushed the assaulting line at that point portion like an egg shell, and though the few survivors tried like a pack of maddened screaming fiends near mate to stand their ground and rally against the tremendous odds, their flank was finally turned by the Abyssinkilian columns under general Hendor Sta Stanek, and crushed to fragments. They were threatened with annihilation and as Bavarian Abyssinkilians also rushed them they were finally thrown into confusion and panic like the rest and the Glandelinians abandoned their attempt.

A good portion of the main assaulting wave had already been smashed up millions having fallen on both sides simultaneously in one great counter charge which had been met and repelled but now the christians were in possession of the enemys works also and a vast morgue. Johnston Jackson Hanley had heard of the insuing struggle and had longed to come up to the support of his son, but he could do nothing as Zimmermann had been watching him closely and was maneuvering to force him also in an engagement. Hiebman Hanley left was exposed to a blasting artillery and musketry fire on all sides which threatened them with annihilation and when a gleam of a great victory was in his grasp Hanley had to withdraw this wing which had been three times rolled up in great panic and with the loss of a legion of slain alone. The rest of the line had pressed on all sides by Francis Schmidt and Hendroes Abyssinkilians also had to give way just as Hiebman Hanley was bringing up his heavy reserves. The assault he had attempted had lasted six hours, and instead of bringing up success had ended in disaster, and placed him in still greater danger of losing a part of his positions. He did all in his power in that damming inferno to stay the headlong christian advance, even sent against the christian all of his best cavalry which met destruction to his horror, and also sent in all of his strongest divisions but in the nothing hellstorm of carnage all of his generals were down, not a flag was left all being shot to pieces, a hundred thousand color bearers had fallen and his army standing against a great onslaught had to finally withdraw still further southward.

Terrible indeed was the frightful uproar of the battle and the country had vibrated so terribly from the concussion that on that day along thirteen towns near by had fallen into total ruins. Despite the success the christian troops was making Hanley was bound to stay their progress if possible.

It was already near night fall but the Glandelinians came forward to renew the efforts to stop the christian charge. The christian fire pounded every one of their lines to pieces and with the most stupendous losses the Glandelinians were hurled back, but the many shattered columns removed the counter attack division after division storming the christian line only to be swept back every time with frightful slaughter. Customis and Francis Schmidt cut up the Glandelinian center once more and drove all before him but at other portions of the line the many Glandelinian columns fought to the very last making a regular fiery battle storm, and they fell in such great numbers that Schmidt was soon viewing something like a world wide morgue. Again and again the main monstrous columns of Francis Schmidt's Abbiannians and Abyssinkilians repelled the onslaughts of the foe and counter charged them, vanquishing the foe with the greatest slaughter.

The Millions of the Angelinian horsemen rode against the assailants as fast as their horses could gallop and cut and rode the Glandelinians down in monstrous numbers, annihilating the whole assault at this quarter. Only had only one-quarter of his army left to him now and he was really frightened. His army was fairly annihilated and he frantically withdrew his small handful of survivors trying to recover the retreat of those who had gone to the rear and no fierce had been the battle that indeed the heavens had seemed to burst into flames.

The Glandelinians encompassed tried to make a stand but the christians pressed on like a furious tidal wave pouring a storm of death and destruction upon their already wretched columns tearing their lines to pieces and the christian cavalry dashing up like an avalanche divided a portion of the remnant of Glandelinian forces from the rest and annihilated them all.

But still for a time the main body of surviving Glandelinians remained firm headless of the battering storm of christian cannon which cut them down like the harvester does the wheat, but the christians only closed and fell upon the Glandelinians with greater slaughter.

Seeing that the christian troops were advancing really to victory Hiebman Hanley made a fiercer effort to repel them and though he fairly cut down four fourteen onslaughts he was compelled to withdraw his forces, and with a yell of triumph the Abbiannians carried all before them and finally scattered his survivors.

In the early day the armies under Zimmermann had also started a tremendous action as advised by general Hanson still at Pandora Angelinda but three desperate assaults had met bloody and crushing failures. At first the battle with Zimmermann and Johnston Jackson Manley was not very severe and the three charges had only been made in military ways and caused desultory actions. But later in the morning while Zimmermann was in possession of a portion of the enemy's own field which he had gained in a fourth charge of tremendous fury and with the loss of many men, he did not could not believe that the battle could become so inconceivably furious as it did. At first it retained a moderate fury after the result of that fourth and tremendous charge. Crowleys glandelinians retiring in confusion and refusing to offer any further resistance. Again the battle had seemed to slacken, and some charges had been returned by the glandelinians who swept across the Pullaway run but the charges amounted to nothing at all being only severe demonstrations.

Then came the frightful charge of the Mc-Hollisterian forces under general Bristle too with the foremost portion of the christian line who had been taken by surprise being badly and shamefully beaten, and in which the enemy recovered their lost ground and held it against a fierce and repugnant counter charge in which the firing raged and roared like a million cannons. Another slackening of the battle followed then a complete pause until ten o'clock. Then across the Angeline Run, toward the old time battle field of Apple Orchid came another surge of glandelinians and those who had recovered their lost ground made a junction with them and made a heavy assault upon Zimmermann's lines. The battle became general and increased now with damming fury. More columns of assailants arrived and the attack was redoubled, and so terrific was the attack that Zimmermann massed all his available divisions upon the assailants, and the battle increased still more furiously.

The charge of the foe was finally repulsed, but followed immediately still more violent assaults made by the divisions under Mc-Hollister John, Gedorine Jensen, Thomas Phelanburg and many other glandelinian generals, in fact now the battle became so horrible, that within the whole remainder of the morning many millions had fallen. The battle now progressed with extremely bloody ferocity and the battlefield seemed bathed in oceans of blood.

General Calman St Clair led one of the first bloodiest charges of the battle along Zimmermann's lines which lasted three full hours without a moment's intermission, and so was Calverines desperate assault wild and tearing to the utmost, the three violent charges led by Costello Mareccollie the nine massacre like onslaughts against the Eva Granla works, and then followed the mightiest onslaughts Zimmermann ever saw in his life led by Girl Knool, Evans Glodge, Zoe Due Rae B Beck Johnston, Stancelin Callen, Junno Julio Callies, Porra Johnson, Helio Marischance, Mc-Whirther Stancelin, which resulted in destruction for every glandelinian division without their ever piercing the christian line at any point, and then the stupendous Glandelinian onslaughts led by Decepes army, four other desperate assaults led by Mc-Hollister Remington, drenching the ground in torrents of blood, charges of still greater damnation led by Camendonsonia Flanders, Franklin Vivian, Jennings Turner, whose lines were fairly torn to pieces, and worse of all a great and most tremendous onslaught led by Leo Costello himself where the losses of both sides became so severe that they could never be accurately estimated.

After all these violent repulses the battle again lulled slightly. What was the meaning? An hours lull only. Then what followed. The whole afternoon was bathed in blood and wholesale devastation caused by the wildest of battles raged in Southern Angelinda.

After being in titan thrice with Manley all afternoon Zimmermann successfully repelled a series of glandelinian onslaughts that not even the power of all the oceans briny waters as its surging lashed tide could have done upon a rocky shore when tearing it to pieces in the wildest hurricane for storms of nature, and the assaults of the enemy had been so terrific that it seemed as if another Francis Atlanta was about to break out. Three hundred glandelinian onslaughts were made during that whole afternoon but every one were repulsed with the most frightful and inconceivable slaughtering slaughter.

The next day Zimmermann himself renewed the battle along the Pullaway Run and managed to push Manley's army clear out of its position. Manley then made a torrent of onslaughts but all these assaulting columns was pre-emptively wiped out by the christian fire of cannons and rocketry and all attempts to retake the lost ground was impossible. Stanck Smithings lines coming to the rescue of Manley's disabled left was disintegrated, Hanson's Franklin's the main command was riddled by a thousand bullets, Mc-Whirther Ruthinghouse Sanders was mortally wounded, and a hundred other generals were among the slain.

Zimmermann fortunately had his central lines overcrowded with heavy real reinforcements, and he finally within four hours time massed 20,000,000 men against the glandelinian assailants and crushed the foremost part of Manley's main army after being in the fiercest conflict ever seen in that part of the theatre of war for all that bloody morning. For the rest of the day the columns of Glandelinians 79,999,999 strong and gradually massed itself against Zimmermann's lines in the wildest and most driving and insane assaults ever, but each time this immense column was torn to pieces for every charge until 50,000,000 only survived. They had crushed themselves against general Zimmermann's lines with the result of over 2,000,000 down. This ended the second day of the battles generals fury along Zimmermann's lines. Evans himself had been unengaged, but he had been marching around unopposed to make the intended flanking movement upon Johnston Jackson Manley's flank.

The next day the battle was again resumed by Manley himself, he sending forward mighty waves of Glandelinians under the three Mc-Whirthers again, with others under generals Aronburg, Collyer Stanck, and others who charged into a roaring sea of death and destruction, and who were only repulsed with the most frightful losses. Chamberlaine was killed on the christian side but this did not daunt the christians, for they again took possession of Manley's positions after making two frontal charges, and then Manley tried with might and main to recapture it he met heavy repulses.

General Cannon also captured a large portion of the enemy's lines, and held it finally crushing back the sheer charge of the foe which raged for four hours with fiendish fury. It was Williamburger Zimmermann's coolness that enabled general James Cannon to hold his ground against the greatest odds until he was able to send to his support many fresh divisions of Abbsaunians. They were charged on made by the enemy even after this. Evans in the meantime had advanced his army unchecked by any barriers for over twenty four hours, Johnston Manley's having fled continuously and westward rejoining Manley and murdering his officers that Evans was coming to take them on the flank. But Evans had been too quick for them, and just as soon as Manley recovered the news the waves of christians came in an irresistible ocean tide of human beings upon his rear, the whole glandelinian army was thrown into confusion and panic, and Johnston Jackson Manley was compelled to withdraw. The Abbsaunians pressed him on two sides until his army was so badly cut up that it could not stand and finally the whole glandelinian army retreated in a total rout. Again the Abbsaunian armies had triumphed and the other glandelinian armies hearing of the disastrous disaster at the border either deserted their ranks or fled from the christian armies without resisting them or fighting a battle.

THE ASSASSINATION OF HERRMAN MANLEY
BY THE ABBSAUNIANS WHO LIVED IN A HURRY, AS HE FLED
AT THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS OWN ARMIES.

On the first day of the battle or when it became general nearly of all of Herman Manley's army had been so terribly reduced by its losses that it was almost wiped out and the few survivors had been so scattered. Manley in drawing them through the inferno had become lost in the darkness, and was separated from any of the Glandelinians. The pursuing Abbsaunians had got wind of his misfortune and decided to repay another of the child hatching with his life and so they followed him in endless numbers hounding him down like a dog. He had taken shelter on the following day in a ravine but here a large number of Abbsaunians had concealed themselves, themselves. They had tried to take Manley prisoner however without shooting him down in cold blood after surprising him in ambush, but he put up a fierce resistance. He managed to subvert many of his assailants until despairing of taking him alive the Abbsaunians ruthlessly shot him dead, and left him lay in the ravine to rot. It was another great tragedy to Glandelinians and who could explain the grief of general Johnston Jackson Manley when three days later after the defeat at Hizen Phiran his sons dead body was brought to him by the Glandelinian soldiers who had found him.

Manley was wild with grieved grief and cried even like a little baby. He also saw that the hopes of an invasion of Angulinda was gone and that now he alone must repel the christian invaders once more. All of his best worthy officers had either been slain in battle or had deserted his cause, and he was left to fight his battles alone. The king was appealed to let the king make the statement that somebody of high rank must be left to watch the city of Glandolinia and insure it's safety, and so he could not come out and hold repel the christian armies.

THE CHRISTIAN INVASION OF G. LAND.

In Indeed- Johnston Jackson Manley had been hit hard by the hand of Almighty god. He had expected success from the war very start, and now he had lost his two sons the worse blow of all. All of the best generals whom he had depended on to win the war had left him, having resigned their respective commands, and all demands to draft the same was refused as generals were no success. It was seen that they simply could not be forced.

To invade the enemy's country seemed easy as eating pie now with the main thing was the work of devastation to be done. This seemed impossible before the eyes of Almighty God himself. The enemy knowing of the defeat at the battle of Wizzon Pirkan feared that if the christians would remove the invasion which had been purposely a abandoned, to act as bait they would also renew their work of devastation, and to guard against this the foe leaders said it possible that every northern city, and every farm was well guarded by the greatest armies that could be mustered, while every means possible was used to oppose the christian armies, advanced through their country from the south, east and west.

At every town that the foe had recaptured hundreds of the mightiest cannons was placed besides mighty armies, and as soon as the invasion began Evans who started first found his army seriously handicapped and checked at Bristle Toe Station which he had reached first.

The whole region here was guarded by over 6,789,999 cannons of heavy calibre, mostly all guns taken from christian armies during battles, or those used from nations whom the Glandolinians had conquered during other wars, as well as their own. To dare make an advance against such a deadly barrier was impossible, but Evans had seen to it that all the million cannon which had been placed at the border had been taken across with the vanguard armies, and he sent orders for ten of the nearest christian armies not opposed by the foe to come and join him at once at Bristle Toe Station.

King Cannon had played his game against the foe and by his orders other generals had done the same, causing the enemy seemingly to win great victories but this was no joke. It was really serious, it was the real maneuver of the foe who had outwitted all the christian generals as they had never been outwitted before during the whole war.

Cannon had separated from Evans to make a better better movement himself but learning that Evans was in dire peril he immediately returned to give him aid, and within a weeks time eleven christian armies had joined Evans. Evans saw to it that all of his artillery was concentrated upon the region, and two days later one of the fiercest and most clamorous artillery duels of the whole entire war began. First Evans personal army of over four hundred big guns opened fire, then cannon batteries opened next, then gradually but quickly the batteries of cannons belonging to the other christian armies also opened fire, and terrific indeed was the roar of over a million christian cannons. So many shells fell among the enemy lines that it seemed that the whole Glandolinian army gathered in the vicinity of Bristle Toe Station would be ground to earth, but when the artillery of the christian began firing, the Glandolinian infantry had withdrawn to shelter, and the Glandolinian artillery also withdrew several paces back. For nearly half an hour the christian artillery continued the sporadic fire without receiving any response, but finally whole lines of Glandolinian artillery responded with a shocking roar and then the whole entire ranks of Glandolinian batteries opened fire, and the christian infantry had to take to shelter.

Evans continued the most tremendous cannonade for an hour but without effect, and his own batteries were being disabled rapidly because his guns were still too far. But Evans finally had a plan. He knew what King Cannon could do, and ordered him to go forward with his whole army

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advance through snowflakes "as which" was found unoccupied and get around the enemy rear. When the cannon enough assault the batteries in the rear and carry them by storm. It took cannon two hours to make this march, but it was successful, and all the while the batteries were blundering in the wildest confusion he made preparations to make the assault. He saw that he had to tear up the Glandolinian infantry forces first, and learning that it was general Mc-Allister's army that faced Evans he decided to use caution for he knew that general Mc-Allister's army, fought feebly when attacked in front, but when attacked, and stormed in the rear, or cornered, demons had nothing in their line of fighting.

At ten o'clock in the morning general Cannon threw forward two immense lines of men nearly ten miles long and each ten million strong. They were to charge silently, and with fixed bayonets. On they came those two monstrous lines, and into the Glandolinian infantry they crashed with a mighty shock and drove them within a mile of their own blundering batteries with frightful loss. The main line of infantry had recovered from the surprise however, and returned to the charge with redoubled fury, the firing of both sides made a terrific clash, but nevertheless the Glandolinian charge for the moment could not be stopped the first line of 10,000,000 men was fairly crushed to fragments, their general John Scandillon killed and all of their flags shot to pieces in that bloody madman.

The Glandolinians with terrific fiendish yells struck back also at the second line, and also drove it back the whole Glandolinian army advancing with a fury of millions of stampeding cattle, and so terrific was the pressure of the Glandolinian onslaught that the Abbotswains had to give way and retreated with the loss of 15,000,000 dead and wounded in that one bloody crushing failure. The general of the second immense line was also killed and twenty color banners were captured, and 10,000 others shot down. King Cannon was horrified at this horrible disaster and calamity, and knowing what the result would be issued his machine guns and whole covering the retreat of the surviving columns, he brought up the rear remainder of his army and repelled the attack which the enemy immediately made upon his lines.

The enemy almost drove their attack home at the first start, but the christian fire was too severe and the foe was finally repulsed.

Cannon had repulsed the charge of the enemy, but now knowing that the foe was on their guard he realized the impossibility of taking the enemy's guns and wrote to Evans;

"My flank on guard. Make an assault, and not only was fearfully repulsed but also was compelled to repulse and stand before three bloody onslaughts made by the enemy. Glandolinian army under general Mc-Allister Evans. Be careful what you try so that no disaster will happen to you. I, lost 13,765,076 in killed and wounded in that four hours fray. KING CANNON.

Evans was startled and surprised at this news, but nevertheless did not lose his courage. His staff generals were for attacking the enemy's long chain of blundering batteries in front while fresh forces would go at them in the rear, but Evans knew what Cannon had met with, and to make an attack on the front of the batteries would cost too heavy a loss even if successful. He decided to all the action for a while and await word from Hanson whom he had notified of the sudden situation.

That evening Hanson wrote to Evans that the enemy at Bristle Toe station must be forced at all costs, that if Bristle Toe Station if captured, the enemy can no longer defend their cities with success, and he can not only advance in an successful invasion but devastate the enemy's country also. Evans then decided to try his luck that very night. He mustered his army and sent a whole wave of Abyssinians forty miles long to storm the batteries in the darkness. They were to advance with the utmost caution as to arouse the foe too soon would mean annihilation for them all. They started off silently and soon came within sight of the enemy's batteries after ten minutes slow and quiet march. Not a sound had been made, not a man had spoken, or rather did they allow a single foot step to be heard, and so when they rushed upon the batteries the surprise was complete. The six million guns were captured without their being able to fire a single volley but the infantry came to the rescue in double time, and a terrific struggle raged hand to hand.

for the christian soldiers who reached it. No such a lake - some violet and her sisters added in a warbling distinct and loud of a call above and by the side and over the shore of the lake. The forest was a wall of fire. The other 10000 soldiers of the forest, the forest was a wall of fire. The forest was a wall of fire. The forest was a wall of fire.

The fire was fiercely enveloping the lake along its southern and eastern shores and its shallow waters were already thickly and brightly colored. The forest was a wall of fire. The forest was a wall of fire. The forest was a wall of fire. The forest was a wall of fire.

On the shore where Violet and her sisters paused was a huge column of Abyssinians chattering and clucking foolishly, as if scolding, scolding all things in general for having disturbed them at dinner. Then compelled by the fiercely approaching fire they too took to the water. Along the shore the fire was already leaping a wall of flame.

A little further up the shore a column of Concentinians hugged close to the water line hesitating to get their precious uniforms until death itself snapped at their heels; and as if to bring fresh news a second column column dragged itself wearily out on the shore, as limp as a wet rag after their swim from the opposite shore where the fire was already leaping in a mountain of flame. And as this swim swim of Abyssinians swam in hoping to find safety an old bear twice as big as a horse crashed panting from the undergrowth plunged into the water among the soldiers and swam out. Smaller columns of christian soldiers were creeping, crawling and slinking along the shore, and now Violet and her sisters with the other two little girls waded out slowly into the water. They came continued onward until they were submerged up to their shoulders.

Then they stopped. The fire was a great deal closer now advancing like an express train. Over the projecting barriers of timber drove the clouds of smoke and ash. Swiftly the whole lake became obliterated, and out of that awful chaos of blackness, smoke and heat, there rose strange and most thrilling cries, the bleating of a moose calf that was doomed to die, and the bellowing terror filled response of its mother, the agonized howling of a wolf, the terrified barking of a fox, and over all else the horrible screaming of many soldiers who escaped not from that awful sea of flame. Through the thickening smoke and increasing heat the lake became surrounded by a solid wall of fire. Blasts of flame shot up the pitch of trees and leaped for a hundred and fifty feet into the blistered air.

The roar of the very conflagration itself was most deafening. It drowned all sound that brute agony and death may have made. And its heat was terrific, more terrific than it could be. The fire was a wall of flame. The fire was a wall of flame. The fire was a wall of flame. The fire was a wall of flame.

Swift as the fire storm had come it passed, and the walls of timber that had been so green a few moments before were smouldering and shivered, shriveled and dead, and sound swept on with the flame until it became once more a low and rumbling murmur. The christian army had been fairly scattered in all directions by fleeing before this forest fire and it was evident that nothing could be done to reform it even ten days later when the smouldering grounds had after retaining intense heat cooled down. All the rest of the day and the night that followed no living thing had moved forward with the same eng enthusiasm as before.

While the christian commanders had made fierce efforts to rally and gather their scattered and broken commands, a deluge of explosions occurred along the Starring Run and when day broke and the sun shone through a murky heaven there was left no sign of what the forest had been except for the charred and smouldering timbers, the dead bodies, the strewn of the christian soldiers who had perished in the fearful forest fires. For many days after the passing of the great fire the army had been scattered and left back in its advance while the other christian army had been scattered and left back in its advance while the other christian army had been scattered and left back in its advance.

Finally when news of the army was got together again it was found that Violet and her sisters had escaped through it all, never lost, and took the opportunity of a moment of adventure, but none of the men heard of the whereabouts of General Evans yet.

Whether had in some during the fierce panic of the forest fire now no one knew and Violet and her sisters feared that being perished and felt as if they would be least broken. Both soon returned with a few stragglers and in vain reports to General Hanson who was most of the morning of the forest fire. The forest fire was a wall of flame. The forest fire was a wall of flame. The forest fire was a wall of flame. The forest fire was a wall of flame.

Evans claimed that there was some reason that caused the blunder for the fire was not to be made unless a steady north wind was blowing and he had received reports that General Vivian had deliberately made the fire when the wind had been blowing steadily from the south and west for the last past weeks. Evans wrote to General Vivian asking the reason of the fire being made at such an unfavorable time, and stating that the fire had burned its way toward the christian lines instead of toward the camp before it. Evans also stated the loss he had suffered, how low his army had been scattered to the four winds by the panic caused by the approaching fire and the disaster of losing all the army and the camp.

The christian army was scattered and left back in the fire.

"Your excellency general Jack Ambrose Evans;
"I'm indeed surprised and flabbergasted at your statement. My troops made no fires of any kind as we received as yet no orders from you to do so. The rumors you made were false. And I'm still too far north to have made a fire that would have advanced upon you from the south. It is probable that the enemy was the one who did it as it happened right in front of your armies who were pursuing Mc-Allister's army at the time. You do not know I suppose I suppose that Mc-Allister would stop any christian army in their advance even if he had to burn his own home to do so. It is a best to make an investigation and find the real cause. It's readily proven that my army did not cause it as we are still at the boundary line being strongly opposed to make an advance as yet."

General Jimmie Vivian.

The forest really did set it as Evans soon found out through the means of clever spies. General Mc-Allister had been saddened and angered at being so hard hit by Evans and so to stop his wild and irresistible advance into Glandelinia had devastated their own property by setting a fire that had in a months time spread over a stretch of forest nearly five thousand six hundred miles in length and hundreds of miles in width. It had been foolish of general Mc-Allister to have done so, and being blamed with ruthless destruction of Glandelinian property, and also charged with arson, Mc-Allister suffered the loss of his command, and also was court-martialed for the fire.

It was some time before Evans could resume the advance and he had to halt until general Hanson with a fresh army could come and join him. Vivian and his army, did not begin until the forest fire on one condition but they abhorred the loss of lives it caused, and the delay in the success for the christian armies. Evans was furious over it when he learned it was the vile trick of general Mc-Allister and when he learned that the army was without a leader decided to surprise and capture it if possible before any general could arrive to take command. His army was already half encircling the lawless Glandelinian army and all that would need be done was to "hasten and close in the ring. Prompt measures was taken to do this work, and it went on very well, but so strong was the Glandelinian army that was thus surprised that to capture it without a desperate battle was impossible.

When the Glandelinian soldiers saw it was surrounded it became demoralized however, and their wiser leaders decided to surrender rather than have unnecessary bloodshed. They demanded of Evans on what conditions would the surrender be.

"Here will be no conditions whatever," said Evans rejoinder. "You have simply got to surrender, and when prisoners we will do with you as we see fit. For all area lot of devil assassins and ought to receive no mercy at all as it is."

"We will not surrender then," said the answer. "We know that our armies are surrounded and at stake but as long as your acceptance of an unconditional surrender is at hand why we'll fight to the last. We'll never surrender unless there are terms."

In the meantime the general who had been sent by the Glandelinian government had arrived in time to fall into an ambush and get captured. It was general John Quincy Bushings. He was a furious old man and did not submit himself quietly, declaring that the Abbeismians and Abyssinians were an army of devil livered skulls of hell, and heaped all kinds of immita upon God and dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon a priest while a prisoner and knock him down right before the eyes of Evans and Violet. The general threw it smack into the face of general Evans. Violet and her sisters had witnessed the whole performance and almost wept when they saw this deed and Evans also was surprised but did not show any excitement.

"He just went and picked the cross up and laid it on the table and then turning to the prisoner said as coolly as he could:

"Your actions are beautiful to behold sir. I've never seen or believed to see a prisoner like you before. Cursing and Blaspheming God like you did and doing other actions as well as striking down the priest may have been your habit at your life I suppose. Your being made a prisoner was only fortune of war and you surprised us all with your actions. I suppose you don't know the penalty of striking a prisoner be a priest especially before the eyes of these little girls do you?"

The man was silent and aullen.

"Well said Evans grimly now. The penalty is death. There is no man no matter who he be or where he came from, even from hell who will dare strike a priest before my eyes, especially when he is my cousin. Your deliberate action of flinging the Holy Crucifix into my face was another action that I enjoyed as much as God did, and your deed of this kind I find it very bad for you. We first arrested you merely as a prisoner of war, but now your a prisoner because you are a bloody scoundrel, a criminal who deserves to be burned at the stake. But for your rank we'll make it a better penalty for you. Tomorrow you'll hang on the cross and see how you like to be in our lords place for a long day in unbelieved agony you dirty livered scoundrel. Get him out of my sight boys or I'll run him through where he stands. His face reminds me of a creature of hell."

The man was led roughly away and placed before the court marshal to have his sentence carried out. Evans in the latter time had pressed his army closer upon the one he had surrounded, and soon to avoid the danger of annihilation in case the christians would attack, the whole army laid down its arms and surrendered. Evans had thus captured an army 75,000,000 strong without another battle with it, and also the same number of rifles and twice that number of pistols, besides a lot of ammunition, thousands of battle flags, fresh artillery, and all of the enemy's provision and ammunition trains.

This had been a great and telling blow on the enemy. It was the first real surrender of a whole Glandelinian army in their own native country, and now King Hanley felt sure that all hopes of preventing the christians from laying siege to the city of Glandelinia was out of the question, and he refused to lead his army any further against the christians and made preparations to retreat to the city and reinforced the other Glandelinian armies there. Evans realized that to capture the city of Glandelinia was a hard thing to do unless these new things were to be done.

1. To get there before any of the new and big forces of the foe arrive there to the defense of the city.

2. To prevent the Glandelinian armies if possible from retreating toward that city, and to see that all the christian armies were sufficient in preventing the foe armies from doing so.

3. To crush Hanley before he can reach the city or at least to force him to fight another engagement and to crush him then and head him off and capture him and his whole army."

When christian armies were already moving with the purpose to stop them from advancing to reach the capital and all the efforts to crush him was being made. Other Glandelinian armies had been cut off from that direction by christian armies even without a battle, storms of devastation was on, as all farms and villages was laid in waste and a great destruction was also going on for many hundreds of miles.

The invasion was now resumed with redoubled fury.

Now Violet and her sisters hoped that this time the war would be brought to a speedy finish and with a good smart christian victory. It was also a long time now since they had seen either their mother or aunt, or any other relation and also their two brothers they had never seen since the terrible war had first started. All through these years Violet and her sisters had shown themselves to be really what they intended to be. It is probable that even saints could not have done better in their note of mercy toward even the very Glandelinian wounded.

But they hardly had recovered any good point from the wicked war the Glandelinian soldiers who only had provided the little girls with their clothes and it seemed impossible for the little girls to get friends even from the Glandelinians, and it was only then, for though they were soldiers fighting on the opposite side, they had expected great things at least. But all that was over now, and later on Evans in a rage had ordered Violet and her sisters under pain of even punishment to go near any of the scoundrels.

"All the reward you deserve anyway is revilings and other wicked things," he said. "So why don't you have with them when it is of no use, let the red cross have no attend to them. It's not your work anyway. So among our own wounded where you will receive no better words and praises."

The advance had been continued for three days in succession and as news came from the other christian armies that they were progressing fast and soon ever, Evans finally gave the order that the work of general rain should begin as soon as they got within another fifty miles into the enemy country. The advance of general Evans army was vigorous despite the fact that the enemy offered slight resistance every day, but now he could not be stopped, and as Hanley was fleeing toward the capital with his armies and refused to stand before the advancing christian armies any longer, all the other Glandelinian armies facing the advancing christian armies took more to their own self and offered general Evans and the others resistance only when compelled to and so the advance of the christian armies was continued without their being any general battle as yet.

Evans was surprised at the sudden retreat of general Johnston. Jackson Hanley's armies and feared that it was only a trick on his part, and warned the other christian armies or their generals at least to be careful, and not allow themselves to be caught off their guard.

This time there was no stopping in the fierce christian advance and it was a series upon series of tidal waves of Abbeismians more greater than during the first of the main invasion and it was as irresistible as the stampede of millions of cattle before the advance of a big fire on the plains. Town after town was taken without a battle, and set on fire, farms were devastated and the tired hands taken prisoners, and other things of sterner resources was accomplished. General Vivian was also coming on with bigger armies than he had ever gathered before, and so was Hanson who was hurrying his army on a forced march in order to join general Evans as quick as possible.

It was the swiftest advance of christian armies that had ever occurred in any enemy country before. During the war of Eighteen Forty One the advance of the Abbeismians had been as swift as the lightning here and there but now their advance was still swifter and as irresistible as the force of a tidal wave.

Every kind of the greatest value or no value was seized by the furious invaders and stretches of woods was cut or hewn down or set on fire, bridges by the score were blasted into the air, and dams were again burst this time by the great falling the worse floods looms that was ever known in any history and which caused millions of people to be homeless and many thousands of them to drown or perish.

It was a fearful invasion more destructive than the Hunns made in Europe a worse scourge that Tartars had made, and even more resistless and violent. All the bridges fording rivers and streams were cut down or blown up, and damage of every kind was inflicted. Railroad trains were wrecked so fast that the Glandelinian government had to have them ceased running, millions of coal cars loaded with the expensive coal was sent to the lumber and deposited with no other strong guard, cattle and box cars were made blazing bonfires, trucks were twisted up everywhere on every line and especially on the He-Hollenton one. Pardon the last damage was done and the greatest amount of property seized. Ten trains laden with munitions was taken possession of, sixty thousand tons loaded with iron ore, coal and all kinds of oil fell into the hands of the Abbeismians, and all the trucks of cars found empty were turned to the ground, and their trucks sent away to be used for other purposes.

It was a great scene indeed this invasion and Violet and her sisters had observed with awe many a big fire made by the christian invaders. Ten munition arsenals were blown up, causing a loss of

fifty millions of dollars to the Glandelinians and every school house was set on fire and burned to the ground in the country. Orphan asylums were not even spared this time they also going up in flames and the children rendered homeless, were taken possession of by the Abbieannians who transferred them from army to army until they were brought to the border and across as child prisoners to take the place of those slain during their invasion of Calverlinia and Angelinda by the Glandelinians.

The city of Titanic Fair was bombarded anew and the returned population forced to seek shelter in their cellars so quick it came, and other great cities also crumbled into a mass of ruins as the Christian invaders turned their cannons ruthlessly upon them. The Glandelinians tried to give serious resistance once more at Fountain Of Pirene De La Greece which had been shelled with greater fury this time, but one wild charge of a surge of Conscientian bay cavalry charged their mind and the foe was compelled to cease their retreat. retreat.

After all this for about two weeks Evans army now far in advance of all the others and Hansons second behind had halted for a brief rest at Lannionionia to allow time for Hansons armies to arrive and join him. Before the army lay a row of child slave mills, and making an investigation Evans observed that the children were treated like dogs in a pound and that to prevent a rescue of children, a great force of Glandelinians had concentrated there in great numbers. Evans learned that the strength of the foe army amounted up to over eighty million against his three hundred million Abbieannians. Evans advanced his army in many separate directions and unknown to the foe had within three full days surrounded the whole Glandelinian army.

The Glandelinian general winner who was in command soon observed that his army was surrounded but did not intend to allow himself to be fooled. He ordered one quarter of the army to surround the factories to prevent the child slaves from being rescued and with another portion of his army suddenly and unexpectedly made a most tremendous assault upon the whole of Evans western part of the encircling army.

A good portion of the Christian army had been taken by surprise and was driven into confusion and routed before Evans was awakened to the disaster and it seemed probable that the small army of Glandelinians would despite the odds against them force their way through.

Evans however knew what was coming, and he dashed forth from upon his point and while these were striving with might and main to repel the wild assaults and drive them back, Evans dispatched another portion of his army and made a furious assault upon the Glandelinians defending the sixty eight child mills. Most of the army took shelter in the mill buildings and inflicted shocking havoc upon the Christians and repulsed two fierce assaults with terrific destruction, but the machine gun picked the Glandelinian victims by the score of thousands and soon as a wild series of rushes and charges the Angelindians burst through the entrances of the buildings first forcing their way furiously and desperately through all the doors, and fighting their way through the lower windows, while the soldiers above poured continuous galling fire upon them.

This was as near as the Christians got and once more they were repulsed with terrific slaughter and driven back a great distance. It was feared that the foe would massacre the children anyway and so three hundred and sixty five cannons were massed upon these buildings and opened with galling and murderous carnage. A storm of wreckage flew upon into the air in every direction and finally the troops rushed forward again and stormed the factories with greater and redoubled vehemence.

This time their charge drove home, all of the Glandelinians not slain were captured and made prisoners, and the buildings were smashed for their possession. Despite the damage done to the buildings by the cannon fire, no child was harmed thanks to their guard in angels though the buildings looked as if they had been razed by a strong tornado of long duration.

The children were taken possession of and brought back to the lines with the prisoners and soon all the wreckage buildings burst into a sea of flames.

The Glandelinian assault along the western circle of the Christian line was the bloodiest of any battle before but it was finally repulsed, and being that his army was in a position of utter ruin and his army andy depleted, and surrounded by an army that could never be lost, the Glandelinian commander surrendered the remainder of the army.

He made claims however that he did not surrender without a desperate fight, and indeed he had put up a desperate fight before his downfall. His losses was terrific but twice heavier was the Christian losses. General Hanson later on who had heard of the furious action called it the battle of Sixty Mills but it was forced known as the battle of Lannionionia.

The battle had raged a full day, and the Glandelinian army had been surrounded just before night fall. Violet and her sisters had been too far away to have witnessed this terrific battle but they had heard its great noise, and when they learned that over 60,000 children were being brought within the lines all rescued slaves their hearts gave a leap of joy, and they started on their way immediately to see some of these children.

They arrived at the location where the battle had raged the next morning, after sleeping on their journey in an auto driven by a soldier, and soon came within view of the children who had been lined up by the officers to have their names taken down, and the names of their parents or relatives if they had any. Three quarters of the children had lost their fathers in the war but all had their mothers and other relations still living, and all of these children had fortunately known their addresses. They were happy over their sudden deliverance, and many from mere joy informed the officers where many more mills were still running and worked by child mills.

The number of children really rescued was only five thousand and not so many as Violet and her sisters had heard.

Nevertheless the number of the children was great enough, and as they were being prepared for deportation to Angelinda under strong guard and protection Violet and her sisters bestowed gifts upon the delivered children, and when the Christian advance started again and the children were placed on the train to be north guarded by an army of soldiers, Violet and her sisters bade them farewell and almost cried with joy at knowing that more of the poor innocent children had been set free at last.

During the remembrance of the march Evans crushed ten small armies opposed to him: one at Mayo, Jason, Pileon, Glee, Edith, Lincoln, Webster, Tarrabee, Thedabara Turner, and Chaplin Run, all small but very severe battles in which the Christians won sweeping victories. These battles raged within the space of a week.

Other child slave mills were seized before the Glandelinians in possession knew of the approach of the Christians, and another great haul of child slaves were made this time over 10,000 of them were liberated. Liberation which increased the joy of Violet and her sisters who saw them also. Serious resistance was offered in the meantime to general Hanson who had not reached Evans in a battle at a ridge called 'The Pointing Finger' but the foe was repulsed with the loss of two million killed and wounded. Hanson was also repulsed by another Glandelinian army at Funeral Range and had been told not to be at all in his advance and these severe attacks of the enemy only cost them heavy losses.

Hanson carried an easy position at the battle of Parrisscale in which the foe drove a great assault as any assaults as 'Mauls' had at Sunbeam creek but paid the price with a bloody failure, and terrific crushing losses and two thirds of this Glandelinian army was captured.

The invasion continued on without a check and it was now possible that 'Mauls' was about to become more wise and dare make another stand but they believed it was foolish though it was reported from the town of Mary gold. A fierce and sanguinary battle occurred at Anna Marie where both the Christians and Violet's army under General Y. Van, and the Glandelinians under Ambrose Miller the latter having taken command of a new army, but Ambrose Miller was beaten at every hand and fought for twenty miles without a single minute's pause in the wild retreat. Action also occurred at Gary, and Opa, and another at Gary with Christian successes that was only slight. Evans however did not further resistance for the time being during his advance and it seemed probable that the enemy did not care to resist him any further since nothing could be done to even stop the wild advance of general Hanson and even general Y. Van who was now as far south as Hanson and also endeavoring to make a junction with his great brother.

During the advance there was millions of wild charges on horseback against fleeing Glandelinian cavalry, over-throwing of the riders, shooting of horses and people every day and every night of the day and no much secret service work, and plotting as to keep the wild plot but they were the scenes during the invasion that no motion pictures could correctly show them. Evans once with a body of cavalry tried frantically to encircle a Glandelinian general who had made a surprise attack upon his flank but of no avail. The Glandelinians overcame after a wild storm of musketry and Evans had to abandon the pursuit after losing two hundred and fifty three men in killed and over 1,700 wounded and dying so that of the fugitives 6,722 killed and 10,739 in wounded and dying.

Thus the big part of forces ever known before and had none something like a running battle.

Evans remembered what he had heard this poor mother say with weeping and arid grief."

"Bidd Good bye to that dear old mother for she will meet him oh so far away. There is an old song that I long remembered "Who will follow Jesus" But if possible I'll save the lad if I have to amputate the glands in an arm for it."

Again and again under the tremendous clatter of the frightful mediam, the christi cry of the Abbeissians could be heard; "On to Angelina Fadr Down with the Glandolinian assins. On to the Glory of God and his princes."

"We'll cause war to bring its widest desolation o'er the Glandelinian
land and sea."

The assault of the foe was indeed desperate but the Christian soldiers pressed onward and onward amid the same fierce battle cry. Shells were exploding everywhere and the cry of other battle discords came on with "Down with child slavery, onward we'll go, on To Angeline Fair, There is no word that's like thine Sweet Savior" Oh come and follow me."

"I'm satisfied that war is nigh, for I'll bring them to say good-bye. Oh, oh, oh, on to Glandelinia. Oh onward we'll go our way. We are satisfied with Jesus now and down with child slavery. Oh on to Angelina. Oh on to Angelina."

to the left of the christian line could be heard crying amid the din and confusion of the wild battle. Their sorrow no doubt was known to the Apache Indians who were engaged here. This point far beyond within easy eye sight was another one of the bloodiest.

Several children had been saved recently and they cried to the soldiers:

"Oh! I am dying, and I am alone in the world. Take me to your camp, and the rest of my brothers and sisters will follow you."

friends, as they saw the Glandelinians bearing the children from the mills and away they grew more desperate, and an officer sent a cavalry around to the rear to stop their efforts at a l'la costs. All this the cannons thundered along the christian lines in a wild storm of salvoes.

A. the cawing was charging these Glendelindians and or

"Oh down with child slavery, oh down with child slavery, on to Mandelinda they heard the cries of children who had in the blood' storm of strife and confusion gotten away crying as if their hearts could break.

On this battle of confusion and bloodshed they did hear most the crying of children and all the horrors of cannons firing, shells exploding, men dropping, by the hundreds of thousands everywhere, and the crash of musketry, and amid the battles confusion many of the children still in possession of the enemy was heard to scream.

"We must save all of the children and shall." Cried the officers here and there among the fiercely fighting cowardly forces, amid the carnage wide. We must save the children from the foe."

"Oh down with child slavery. Oh on -- Glendellina. Oh down with child slavery. On on to Glendellina to hell with Glendellina. She wanted war and we'll give her hell."

Glandelinia. Glandelinia. On to glandelinia. Oh down with child slavery a'' Again arose the battle cry. As the battle raged in full away counter charges were made by the Concentinians this time who carried all before them amid frightful slaughter, and who vix victorious in the desperate noise tore away thousands of the children, and as more children screamed out

"Down, down, down with child slavery." Cried the fierce Concentinians as they sabered and cut their way through the immi
immense throngs of rallying Abandinians on their way back to the christ

Evans seeing that the enemy was attacking his lines with the fury of desperation, and worried over the delay of his advance by the impudence of the foe barring his way decided to make a strong concentration and

Evans then kept the foe at bay with a fire of cannons that was the heaviest that he had ever put in, and then directed the well planned counter assault. First the counter assailing christian lines struck against the

Immediately the center assaulting Christian lines struck against the slowly recoiling Glendelinian foes, capturing the child slave mills and the remainder of the children, and then struck the main indentured servants of the foe. The carnage was indeed dreadful. Like after like of Christian soldiers was completely wiped out but nevertheless the main portion could not be checked, and finally the rest of the Glendelinian position was first carried, then the center, and the right, and the enemy sent flying southward in a total rout.

It was another sweeping victory to Evans credit, and he pursued the enemy so furiously until worn out with fatigue the remnants of the army sought its retreat and Ah Amio had surrendered unconditionally to end the horrors of the slaughter. It was amusing. Despite his funny name he had proven himself to be a worthy man, no child butcher, and was friendly towards his freedom but the army was retained as prisoners and sent northward.

Evans during the pursuit had obtained a note which ran as follows;:

"Despite the situation of the Annie Aronburg Murder, there has occurred an extremely bloody battle at Aronburgs Run, and now the foe has been driven clear out of Galverinia and Angolindaboth, and on great invasion has been started by the Angelinians since the Abbeonians have started in with their full aid and thrown their mightiest efforts against Glandelinia.

The war is going on a four years duration it being already December. The invasion of the christians is going on a second time now in full way though the resistance of the foe is being a terrific. From the start of this great war until now thousands of battles big and small have been fought. The christian armies are pouring into Glandelinia like an irresistible flood.

Also here is a list of generals who are special enemies of the little Vivian girls, known as Violet and her sisters;:::

-1- Raymond Richardson Federal-----Dead.

-2- Shoeman.

-3- Cannonia.

-4- Rhoban Manley-----Dead.

-5- John Manley-----Dead.

-6- Johnston Jacken Manley.

-7- Phellina Tamerline.

-8- Richard Francis Tamerline.

Richard Tamerline finally relented in his enmity toward the pretty Vivian Girls, and on one occasion saved them from the clutches of general Raymond Richardson Federal....."

Wondering who wrote this missive Evans pocketed it and went to command the pursuit.

It was two days now since the last great battle had raged and was won, and Evans was now advancing without meeting any opposition except at times from small bodies of glandelinian soldiers. Violet and her sisters were kept busy now a while since the victors were busy, and so gallantly, and the valiant Evans did not seem to be the only hero in their eyes.

Despite the efforts of Hanson to make a junction with general Evans his brother general yivian got ahead of him and reached general Evans army that night. In a brief talk with Evans he had a question or two asked. Violet and her sisters were still eager to have the opportunity to see their beloved father once more, and they stayed with him a whole night, and on the morning breakfast with him and Evans and told him of their experience in the forest fire when it raged a good portion of Evans army.

Finally after breakfast Evans asked general yivian how far general Hanson was.

"He has kept an even twenty miles between himself and you despite his efforts to gain on you to make a junction." Said general yivian. "He had you and have been going, and on the road. He tried his best to gain with you but for those three weeks was kept at a distance of twenty miles. You must have your army well trained that they can advance so fast. His army got badly whited and had to stop on several occasions."

"Well I'll say that I certainly have been pressing on." remarked Evans kind of coolly. "You see I'm racing with the christian armies who are making this invasion. I want to see who gets to the city of Angolindaboth first. This darn war must be ended sometime. And I hope for god's sake that we will not be needed to fight another battle until we get there. It's not imprudent to stop a while I guess I'll wait long enough for general Hanson to catch up. Did you know he was following us with the intentions of making a junction. I'll notify him to hurry on, and tell him that I'll wait."

"While Hanson was waiting in his advance for a brief rest, he concentrated his army under direction of Hanson all along the stretch of country from the three ten rivers, to the Prudon, with the purpose of preventing any forces of the enemy from coming up from an unexpected direction and taking either his army, or general Hanson, or general yivian by surprise. As he was thus occupied, and while Violet and her sisters were even playfully giving each orders too, just for fun, and to humor and cause the soldiers and other animals Evans got this report from the glandelinian bulletin, which he had seized from a neighboring town which he had set in flames;::: "

"What is going on now during christian invasion;::: "

-1- December 15. General yivian's army of her gracious Glandelinia caught in terrific christian tidal wave at the battle of Angeline Mittens. Surrounded and forced to surrender to christian army under general Germaine Vivian the brother of those dastardly Vivian Girls.

-2- December 17. Terrible tornado of christian and Abbeoninian troops pouring through the state of Angolinda Agathia (Glandelinia). Battle at catho. 1,000,000 killed and injured on our side. See no possibility of checking the tidal wave of Abbeoninians.

-3- December 18th. The towns and cities in the states of sacramento and Glandelinia destroyed by christian invaders. The year through as if they were a series of terrific cyclonic storms. Battle raging at Overland Run. 2,345,678, killed and 10,000,000 wounded and captured by christian foes. No end of slaughter.

-4- December 18th. Glandelinian army under planders engaged by forest fires set by pursue by christian soldiers. Rescued by generals Folio and yivian who came up with reinforcements. Battle impending.

-5- General forest fires north of the state of Angolinda Agathia. San Groat destruction going on. Loss of lives and property damage to towns and villages uncertain. Twenty railroad bridges going.

-6- December 19. Burning of towns and villages in State of Aurdeonville. Considerable loss in lives. Christian troops like invading tigers. Farms and all country side is being laid in waste.

-7- December 12th. State of nonnina Germania invaded by Abbeoninian armies. Towns and cities blown to pieces, or torn to shreds by terrific storms of cannon as if torn to shreds by Serbian Tearing typhoon. Great loss in lives. No battles reported.

-8- December 10th. Frightful battle reported north along the banks of the Prudon near Calvernia (Glandelinia). Towns and villages badly damaged by cannon, and soldiers killed by a storm of shell fire. Twenty five thousand men of the Abbeonians reported, and thirty thousand of christian soldiers caught and sent to the state of Angolinda Agathia. Big floods. Glandelinia almost totally wiped out.

-9- December 9. to 11th. Raging forest fires of wide extent. Raging through out eastern forest regions of Glandelinia. Millions of people fleeing from general destruction. In 10, and three 11, sides.

other like it was observed in anywhere anywhere else, and so they decided to risk it or die.

they knew that the flag had been hoisted too early and so no one would know of the attempt. They stole cautiously toward the building, and then while the rest of the little girls stayed in hiding to watch out for any one rise, Violet, Annie, and Annie joined herself, think of it, stole cautiously their way up to the roof of the veranda, and like monkeys found their way quickly to the roof.

Seeing that the way was clear, they got away through the smoke from our kitchen and across my field in the safe zone, still not a foot from the divide that line, but the smoke from the fire was clearing. Today was at once a new day and it was too late for anyone, and so we fairly still had the idea however it was. It was not until the morning to arrive at the house, and so before we had arrived, the question of a safe arrival had ordered me to consider the possibility of a matter that the public.

The best thing was to hide until the heat of the pursuit and the search was cooled down and so they did. They hid in a scrub area in the side of a high hill, and saw that the pursuers were an ever changing everywhere "out on finding them no matter how.

"His. "This is certainly a great thing indeed." They heard some one say. "At first Hanley blamed us for it saying that the flag was not gone but that we had forgotten to hoist it up. But it is gone and he soon realized it. But I do not think it was any of those Vietnam Gals do you. Surely they did and could not have the nerve to do this very thing."

"Yes it was those Vivian girls." "Who heard the parents say any?" "Anne found a boy named Willie." "What was he doing there?" "He was talking to one of the children, but she was not one of the Vivian girls." "Where were you at about round Jennie Turner. We know that little brat well. All her life as a fighting one to Angelina and Abbotson's as all her doings here and were kept secret but I tell you that she is as well known by all of us as Joe Brown. In being a dangerous spy the Vivian girls are not in it on her. We must find her for it was she alone who seized that flag."

"Violet and her sisters were surprised at hearing this statement about their new companion Jennie Turner who was an older, well-mannered, middle-aged woman. "We're all little friends," he whispered. "Any of the Gladiators, even the 'Angels' could give him back teeth and a million dollars to boot for my destruction." And a spy's parents have been slain by the foe during the early part of the war and this is how - really - they by helping the 'Angels' turn things and Abbeism into something that is 'nationally' is Abbeism."

negotiations and communications should have been conducted by the

"But the question is to find the children." "Scried another man. "Oth were lieutenants." "They may have reached the Christian lines by this time. All of those children, even Jennie Turner and her companion Angeline Riches ride horses like circus performers. So I believe and know that our search is in vain."

They said something to Jennie Hunter and the child suddenly surprised him and his companion by appearing as quickly as the mentioned tiger and leveling both her small pistols at them.

Second, themselves confronted by the little desperado the Lieutenants dashed away panic stricken but she fired twice bringing them both down almost simultaneously.

and were well away in an open meadow when a surge of the gray-green coats snarled about the two fallen lieutenants. They were both pulled past further service for the Old Gladiolus again.

'After them, there they go across that meadow' 'Shouted the captain in charge of the searching party. 'Fire.'

"You deserve to be shot for pursuing children with the intent to murder them." Issued the Abrasinkilian, leader. "We are different than the Angolians and Abdemians, and we decreed that we'd destroy those whom we caught eluding children no matter who they were. And you and your party were eluding the Vivian Girls and one of their little companions. The penalty is death."

"It makes no difference what they look," said the captain. "You were caught clucking the children and that is enough. We'll spare you only on one condition. And that is if the little girls wish it."

"All right then we'll make him only a prisoner," said the Abyssinian general. "And if he had any reason about him he would be grateful that it was at your command that I spared him and not mine. Boys lead him off to the usual house, and say nothing to the others about it."

"How in the world did you little girls manage it?"

"We sawaged it easily," answered Evans. "The whole camp around Manley's headquarters was sleeping, and we were unobserved by the guards. So we got the flag without being seen. We were way out of the camp before Manley discovered the loss. It was his own personal flag, and he sent out pursuers."

"Is own personal flag," asked Evans. "And you little girls secured it with out getting even observed. Why that is utterly astounding. I knew all you a little girls could do but this beats anything. Taking it from the flagstaff on the roof of Manley's headquarters. Come with me to your uncle and Father. They must know of it." Violet and her sisters wished to have it secret but Evans did not desire to and as the little girls would not go he immediately sent for the two great generals. They were surprised at Evans sardonious look, and of the blushing children before him.

"What have they done?" asked Hanson.

"What have they done?" answered Evans seriously. "A lot's your excellency. I see at then out this morning to get the onkeys a main national flag, and what should they do but climb up to the roof of general Johnston Jackson Manley's headquarters, and take down Manley's personal flag and bring it here despite the close search made for them. Three prisoners taken yesterday who were among her their pursuers confessed to do this morning. I could prove it by these prisoners."

The three prisoners were brought and questioned.

"See it is true said one of the men looking at the children. "Were little girls is my hand. I'm a true Glandelinian and so are my companion but we have to admit you are the bravest persons that have ever lived. We wished and do wish for your sake that we were whipped. We are so flabbergasted. They deliberately took the flag sir and no lying. It was Manley's personal property he having had the flag made for his own personal use. I would not wish to face his rage for a million dollars. He blamed us for it at first before we were compelled to go out and hunt for it."

The two great Vivian Generals looked at each

other in ast onisluent and then general Robert Vivian spoke first;

"It is certainly astonishing general Evans. Have you the flag to produce?" Evans summoned his orderly gave him an order to fetch the flag and he did so. It was a beautiful flag in spite of the onkeys designs and the two generals marvelled.

"My brave little daughters the greatest reward I can present you is to give you this flag for your own use," said general Vivian. "The news of your wonderful and daring exploit will astonish the world when it hears of it." as surprised, and honored to know that I have eight little daughters who have proved themselves to daring, and full of courage. And you little Jonnie Turner deserves the same honor that I bestow upon the Vivian girls. You may remain with them all times and shall have Evans as your brother."

Then general Hanson spoke up.

"And I am also glad to know that I have such brave and daring little nieces," he said. "One day if God wills it I hope to see you little girls have the great joy of witnessing the down fall of the city of Glandelinia, the capture of Johnston Jackson Manley, and the wicked Glandelinian king. And if greater honors can be bestowed upon you I will see to it myself. If you were men instead of mere little girls I would make every one of you the greatest supretendent generals there are. As for little Jonnie Turner I am heartily glad to see that she is made one of you and shall hope to see it all through for your own happiness. I shall tell your good boy friends of your daring exploit and then you will know how they will feel." General Hanson then embraced and kissed to them all, and taking Jonnie Turner in his arms placed three golden crosses and four golden medals on her breast while general Vivian and Evans did the same to Violet and her sisters.

Manley was furious when he learned that Violet and her sisters and a little girl by the name of Jonnie Turner did take the flag and he swore and blasphemed God terribly, and used the vilest words against him. Seeing near him a shrine of the Blessed Virgin he took it in a rage and ran his sword through the Holy Image, and then threw stone and all against a stone wall and of a building smashing it, and then stamping the crumbled remains with his foot and defying God to ever dare punish him for it. Oh indeed what a wicked Man he really was. This deed just performed was really the cause of his down fall that soon came so speedily and so disgracefully.

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It was even peculiar that he was not struck dead just where he was. It was a terrible sacrilege he had committed and since then he was no more a happy man. Violet and her sisters heard of the terrible sacrilege, and went to find the shattered Image. They could not however as it was too near the onkeys lines, but they knew where others could be obtained within the christian lines and the little girls weeping, wreathed her figure in the lowliest flowers for atonement, and yet begged her to forgive the poor fool and bring him at last to repentance.

"But ain't it possible?" A voice seem to say within themselves, "That when a man goes so far as to commit such a horrible sacrilege in a rage, that he is beyond repentance?" evnt,less they did not lose heart and besought her if she wilt to forgive him and restore his lost senses before he went any further in his sins.

Manley was his humilia humiliated and grief stricken over the loss of his most valuable flag, and even tried to get some news to have returned, seeming secret agents within the christian lines to get it but they never returned. He was on the verge of even onery though he was of sending a message begging Evans to please return it, but he changed his mind and decided to fight for it no matter how, to make a most desperate attack upon the whole of Evans lines.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN.....

BATTLE OF HARYGOLD, AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WICKED
TACITLINES. THE CAPTURE OF THREE SCORES OF GREAT
SHAMBUKIAN GENTRAYS. JOHNSON ON JACKSON. HARRY VICTORY THAT

HE HAS OF HIS ARTILLERY, FIRES TO THE CAPTOL. THE WICKED
.....

.....THE WICKED.....

So unknown to general Evans preparations for a desperate assault was being made..... While the Abbeismian soldiers were breakfasting they at first were surprised by seeing all kinds of animals running into their lines panic stricken, deer, cows, horses, rats, rabbits, and chickens, and even wolves. At first they knew not what to make of it, and began to take nothing of it when they were startled by the storm of fiercest yells over a rolling the air before followed by the rush of millions of feet, while at their left the thundering of cannons and musketry aroused them still more and above their hedious tumult that so suddenly arose they heard the voice of some general as he cried out:

"Oh I'm shot and done for now. Then came a heavy and terrible volleys which made the woods echo and see reaction and Evans seeing the rear of half of his army driven into confusion did not know what to make of it. At first the intention of the glandelinian assailants could not be realized as the smoke from sudden firing elsewhere hid the assailants, but he did his best to restore order and ordered forward a large portion of the army that was not engaged to come and help to repress the assault.

At another part of the christian rear the first notice the troops of the Concoctinian troops received did not come from any of the pickets, but from the deer, rabbits, foxes, and stags, and even fowls fleeing from their coverts at the approach of the glandelinians suddenly came running and flying over and into the christian lines. In another minute the frightened pickets had come tumbling back and right behind them came the long and monstrous wave of charging yelling Mc-Hollsteinian confederates who with one fir fierce rush came to clean over the entire christian line at this action and at a blow the whole force of Concoctinians became a horde of panic stricken fugitives. Everywhere there arose a fierce pandemonium of ferocious yells it seemed to the panic stricken christian forces as if the whole of Harry's army was advancing upon them the air became filled with smoke from wild firing right and left, hundreds of men fell and pitched headlong on the ground, and there came crash after crash of hundreds of thousands of glandelinian muskets, and then the glandelinians closed with the panic stricken Concoctinians. Driven to despair men on both sides in a confused mass fought hand to hand with the most desperate fury clutching in fearful death struggles. It seemed as if the fierce glandelinians wished to cut the christian line to pieces.

Indeed for a while it seemed as if the whole Abbeismian army would be swept off from their entire position so fierce was the attack of the glandelinians on the christian rear and while Evans and his subordinates exerted every effort to restore order cannons of all calibers were massed upon the assailants which tore their surging lines to bits. It was indeed imperative to gain as much time as possible so that the detached portion of the Leanne army under Evans personally could form across the line of the Mc-Hollsteinian advance, and also time must be gained for Hanson to know of what was ensuing. General Hanson's division of Concoctinian cavalry but four hundred thousand sabres strong was accordingly sent full against the front of the 10,000,000 victorious Mc-Hollsteinians. General Hanson himself fell pierced by bayonets, but the charge was repulsed at once with mortal loss to the enemy, but a few priceless moments had been gained, and saved and general Hanson's monument had been given time to post twenty two thousand guns loaded with double canister where they would bear upon the wild heaving attacking enemy. The Mc-Hollsteinians advanced in a most dense mass yelling and cheering like maniacs but the discharge of the guns fairly blew them back across the works they had just gained. Again they

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charged most furiously, and again were driven back, and when the battle once more began the Abbeismian reinforcements arrived, and the most of the confused portion of the christian line was rapidly being rallied.

TRIUMPHANT VICTORY OF THE BATT LE.

The glandelinians however reinforced made another tremendous charge over an extent of thirty miles, so long, though short after sheet of flame burst from every portion of the christian ramparts tearing the first line of assailants to pieces, mowing down whole columns and disintegrating three quarters of the right wing of the assaulting party. Appalling and terrific indeed was the murderous fire along the whole Abbeismian line during this fierce and terrible attack of the foe. The glandelinian columns overwhelmed seemed doomed to destruction indeed. It was the greatest charge ever seen for real since the invasion started, the greatest charge since the Calvinian and Angolinian disaster at Florinia, bringing in its wake a terrible toll of suffering and loss. In half an hour the great fighting force of 20,000,000 Mc-Hollsteinians extending nearly thirty miles seemed helpless in the path of the annihilating christian fire, the entire line of christian works, and woods behind them seemed aflame, and it was as if the whole glandelinian wave would be wiped out. The christian forces to make matters worse counter charged as fiercely as they knew how, hundreds of mines and gas grenades were used per minute in the man insane fight to check the christian assailants but this was most ineffective and fifty thousand dead was observed within a small space. Untold horrors and tales came to Harry of this terrible calamity to his best division of men, scores of his general officers having gone and driven insane from the most excessive roar of the battle, and the excitement. It seemed almost impossible for the glandelinians to stand ground or pass the bayonets of the Abbeismians. The Abbeismians pressed them clean to the works they had captured and though the dynamitors works fearfully toppling over trees by the hundred scores they could not check the christians, who drove them clean to their own lines.

HANSON IN ACTION. A BLOODY
INSTANT OF THE BATTLE RE-UNIONED WITH FRANKFURT DESTRUCTION
OF LIFE.

General Hanson who was concentrating fully upon the town of Harrygold heard from his messengers of the conflict going on along Evans lines, how the enemy had surprised his rear, and realizing what was on by this sign of sudden activity, was bound to seize an advantage before it was too late and go into the conflict himself and crush Harry before he could force Evans out of his position. He was well informed of the state of affairs along Evans lines. General Hanson made a great and long charge upon the left grand division of Hansons army, and rushed pell-mell over the first line of christian works, but general Hanson threw a fresh force upon the flank of the assailants, and they were driven back with the most heavy loss.

Again general Hanson's division, and being reinforced by general Harry's threw forward ten divisions with the most tremendous fury. The battle at once became general. Hansons batteries opened a most fearful fire upon the assailants attacking the infantry, but despite the tremendous artillery fire, each division charged upon the christian line, in succession, the assaults coming on again and again but however to be only repulsed with the loss of two quarters of their divisions.

Terrific indeed was the slaughter to behold, the air was clouded with smoke as if there was a forest fire. Though repulsed so often the glandelinians were not discouraged and with fierce yells the glandelinians who had again been heavily reinforced gathered their whole strength for another fierce and desperate effort and came rushing forward again with the most tremendous fury. For two hours these assailants faced a murderous withering fire all along the line, the survivors were disarmed, enveloped

form and bleeding, and as they observed that their own comrades lay piled up in heaps where they had fallen they drew back through the woods fighting with still more pugnacious fury as the Christians counter charged them, but they could not hold, and so the battle was partially won at this quarter.

Thanks solely to the attack made on the Christian line under general Hanson considerable forces of Mc-Hollatinians and Abbeonians moved out in series waves and made a tremendous assault upon general Vivians lines and here also the carnage was awful. It seemed as if the whole Glandolinian army under general Thomas Tamerline was surging up against the whole of general Vivians lines with the intentions of crushing it, with an overwhelming force, and so fierce was this Glandolinian attack that general Vivian was compelled to send to Hanson himself and beg for support for the name of heaven. The Glandolinians were rushing in the heaviest masses against the obstinate Christian lines being a grand display of a well organized attack which indeed had been thoroughly concentrated and operated cleverly.

Hanson had received an order from another general to the same effect and he at first did not know what to do. To send a quarter of his own army to the support of general Vivians would take at least three full hours. And for general Vivian to retire from his own advanced position in front of the Glandolinians who were making the desperate assault would have also taken three hours. The Glandolinians under Tamerline seemed terribly determined to break through general Vivians lines, despite the fact that a heavy fire of shells and canister was tearing their columns to pieces. Some columns of the Glandolinians wavered and began to give way there being confusion and chaos for several minutes, then they rallied and rejoined the attack with still greater fury.

The Glandolinians made a well executed move that enabled them to break through a portion of general Vivians left wing, and press it back with great loss, and though general Bethels Abbeonians army made a furious counter charge it was repulsed with utmost destruction.

Meanwhile the rest of general Vivians cannon were being placed and soon the fire of eighty thousand cannons tore up the Glandolinian waves in the most shocking manner, mowing down their columns like grass. As the cannons called them so horribly the first portion of the assaults broke into such confusion but they were quickly reformed again, and with dogged determination renewed the assault, until the Christian batteries tore their main line to fragments, and then the surviving Glandolinians fell back with hundreds of thousands of their men torn to pieces.

Hanson had successfully repulsed the charge the enemy made along his own lines and so he himself sprung everything to the charge, all of his first line of troops springing forward with exultant yells and all along the line they pushed forward in the face of a murderous fire of Glandolinian cannon and musketry, and drove the foe back close to their own position.

The assaults under general Thomas Tamerline was also swept back with the loss of half of his number of 10,000,000. On either side the wooded position of the army across a series of open fields, where even the rocks and other wooded trees gave no shelter from the fierce searching fire poured in by the pursuing Abbeonians who threatened their enemies with annihilation. General Thomas Tamerline was killed and all of his regiments reduced to raw recruits. General Gordon Tamerline was also killed and if the Glandolinians were called into battle from their assistance that could be sent and general Tamerline Van Buron, brother-in-law of the forces against the Christian assaults. Other brigades of Glandolinians also came up and poured a pugnacious withering fire upon the obstinate assailants but the Abbeonians wave pressed on, their leaders leading back to Hanson to send other divisions under general John Evans which soon came and who who started the army with tremendous force. The arrival of the new Christian forces to the attack was followed immediately by a crushing disaster. While deploying twenty of his divisions under a withering storm of grape and canister from the Abbeonians cannons which had been brought up following, the Christian tidal wave the great Glandolinian commander Gordon Tamerline, and Tamerline Van Buron was shot and fell mortally wounded, and general Thomas Tamerline who succeeded Tamerline Van Buron was also mortally wounded, and the three great armies crushed to fragments, and forced entirely from the position with the loss of twenty six other generals who were killed or wounded, and with the loss of all their cannons, and battle flags. The main line of charge extending nearly twenty six miles still present without a check from any quarter and in this position attack had ruined the whole of the enemy's position at this location.

enjoyed in the Christian mantle really worked a good portion of Evans army, for the Christians had literally crushed his rear and captured his headquarters, and broken up a good portion of the line so seriously that rally seemed beyond hope. So as far as he could take of the rear attack he believed that he had already won the battle. Evans who was being carried back in two pieces, disordered, and up and down to repair, wrecked worse than a disabled horse, while his own men full of spirit, were riding the hair ring with their cheers, and devil yells. It was just at that point while Hanley and his officers were looking for a favorable position at which to place his still unengaged artillery that he discovered Hanson's crushing blow upon his own center, the rolling up of his whole central line, and the capture of his works by Hanson and Evans who had not fallen back at all as he supposed. And also at that moment his own chief general and brother Assistant Hanley fell severely and dangerously wounded and was borne off the field. By the time Hanley was ready to no renew the frightful contest the whole aspects of the bloody battle had changed. A good portion of Hanson's army had hurried up to the relief of general Vivian's desperately assaulted lines, and though their

own forces were much inferior to that of Hanley's assailants then, general Vivian's army having not as yet come up they had the way of advantage with artillery, and the assaulting line of Mc-Hollatinians and Abbeonians was fairly wiped out, and the whole Vivian line coming forward like a screaming hurricane with a million thunderbolts to boot. Down went the pure and red coats by the score of columns as the Glandolinian artillery from the main batteries opened upon them, but despite the terrific slaughter the Christian advance could not be checked. On came the Christian line under general Vivian's leading like a stampede of millions of wild bulls and cows and the main line of the foe at this portion became filled with wild confusion, and without resisting a blow broke and fled in a stampede as swift or as swift as the Abbeonians advance. Their flight reached the main line in the rear, but this line stood its ground doggedly, until overlapped by the Abbeonians tidal wave and then the panic also spread to this force and now the eagerness of the utter rout of this force, and the wounding of so many of their greatest leaders, and the deaths of four or five others had been shown by evident evidence too conclusive to be questioned.

Hanley had believed that he had already won the battle, that he had crushed the demons fight fighter Jack Evans, but had found himself meeting one of the worst disasters that had ever happened to his armies throughout the whole war.

General Hanley on going upon the field found that general Vivian and his own waves of Abbeonians had dispersed his most massive armies. He passed the remnants of the armies under the fallen Tamerlines in the rear where the generals had already been carried but he saw nothing of the other divisions at all, but found piles upon piles and masses of slain graycoats which he took for the annihilation of the Glandolinians who had assaulted general Vivian's supposed weak lines. General Hunter Harrison had been killed and the main line under general Lapping had been cut up by a severe musketry and artillery fire, and thrown into confusion.

Hanley's own quarter of the army had been dispersed indeed with the loss of half of the number and no question about that. For the dead and wounded Glandolinians were strewn or piled up everywhere.

General Evans had observed the success of his own army, those under Hanson and Vivian and deciding to keep the advantage threw King Cannons into forces upon Hanley's still unengaged left with horrible and merciless fury. General Evans had taken Hanson's former main position to hold it against surprise while Hanson's main line had gone to occupy the captured works, and this was done with such admirable precision that Hanley was not aware of the Christian success, having the impression that the newcomers were merely or merely reinforcements brought up to support a force that had been either driven back, or had taken possession of a portion of an unoccupied works.

Next came the Abbeonians under general Henry Dargor, the Concentrians under Mc-Hollister Hubbard followed, and then the main line under Evans.

Hanley saw indeed that here was to be the main issue of the battle, and he sent his own army to meet them. The force from his right, for this the Abbeonians and Angelians, under generals Evans, Vivian and Hanson observing his lines so closely, it made the error of so pressing and serious that he left barely 4,790,000 men on the left with which to confront this seeming host of Christians. At eleven o'clock it was certain that victory for the Christians was secure.

King Cannon had made three tremendous assaults upon the left wing of the Glandolinian army, and had gained a position even beyond that which Hanson and general Vivian had driven the Mc-Hollatinians two hours before, and destroyed two brigades of the enemy in the bargain, and captured

an immense toll of prisoners taken and officers. The whole glandelinian army had suffered fearfully from the hotter fire all along; the advance division of the christian line and the survivors were fleeing to the rear and general Black Brooks having lost a quarter of his 2,000,000 men killed and wounded, and having exhausted their ammunition by too long firing had to be withdrawn and Brooks was wounded several times and out of the war entire ly as he was crippled for life. See Cannon Muley held his ground for two hours but was soon sorely pressed by King Cannons also, and the whole left wing of the army was on the point of giving way. Ricknell on Cannons right had restored the balance, giving Cannon and Hubbard John a force of 31,000,000 men and now Cannon advanced with irresistible force, and Hubbard and Ricknell flung his main forces on the left of the glandelinian left wing.

MANLEY'S LEFT WING IS DESTROYED!!!!

This combined attack on both the flank and frontal portions of Manley's left wing was made with the most destructive fury, and the whole left wing was closed in and annihilated, before the new force of glandelinians under general Adele De Garbe Ricknellian could come up to give aid. This force however resisted the christian onslaught with the fury of an army of demons, but it was nevertheless more than they could stand for the christian assault was made with such great vehemence as that after very bloody fighting, and suffering frightful losses, the glandelinians were forced from the position and across the open fields and meadows in front of Emerald Run and though the Glandelinians finally rallied behind a post and rail fence and reformed, and though they poured in so hot a fire as to mow down the persons by the thousands for every discharge, they could not check the christian advance, who came on with fierce yells in the face of this most murderous fire, pushing on vigorously, and so furiously that they drove the foe from the fence with the loss of general Francis Hubbard, driving the massive Glandelinians clear back for a mile. Here ensued the fiercest struggle on the main left wing. The battle was fought almost wholly of musketry, and never in any battle outside of Francis At Atlanta, or Florida did musketry run so loud or incessantly, and the foe suffered in frightful and sanguinary losses. Hubbard was disabled from a fall of his horse, but the Glandelinians almost threatened with annihilation, and exhausting its ammunition started to withdraw, but found its retreat cut off. As steady as if on drill a brigade of glandelinians moved up to the rescued rescue of the left wing which was threatened with annihilation and now many desperate attempts were made to throw back the christian assailants but all was fruitless. They were overpowered by numbers the re reinforcing force of glandelinians was also driven back with great loss and was placed clear to their own position leaving widows of their own dead wounded and dying as they retreated to their own intrenchments.

All that while in the meantime there was an uninterrupted cannonade of batteries of artillery along the central portion of the battle lines the enemy in trying to rally the confused masses used all their available pieces of artillery, and never before since the invasion had such a bombardment been witnessed on any battle field in that world.

Three million cannon were in action on both sides. The murderous drum drum fire of the Abbeimudian batteries told fearfully on the batteries of the Glandelinians, annihilating even the front line of Infantry and killing every one of the remaining Tamerlines, Tamerline, Phellin Tamerline, Tamerline, Pl Phellin Tamerline, Tamerline and Phellin Tamerline who strove vainly to crush the christian batteries with a mad dened fire of their own artillery. Thousands of artillery on the side of the enemy was disabled within a half an hour, but fresh guns took their places, and though it was later reported that the actual shock the whole country no towns or cities felt any disastrous effects except many gold which crumpled into dust. The artillery duel continued all the rest of the day without intermission.

General Manley had toward noon recovered half of the remainder of his main army and toward two o'clock he sent these forward to make the final charge which would decide the big battle. These fairly divisions began to move forward under cover of an artillery fire in splendid array. Heavy Bangers forces formed the main right of the whole attacking force of Abbeimudians. All of the Glandelinian forces were being opened upon these divisions at such a distance that they were being great and frightful gas and tearing and of women in the main line but

STORMED THE FORT. A portion of the attacking tidal wave of Abbeimudians crashed the left of the glandelinian right wing to pieces, and though another portion of this wing had been strengthened by Jennings divisions and ranged in his wire lines five deep and well protected by high intrenchments and rail and stone fence they were nevertheless cut to pieces by the assaults and driven back. Other portions of the glandelinian columns were rallied by massive artillery in front, and obliquely from twenty batteries concentrated on the flanks of the hills and the glandelinian soldiers displayed in white and windows. The main glandelinian infantry lines which still held its ground reserved their fire until the Abbeimudians were within two hundred feet of them, and then poured volley after volley with such precision as to almost annihilate the first column of advancing Abbeimudians. Then short range cannons added to the fire, and thousands of deadly machine guns. General Hickey's Abbeimudian wave was the first to meet this sheet of flame and the whole wave melted away like a big snowbank. In five minutes the remnants of the other portion of the ragged line was streaming as if in wild disorder over the glandelinian works, closing with the glandelinians. The sight of this part of the battle was indeed more appalling than any one could ever imagine. The Abbeimudians made such a determined assault indeed that they broke through good portions of the glandelinian right and charged among the batteries cutting down all the gunners, capturing the guns, and ransacking them upon the glandelinians and annihilated all attempts of the foe to retake the lost position. The officers on each side fought pistol to pistol, and the men with clubbed muskets and bayonets. General Joseph McCabe ordered his forces to follow the retreating glandelinians, and when he was leading them in a rearing driving charge he fell mortally wounded and three quarters of his men fell in the face of a screaming withering fire. All that mortal man could do in the face of the greatest odds was done to hold their heavily heavily attacked position by the Glandelinians. General Ricknell Benign of the Glandelinians fell dead, in that scorching inferno of cannons and musketry, General Burgling dead and seven other generals were taken off the bloody field to die. But all the efforts of the foe to hold this part of the position was fruitless. They were cut up and annihilated by bold and determined charges and a murderous fire of cannons and musketry from the captured positions, and an adding machine gun fire of 10,000 machine guns was pouring an annihilating fire into their main rear, so there was nothing for them to do save retreat or to throw themselves on the ground with their hands uplifted as a sign of surrender. Soon all this portion of the wicked Glandelinian army under Manley was flying wildly from the fate that had overtaken their fellows, but nevertheless they were killed mercilessly both by the captured batteries of artillery, the Ave and Abbeimudian batteries, and by the concentrated and Abyssinian batteries, and by their own (by mistake) for the Glandelinians in the main position saw the situation and so fired from all their own batteries. Presently a bigger column of Glandelinians formed and moved forward to rally the panic stricken fugitives and started forward furiously to make a counter assault, but it was checked and scattered by a hot artillery fire, and did not get within gunshot shot distance of the victorious christian line.

General Vivian's troops had struck the first real blow of the battle and to them it was all or nothing to strike the last. They followed the retreating Glandelinians and cut off many hundreds of thousands of leaders and took their prisoners or shot them down. Manley's division of 45,000,000, severely had been fiercely engaged for three hours and held in check by general Samuel Thorne. The severely engagement extended over a stretch of country for over 10 miles and was a screaming bloody horror. The check was the most terrific of all cavalry fights, every man being put into the death and the losses were horrible. But the glandelinian cavalry was finally vanquished with the loss of one tenth of their number, and a portion of the victorious christian cavalry under a murderous fire scaled a fence and charged up to the musketry and mangle of a glandelinian battery of a thousand big cannons from which it had been driven, with the loss of its commander. Again the assault was renewed, and again repulsed with still greater loss. A third time a charge upon the batteries was made and this time was successful. The guns were carried and the glandelinians driven off in total rout.

Now a good portion of Manley's army was broken. His losses were terrible, and he was even demoralized in the extreme. If he could not rally his center, and bring up the reserves upon the line to check the victorious christian advance all then would be lost.

For a time the frightful battle continued. An infantry attack along the line of the Alghunian center had failed. Violet and her platoon had been shot down during the early morning part of the conflict. That the enemy had in their possession the machine guns, the loss of which would be a major blow to them as prisoners. Violet and her platoon were bound to see that these machine guns were a success. They were rescued and so had told General Evans of this was surprised, and flabbergasted, and decided to do something as soon as the machine guns were in their hands.

Evans did not wait for the machine guns to be in their hands. He decided to launch his attack at once. He ordered his infantry to advance, when General Evans himself was leading his platoon right wing to pieces. Then General Evans prepared for the desperate attempt. To rescue the machine guns, the army at that quarter would have to be surrounded and cut off from escape. For even if the foe were beaten by the assault and not surrounded, they would do their retreat into a safe zone with their prisoners, and Evans did not like the idea of sending the machine guns to the enemy. He had now forced during the early day to move around the flank of this position of the enemy, directing their aim to do and destroy, and by seven o'clock a large force of Alghunian troops were well posted upon the front and other portions of this desperate position. The Alghunian army.

As soon as he received word that the forces were concentrated upon the enemy, he immediately ordered the army to make an assault upon this position. Evans all day had his main batteries in position upon the Alghunian position to pieces in the widest artillery duel of the war. He had then before all of his own positions, sending them to the front and behind of the artillery, firing in fierce grandeur that may ever be heard before. This Evans knew would keep the enemy at bay. The force he was going to have assaulted and so he decided to keep up the artillery. The machine guns and other the Alghunian in possession of the machine guns pointed out by Violet and her platoon.

EVANS MADE THE MOST TERRIBLE AND OBSTINATE DISTRIBUTION EVER MADE IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

In the rain and deafening grandeur of the Alghunian artillery was Anderson in the front, the machine guns, Evans was specially firing the machine guns columns on the edge of the woods. The machine guns were firing in the center, forming a front of about sixteen miles and a half in extent. It soon emerged from the woods and moved steadily and finally forward to make the assault. The advance of this wave of Alghunian and General Evans was indeed a most splendid sight and called forth admiration from the front of the army. They were left behind as onlookers. General Evans appointed General Harvey to take command of the Alghunian forces. The Alghunian forces were indeed a most splendid sight and called forth admiration from the front of the army. They were left behind as onlookers. General Evans appointed General Harvey to take command of the Alghunian forces. The Alghunian forces were indeed a most splendid sight and called forth admiration from the front of the army. They were left behind as onlookers. General Evans appointed General Harvey to take command of the Alghunian forces.

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However, into a small and fierce in response. The Alghunian batteries he over were in position at this point and a very large part of the Alghunian army added in the center of the Alghunian army. The Alghunian army was indeed a most splendid sight and called forth admiration from the front of the army. They were left behind as onlookers. General Evans appointed General Harvey to take command of the Alghunian forces. The Alghunian forces were indeed a most splendid sight and called forth admiration from the front of the army. They were left behind as onlookers. General Evans appointed General Harvey to take command of the Alghunian forces. The Alghunian forces were indeed a most splendid sight and called forth admiration from the front of the army. They were left behind as onlookers. General Evans appointed General Harvey to take command of the Alghunian forces.

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Evans decided to bring the matter before general Hanson Vivian, who to know had and was successfully repelling every assault the enemy had made against him, and was then very nearly in possession of the main line of work. He decided at first by telephone to push but this had to be observed by the enemy who would undoubtedly be repelled, and so he decided to try it by the orderly telephone, so he sent this message to Hanson:

"Your Excellency general Hanson Angelo Vivian;

I have been able to force a portion of the main line, and also repel a series of great assaults made upon my lines. But before my own personal counter, there is tonight before me a tantalizing position of the enemy, guarded by cavalry under Dargers, and 70,000 men of every race bent over twenty three thousand machine guns. I threw a heavy assault of over four million men against this position supported by a second column over 74,000,000 strong, and when they got to within three hundred yards of the enemy works the foe made a counter charge that carried all before it, and I had to withdraw myself out to increase the assault against my main line. Then I threw forward a bigger column under cover of the first of all my artillery and this assault was also driven back with heavy loss. I then observed now that it is impossible to carry the position in front or even in the rear by attack. What shall I do as that position must be carried, or we cannot win the battle."

GENERAL JACK
AMBROSE EVANS.....

General Hanson who was still fiercely engaged the enemy attacking his lines with utmost determination in order to recover the lost positions, was surprised to receive this note from general Evans and looked it over carefully to do what should be done. Then he looked at the map of that part of the country, and saw that in the location of the main line a small line of low hills which were on the side of Evans were but a little to the rear. This note of this he answered as follows:

"Your Excellency general Evans.

There are a line of small hills back of your army to your left. Withdraw all your men not in action, place them on this hill, and for fifty thousand quickly on machine guns. Then there I'll sure you can surround the enemy out of the position. If you fail in this we cannot win."

GENERAL HANSON ANGELO
VIVIAN.....

Evans on receiving the note, went to examine the hills and found them in good position to throw a shower of shells upon that deadly salient. It took a matter of two full hours to place all the batteries there, about twice as many as the enemy had a series upon series of batteries of 220,000 big long range guns. This was well supported by three thousand lines of infantry in case another portion of the enemy lines would make an attempt to attack these machine guns by a desperate assault.

At eight o'clock the whole line of hills to the surprise of the enemy gave forth a tremendous noise as if they had and only broken forth into violent and constant and a hurricane of shells fell among them until they were completely destroyed. The great and long thousand cannon of the enemy which were pointed, but were then the Abolitionists and the upper limit, for the abolitionists had been long, and the enemy were not, and the first abolitionists of shells tore everything to pieces. It was a realer ball of death and destruction.

General Dargers decided that as long as there were long range guns they would not be able to reach anything very close or at a distance of a mile from them, and so he threw forward a great portion of his line to surround these batteries which were in the line and back and marching and gradually the position to earth. This was what Evans really wanted. The assault was fierce indeed the enemy started every hill with night and main making a tremendous income of these hills, a regular hill of ammunition, but while this was going on Evans sent forward twenty five million men and a strong support of cavalry to storm the position still under the heavy fire, and another twenty million to storm the rear of the foe who was assaulting these hills.

This double movement succeeded splendidly for the Glandelinians attacking the hills were caught between two fires, and cut up and thrown into confusion, while on the other side, the artillery and position of the wrecked and salient was carried, Dargers cavalry in a fierce engagement was annihilated, and the remaining infantry lines seriously handicapped, and closed in by overwhelming forces had to ground their arms and surrender.

To save himself from the disgrace of surrender Dargers had turned a machine gun full upon general Evans with the intention of riddling him with bullets, but the rush of Angolians between him and the storm of cannon, and Evans riding around another way got in the rear of the Glandelinian general and crying "Dad like a dog you are." Shot him fifteen times in the back."

The Glandelinian losses was fearful in this engagement and they were really glad to throw down their arms and surrender. The Glandelinians who had assaulted the hills were also seriously handicapped, but they succeeded in getting away in though three quarters of their number were either captured or shot down. They were pursued and driven into a total rout. Evans had taken Hanson's advance, and had succeeded splendidly in capturing the main position desired. He then wrote to Hanson at Nine O'clock

"Your Excellency general Hanson Angelo Vivian;

I have followed out your plan and succeeded marvelously. I concentrated all of my batteries upon these hills, which took two hours, and stormed the enemy's position with shot and shell. Dargers sent a large force to attack the hills, thus weakening the forces at the works, and I took advantage of it and stormed the position on all sides, and captured the remainder of this part of the Glandelinian works, besides the cannon, and the position, and cutting down the assault on these hills.

Thank for your kind advice, the battle will soon be won. I'm now reforming my armies to throw against the remainder of the main line a long my point still standing its ground and then I'll come around and turn upon the flank of your assailants. Then we'll win a complete victory.

GENERAL JACK
AMBROSE EVANS."

This report filled Hanson with joy. The assault of the enemy line; his own lines was still going on furiously but had made no impression on the Christian lines a bit. He notified Evans of his own successes, and of the good success general Vivian his brother was making at other portions of the line, and also stated that Gannon had annihilated ten churches against the position he had captured.

Though darkness was gathering now the battle still went on with terrific fury. Evans was bringing up his whole line against the remainder of the enemy's position and by ten o'clock was already in possession, and moving his army around to strike the flank of Hanson's assailants. He struck the fatal blow at ten thirty, threw the Glandelinians into terrific confusion and drove them clear back to their last line of positions and free them in a most hopeless rout ever seen in war time.

Hanson was then able to press on and he clashed with the main center of Hanley's army, cut it all to pieces, and captured the remainder of all the Glandelinian intrenchments. In fact Evans and Hanson made better and quicker success than general Vivian had.

General Vivians success however was about just as splended as the other two armies though he of course had not entirely completed as quick as they had done. General Evans, and Hanson had crushed the enemy along their own front within twelve hours time, while general Vivian was still being assailed by the enemy under Manley in person, who had not known as yet the main disaster that had happened to other portions of his main great Glandelinian army.

He was bound to crush general Vivian, and had delivered already four great assaults upon his entrenched lines in a desperate and most superhuman effort to recover the works which general Vivians army had captured during the bloody fray.....

Realizing his own situation, how he was holding the foe at bay in their attacks, and learning that the battle was going on with better success elsewhere general Vivian then threw all precautions to the winds and struck the Glandelinian forces along his own lines a series of heavy and mortal blows.

During the fearful conflict and while it was still raging, Violet and her sisters who had been with general Vivians command at that time, found a envelope from a prisoner who had accidentally dropped it as he was being led to the rear of the christian lines. Violet who picked it up volunteered to read it to her sisters. She opened the envelope, took out the sheet of a paper and then unfolding it read slowly and carefully but not loud as they did not wish for any one to hear what she was reading except her own sisters:----

"Your Excellency general Johnston Jackson Manley;

"I have seen and observe that general Jack Ambrose is concentrating all the strength of the Madge Evans hills back of his lines on his extreme left wing. If he succeeds in doing so he will be enabled to cannonade the Glandelinians under Francis Darger out of their strong position and the battle will then be lost. Please hurry up more artillery and infantry to their support before it is too late. Evans our enemy has failed already in two assaults, his army having been routed after the first, but now what he is doing in manning and something must be done before it is too late.

General Flip."

Your assistant;

"God we must take this note to general Hanson right away." Said her sisters. "I suppose the prisoner had it with the intentions of sending it to Manley as soon as he got the opportunity. Its a blessing that we found it and that he had dropped it."

They at once hastened to his lines and reaching him showed him the letter.

"Its lucky for us." Said Hanson. "This will now enable Evans to go on with his work without being discovered, and Manley would be able to send any heavy reinforcements to the salient. Notify general Vivian right away."

He added turning to his orderly.

General Vivian got the fine notice of the find, and was surprised, and then Evans received report of it just as he had then turned the flank of the enemy who had assaulted Hansons lines to recapture their lost position.

Violet and her sisters by message were congratulated for their find by the two generals, and Hanson praised them highly. All the time of the fierce conflict Violet and her sisters had kept their distance from the battle knowing what the results would be if they got too near. They had not forgotten the results of their mistake during the frightful battle of Brigano.

General Vivian could not progress any further along his own portion of the line as the darkness of the coming night set in and this had to close the conflict with the situation along his own lines just the same.

Violet and her sisters had not learned as yet of the outcome of the battle along general Vivians lines, or along Evans but they knew that Hanson had put the Glandelinians along his own front where they belonged.

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It had indeed been a thunderous fray, and little Jennie Turner herself had almost believed that another battle like Glordina was going on. It of course was not near so fierce, but nevertheless it was one of the fiercest conflicts of the invasion, and the little girls had observed enough of it to know that war is certainly a horriblothing.

However they soon learned from general Hanson that success had occurred all along the line, though from the situation along general Vivians lines there was danger of the battle being renewed on the morrow.

"I don't think it will be renewed." Answered Jennie. "Surely the foe are not foolish to renew such a fierce conflict when already they are played out with all their hard fighting and desperate losses. If they do they are indeed foolish."

But general Hanson was not wrong. Johnston Jackson Manley was still ignorant that the main portion of his army had been routed from the field by both Hanson and Evans and he was preparing to renew the battle the very next day. Hanson suspecting this decided to keep every officer well informed and if Manley had any force sufficient enough to cause trouble he would turn on Manleys flank.

Violet and her sisters that evening felt rather tired out from lack of sleep the early night, and so since all was quiet now they decided to retire early and get a good sleep. They first said their prayers and then into the cots they hopped. They had no sooner gotten asleep, when five christian generals came galloping up.

"Evans is advancing upon us." One of them said. "His has cleared the way for us, and if Manley attacks us now he will meet destruction."

"Oh goodness is that so?" Demanded Hanson. "I did not know Evans made such a sweeping success."

"But he did your excellency." It would soon as to say a greater sweeping success, than a saints success over mortal sin. He has scattered the Glandelinian armies which had attacked him and so now is now moving his army forward to join a junction with you. He advised me to tell you not to allow Manley to make any further assaults, but to wait until he arrived, and then the three of us that is you, your brother, and Evans himself will strike on Manleys remaining army and also crush it."

"A good idea." Replied general Hanson. "Then we can win a sweeping victory and carry all before us once more. How far away is he?"

"He is about two miles of us." Answered the general. "And he is advancing as fast as his men can case."

"I'll tell you what." Said general Hanson. "I'll notify general Vivian of this, and have him stop Manleys army right away. In the meanwhile I'll signal to Evans my intention, and move my army around to Manleys rear. Then Evans can when he arrived close Manley in and we'll have him right there where we want him."

"If we do this we'll capture him sure enough, and he won't be able to bring up any fresh forces to defend the Glandelinian capital." Said another of the generals. "How are your little noices. Sleeping I suppose."

"Yes they are asleep but I'm afraid the noise of the conflict will awaken them." Answered Hanson. "But then we got to let them advance presents itself. I'll notify general Vivian right away."

Hanson at once telegraphed to general Vivian;

"Do not wait for enemy to renew battle to morrow. Attack him now. I'm going to move my army around his rear and crush it in, while Evans will attempt to close him in and capture his whole army."

General Hanson Vivian."

General Vivian was indeed surprised to receive this notice but nevertheless he was acting all the time to renew the battle right away for he had feared that delay would have given Manley time to receive reinforcements, and then it probably would have made another change in the bloody battle. He had been nately prepared for the action while Hanson signalled to Evans what his intention was. Evans receiving the news, thought it a good idea, and hurried his advance. But unfortunately through spies, general Johnston Manley had received the news of the intentions of the christian generals, and seeing to it that all ways of his retreat was secure, he also prepared to make a fierce and stubborn stand, and to answer so that general Hanson could not make any attack upon his flank. Hanson had discovered this however and warned general Vivian to be careful that Manley was on the alert, and so decided to await the arrival of Evans, while he threw a portion of his army far in the rear to guard against reinforcements coming to his aid.

Manley said. If there ever was a human fox Manley was one himself. He knew full the intentions of the three main christian generals to capture him if possible, and he decided to guard against all surprises, and to strike general Vivian before the other christian armies could come to his aid.

He had learned that general Vivian had sadly depleted his forces, in the engagement of the day before, and so decided to take advantage of it, and make a desperate assault during the darkness of the night with his whole army at that. He got ready all his batteries, and seeing that his lines were also well prepared, sent them forward to make the attack on general Vivian's main line.

The big forces of the remaining Glandelinian army at once moved forward, under cover of the darkness, and as quietly and as stealthily as cats. None of the christian pickets heard them coming, but when the foe were near enough, their dark objects could be easily seen, and the contries started their well known signals while falling back quietly without firing a shot. On and on came the Glandelinians wondering where all those cries of birds, and crickets came from. It was the signal of the guards but the enemy did not know it.

As they at reached the front post of the christian line, they started forward at a rush. They swarmed over the first line of works without meeting any opposition, or without finding a soul there. Indeed the Glandelinians were surprised at this for they expected to fall upon a sleeping camp full of soldiers, and they found a long line of deserted works of no account.

Nevertheless on they pressed confidently, and captured a second line of works with the same results. Now the Glandelinians became suspicious for they believed that the christians under general Vivian were on their guard, and that this apparent abandoning of two lines of no account works, was a trick, and the main Glandelinian generals signalled to their men to be mighty careful for they feared they had run into a trap. They now started to retreat without striking a blow, but as they started to fall back, a furnace of musketry and artillery was suddenly opened upon them from the rear, a fire so terrifying that it shattered their whole line, and within four hours the whole Glandelinian column was streaming back to their own position in the wildest confusion.

The enemy had intended to surprise the christians, and had then selves been surprised, and outflanked by the wily christian troops. But nevertheless to surround Manley or cut off his retreat was impossible, and general Vivian realized this. The din of the firing for those four hours had been horrible, but nevertheless Violet and her sisters slept through it all never having heard a bit of it to the surprise of the christian generals who had expected that they would have been awakened at the first crash of musketry.

By this time the foremost portion of general Vivian's army had arrived, and Evans who had arrived ahead of the army, went directly to see Hanson who was reforming his own lines, which had received a fierce but desultory attack, the same the general Vivian's lines had been invaded but not attacked.

Evans was surprised indeed to know and learn that Manley had found out the intention of Hanson, and saw now that to capture Manley was out of the question. Fearing another attack of the enemy, and probably one of redoubled fury, Evans desired to have the little girls moved to a better portion of the lines, and this was readily done. As the little girls were thus being moved, a surge of the enemy unexpectedly came crashing upon Evans newly arrived forces, like a thunderbolt. At first all was confusion and panic but Evans immediately dashed to the scene, and by help of the now glowing moonlight, saw that a long Glandelinian wave was also moving cautiously toward Hanson's right. Hanson was aroused by the sound of heavy firing along general Evans' lines, and so again left his headquarters, to see that every thing was alright, when all of a sudden hell seemed to break loose along his own lines as the christian musketry and cannons let go simultaneously.

This assault though it never touched general Vivian's lines this time, was still more desperate, and though the foremost portion of the wave of Glandelinians was wiped out the remainder of the surge continued the attack with utmost stubbornness, and fought with the energy of despair and the fury of desperation. Three times they almost pierced the christian line under Hanson and three times they were driven from the works, and brought to stand still further on. This struggle was an unequal one, a struggle of great mightiness for the Glandelinians despite the repulses again rushed to the attack with tremendous fury. Cannons thundered and crashed in a deafening confusion of sound, and the noise of explosions, and the roar of musketry was so constant and incessant that it unwarred most of the officers, who feared that the assault would drive all before it. Hanson now believed it evident that either the scattered Glandelinians had rallied

or that Manley had received heavy reinforcements. General Vivian was also awakened by the terrific din along general Hanson's lines, and believing that his own lines would soon be attacked got everything ready and laid the bait as he did before. Hanson to stop the frantic night assault of the enemy was compelled to concentrate as much forces upon the assailants as possible and for three hours along his lines the flash of musketry was blinding, and the cannons and explosions made a scene as if lightning was flashing with an incessant display. Of course who could say that a million thunderstorms in one could have made the din that the firing during this assault did.

Evans was also heavily assaulted, but after an hours desperate effort he had managed to rally the christians who had been surprised and driven into confusion, and bringing up the other portions of his forces who were still advancing he threw them heavily against the right of the Glandelinian assailants. A bloody sanguinary struggle was now going on, but still the reinforcements were arriving; untill within four hours more the whole of Evans' first division had formed in line of battle and was meeting the enemy with fierce and pugacious resistance.

General Ledger of the enemy brought up in the meantime a force of over 15,000,000 Ameracianians but these were caught in a trap when they moved to assault general Hanson's rear, and in the frightful inferno which made the flashes of musketry and cannons as bright as day, general Ledger was killed, twenty six of his highest generals went down mangled and bleeding, his army was crushed to fragments, and then routed with the loss of half of their regimental colors, and 7,000,000 prisoners of this 15,000,000 only 9,876,000 came back to tell the result of their attempted attack on Hanson's flank.

Still all this while nothing occurred along general Vivian's lines. All was quiet as as no battle was raging, but nevertheless his whole army extensive as it was could hear plainly the roar of battle not only along general Hanson's lines, but Evans as well. He decided to investigate and see whether general Manley had received any reinforcements or not. He went out with a score of general officers, and soon returned perfectly satisfied and wrote to general Hanson;

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL HANSON VIVIAN:

The enemy under general Manley has been reinforced by the Glandelinian army under general Black Brooks. I am going to advance around the way of Sanbury's pike, and take Manley on the rear. Otherwise he'll surely crush both you and Evans in another two hours, as he is hurling overwhelming numbers upon you with unceasing fury. Stand as hard as you can for I'll take an hour to make the run around that location. I'll hit and hit hard.

Your loving Brother,
GENERAL Robert Angolia
Vivian."

Hanson was surprised at this but then he decided that it would take more than Manley or general Black Brooks to force him or crush his lines, or Evans altogether. Unknown to Hanson or general Vivian however, Evans had

thrown against the foe who was attacking him a sweeping counter charge that had torn the whole Glandelinian surge at this quarter as a tornado tears a house. The slaughter had been terrific, but the charge ploughed its way entirely through the Glandelinian wave, and poured in another counter charge through its rear, and so badly was the Glandelinian army at this quarter broken and cut up that the survivors were thrown into complete panic and confusion. But in the melle general Luckwick Baldwin who had also led a portion of this counter charge, had literally cut off a portion of the Glandelinian wave from the rest, and to avoid a annihilation it had to ground their arms and surrender to general Baldwin, who for the first time in the war had ever received a surrender of a Glandelinian army. No however however would have received quarter, but Evans had protested with him, and so he took them all prisoners, and marched them, a disgraced and beaten army to the rear, for transportation to Abbeemina.

A blow this time had been struck by Baldwin, which gives Evans army a credit for three great surrenders that occurred during the battle. Hanson and all the other generals were surprised at the furious conduct of general Evans' army. Glandelinia had some enemy, when Evans was their foe indeed.

How much of the enemy was assaulting, general Mansons did not know, but he could exactly tell just now, but now nevertheless the assault was the fiercest and growing worse every minute. The Mansons right however was in a good and favorable position, unknown to the Glandelinian assailants, and so for the assault the Glandelinian divisions was suffering unspeakable losses. A large Glandelinian tidal wave under general Stinson was moving against general Mansons center with madlin fury, but this division was broken up like the wave of the sea against a solid wall of rock, the main Glandelinian Glandelinian general was killed, and three others Stan, Sassen, and Samuel Paltze severely wounded. The division gave way in confusion, and now Mansons believed it a favorable moment to push forward his own forces to make a counter charge.

He first made a reconnoitering of the assaulting Glandelinians, and soon observed that to make a counter charge just now was dangerous. The Mansons center was the solid and Evans range to make one then he was also so heavily assaulted by apparently overwhelming numbers. Stories Glandelinians was making a rolling assault upon the left of Mansons lines, and generals Gordon, Snyder, Secretary, and Sniderman were throwing heavy forces upon other portions of his lines.

Mansons of course did not have the whole of his army in action as yet, and conscious that the general giving his brother was moving around to attack the enemy's rear in the meantime, decided to risk a counter charge and force the foe back if possible.

He ordered general Jacob Baldwin to throw forward his main columns and also ordered general Felling to throw his cavalry upon the rear of the assailants. The cavalry attack was made first, and moving with irresistible force they managed to force their way through the Glandelinian surge at that particular point, and fought and cut their way back to the front of the christian lines. This was the most desperate charge that a christian cavalry force had ever made before. And these cavalry men were neither, Abissinians, Abyssinians or Concentinians. They were cavalry belonging to general Mansons Calvinians.

The Glandelinians were thrown into great panic by this scathing charge, and then as Baldwin poured on through other portions of the Glandelinian assailants cutting their way through also clear to the rear the Glandelinian assailants became panic stricken, and broke and fled in a stampede.

The long and desperate assault was repulsed at last even before general Vivian had accomplished his attack on the flank of the foe. But Mansons knew that if one assault proceeds another. Evans was very successful in repelling the assault of the enemy along his own lines as predicted before, having a counter charge with irresistible force, and so he ordered Mansons by telegraph to do the same, just when Mansons had already done it. Mansons answered;

"I have also counter charged as you proposed, having heard of the great effect the charge would have. We have accomplished wonders, but there is sure chance that Mansons will rescue it again. It is probably only a temporary repulse, and we cannot expect a lull unless the general Vivian reaches the enemy's rear. I never saw a battle so furious during the invasion before. It is simply terrible and extremely bloody to boot...."

General Mansons Vivian...."

The battle was soon again resumed along Mansons main left wing with redoubled fury where general Stewart Brown threw forward about thirty-six divisions against that portion of the christian front the assault being the most desperate of the whole battle entirely. Simultaneously the Glandelinian Glandelinians under general Emma Wicknell attempted a most vigorous turning movement against the combined christian forces under general Evans and General Henry Tanager with a result of a serious disaster to the Glandelinians themselves, for Mansons christian army had arrived to the assistance of Evans, and perceiving the approaching of the line of Glandelinian flankers made a violent counter charge, and threw back the Glandelinian flankers with the loss of two quarters of their number and with the wounding of all their general commanders.

Forteen desperate counter attacks was hurled upon the enemy by Evans himself at another point of the line, nighty night onslaughts, which tore the enemy's lines horribly, though repulsed as they were for the attackers were like the waves of the sea, which though repulsed by the shore only

rise a new to resume the assault. Indeed Evans continued to throw his heaviest forces forward like the storm waves of the sea, while the rest of the christian line itself was being assaulted by the enemy and now the encounter with Evans army was the most ferocious ever known in Glandelinia and was fiercer than any other portion of the battle field. The battle was terrible in the main fury, exceedingly severe on all along the line, and the whole Glandelinian assaulting line had been so dreadfully cut up and thrown into such wild panic and confusion that they recoiled like frightened sheep before the pursuit of a pack of raving wolves. A hundred foe columns were horribly torn, scattered and flying, and like at Francis Atlanta also, Evans portion alone hundreds of Glandelinian generals had been dreadfully cut up or mangled, killed or wounded, others said the dreadful storm were trying to rally their confused and shattered divisions, but got no time for Mansons forces now came up in their main army, and after pouring upon the demoralized enemy a scathing fire charged with a roar of demoniac yells themselves, the face and nerve of the Abissinian yell, and this violent attack of the Abissinians continued steadily for over four hours, the main line of assailants was a gain torn to pieces by the Abissinians cutting their way through their lines, and though the shattered christian waves rallied again and again to the charge in that sea of battle, they could not stand before the Abissinian pressure, they were only cut to pieces once again, their other main commander general Believe Believe was shot to death, and so many others fell that the survivors broke ranks and fled in a wild rout back to their own lines.

Evans had in no time accomplished a wonderful success, and learning that Mansons was still assaulted, without being able to repulse his assailants, Evans at the break of day raised his guns upon the assailants from a hidden position, and then he blew the columns of Glandelinian assailants to atoms with a terrific shell fire that carried all before it, and the whole Glandelinian command under general Blockhead with the loss of all their general officers within four minutes in that hurricane of shell fire was torn down, dissipated, the remainder of the columns cut to pieces and routed in terrifying fury, hundreds of thousands of the Glandelinians falling in the hands of Evans on who charged them on their flank, and indeed the sea was surprised Mansons.

A few minutes later only, and then with superhuman effort general Evans opening fire with all his cannons, threw half of his own force upon the enemy's position, before Mansons himself could do anything to make any movements and though the firing along the enemy's lines was very severe and killed low whole waves of christian troops, the survivors nevertheless cut down the opposing line, and once more routed them from the previous line of christian works they had captured the night before, the nonaccount of works belonging to general Vivians lines, and the shell fire of general Evans main batteries was so terrific that the storm of explosions made a noise heard for six hundred and fifty miles away.

Mansons having been relieved of the assault along his lines by Evans fierce cannonading, and strong overwhelming counter charge, now prepared to make an attack himself and try and capture the remainder of Mansons position. He drove forward the christian forces with all the force that could be mustered into the attack covering the onslaught with all the available guns that could be brought to bear. The Glandelinians however saw the big waves of christian assailants coming, with their unusual rush and jump and concentrated all their smallest batteries upon the point while they made ready to respond to the cannonading of Mansons batteries. Incapable damage was committed however by the Glandelinians not being properly on their guard, for the christian gunners got the range better than the foe cannonade did, tearing up all of the position of the enemy, with a riving shell fire. The attack of the surging christian line was unspeakably fierce and beyond standing, and as they tore their way through the Glandelinian divisions with fierce yells, they shattered them to scattered fragments,

by inflicting such excruciating losses that they fled in panic in all directions. Whole armies was brought up and hurled against the christian assailants, but the Glandelinian armies, though checking for a time the christian attack was frightfully mangled by the fire along the line of christian cannon on Mansons positions, the blasting artillery fire being of such intensity, that it ploughed the whole line of the enemy through and through. General Germaine Felling, and Jacob Baldwin crushed the main left grand division of Johnston Jackson Mansons army, banded and buckled back the main first line so far that though it stood its ground, and fought desperately while the christian line was cutting it to pieces, they were nevertheless made the fire of the captured machine guns which were turned upon them, and which committing such a close slaughter at close quarters threw the Glandelinians into confusion, and in the desperate dash Baldwin was already in possession of this part of the Glandelinian position and the foe were running as if all the devils in hell were after them.

All the glandelinian artillery was also in possession of the Abbieannians, and general Adgelinda Evans army being crushed up by a fierce artillery storm, was also compelled to retreat in the wildest confusion, though general Jack Thos Glandelinian divisions still stood its ground most stubbornly to cover their retreat. But so soon their own right and left was turned and destroyed, the main line was exposed to Hanson's blasting artillery fire, and a fierce musketry fire from the attacking infantry, who now included them, and the forces then withdrew also in panic, and while all parts of Hanson's main left wing was rolled up in confusion Hanson had to surrender to general Jacob Baldwin, and during the surrender this is what he said to Baldwin:

"I have to surrender my sword to you, but I'll tell you christian dogs, that you'll never capture the city of Glandelinia. We'll win this war on you in the end or perish one or the other. And if it was not for my men here I would not surrender to a christian pig cur like you. But y to save them from annihilation I'll do so."

Baldwin answered

"You have been forced to surrender to me sir, but just the same I'll not accept a sword from a man like you. You can keep your sword. You are not made a prisoner of war, but taken as a low down sneaking criminal who encourage your men to butcher children, just because we and other christian divisions are fighting to free them. Bah I spit on you."

In the meantime the rest of Evans army was pressing on its its own glorious victory, and though general a Bernard Sharpplay, and Bicknell Barney did all in his power to stay the fearful christian onslaught led by Evans and the other christian commanders, he so they four, a found it in vain,

and in the each seething holocaust of a slaughter their generals fell mortally wounded or dead by the score, and after making thirteen desperate counter assaults against Evans in which the glandelinian divisions were cut to pieces every time they were compelled to give way, and those Glandelinian forces also retreated in the greatest confusion. Indeed it was the greatest battle seen in the invasion yet, and the bloodiest known during the fourth year of the war too, for losses on both sides were terribly and well known to be noticeably greater.

All of the glandelinian country felt the concussion of the fighting as far as the distance of 100 miles, the firing of Hanson's and Evans batteries with that of the enemy's response, with their force was becoming so very awful, and terrible, and the uproar of the firing of rifles was still fiercer, while the number of big explosions, and bursts of shells could not be counted. Men fell thicker than rain.

After this great success of the christian army, Evans was still attacking, and being counterattacked with great violence, general Evans was still working, day after day, for the distance still greater than he showed, as he had not reached the enemy's rear yet, and finally he seemed to have enough, or was not discouraged, as he had a large and last reserve force near in which he could hurl upon the christian troops when they reached the advance a robust line.

The christian lines however were still solid and strong, and only along Evans lines behind of which there stood a stretched a shaded woods all was quiet. Evans army clustering around their tower and the battered flags and standards was awaiting for the word; "FORWARD."

Before Evans lay the shattered Glandelinian force opposed to him. As soon as all was prepared and ready Evans gave the order "Forward" and the whole Abbieannian line swept forward to give the foe "Hell" once more. Evans to cover this onslaught placed his main batteries on the flanks and again threw upon the Glandelinians a hail of shells and high explosive explosives. The shell fire seemed to go to the Glandelinian tents to pieces, but the Glandelinians nevertheless too shelter too the left of the white forests behind them and from every advantage of protection poured upon the christian a severe fire of musketry and artillery which made the christians suffer the most stuporous loss, and then with wild rage the foe counter charged, and hurled back the shattered christian columns, and again the christian lines were forced forward. The christian army was now in a desperate position, and the Glandelinian fire and the christian riddled, and reduced to remnants the Abbieannian line swept forward valiantly and to the last to that fiery battle storm gave way and melted back to their own position.

But again and again Evans hurled the monstrous Abbieannian columns to the charge, and that time the christian army was vanquished with terrible and a disgraceful slaughter the christian army was completely routed.

Evans then hurled against the Glandelinians a force of millions of the fiercest forces, who rode against the Glandelinians, and fought the Glandelinian cannon and musketry sound and horse as thick as snow falls, and in such fearful monstrous numbers that the lay in high numbers the survivors rode completely through the Glandelinian forces, and back several times, the Glandelinians being forced to give way before this irresistible charge, and the very heavens seemed to burst into flame and clouds the bloody battle was so fierce, the violence of flame and din being enough to deafen a world of people at once, the cavalry pressing on like a seething storm of death and destruction the fiercest seeming to blaze like a hell of fire and smoke together, the very atmosphere like at Francis Atlanta seeming to turn into smoke and flame, and all the whole battle field was hidden in clouds of smoke, every opposing line seeming to become a soft seething conflagration as if forests were burning, the explosions seeming to tear up the living garments of the earth, which seemed to wither and fly off into space in the fiery blast of Glandelinian, and Abbieannian cannon, and a exploding storm of shells of every calibre, and so terrific was the din that a 100,000,000,000,000 cannon seemed to be exploding in a continuous crashing roar as if to tear the millions of worlds to pieces in an hour like.

Hanson received a later 1,999,999 men who were defended by the din, and 8,766,555 Glandelinians who had been driven insane from the crash and up roar the name of the christian soldiers seemed to have been affected by it. However by the force and cutting fury of the charge of the big strong division of the Abbieannian cannon, the Glandelinians finally and all before began to give way, and again and again like shattered and broken waves of the sea they were hurled back, and the Abbieannians reinforced by other bodies of annihilating parties who were then so far up, turned the christian army gallantly, and the cavalry simultaneously divided a large portion of the Glandelinian divisions from the rest, and after all was said and done, a large portion of this surrendered force had been shot down and slaughtered as the din still raged, the Glandelinian general a cannon, Patrick Madden offered to surrender all his seventeen million four hundred thousand Glandelinians were taken prisoners by the cavalry, and transported through the fighting lines, and handed off for the christian rear.

Still undoubtedly the rain both of the Glandelinian forces, Hanson's suffering terribly and horribly from the battering storm of Abbieannian cannon, and from the battering and battering storm of assaults along their front still remained firm, and with their own cannon added by thousands of broadsides from musketry guns cut down the multitudes of Abbieannians like swarms of grass. But general Vivianha and swearing-to-raise-earns was compelled to make a furious counter charge. He did so and so sudden was the attack that it did drive the Abbieannians in confusion, but general Evans threw upon the assaulting Glandelinian charges an annihilating fire of artillery, the Abbieannian infantry closed and fell upon their assailants with still greater slaughter, capturing legions of them and driving the survivors back in confusion.

General Abner Schroeder was shot in the eye, and left and dropped mortally wounded, many of his officers were already killed or wounded, and Stanley Jackson Francis seeing that Evans right grand division was advancing with great success ordered a general advance of his whole own center, which was in full swing toward noon, and which fairly scythed and killed the whole Glandelinian center opposed to him. Getting directions from Evans Stanley Jackson Francis moved around and flanked the Glandelinians in a most crushing, and deadly way, and the christian army was completely routed.

General Livingston in the meantime had been made by general Hanson's Abbieannian forces, and though they were all cut down, General Livingston also turned the enemy's flank and cannon itself that is to say, cannon who had been assailed himself all morning by other portions of the Glandelinian army and who had been compelled to withdraw and leave the field in the hands of the enemy for three hours was seen able by the arrival of a part of Evans army under general Sanders to make a counter charge which soon caused him to recover all the lost ground and smash the enemy completely and routed the christian army.

General Livingston in the meantime halted his forces to make the flank attack, but he saw a chance of doing so. Everywhere outside of his army or north of it there was so thickly nothing, but a stretch of forest the Glandelinian soldiers. The battle had been totally won by the christian forces who, to a fight, and the whole of Hanson's army was retiring, scattered in as disgraceful a defeat as ever lay down before during the invasion.

Welland with the victory Evans so turned his advances, and now was unopposed for three days, when to shield valley three new Abbeinnian armies were thrown at his way. The new army under general's Nicholas, garrison, and were less. But they however did show any intentions of making any attacks, and so Evans determined to rest his badly worn army for several days before proceeding to force his way through the Glandolinian armies. While he was thus encamping, Evans received this startling report from general Gonabio Vivian who was leading armies in the far west against the foe armies under general Ambrose Muller;

"The Seismograph at the weather bureau of the Glandolinian University at the town of Dornel recorded the most pronounced earthquake shocks which continued steadily for four days without a moment's pause. It was the most peculiar earthquake shocks ever known and lay away to the southeast during those four days we could hear an incessant noise as if the world of volcanoes were in action. The disturbance added with all kinds of queer noises, and distant rumbling of sound began at four thirty this past morning four days ago and was still in progress at nine o'clock the evening of the fourth day according to our university observers.

The continuous shocks had a profound prophetic effect on the seismograph than any other earthquake ever known, it was said to me. The observers said the continuous shocks probably occurred at about 11,000 miles south from the city of Glandolinia.

Gonabio Vivian."

Evans was surprised at this report and wondered what could have caused it. As he was viewing his armies the next day concentrating his artillery, to prepare for any assaults that may come, he received another note from general Everett True at Golnco;

"Your excellency;

"Accordingly to Prof. G.A Johnston, in charge of signal stations at Pont-dolar-eye the recent earthquake of your big battle at Harrold was indistinctly recorded on the instrument, which is said to be one of the most sensitive in the whole of invaded Glandolinia. But early this morning the needle began to tremble distinctly at four thirty o'clock, and all the rest of the night was still vibrating although the disturbance had apparently abated. From the data we have on hand it is impossible to locate or determine the main location of the earthquake, but from any queer noises we have also heard we believed it was the concussion of some far distant battle. The instrument showed the most pronounced vibrations for over five days in many years, such more distinct than those which were recorded since the earthquake shocks caused by battles during the entire invasion. The entire point of the quake was registered at 10,40 o'clock in the evening of the fourth day.

Another report from Everett True also ran as follows;

A very severe earthquake lasting more than four days and centered between 11,300 miles from Glandolinia was recorded early to day on the Glandolinian university seismograph. Shocks began at four 40 A.M. reached a maximum about nine thirty in the evening of the fourth day, and ceased at eleven thirty o'clock. I believe there is that now the disturbance has been gradually subsided. The record sheet on the seismograph will not be removed until to-morrow morning, when the accurate time of the starting and end of the terror will be determined."

On the next day what must have been the most disastrous earthquakes in history of Glandolinia was recorded at the seismograph at the captured university within Evans' lines itself. It was impossible for him to determine the location of the main force of the earthquake, but the ground

shook for all that day with great feeling under his very feet and the instrument recorded the first tremors at 5,45 A.M. They grew steadily stronger and more pronounced. At eight o'clock Evans took charge of the seismograph. The waves of shocks were then coming with startling strength. They reached their first height at eight ten, and then began abating. At noon the instrument still registered registered the quakes though with slackening force.

"So far as I have been unable to locate the quake, the indications are that it is an earthquake of uncommon proportions--a considerably more severe than the one caused by the battle of Glandolinia." Said Evans. "It must have been some battle near by for I heard a great volume of sound in the distance all that time.

Indeed all day the next and all that night terrific continuous earthquake shocks more severe than the recent Volcanic disturbance of Mt. Calverline during her violent eruptive eruption was registered on every government seismograph captured by the Christian armies. The main location or the directions of the heavy disturbances and heavy tremors that caused the delicate needle of the instruments to vacillate wildly was not yet definitely learned. The shocks so continuous was the most pronounced registered by the local quake detectors on a score of years. All of the Abbeinnian generals commanding the armies, invading Glandolinia were anxiously awaiting a cable, or telegraphed report of the location and results of the great upheaval which had continued so long without abatement. The disturbance was believed to be from 3,456 miles from Evans' army according to an estimate of general Hanson Vivian himself. But none of these Christian generals were able to discover from what direction the earth blast origin originated and the varied sounds had seemed to be in every known direction. The tremors commenced at three o'clock that latter morning, continued growing more severe with the progress of time until ten o'clock in the morning when they were most pronounced. From that time they abated until hardly distinguishable during the late afternoon.

"From the data we have on hand it is impossible to find out the location of the earthquakes going on for these past seven days." Exclaimed Hanson to reports and questioners. "The instruments showed the most pronounced vibrations in many years, much more distinct than those recorded from the recent Glandolinia disturbance. The Glandolinia shocks was distinctly recorded on our own instruments in Angoline, which is one of the most sensitive in the world. From present indications we fear a much greater disaster than that one, has occurred. Owing to the unusual severity of the shocks great anxiety is entertained by all of the northern Christian armies invading this country less some point in southern Glandolinia may have been stricken with a catastrophe more worse than that one which occurred at Glandolinia which wrecked so many cities and towns, and caused so many lives to be lost."

Evans however was soon surprised by this news of the Glandolinian bulletin which he read in the town of sandlin the following day which he had raided;

"Big battle at Lesterdegester. Abbeinnians worsted, it being one of the severest battles during the invasion of the Christian armies.

Hanson succeeded in crushing the whole Christian line assaulting his army annihilating the right wing with his cannons. This battle is considered as the most bloody of the war in Glandolinia especially for the size of the armies engaged and the firing on both sides made such a din as to shake the country for over 23,000 miles. The firing seemed to rive the world from the din. Ten times monstrous waves of Abbeinnians made great assaults, turning the whole battle field which extended for forty miles into a volcano of flame and crashing din. After our forces had repulsed the charges of the Christians our own forces made a storming assault of four hours duration during which the firing roared like a hundred trillion cannon the assault of our side being so tremendous that the whole Christian line was forced from the works, and our army almost annihilated and cut flanked and the few survivors gave way only to be also cut down.

On the second day the Abbeinnian forces renewed the battle having received the timely arrival of reinforcements and the battle raged at a new position for the rest of the bloody second day the new force of Christians holding their ground to the very last.

Along the Christian line our own forces assaulted the Christian line with such tremendous and wild storming fury that their combined divisions had to be concentrated to their fullest strength in an effort to stop

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This contest was of the most fierce character, it indeed in being a battle that into the most terrible character, and indeed one to which the courage and endurance of our glandelinian soldiers. Our general Housman sent forward all of his mightiest forces to renew the battle on the third day these christian forces being concentrated on the heights, who were opposing Housman's assault which seemed to be volences in eruption, though many thousands of christians were supported by a sheet of infantry fire failing to check the wild Glandelinian onslaught, though their destructive fire did tear again and again whole divisions to pieces.

It was said however to say that it was a most fatal charge upon those heights, for it was gradually repulsed, and three or four times again our grand and noble armies attacked those ridges with all their courage and utmost fury, and desperate courage, and with the stubbornness of an army of lions, but in that onslaught of demerit the wicked christian fire again swept all before it, in avalanches of screaming, roaring destruction, and our shattered Glandelinian armies had to recede once more. All of their biggest waves of assault had been cut to pieces and routed in disorder, by our christian enemies who were now strongly entrenched, and again reinforced. Several times our grand and noble forces, did manage to reach the top of the ridges and close with the christian dogs, in a fierce hand to hand combat but they suffered exorbitant losses, and were compelled to retreat. Our generals then saw that it was utterly impossible to win those heights in the face of such a fearful fire of christian artillery and artillery and they also feared a disaster, should the christian forces counter charge, our fighting lines, and so he strengthened the lines more strongly and prepared to resume the battle on the fourth day.....

Indeed this battle was really as the tallents predicted. It also almost ended the hopes for invasion of the southern part of Glandelinian and lasted fully eight days instead of seven as the foe predicted. Through some mistake on the part of general Mc-Farrans divisions on the fourth day of the fight full contest during the height of the bloody battle which was known as a most serious blunder, general Jinks Vivian had sent half of his main forces to intrench in the woods he, below the ridges previously assaulted the other day, where unexpectedly he met strong Glandelinian forces under general Thomas Federal Johnston, and Phillip Phaulseer.

The Glandelinian force under these two commanders was about 56,234,557 strong all the fiercest kind of Glandelinians really known the indomitable Zibrommians. Their features and dress seemed Arabian and Gargolian combined, but their girlish way of fixing their long hair, and their furious look and blinding as set of their eyes, and the fierce sinister aspects of their teeth proved themselves to be the Zibrommians.

The battle was at once resumed with redoubled fury, the Zibrommians making a fierce attack, attack than expected, and though temporarily repulsed under a redoubled attack of exceedingly great violence, engaging all of the christian forces in possession of the woods at once, and general Philip Phillipus, withdrew a great force of real Glandelinians threw forward the whole division upon the left grand divide of the christian line with all the violence that could be rendered into a wild attack.

But for a time both the Mc-Hollensteinian, and Zibrommian forces with those of the Glandelinians met the sternest and the greatest resistance, and was also compelled to stand before serious series of wild and raving counter charges, of christians forces stretched for forty miles in length, and the whole battle field was torn to a ball of destruction.

The Glandelinian losses were so heavy that they never all there to be seen, general Thomas Federal Johnston, in the highest hour of the fourth day's battle suffered the complete annihilation of one of his best divisions the force of the Glandelinian army, and when parts of the survivors of this division were in the wild confusion he fell mortally wounded in battle to rally them, he drew out a sheet of fire of christian artillery and musketry and to across the distance, and finally with the last of his strength he fell mortally wounded and bleeding and that dreadful scene of battle's carnage. General George Francis the son of Mc-Hollenstein, and Mc-Hollenstein's standard bearer, just in the heavy reinforcements, the arrival of Thomas Federal Johnston, and saved from total death at once, and was hurried to the rear, but the violent counter attacks of the christian troops for a time could not even be checked, until Thomas Mc-Hollenstein and Stanch Housman threw forward their divisions, and finally won their second victory.

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demolishing warfare, then when the soldiers were badly wounded..... As to the first day of the battle on the other parts of the fields the fury was too horrible to relate in detail, save and say writers seem to do so, though it can be stated that it seemed to be one of the greatest victories of the war but even in the entire Glandelinian war itself, besides of the christian invasion. Housman Boldon was killed, his Abbotinian forces were routed back to the heights in the most awful panic and disorder, with the loss of one quarter of their number, the woods was again possessed by the foe, and general Vivian Costello who continued to make a desperate and furious stand at other parts of the forests of the woods, was also beaten severely in detail, his whole army of 10,000,000 being cut to pieces, and routed for the distance of twenty miles. Had not it not been for general Christian Plantains stand on the lower sections of the ridges to the whole christian line would have been entirely swept from the high heights, and probably routed or captured, and the southern centre of war would have turned out in favor of the Glandelinian forces, and probably the christian invasion would have been swept back once again, and probably for good.

Total losses on the fourth day of the battle could not be predicted, though thirty christian soldiers were wounded, twenty mortally wounded, and forty five were killed, making a total ninety three in killed and wounded. The fury of the four days portion of the battle was exceedingly destructive, causing greater havoc than any desolation of battles in Glandelinian and Arabian combined, outside of Glandelinia. On the fourth day the Glandelinian had won a sweeping victory on the christian forces who held the bloody woods, carrying all before them, and changing the tide of the battle into a final and total rout. The predicted losses early in the first three days of the battle was over 11,000,000 in the killed and wounded but the total losses of the whole four days battle was not even mentioned though hundreds of generals of all rank were killed and wounded.

The fifth day of the battle was indeed the wildest conflict of the entire invasion. It was about as wide and as long as the battle of Glandelinia, and about as wild and bloody covering twenty five miles in width and nearly a hundred miles in length. It was a struggle on that day twice or three times as fierce as the battle of Phlo Lintonburg or Mc-Hollenstein. Run combined together in one day's fighting, and also estimated losses were never stated. It was not depicted how this day of the great struggle turned out, but though the christian general Housman's flanders suffered in the last stages of the battle a most crushing defeat, through the surrender of several of the main christian divisions which had been surrounded, it was stated however that the main army of the christians held their advantage, and crushed back the assault of the enemy.

The inconceivable violence of the battle can never be described, but the fifth day of the battle had the greatest explosions ever seen in a battle before, and it not forest fires that also burned down three cities afterwards and many towns and villages. Immediately after the fifth day of the Glandelinian struggle it seemed it had been a total defeat that the christian Glandelinian had won a total victory, but as they failed to force the christian line, they could not have won on the fifth day of the battle.

Results of all the many frightful battles up to this in the entire war itself have had hardly equalled its violence except Glandelinia alone, or Phaulseer's Atlanta, and there on both sides a struggle in the whole struggle to one hundred and forty generals single had fallen. The cannonading blunders of the five days of fierce battles had each terrible and overwhelmingly violent explosions as the severe earthquakes felt all along of the northern Glandelinia, and also the Glandelinian shot down many towns and cities both, nearly as great as Glandelinia itself.

The Glandelinian and Abbotinian made use of the most greatest charges and in the time of the whole invasion, and their whole lines were cut to pieces, and rolled upon the greatest confusion of the christian forces and a great many christian soldiers and other christian soldiers were killed, and all themselves in the confusion, it was a most terrible tragedy. One of the most tragic tragedies of the war and this battle was the death of the christian general Jinks Vivian, who was shot down in the christian army. It was a great rejoicing for the Glandelinians when one christian general had been mortally wounded four severely, fifty were mortally wounded, nine hundred wounded, and fifty christian soldiers killed. The fifth day of the battle had instead full christian forces fought in a five weeks in the morning and lasting until twelve o'clock at night, though that portion of the day battle was less violent than the first day's fighting. The terrific storm of shells on

General Evans was told about two days for an answer to the note behind which he hid the commander of the Glendalinden army, and then as he received no answer he sent another demand. He waited no answer but the envelope with the note in it was returned unopened. Evans was a furious man over this conduct of the new Glendalinden general, and he told along his generals whether he should attack the enemy's lines or not. They decided to wait for another note demanding the surrender, and if no answer came, or a refusal was the result, to annihilate the Glendalinden army and give no quarter, to those who were willing to surrender. Evans then did so, and this time he received an answer...

"What the devil! Impudent, general! I'll show Evans,"

"I have received your note demanding my surrender. By mistake I have in your notes. I do not know what the word surrender means. All of your Christian governments that they can go to perdition, and I will fight you and your forces as long as I can. I defy you to bring all the heavenly host, and your army against me at one time. I will write to you again as I will make it hotshot for you if you do so again...."

Commander of Glendalinden army.
None of your business who is in it."

Evans was tantalized at this defiance, but Violet and her sisters knew more about the situation of the Glendalinden army, and when he was about to give the order for his forces to attack the enemy Violet said:

"Evans dear, you do not understand. The enemy would not refuse even when their army is half surrounded if there was not a trick in it. You and your army have the enemy half surrounded but really Evans goes in the army and has been surrounded. You have given him an army of uneducated barbarians, and he has decided to kill me before he was killed. I did not have time to be killed. I told my sisters discovered the trick of the enemy early this morning...."

"I don't believe this," said Evans. "I believe you and your sisters are only feeling to avoid the horrors of another tremendous battle, or do not wish to see the unfortunate Glendalinden army annihilated."

"If you don't believe so," said Violet reproachfully, "then make the army half surrounded again and you'll find out. The tents are original and only in these, their manner being made only out of skins, furs, and barrels, and the other things of round shape. All the soldiers within view are dummies." Evans grew it. "You have no army surrounded."

"I believe I would admit a secret to say that you are lying to me," said Evans. "I will make an investigation of this and if it is all true I'll make the truth to general Evans and his army, and your sisters to come and tell me to show the enemy's supposed army."

"There is about four hundred thousand well made dummies," said the officer addressing Evans who had made a dash into the camp. "How many do you think you found your excellency?"

"I can report twice that number, besides wooden guns and cannons made out of stone pipes, large and small, barrels, and many other things, supposed to be stone wheels. This is one of the cleverest tricks any army have played on an army before. To worry the general of the foe could refuse to surrender and with out fear of annihilation. I have surrounded an army of dummies. I wonder what my two friends, generals Hanson and Wilson will think of it when I tell them."

Evans after returning back to the camp reported to him to general Hanson and his brother. They two led forces forward to make an investigation, and when they got to the camp, and looking the little while after. Indeed the three great Christian generals had been surprised at the clever trick of the enemy. It was a serious joke indeed, to find that three clever dummies had deceived them. They themselves should be so badly deceived by a wicked Glendalinden army.

"The devil is clever in human shapes, and makes all kinds of traps, a play on the mind and the life," said general Wilson. "But if the devil can do better or as good as this, then we could almost bow down to him. It is the funniest, and the cleverest way that we three generals have ever seen a trick before. The world did not see it at all the dummies!"

The camp was set on fire by the Glendalinden who were outside. This work of destruction, but all the dummies were taken within the Christian lines, to use as a kind of bait for the enemy, who opportunistically presented, it half-burned the whole Christian army learned how it was broken, by the fact it was serious but they could not do anything, to strike back for the Christian loss it suffered, for the wicked Glendalinden army laughing at the Christian loss and gotten away, and were well and safely on their retreat at this time. Evans started his own army first to pursue it, and then Hanson and Wilson took another course, with the intention of trying to surround the Glendalinden army or fail altogether.

At the retreat of the Glendalinden was so swift that the Abhimanyus could not catch up with them, and soon fatigued with several weeks of forced

marching, and all kinds of hardships, the Christian army had to halt. The dummies, and set up for the time being. Then the Christian army under general Evans halted, the enemy also halted, and then a threatening movement, that made general Evans suspicious. The enemy prepared to have a large force of his army upon the Glendalinden soldiers started forward, the Christian demonstration, but when the Abhimanyus started forward, the Glendalinden retreated in haste, and the Abhimanyus hesitating to go on for fear of falling into a trap fall back themselves, under the orders of their commanders, who reported the affair to general Evans.

General Evans decided to go out on a reconnoitering tour and see what he could learn about the enemy's Glendalinden army. He started out with a large party of officers who were all Concentrationists and rode on to a certain

place in the middle at which stood a small house. Next next to the small house on the left appeared to be a large and stable mansion, and as the house looked suspicious to him Evans decided to examine it. He crept up close to the building, and looked in one of the windows. He was startled and surprised at what he saw. In the room was a large and round table, the room itself being of great size. The table was covered with maps, books, and papers, and the room was filled with all kinds of pictures hanging on the walls were the same kind of child pictures that the Virgin Girls had in their possession. On the table was a small book. Two pages of which in the book also showed pictures of children. But more strange still around the table was seated at least three scores of the highest Glendalinden generals that Evans had ever faced in his life. But they were not to be killed but he was nevertheless suspicious, and, leaving the window, entered the house, after giving a signal for his staff to surround the house, and then entering the palace like building, he made from room to room as cautiously as a cat with pistol drawn, until he reached the door of the room where the sixty officers of the foe were seated at a round table. As the Glendalinden generals were talking in loud voices Evans stood at the door and listened. They were evidently talking quite loudly as there was no doubt that the Glendalinden generals did not think of being intruded upon. In their apparently safe refuge to far from the Christian lines.

"It must have been a funny occurrence to that door of a Christian general Jack Evans. One of the generals said. "I thought he had my army surrounded, when in fact he had the army of dummies to surround. He must have been and when he found it out."

"And why not let the main leader of our army know the intentions of these three main Christian generals?" said another of the Glendalinden foes. "Evans especially intends to push on by way of the Anderson railroad, and here if our leader knew it he could throw a very strong force and oppose the Christians with success."

"It is best to wait," said another of the intentions of the superior one Hanson Wilson does. "This is the main adversary to face in this war, and if we could crush him, (never mind the others) we would be able to put an end to their invasion for good and all. And I have a plan of their own line of advance, which will show that our movements could stop them if once going good. There are three branches of railroads around this part of the country, and three big streams crossing each intersection. Well there are six other Glendalinden armies advancing besides our own, which if we were then in the could take a possession of these railroads, and also concentrate along the both banks of these streams at the same time, and while the Christians advance. This could form a barrier which no big Christian army could pass, and if we accomplish this the war will be won on our side for all. We can cause this great movement by warning our main chief general before it is too late."

Evans was surprised at this information, and listened carefully to everything they were saying.

"I wonder who in hell owns all these pictures of children," said another of the Glendalinden. "I would care about it. I would care about children

"I never mind those damn old pictures and not down to himman. I'm the main spokesman. There in another thing we could do to get the best of the three christian dogs as well. Their purpose of advance is to cut capital and they have a long march ahead of their own way. I fully get and further out, and we could concentrate our an for them all those bills, and in in advance for the advancing christian could we could make those bills regular volcano furnace for them which they could never never pass, and then their invasion if not stopped or thrown back would be shooting."

"Aw you are talking through your hat. I knowed naddy pleniel
Indian officer of the party. "they have not put us on our knees. If the hind
we would have yielded up our arm long ago. They have us only between three
fists that's all. We can not get our nation out of the danger if we only
work the see a some right. We have enough arides to stand against a siege
of their capital for many years. No ovysions enough stored away in that city
to keep us for many years, and plenty of iron and ammunition. And what
more wickedness will this triumph. A count 1000. We have the best command-

"Well you may be right," cried the spokesman, "But then there is something different in the matter. It is true we acknowledge we that we are enemies of God, that we do not love him as much as a son, but we are not fools enough to say that we can love his or his people in the long run."

"But who is the main one we ought to get?" asked a fifth man. "There are three most dangerous of the christian general. They are General Divlan, his brother General Robert An. Angelo Divlan, and another called not Andreus, vanis."

that the three sailors suffered at sea lands in the four blood and first full battles at Harle (Glorious), "I was at the battle of Killour (Glorious)." "It is possible that this happened during the war, but I am not sure." "It is possible that this happened during the war, but I am not sure."

"One of us can give an answer." As the chorus, "The question is how can we capture a dream without a woman. It is like a man on a..."

They were surprised to hear the door suddenly swing open with a slam and hear a loud shout:

the following information was obtained from the above:

The Clevelandian papers have turned up all in consternation, and have made a dash for the nearest railroad, and have shouted:
"It's no use, it's no use!" I have the house perfectly surrounded. If you try to escape you will be killed like the dogs just killed us." I heard all the remarks you made about me and saw you were deceived by knowing my real nature and if you are still unwilling to march you will be killing yourselves up to the without over it, indeed." I repeat again, that you are all beloved prisoners."

to shoot a shot at Evans, but Evans fired simultaneously and sent one flying into one of the picture frames holding a number of child
 1000

The generals obeyed without a protest, doing likewise with their swords. You are to hand those swords to me," said Evans sternly. "Do not call that a surrender."

The officers charged "barrage" and "barrage" into line, forward march."

"I am not allowed to do that," said the man.

The "Jungle" came started entirely between the two files of christian general
none of them at first seeing a single word at all. They were dumfounded and
disheartened to think that some of them should have been surprised and
captured by a single man. They were soon within plain sight of the christian
lines, and Davis ordered them to go on further.

Flavelle said he was not crushed or beaten as "King Cannon had thought I had" who was victorious and only retreating on purpose to lure the christian allies into a well laid trap. An christian murderers in the south had been caught, accomplished in a few weeks while Cannon had been advancing, and twenty six other christian avian had been forced to surrender to the army.

When the British and the Russian armies had been forced to surrender at the end of 1918, "I was very close to the war. I saw no chance of a truce, fear that the whole war would not continue sooner or later and so he sent to his desire to the Yugoslavian government for resignation stating that he saw no chance of winning the war that Claudelina was only during the whole war, in order to have, and that over thirty thousand armies had already surrendered to the enemy to avoid another war."

On General Hanson's receipt of Evans' letter of resignation, and went to see him in particular.

"I do not think it is wise to make such a move," said Lannon. "You are accomplishing it if only given time. The committee is resigning in the face of the majority, and what will I think and say when they are on their knees of it." "I think that I will let it all blow to it," answered Yana. "I have already resigned, and am only waiting for an answer from the government. The war is lost, and I for one will not bother to surrender to the enemy. Not on your life."

"But," I asked, "If the four 'Showered Nation,' I did not know an Englishman, and I could not know the Chinese, I was surprised and as a result I did not really understand the man. He made the mistake, and I did. I was sorry he did too, for now we cannot depend on his actions. He is going to be a man, I think, and we are in jeopardy. I am not going to take the possibility of the Chinese line that will have to be the one that will be a loss for me. Following on their advantage, I hope to remove the conflict but will have to. Otherwise they will reach a point of no return that we are not going to follow. If we do not do this, then they will be in a position too strong for them, and will not take any further. I am worried of course that they will prevent a disaster of the will have an if we do not do this first..."

...to have made up our minds to let the Union for cannot force this
...to have made up our minds to let the Union for cannot force this
...to have made up our minds to let the Union for cannot force this

"It is just the same to me," answered General Hanson. "But if you do start off you will see how quickly I'll send a party after you to bring you back. Do you little girls want to make perfect fools of yourselves?"

"Well all right then, we won't go then," said Jennie. "But you are the foolish one uncle, and some day you will find it out that what I say is true. There is a war going on along the entire north line somewhere, and for your sake so you could succeed in your advance we wished to find out. When you refuse our request, you do so at your peril. We are not really anxious to go on the mission, in fact don't care to and if we had been ordered to go beforehand we would have really refused. If you send any other man I know he will never succeed because we are the only ones who know the way to that particular part."

Hanson was surprised at this answer and said:
 "Where is the weak part of the enemy's lines?"
 "We are wishing to know ourselves ourselves, and you won't let us," answered Violet.

"But you are going to greater peril than you think if I let you go on that mission," observed Hanson. "You know indeed the penalty that all spies meet if caught by the Glandelinian soldiers..."

"We defy them just the same," said Jennie. "We are bound to escape detection on. And we can do so too!"

"All right as long as you little girls are so determined I believe I'll have to let you go and do it," answered Hanson. "And also I'll have to storm heaven with prayers for your safety as the danger you are facing is very great. The Glandelinians would shoot you down like dogs."

"We'll watch out for ourselves," answered Hattie. "We have never been slain yet and we don't intend to do so now. And when we discover the weak portion of the enemy's lines we'll bring the information to you right away."

"All right," answered General Hanson. "And may God Bless you on your mission and keep you little girls safe..."

"....."DRAT THOSE DAMN SPY!" growled a Glandelinian officer coming up to a group of soldiers. "Did you men not see them?"

"None saw this way your honor," answered a soldier saluting, while the rest came at attention. "How many men were there?"

"Men you guess they were little girls. And the strangest thing about those little girls is that they are not like other children though they look it. They shot down one of my officers, and escaped from a squad of my troopers who chased them though they were on foot. I saw them come this way and thought you boys had observed them."

"They never saw this way your honor," said the soldier. "But

it is strange that children, Christian children, who know what we do to them if we have them once in our possession, should take the nerve to spy on us."

"Well they did and there were eight of them too," said the lieutenant. "Though they are those cursed Angel-born children, they were the prettiest girl children you ever laid eyes upon. They were even too pretty to gaze upon and a day though they were I would not wish to see them again, but they have seized our general's plans, plans and have easily gotten away."

"I'll detail my men to go and search the neighboring woods," said another officer coming up. "They surely could not have gotten far away as yet. But how came it that children dared such a thing. I never heard of this fact before. Are you sure Lieutenant Conlon that they were little girls?"

"More than sure," thundered the officer. "I'm not blind. I walked from my company's street when they left the building. I ordered them in the name of God to halt but they did not answer, and when I and several of my under officers pursued, they did what surprised me more and that was to suddenly open fire, and bring three of my officers to the ground and shoot down my horse. This horse I'm riding is another. I saw them go this way and thought the men had observed them."

"Well, well they have ambushed you then," said the second officer. "They if they are children were indeed strange ones. Some boys will call that distant woods for them. They must not be far yet."

So at once led his cavalry squadron for the woods, and entered it just in time to see flashing glimpses of little children scurrying away in the distance.

"Where they go now," he shouted. "After they boys. When they come down too if you can't catch up with them. They have our general's plans and just be can hit."

Some of the soldiers had observed the first fugitives, and so none of them knew which way to go.

"Its funny you did not see them," growled the officer. "They have just escaped that little band of in the distance. We sent down upon them before they got away. Forward!"

The squadron of cavalry at once dashed forward, and soon were tearing toward the bridge at a thunderous gallop. They reached the structure in no time and the foremost portion at once started across. There was a crash of rending timbers, and within another moment all of the horsemen who had landed on the bridge were in the deep water of the creek, amid curses and loud cries. Knowing that they would be pursued Violet and her sisters had wrecked the bridge.

It was some time before those in the water could reach the opposite land having been literally forced their way across quicksands, though some of them had to leave their horses behind who could not get out of the bog.

For the remainder of the Glandelinian column it seemed impossible to get across in time to catch up with the fugitives. But as the fugitives were still within the territory of the enemy's possessions the officer decided to allow the others beyond and not have them catch the little girls.

There was a small house near by with a telephone booth and to this the officer hurried. He went in turned the call handle smartly took the receiver out of the box and began:

"There is no need to describe the performance which ensued. All telephone users are familiar with it. All the Cohen codes have nothing on this. It consisted entirely of the word hello for well five hundred times if possible, repeated crescendo and furioso until exhaustion overcame him."

"Probably the telephone is out of order sir," said his Second Lieutenant. "I never had a range top telephone that wasn't when fugitives are getting away with important plans." Replied the infuriated captain inspection the telephone. Still he might give this one a well sporting chance as how it may have only been tampered with. "Probably by those spies."

Again he took the receiver from the hook with wonderful assurance and bellowed:

"Hello there for the name of Neptune. I want to speak to Captain Heller."

"Honk! yank, yank! Honk! boak!" answered a ghostly voice.

"Captain Heller, hurry up for the name of Glandelina and her flag, and the King."

Presently the bell rang, in response in stead of getting a voice, and the Glandelinian captain got down to steady business.

"That you Captain Heller be inquired cheerfully. Look here. There are child spies who have escaped our lines, and I want you to look out for them. What is that you say?"

"Yes sir," replied the telephone-----or something to that effect. "Gzostochom, Krazzshovio, PLOK."

"Oh curse the thing," growled the captain, hastily removing the receiver which was emitting sounds suggestive of the buckling of bullet into the fire and laid it on its rest.

This delay gave Violet and her sisters a chance in the long run and they had by this time gained a considerable distance from their pursuers, and were well within sight of the Christian lines.

Violet and her sisters had succeeded in escaping the foe easily than they had expected themselves, and reaching their own lines within another hour, they were let in by the guards, and learning that it was a portion of Hanson's army they had entered they immediately set out for his headquarters. Of course little girls they were were indeed. Many times they had been in strange places or strange parts of the Christian armies, and have never been lost yet. They were in a strange part of general Hanson's lines now but they had no difficulty whatever in reaching points that were familiar to them, and then on they went for general Hanson's head quarters. In reaching the camp of general Hanson's fifteen who should they meet but general Walter Starring, and the boys friends.

It had been a long time since the little girls had seen their friends and they were hailed with joy.

"We did not expect to meet you here," said General Starring. "We went to general Hanson's headquarters to see you and heard that you had went out on a spying tour. Though he did not like to let you little girls have you come yet or are you just starting out?"

"We have come back," answered Violet. "We not only found out what we wanted to know but have gained important plans, and a letter belonging to the chief Glandelinian general too..."

"Well my nephews you little girls are slaves," said general Starring himself. "But what was the main reason you went out to stay in the camp of glory?" "We heard of a mentioned the name like it was considerably wounded by a blunder of one of the glandelinian generals, a mention his sword never be wounded," answered Catherine herself. "We wished to find out the location where this would be, and when we entered the enemy's lines, we thought of also seizing their plans. We did so and got away though we were surprised by a party of officers three or four of which we shot down. They only shined us as far as the little bridge, which we managed to wreck, by setting off an explosive under it before the foe came in sight. We knew also that when they failed to cross the bridge they would telephone to the nearest glandelinian station across the stream, for help, and so we tampered with the telephone also. By doing this we got away without much pursuit. We wish to see general Hanson vividly right away."

"You had better ride our horses, and we'll walk," said Frederick Lowden.

"We do not want to see you walk all the way when we are on horseback."

"Oh it's alright," said Jennie. "We would sooner walk. It would do us no good."

The boys insisted but the little girls also insisted on walking, for with the boys dismounted, and placed the little girls on their horses in short order.

"You'll ride and that's all there is to it," said general Starling. "We will do the walking."

General Starring waved over the good manners of the boys, and then dismounted himself offering his horse to the good boys, but they declined to take it and allowed two of the little girls to ride instead.

"You boys are certainly good gentlemen," said Violet laughing. "Remember the kids one of you gave me at Cadornia, and know now that it was a sincere one."

Darkey blushed at this but he said nothing, while his comrades around him winked at him and smiled. They had proceeded a certain distance, when up came a cavally force all Abyssinians.

"Say little girls," cried the Abyssinians leader. "Did you hear the news?"

"What news?" asked Angeline.

"Your brother Gernanivian is dead. Evans told it to the camp this morning. He was killed at Foster De Poster."

At first the little girls were shocked at this news, and almost burst into tears, but then they believed there was no use in feeling so over the death of a wicked man who if he was their brother, when there was a sure certainty he did wickedly and so they said:

"It is bad news for us, but it is sadder for him than us. If he died still in his wickedness, then it will help us more to cry over it."

The Abyssinians officer was surprised at the news himself and now at the calm conduct of the little girls, he was still surprised.

"But you are misapprehending it," said the Abyssinians. "It was false rumors. A general who had his features was killed during the battle of Foster De Poster and they thought it was him. But it was not. He was really mortally wounded, though and brought to our lines before he died. He really died."

A better man for he was repentant, and begged Evans to forgive him, and ask you little girls to forgive him too. He allowed himself to be sanctified by a priest, and received the Last Sacraments. So you would have reason to feel the loss."

We do," said the poor little girls. "But we feel better, and do not hardly need to weep when we are sure he is not lost forever, forever."

Violet and her sisters had reached general Hanson's headquarters, and for getting for the moment their mission told him of their misfortune of losing their brother Gernanivian who had reported of his death just before he died.

"The death bed is sometimes the only thing that will change a man's character," said Hanson. "It's sorry to hear that he died and will forgive him even as wicked as he was. I know I did before this, and so did general Evans. To have all forgive him, and here that some of the others were fairly foolish. Johnathan Jackson 'Hank' will also turn over a new leaf. I believe a downfall will be the only way to accomplish this. But how about the mission you wish to go on. You are still here a prisoner. Did not go after all. I hope you got saved and took my advice by staying asleep and safely within the Christian Union."

"I find out he did not get saved," said Violet dryly. "How he even for she had been saying. He has done just what we expected we would and ore. He also seized that which was also an important letter."

"Well first of all where is their mentioned notion of the line?" asked general Hanson.

"In the center of the main glandelinian right wing."

Said Violet. "It took us two days to do the work."

"You were gone so long that I believed surely you had went back to Evans and did not go on the mission," said Hanson. "I would have felt better too if you had not done so. But as long as you have returned safely I'm at ease. And I know you have went but where are your two friends Jennie, Arthur and Angeline Riches. Did they not go with you too?"

"We did not want them too as we wished them to stay with general Vivian our papa and cheer him while he lies wounded in bed," said Jennie.

"We informed Evans first before we left, and he tried to persuade us not to do so but we told him you permitted us, and so he also let us go. There is a bad break in the enemy's right wing, which cannot be repaired, and the enemy are doing all in their power to throw up earlier upon a series of false works so we will not discover the break. And the line has been terribly weakened because they are compelled to draw from it so many forces to watch every movement you make toward their center. If papa could only get well enough he could assault that wing with all his army, and you could occupying the attention of the center to keep them from reinforcing it. Of course unless it would make a terrible battle, but then if the foe are worsted now there is no hope for them to shield their capital from a siege no longer. Hankley is also stationed at Ottomunda Hamma, waiting for developments along the front of this glandelinian army. This we heard from the officers we spied upon. If they cannot hold out against you then he will have to retreat toward the city with his small fragments of what he has left of his army."

"You have discovered things of great importance," said general Hanson. "We have looked over the packages handed to him by Jennie. Consider what this letter contains."

He opened it and this is what he read:

The heavy battle fog of morning
Still hid the shelled and torn plains from sight;
When with wild and storming yells, came a wave of scarlet;
Marked faintly in the white;
We fired hundreds of scores of cannon;
And as their horrible cannonading thunders rolled
The smoke mist before the strong breeze lifted;
In many a heavy fold;
The mist before us covered all and again lifted;
And amid yells of derision, and in their bravery fine
Came rushing to their ruin, the fearless Abbaanuan Christian line."

"It's a poem that the enemy must have printed," said Hanson. "They certainly did not give us much insight into here, but told what we are." He showed it to the little girls and then proceeded in looking over the map. It showed all the positions of the enemy.

"He said Hanson. "The little girls did the best work yet in capturing; that this plan." It shows just where the positions are, and how the enemy are fixed. Three of their wings are stretched across the intersection of the three little Rivers, and the remainder along the three stretches of rail road. If none of the two best fighting generals were wounded we could now have the chance of striking a blow that would stagger the enemy. We probably can do it yet but we'll have to wait until at least general Vivian recovers from his wounds. As for general Evans I cannot say. I guess we would need not wait for his recovery for he is going to resign anyway. But for God's sake I wish he would not."

"If you strike sooner and win a more decisive victory I do not think he will resign then," said Violet.

"It'll strike if the opportunity presents itself," said General Hanson. But as to this letter, I wish to see if it is yours or Violet's."

General Hanson opened the envelope and in his hand the man glanced over the contents.

"It's a letter to General Johnston Jackson Hanley," said Hanson. "And you little girls did well to have captured this, and now I thought that I allowed you to go after this."

"What does it say?" asked the little girls in a chorus. General Hanson read it to them carefully.

"Your Excellency General Johnston Jackson Hanley"

"I have checked the Christian dogs in two desperate battles already. Your plan in our riding over my means has succeeded unreluctantly, and also splendidly. Our forces made some assaults during the conflicts also, but were repulsed. But we have great confidence that we have checked the advance of the Christian armies, under the three main Abbeonimian generals for final, and that now you will gain time to reform your small army, and also receive reinforcements. If you could come and take personal command your presence would do a lot better. We have a big gap within our central portion of the line which if the Christians assault will result badly for the the, as it is only a trap to catch their divisions in. The sooner you come to us with your small army the better we'll like it for without you we do not expect to hold our entrenched positions any too long for Hanson has no doubt sent messages to the coast communicating armies, which will arrive and increase his forces so friendly that sooner or later we will have to give up. Evans and Vivian the two main commanders are wounded. Their dismemberment cripples the Abbeonimian armies slightly, and this increases our hope that no direct assaults will be made upon our lines."

Yours truly,

General Ottoburn
Hanson...

Hanson was indeed suspicious of this document, and after reading it, on it, said to Violet:

"It'll have to prevent Hanley from moving to reinforce this army of Gladiolus, and from taking personal command. If he comes we'll be worried sure."

On General Vivian was wounded, Evans was wounded, and so many other main Christian generals were still disabled, and at first General Hanson, did not know what to do. He knew from the many reports where the enemy's main general had withdrawn his small well equipped forces, and so he decided to make a barrier for Hanley, and so repay for his own severe situation. Two new Christian armies had arrived, under generals James and Andrew Bolen the few nights before, and these he immediately sent toward the extreme southern rear of the enemy to accomplish the work of making a new barrier. It would of course take many days to accomplish this advance, but never theless they would have to advance northward first, to escape being caught by the enemy barrier, but soon nevertheless after two weeks marching, Hanson received the message that while on their march ten other armies had joined the, and that they were forming the barrier to prevent the advance of General Johnston Jackson Hanley. Then satisfied with this Hanson resolved to make another try on the enemy in front of the, and force a portion of the barrier. General Vivian had recovered sufficiently enough to resume command, and Evans was no longer in command.

General Evans however did not believe it wise to assault so strongly an entrenched force of the enemy, and declared that they ought to wait for the arrival of more troops, until their army became as overwhelming. It was strong that the enemy could not resist their attack, but General Hanson was afraid of the consequent consequences of delay, and did not like to wait. Evans did not like to think of the delay either, but then he felt sure it was dangerous not to make the assault just now, for he felt sure it would and the same as before during the other two battles. The Gladiolus army was equal to them but some stronger positions, one artillery, and better fighters than the Christians had.

General Hanson decided to hold a council and see what should be done on the whole matter. So the next evening all of the generals were assembled together in General Hanson's headquarters, and the debate went on all night. The council was an exciting one, a trial of a desperate combat, and was the hottest conversation of general officers that ever occurred, but still none agreed with Hanson. They all believed it too dangerous to make an attack on the foe without receiving reinforcements, and the position of the line which was predicted to be weak, and so Hanson was a down despondent of ever forging ahead again.

His armies led on by Evans before had gained ahead of all of the other Christian armies operating against the foe in the west, east, and north, had been nearer to the capital than they, but now they had been checked by the foe for about three long weeks, and the other Christian armies, were also being checked, though all along the whole there thoughts of war no severe action had occurred.

Hanson knowing himself to be the supreme commander decided to make a try at first. Evans had not received no answer from the Abbeonimian government but the next day it came by telegram:

"Your Excellency General Jack Ambrose Evans;

"We have received your resignation dated on the month, and will say that without you who can force the war to a finish. We cannot accept the resignation, as you will have to appeal to General Hanson our own master, and we know already that he has advised against your resignation. We have here refused resignations of officers, as the situation of the war is too hard pressing. But after receiving your high rank, as you did for all your brave action and wish to resign now."

Be patient, and pray more for your victories. We are sending more armies and supplies to your aid in Gladiolus and the rest, and sooner or later we will be besieging the enemy's capital. Don't back out now, because things look so black. They looked still blacker when the foe was invading Gladiolus, and then Gladiolus seemed about to be wiped out. But you have already crushed the enemy's invasion, beginning at Marie's Cove when four times you crushed the great foe armies, and you can do so again. We beg you for the sake of the nation's good, for the sake of God who died for the Christian world, for helpless children, who slaved and died under the Gladiolus tyranny to retain your command, and we are sure that later on you will be glad that you remained. But nevertheless though we plead you to remain, you must anyway because Hanson is your supreme commander, and we know already that he has refused your resignation. If he said yes, why then we could say nothing, and would have to let you go."

Yours truly,

Secretary.

Secretary Evans had before receiving the answer forgotten that he had resigned and had been glad too that the resignation had been refused, because Hanson had decreed that never would the Vivian girls be allowed to leave the army to go back until the war is over. Danger was greater for them that way, than with the army as too many secret services they would literally trail them down and slay them in cold blood. He had several days before notified Hanson that if his resignation would be accepted he would bear it up as he now had no intentions of resigning. He had vowed to crush the enemy no matter what costs, and so he had decided that to resign just because of being outwitted by the foe would be the biggest mistake he made.

Evans on the next day after receiving the message from the government, was setting with a party of soldiers, and saw the enemy in movements that even scared him and fearing something out of the way entirely, ordered a rapid investigation, and finally several of his scouts came back with the report that the enemy was moving large bodies around his rear with the intention of beating him in. He had not expected this movement, and so sent signals all around, and rode toward the rear of his lines as quickly as possible. Seeing that all reports was true, he sent all of his cavalry force to repel the enemy, and then as the cavalry was charged: these would be flankers, and every movement of the enemy watched. Of course as the morning passed it was evident that the enemy intended no general assault, but just the same it was a movement that one could do to another who hated him, though starting no fight, and it startled him.

only to find the soldiers harassed by the second half of evening army which had just been advancing. The whole Glandolfin army this time had really been surrounded, and the retreating soldiers were once more driven back and forth, and every man closed and fought in the utmost confusion.

The slaughter went on in a series of minutes; fighting until night fall, and then realizing that his army was threatened with annihilation general Otto von Hunsdoh approached general Evans with a white flag.

Within half an hour the firing, the pod, and the whole Glandolfin army of what survived of it, had crowded their arms, and were formed in lines preparatory to the swift surrender. Evans was asked and Evans with his surrounding army approached the down cast general Otto von Hunsdoh.

As the Glandolfin general offered his sword to Evans he said not a word, neither did he lift his hand or his arm, and Evans receiving the sword, spoke nothing.

"It is the fortune of war, and better for the men too that the war have come. For have surrendered and so for the war is over. Your children in towns will air and for with you are charged with being no prisoners. You shall have your freedom, but the army shall be marched into Angeldale to be interned until all fighting is over."

Again after three weeks check by a vastly superior Glandolfin army, and after being so discovered as to realize Evans had at last still retaining command captured another big Glandolfin army, and one of their best known and old time generals. It was the most surprising event in the war. Five great surrenders to Evans alone during the whole course of the invasion. Hanson who did not as yet know the outcome of the battle though all firing had ceased, wondered what was up it was not until the next day when his forces had returned, when he finally saw again into cooperation with the forces under Evans and general Vylton when he learned that Evans had again captured a Glandolfin army.

Hanson and general Vylton, and Evans flanked and surrounded and waited the foe in such confusion, that the foe had no fact that Hanson and general Vylton's army could not overtake them. It was like a regular race. But Evans with the remainder of his army had come up with the remainder of the army at the most critical time, and surrounded all of the Glandolfin after five more hours of desperate fighting, with the foe.

Hanson was indeed surprised at the results of the battle and found out that the number of prisoners taken was over 24,500,000. The number of fallen was believed to be in the whole three battalions was 20,000,000 and to the total strength of the Glandolfin army had been 54,500,000. It took three days to reform the army well enough to continue the advance, but soon the advance was on again, and now all hopes for a successful stand for Hunsdoh was really lost.

It cannot be described how the troops felt over the entire crushing victory they had gained, and neither could the joy of Violet and her sisters be described. Slowly but surely the Glandolfin were being suppressed, and sooner or later it would be all over, and Glandolfin brought at last to her knees.

In many other wars dogs had been used to rescue the dead, but in this one no dogs had been used. The Angeldalians had intended to put all the dogs to use during the early part of the war, but when it was seen how strong and successful the battalions had become it was decided not to, for if so many generals even fell in the war it was probable that no dog could survive and so would meet annihilation. And it seemed too cruel to send these loving friends of man into such fields of hell and damnation.

Violet and her sisters however would have given anything to have had a dog friend with them, but then it could not be done. Some then gloriously on our serpents had done a great deal to help the Christian troops, and it was reported that once a great Blomgitz woman serpent saved a lot of wounded during the battle of Francisanna, when the men were sitting in of such a fire of shot and shell as if they were trying to destroy the world. It is said that there were about ten thousand small Blomgitz woman serpents employed at the battle front of Hildred Greenburg, before the time of the war most Glandolfin and devastating condition. They were named from Blomgitz, to all other snakes, and from power to the borderlands. Many of these had been placed on mechanical contrivances like the soldiers the soldiers.

In the trenches during the battle of Hildred Greenburg, and other great campaigns they showed all the power and knowledge of the soldiers that nature, and they were known to the men as the men's friends. They at once carried formidable weapons to fighting and aided the wounded in the hospitals beyond rescue on these scorching battlefields of annihilation, and when they found a soldier who was unconscious they brought him back to the lines safely.

A lot of them of an better shells, there were available stores of all they could spare, and except for the shot like a machine with only one thought out head was to make the wounded and in the battle field in Angeldalians began a gasless charge after the shot and the object of their search was a hand. The story and courage and bravery among individual small Blomgitz woman on the battle field was too many to state, would take many chapters to tell, but are inspiring. One called Jennie drag of a wounded man who had been left dead in 'Ho Hans land, fringing Hildred Greenburg and she and John brought him to earth with flying by the shock of the road explosion. By quick treatment by the soldiers, and physicians the little creature was saved.

There is a small Glandolfin that followed their mate, her mate through a rain of shot and shell at the first part of the battle of Jennie's position was wounded by a shell twice, but continued to "go over the top" and saved many a soldier, until brought to Angeldalians by the Angeldalians' Glandolfin Det. Catholic platoon.

There is a Blomgitz woman serpent which the little girls had in their homes before the war was full grown now, and on, only once during the war had they seen it. They were glad to "know home" however that no poor unfortunate dog had been put into his big ball stone, and so it glad too when they heard that all the small serpents that had been used in the other armies, had only received slight wounds and none had been killed. There and the firing had been in the various battles.

But none had been used in their war, as none could be obtained. Evans had led lately also to circumstances with the other armies which had stopped in their advance but he could not go on, and so felt that he was still the only one who was advancing with his army army. Nevertheless he did not lose an advantage and was that decided to put the war into his hands and use it there.

The Christian armies had advanced pretty far into the enemy's country in this time, and all the northern armies were also closing in, and it was soon evident that the foe was to be defeated by the biggest army that ever formed. As soon as the Christian armies were in full progress in their advance, Violet and her sisters noted that the three main generals were still together with them, and conversed with them on many a topic of the recent occurrences of the war. There was room to be other armies opposed to Evans, and that those that had been under general had been so badly defeated by descriptions that no one could tell how they were now and how all the war was.

Finally the other armies were also advancing again, but with Evans and their descriptions had been cut off, but later he got word from a reporter which ran as follows:

"All the Christian armies are advancing successfully. The foe are falling back, and offering no resistance whatever. Some probable that in another month the war will have ended as a Christian victory."
REPORTER!

"The news gave Evans great satisfaction to press on now without stopping, and so they were still in the advance of the Christian armies."

In the meantime on general Hunsdoh saw that all hopes for victory, and suppressing the Christian troops and general had done his level best, but had been unable to gain success in battle during both parts of the invasion, whether Hunsdoh was not, and now Evans for Glandolfin armies were attacking and were not. The Angeldalians advanced. Discovered over the end of the war, Hunsdoh had been completely and finally by the action of Glandolfin during every proceeding, both, and now Hunsdoh had only a small army with a few shells and no more shells to spare.

He did not know what to do. His office was now the pretentious condition of the Glandolfin, and Evans the other armies defeat the other part of the Glandolfin army, but general Hunsdoh had not like to do. He followed that the presence would up Hunsdoh the armies to

and with greater obstinacy and so he refused to do so, and started a riot against the plantation capital. Now there, other plantations are told now, that were protesting before the christian mission had not later, but have nevertheless no mind pronounced was that they were never answered in reaching the capital, and for himself. Signs of reaching reinforcement, to into a hint stand visible of the capital was lost. At the beginning of the month of the christian mission general Johnston Jackson himself had over 345,000,000 men, and now in a season, and destruction, and destruction, to had in fact only 11,237,543 men, and out of those were threatening of coming, declaring that their time was up, and that they wished to go and defend their own homes from the christian mission.

Manoel fell wounded and declared that he himself had brought the attack on the Mingolista by not following his own advice during the battle of Glorinda. Manoel saw nothing to do but to take his retreat as soon as possible. He learned that all the Christian armies were advancing everywhere with irresistible force, and so after this learning, that he was under Ottoman pursuit after holding the Christian position, under Pannoni, Zivini, and Eviani had surrendered after a most terrific battle, started to retreat.

The retreat was taken in a disorganized way, and the soldiers were soon
 fleeing toward the direction of the glanduliferous mountain side. Many
 great swarms of the glanduliferous bees swarmed during the retreat, far
 as it progressed up to now but never like this one. It was toward the
 west of the Combe Confederation called the Wandenberg meadow, and millions
 of the glanduliferous bees advanced back toward the north to end the confusion.
 Glanduliferous bees were everywhere behind, the rest of the brotherhood, and still can
 be seen there in the glanduliferous mountain side.

The whole plantainian race reacted over the new impending situation, and a whole blow in every town and city to save the citizens for a last desperate effort to recall the christianian ruler. Yuma felt great over the news of the retreat of the "loud Indian army under general johnson jackson" army. It was a better retreat and a more complete one than that "apologetic act of jackson, or out of germany, worse than any rout his armies had ever received, and more complete.

It was now evident that the Christiana side was winning for good and all, but nevertheless Evans did not want to be overconfident. "Any armies in the south were still forming, and all the southern portion of the nation was rising in its last breath, and there was no telling whether the noise when once begun would be raised by either the Christians, or the enemy. Soon after forced marching for a good number of days, the great and beautiful region of Landelinia hovered in sight. The fortifications of the cities defense was also in view and Evans and the other two great generals led their armies, and started to prepare the siege. The cannons were brought up and also in order, and the armies started to form extensive works and positions, in the shortest time possible, around the first quarter of the advanced positions protecting the great Landelinian city. It took two weeks for the nearest necessary preparations, and then other Christian armies came up, and began forming at other portions. A desperate assault was made by the enemy upon a portion of Evans' lines, but it resulted with a severe repulse, and the enemy withdrew silently. An Evans was extending his own lines, he rushed forward the batteries, and started shelling the advanced positions of the enemy.

The recall of one battery made some blunder however, and for a time Evans was quite out of favor but nevertheless he knew just what to do, and soon he had the other batteries up, and a great outnumbering was on in general. By after day other great armies were arriving, and joined in with the other christian armies, and soon the whole city was under a siege. General Johnston when Taney had started his work of obstructing the Channel Inter-conditions an soon as he reached the capital, and now nearly the weakness of the armies defending the city and the great number of formidable fortifications, greater than those of Vicksburg he felt sure that the siege would soon fail to the christians.

Lyons still did not have enough men to press in any closer, and so he waited anxiously for the arrival of more units. While Lyons was bringing

Up upon arising to tie tighten the a police trailer decided to make an attempt to release the victim before the only circulation window opened to the aid of the three circulation materials and so he made a desperate and not bloody assault upon these lines alone. It was one of the first bloodiest battles of the beginning of the scene, the circulation corner under these was continued to fragments after five hours fiercest and some dangerous fighting and seemed to breathe in the balance, but unless assault was finally defense

defeated after terrible slaughter and so injured in strength that the assaulting column was broken. Amongst a line had also been assaulted by the foe and the first part of the battle had been a awful disaster, to the christian army, for the sixth army corps embracing probably one fourth of general vladimir bontchir's forces that early morning, was defeated and routed in the terrific engagement, the commander officer killed, and the demoralized christian forces driven through general "o-widrieth's lines, where fortunately they were rescued and rallied by kindermann and Mc-Vollenter. The enemy then resumed the assault with a fury that was indescribable.

but the christian forces counter charged, rolling up the enemy's infantry lines and destroying one fourth their number. 1000 m.f. 20

Two unusual battles had already been fought at the beginning of the siege, and were Christian successes.

Evening was closing in many of the nearest nearest notions of the enemy
 working, and soon the entire city as far as possible was enclosed by the he
 stagers, and then shells began to come from all of the quickly erected christ
 ian positions, the inhabitants of the city having been given a week's not
 notice to leave if they valued their stuff, but they had foolishly remained
 and so were in danger of paying the consequences.

What "Violot and her sisters saw during the solemn, terrible battle around the Capitol" under attempts to commit suicide but is stopped by his officers. The fall.....

General "Arsh" Schleider's role, and what came of it.

In the meantime the Abbieannian -concentratedly cavalry, and other horsemen were progressing forward, a portion of "Hil/Immar/er Zimmermanns" advancing as day being bent on to make a terrible raid on the Glandelian property. The Christian cavalry forces were advancing at a trot from the woodlands, a file of the men looking with keen eyes right and left, striking every step of the way all crack, boyish, bronzed, none of them slain outright or heavily wounded. Fifty yards behind them marched a number of other cavalry divisions the same distance apart. The whole column of advanced cavalry soldiers consisted of about twenty million cavalry stretched in a line of approaching destruction for fifty three miles, in companies, squads, columns and brigades.

It was General "Arsh" Schleider's men, and in the rear stumbled a large number of "Parrot" men called Bull pups.

During the next woodlands ran a series of crossroads. Down one way followed a part of the cavalry forces with rushing on here and there and down the others lumbering lumber the other separated forces. While cries ring from each vantage back to the guard. Two horsemen moved from the advance and took the place of the last two of the vanguard while the army in front takes the places of the last two, while the others in front takes and keeps the original formation until the column passed these crossroads. Far in front and on both flanks are scouting parties miles away. This was the way the Abbieannian cavalry marched, in advance of the main Zimmermannian army moving to join them who was further south to the Glandelian capital.

"Glandelians ahead. Not many it seemed to be sure, no more numerous than two or three to one, so back fell the vanguard and forward charged the advance guard of cavalry like a thunderbolt not troubling the column behind. Wild yells, a clatter of hoofs of thousands of hoofs, the crack of many pistol shots, a wild flight, a mad merry chase, a few riderless horses scattered in front the fleeing foe and the incident is over. Ten miles more and many thousands of hostile bayonets gleamed ahead, and so back dropped the Christian advance guard, this time as a reserve, while up came galloped the main column in single file and dismount, while the flank parties help develop an skirmishers covered the whole front one in front of each set of fours and the corporals holding the horses in the rear.

The thousand bull pups barked and roared tearing the gray line and the Abbieannian yell rang as the line, the files two yards apart a long flexible line curving forward at each extremity, slipped forward at a half run. This time the Glandelians charged, and they came forward as wild as they knew how. From every point of that curving line, poured a merciless fire, but only the foremost blue line recoiled the remainder caving on hatless pulling on their reins with might and main in an effort to get their horses to go faster and though the enemy fire picks them down by the score they dash on along the Abbieannian line, while a volume of shots incessantly from the right flank and rear, and that line in thrown about like a coiling rope. The foe were winning the conflict. The main body of the fierce "Glandelians" were to the left and were pouring in a destructive fire that no one could withstand.

"Left face," was the order amid the tremendous uproar. "Double quick." And by magic the line concentrates in a solid phalanx and sweeps forward.

A fire seemingly from every direction tore up the charging Abbieannian over cavalry column but fighting out their way the troopers by charging demoralizing back and forth managed to throw themselves against the foe from every possible side. This is how General Schleider fought the worse of the Glandelian armies. Thus by mere marching and fighting he went his victorious way into the land of the wicked enemy despite opposition at every step without cables, with little artillery, without even the many bull pups sometimes, fighting enemy infantry overwhelming in numbers Glandelian cavalry, artillery with only muzzle loading rifles, pistols and shotguns, scattering hundreds of thousands of Gargolian Home Guards like wild panic stricken turkeys, destroying railroads and bridges, taking towns and villages, and laying them in waste, and destroying all the government stores of Glandelian, and encompassed usually with forces treble his own. This is what General Schleider did on his raid, while advancing far in advance of Zimmermann's army, what he had done since Zimmermann started to advance, and what he was starting out to do again.

The many forces of Abbieannian and Angelinian, and Abyssinkilian and Angelinian cavalry were always known from their ferocity in attacking, as the "Binged" lands, and Devils, "As to the destroying angels of God," "The Yellow Jacks," "The Dead Shots," "The Human Earthquakes," "The Chickadee Pests," and the "Hell Roarers."

In another weeks time it was reported to General Evans besieging the city, that General Zimmermann's army had been broken in the Glandelian mountains. He had been so compelled to withdraw it from General Russell Edwards forces with its back always to the foe. Russell had also pushed the Abbieannian lines which extended for three hundred miles north and east toward the north west section of Omondson without any fighting. Zimmermann was retreating so the surprise of all without offering the enemy a fight. But the Zimmermann cavalry had done a good work nevertheless.

Thus got this report from General Norman himself

"We left the main army under Zimmermann it with only twenty million men and got back in twenty four days with twelve times more than we set out. Traveled over one thousand miles, captured over seventeen cities, many towns and villages, destroying all government supplies and arms in them, scattering fifteen hundred divisions of Home Guards, and never lost a man in the engagements we had. Now is that your excellency for good work. We kept twenty hundred million Glandelians busy guarding government posts or chasing us, and we went back often."

In the meantime while Zimmermann was besieging the Glandelian lands at "reflex" by opening the "Prinzie" and General Lee rode on was fighting a terrific battle at "Furggetty", General Chad with Wolford chased the Abbieannian cavalry when he gathered his clan for his last daring adventure to cross the "Prinzie", and strike the enemy on its own heartstones, and thus give the Glandelians a little taste of what the Abbieannians had long known from border to border in many a terrible war. Pursued by large armies of wild Glandelian Glandelians General Schleider got across the mighty river waving a farewell farewell to his pursuing enemies on the other bank and struck out with his forces. Within three days nearly a hundred million Glandelians were after him and his twenty five million Abbieannian daredevils, cutting down hundreds of trees behind him in case he should return, flanking him, setting in his front, but on he went uncaught and spreading terror for a thousand more miles. Armed in as he was he really strangely got away for so swift was his dash that not even the mighty Glandelian host under General "Harger" could overtake him, and once when General "Harger's" army had him completely surrounded, he disappeared the next morning in a way that was mysterious and flabbergasting. In the meantime the battle of Dean was fought and the last great effort of the Glandelian Confederacy to break up the Christian invasion in the west was lost.

Indeed the high tide of the Glandelian hopes was fast receding now. The series of armies of Abbieannian, and Angelinian, after "Glandelians", which overthrew with immense slaughter the first main Glandelian aggressive campaign in the east to stop the Christian invasion or its progress, was retreating swiftly into its southern stronghold, as was the series of Glandelian armies in the west after General "Zoe" Paces abandonment of "Mammyville" and the Glandelian retirement had given Abbieannian now full sway in her invasion.

Indeed the sun sank on days and days. From a city that was aflame with great Abbeinnian victories. Early Anna had struck the biggest Glandelinian army ever mustered against the christian armies at the bloody battle of the Green Run and after three days desperate fighting sent all these Glandelinian forces helter skelter to the four winds. Simultaneously general Hanson Warthon had crushed the christians at Miriam Lewis, only to be crushed himself at the battle of San's Sanderford onia, while again simultaneously general Hanson Vivian had obliterated Popes Glandelinians at the Second battle of Hon. Catherine De La Peer Beresford. Eleven eleven million prisoners had been taken at the battle of Ferry Harpers Run, and Evansville with his Abyssinikiltan army had gone into the "Anopolis" on the flank of Glandelinia. Recruits were coming into the Abbeinnian ranks by the thousand millions. Pragerd Henryson had fifty million men and an impregnable stronghold in front of puell-conias, who had but a few men more and could not force his way out of the christian forces herding him in. The Glandelinian general Buell was doomed and knowing it he finally surrendered without fighting and any more battles.

At the same time the Glandelinians waited longingly for the remaining armies to strike a blow. The Glandelinian generals did strike it, but it was at the heart of the Glandelinian cause. They stunned the Glandelinian Con-Con Confederacy by giving way before the christian commander Buell Johnston. He brought hope back with the bloody battle of Ferryville. Again general Zee Rae faced Buell at Herodesda, and then he wrought broadcast despair by falling back without another battle, dividing his forces and retreating into Omaria. The dream of a successful battle line along the boundary line of Omaria with a hundred million more men behind it was gone, and for the Glandelinians the last and best chance to win the war seemed gone forever.

It was already December, and general Hanson Vivian the main commander simply said-----Forward....The day he crossed the great Brainsie, he said it to his brother, and the other christian generals down in Southern Glandelinia. Glandelinia. After seven frightful battles in the wilderness of Glandelinia he said it again, and again, and still again, and again, still again and it seemed as if the last brutal resort of hammering down the southern buttress and sea wall of the Glandelinian war, Old Omaria, and "Glandelinia, the keystone of the Glandelinian arch was well under way now.

"Throughout those frightful and bloody weeks general Zee Rae Vivian and his brother was with their uncle Hanson on his terrible trisex trisecting march through the Glandelinian country. In the month of November the great

Glandelinian fortress St Anna fell after fearful fighting for three weeks and in that same month Glandelinia saw their great leader, John Ah Anna, had died in Omaria. In the month of December the Glandelinian Confederacy toppled at the west under the blows of general Francis Tomsa Redanilton, at another frightful battle of Nashville Run. On the east coast line of Glandelinia one hundred and thirty five thousand wretched broken down Glandelinians confronted Zee Rae Turner's fifteen million men, and in the latter part of December two hundred and fifty weeks was the beginning of the final end everywhere outside of the besieged Glandelinia capitol.

In the meantime the enemy defending the Glandelinian capitol were quiet and made no attempt to raise the siege or attack the christian allies. "Anley and all his survivors" generals know full well that the christian armies were too strongly entrenched and so made no yet no attempts to dislodge the christian lines, though he had intended to force their position from the south some day, or not if not successful to try and do so from some other direction. General Hanson Vivian was suspicious of all the notions of the wicked Glandelinian confederacy, and made every effort to learn their intentions, but without success as none of the spies returned having been captured by the enemy.

"Violet and her sisters wished to go out on the evening trip, and so he decided to let them go, but he said especially to little Gertrude Angelina: "Gertrude I wish you and your sisters to see what general Anley is doing---if you can. But don't be reckless. Glandelinia is desperate now, since she is nearly down on her back."

"Very good. Your Excellency." Said Gertrude.

"And your sisters are fused as good as, and I have seen before what you can do." Said general Hanson. "I'm sure you will succeed."

"We always try to do our best." Your Excellency. Said Violet.

"And you do it." Said general Hanson with a smile. "That is why I trust you and your sisters on this mission."

Violet and her sisters said nothing but after looking at the ground for a minute or two the great christian commander said:

"Take your way into the nearest Glandelinian camp to that you can reach, to general Johnston's camp. Anley's headquarters if possible and learn all you can. If discovered, shoot all to kill. Don't hesitate for you know how desperate the foe is."

"I will do so your excellency." Said the little girls.

"It's a dangerous undertaking." Said general Hanson. "You know the penalty if caught."

"That is nothing. Uncle since you wish it."

"I know anyway you little girls have never taken any papers that might betray you." Said general Hanson.

"Never your Excellency."

"Good. You are wise little girls."

"Thank you your excellency." There are no more instructions for us now to fill out."

"No. I know general Hanson. So this as soon as possible but do not make any unnecessary haste which might jeopardize your under taking."

"No uncle we will be careful." Said the brave little girls.

"And say nothing to any one about it, except to those whom you may see and trust only."

"I shall maintain a great silence."

"If you need money." Said Hanson. "Take a requisition on the paymaster."

"I and my sisters have all we need." Said Gertrude. "Is that all?"

"That is all my brave little girls."

Violet and her sisters then slipped and withdrew. Disclaiming themselves the brave little girls got off on horseback, not taking their own horses as which was too well known to the enemy, and by an arrear arrangement made with the Abbeinnian soldiers, the little girls were heavily fired upon as they left the Abbeinnian lines, and chased part of the way across the plains by a party of Concentration cavalry on horseback. The little girls had already cut shots through their boyscout hats and coats, and even made small wounds on themselves so that it would seem as if they had a narrow escape, and so hearing the enemy lines, a party of Glandelinians came out to meet the supposed fugitives the leader saying:

"O the Abbeinnian devils have you a victorious chase did they?"

"No a bit redheaded lieutenant."

"They certainly did." Said the supposed little boyscouts with a laugh.

"Did you boyscouts get hit?"

"Well I dunno, but it appears to me the bullets came pretty high hitting me."

"Then the little girls took off their hats and looked at them.

"They asked they are riddled with bullets." They exclaimed.

"Then bullets were pretty close." Said the lieutenant.

"Yes and there are two or three in your coats." Said the Glandelinian officer.

"Ah that will need mending sure enough." Said one of the little girls.

"I'll make those Abbeinnians pay the bill you bet or know the reason why."

"I reckon you little boys will have trouble in getting them to do it."

Said the lieutenant.

"All right I shot some holes in their coats too for I fired at them myself." Said Violet.

"Were you in the Abbeinnian camp?" Asked the Sergeant.

"I certainly was and we had a lively time in getting out of it I can tell you."

"What were you doing there?"

"Saying of course. Do you think us boys went there to join the christians?"

There was a general laugh at this.

"So you boys are not christian dogs yourselves." The sergeants questioned.

"In your next budget," he said, "a fundamental question

"Yes, you may go, general," said the general.

This general turned thus looked sharply at Gertrude Angelina, and then left by another door but stopped to look once again before leaving.

"Now you have accidentally seen the general?"

"Yes, your excellency," "I have."

"Let me see them," said the great Glendolindian general.

"Gertrude Angelina handed over the papers.

"They seem proper enough," cried the general. "I shall want some one to carry 'em despatched. Are you home?"

"Yes, your excellency, I have. A very good one too."

"Very good. Wait a few minutes, and be sent," said the general.

Gertrude was about to take a note when a little boy suddenly came dash in.

"What one in boys clothes is not a boy but a girl," he cried. "It's that Gertrude Angelina. She and those Vivian girls work together and I have, proofs!"

A number of graycoats were running in, some with pistols some with drawn swords, but Violet and her sisters outside the door opened fire bringing them all down, while Gertrude was out by the door which she had entered the moment before, closing and locking it after her sisters had shot down the rushing soldiers, and then all of the little girls flew down the passage, out upon the veranda, and so down to the garden, and springing upon their horses they made their way to the road, Gertrude Angelina saying to them:

"A little more and I would have had important despatches in my hands. Well better luck next time perhaps."

There was a great outcry from the house, but the children got into the woods without being seen, and as they reached the road saw the boy disappear and a number of graycoats riding a long.

"There they are now," cried the Glendolindian boy-scout. "I know those horses and their features. After the little devil, and remember there is a reward for those who take them or slay them outright."

Violet and her sisters went speeding up the road, the boy-scout and the Glendolindian soldiers after them, firing furiously and incessantly but failing to get any effect. At the very start it seemed that neither the graycoats or the Glendolindian boy-scout had any chance of capturing the child spies, they seemed to fly, and yet their steeds were not going at full speed, though the horse the Glendolindian boy-scout rode was better than those of the Glendolindian soldiers, having quickly shot ahead of the rest.

"If he will only come far enough," they mutter to him."

And Gertrude thought:

The brave little girls kept on for some short distance, till the Glendolindian boy-scout was far ahead of the graycoats, then the little girls began to shake their heads, as if they had reached the limit of their endurance, and now the boy began to gain on them, and urged their horses to still greater speed, and as the little girls slackened their own still more the boy-scout came presently near enough to call out:

"Stop you little girls or I'll have to fire."

Violet and her sisters looked back and saw that the soldiers were still coming on, although still well behind, and so they rode less, and less rapidly, the Glendolindian boy-scout gaining on them all the while, and as the boy came on swiftly pistol in hand, the little girls in the rear stopped, and all of a sudden shot toward him, caught his horses' bridles and wheels him, and in an instant had their own pistols at the boy-scout's head.

"Now the boy-scout you will come with us," cried Violet. "Before tried to slide out of the saddle, but in a moment two of the little girls had him by the collar and began to shake him, dragging the boy into the saddle, taking away his pistols and empty cartridge belt, and then saying:

"We'll go together you slippery and foolish boy, who dares tamper with us. You were easier to catch than many of your betters."

"Confound you you brave little girls, you were only pretending after all!"

"Yes and you didn't have known it, but now your friends are getting too near to suit you."

Then the whole party of little girls dashed forward, when presently from the other direction there appeared a score of graycoats, all well mounted, as proud as fresh, and in four coats, with hair like vivian little girls. These were the Glendolindians.

Violet and her sisters dashed furiously at the foe who were expected to open their ranks to let them pass, and there was a

confusion though they sent a shower of bullets flying after the little girls who nevertheless managed to hit as the trees interfered. The little girls sent a few volleys back in return and then flew along the path quickly out of sight, the Glendolindians hastening about following after those few volleys had wounded a number of their men dangerously and severely wounding them. They were obliged to ride in single file along the path and there was no one among these Glendolindians who cared to take the lead, as they knew Violet and her sisters as a good Christian from the Bible and all the commandments of God.

As they dashed on Violet and her sisters were discovered by another Glendolindian force, a patrol who instantly gave the alarm, and began firing sharply, with the intention of shooting the little girls down. A bullet hit the boy and he fell. Muskets of the enemy were rattling with a tremendous din, and riding to the protection of trees the little girls answered with their pistols, and the infantry expecting no such resistance as this from supposed boys, were surprised, and then when the little girls took the daring nerve to make a most furious charge toward them, the foe did not know what to make of it, and their charges knew no bounds when the onrush of the little girls actually forced them back, making them break and retreat, the little girls fairly disappearing the infantry without firing a shot during the charge, and then far in advance the little girls found them selves surrounded by a number of the troopers.

In the meantime as the little girls were having their thrill the general Robert Vivian's arrival had happened he coming up with his large army, and he reached to take possession of the nearest heights overlooking the city, while he rode his headquarters in the elegant mansion of general Bealman whom he captured with 10,000,000 Glendolindians whom his army took surprise during his arrival, and before sunset the whole of general Vivian's lines were encamped extending in a line from the heights, toward Evans lines, toward Flooristdale, where he expected to immediately make a junction.

All this while the little girls had been pursued by different parties of Glendolindians who had learned that they were the Vivian girls spying on them early in the morning. In the brush with a score of Glendolindians Violet and her sisters had shot down ten of them, and urged their horses over a low wall enclosing a garden, and a spacious double house, the Glendolindians riding after them in a moment, and though a number of fierce bull dogs came dashing out of a large kennel the soldiers, or the fugitives even paid no attention to them, both parties dog dogs dodging the dog, who in trying to prevent the other Glendolindians from getting over were shot dead by the soldiers. Violet and her sisters urged their horses swiftly down a path under a arbor, through a rustic summer house, and to the walled fence in the rear, swerving things down in the house, as their horses burst their way right through the thin walls with a crash of shattered timbers and other wreckage. Another wall confronted the fugitives a high stone wall, with a door in the middle of it, and the foremost child on the horse went horse through smashing down the door by the force of the charge, and through this the other little girls dashed, and then progressed onward, nothing standing in their way, when they made their mind never to be captured or anything, and with a quick leap and scramble the horses were on top of another mound, surmounting in the direction of the Christian lines.

Never had these Glendolindians pursued any body so hard to over take, whose horses went, where they did not dare to go. Their horses were fleet of foot however, and by making a short circuit they had rapidly gained on the fugitives, racing more wildly after them with the utmost determination to capture them at all hazards.

At there was no chance of capturing the little girls who reached the Christian lines safely without any further adventure. Early the next

morning general Vivian resumed the battle of Tryal his right grand division who made a most tremendous charge recaptured the first fire of the enemy infantry, then, and artillery, but quickly posted themselves behind the works they had captured, and returned it with great effect, while the remainder of the line who had also come on ahead to make an attack found an advantage over the rocks and in the trees, and opened a fearful fire upon the Glendolindians, changing from tree to tree, from rock to rock, and driving the foe before them. Now there were several Glendolindian army of Glendolindians rough looking fellows but fierce fighters, and every one of them fired as they advanced seemed to tell, the enemy suffering severely from the effects of the Christian attack, and from their firing, and though the Glendolindians charged upon them with the largest tim and again, hoping to drive them off they were repulsed with terrible slaughter and with the loss of many officers.

The eighth report is as follows;

3489

2289.

Prediction.

November Nineteen Twelve, to Nineteen Thirteen.

Enemy victorious at Angelina Agathin. Also victorious in east, laying waste everywhere and causing hellish devastation for scores of hundreds of miles. Terrific battles in Galverina. Whole of Galverina devastated. Apprehension of many of the christian nations.

The ninth report is as follows;

Prediction. December Nineteen Twelve.

Flerce war two years duration. Author Henry J Aronburg Darger, writer of Glandoo-Abboamian war, makes discoveries that great Glandoo-Angelintan war is more terrific than it was ever expected to be. Will have to look into matter.

Great christian reverse at Dretchen. General Vivian defeats Hanley in a bloodon ridding battle there completely breaking up the enemy invasion in the eastern part of Galverina. Kintergarden horror ended. But cannot advance and follow up the victory from need of more and bigger armies. Fault of Aronburg mysterious!

Yours truly,
The author.

The tenth report was as follows;

Prediction.

January Nineteen Thirteen.

Have looked into the matter, finding the battles of Galverine, Mc-Hollester, or Aronburgs Run, Cenderine, Beppo and Angelina Agathin to be the first of the bloodiest battle of the war. When will the battle be fought that will surpass these?!

The eleventh report was as follows;

Prediction.

February, 1913.

Same situation in the war, as previously written. Big forest fires continuing for months, consumes hundreds of miles of forests, and scores of cities. Fires caused by enemy and battles. Federal and the Manleys almost crushed to pieces at the battle of Jemie Francis Turner, or Second battle of Kittens Reicherts. 10,000,000 Glandolintans decimated in thirty minutes, during worse onset upon Glandolintan central lines. Greatest slaughter in the Angelintan dream of war. Death of Francis Hanson in Mc-Whirther for leader. Defeat of Glandolintan army under Hanley, who tried in vain to stand before the christian counter charge.

The Twelfth report is as follows;

Prediction and Threat.

March 19th. Nineteen thirteen.

First highest stage of terrific war. Despite two recent great victories, christian situation very critical. Fury of great war inconceivable. Last month of chance for success. No further as enemy is unending and mobilizing new armies to suppress a threatened invasion. No time for success on April the first. Great destruction will follow.

3-23-6

Report number Thirteen is as follows;

3490

Prediction.

May 1912.

Germana Vivian of Glandolintan armies victorious at the battle of Erminio Run or Glandolintan. Christian army almost annihilated, or reduced to one eighth its number, but are safe nevertheless, for the enemy fearing that the christian army is still very powerful refuse to press advantage. Combined losses terrible in the extreme. Hanson and General Vivian wounded. Child called Gertrude Angelina at salin.

Report number Fourteen is as follows;

Prediction

March 1 1912.

Starting heaven for the petition. Though rightly belonging to us, am saving papers, books, and magazines, for Sister Mary Rose, and asking the Religious somewhere at St. Sinto to pray daily for grant; of petition. Erecting shrine altar to pray before, in order to obtain petition, before the destruction of the christian armies arrive.

So rifles will also be made, for the granting of the petition. Making the main shrine chapel neat and clean, no matter how much work. Buying materials of all sorts for shrine. Read Bible every evening, and say all the Litanyes when shrine is finished.

Yours truly
M. DANGER.

The fifteenth report is as follows;

Prediction and Threat.

March 1 Nineteen Thirteen.

Another report of the great battle at Erminio Run. Heavy cannonading all along; the line. Millions upon millions of guns fired every minute. Frightful onslaughts of the enemy tear up whole christian line. Terrible are the losses. Only ten more days for petition must come by the end of the month to save the christians.

The sixteenth report is as follows

Prediction and Threat.

March 10th. Nineteen thirteen.

Five more days for chance of christian success. No granting of petition as yet. Fatal times coming. War assuming the most frightful fury. Glandolintans attacking the christians at the battle of Madoliffie. Great Glandolintan victory at Big Girl Knool. More forest fires raging. Petition will be redoubled. War lasting nearly two years. The whole half of Galverina is laid in waste. Great bloody scenes at Mc-Whirther Run, and Mc-Harran. Hanson reported severely wounded. Results of big battles doubted.

Seventeen report;

Seventeenth report as follows;

Prediction.

Cause of petition or demand for petition.
March 11. 1913.

When first arrived sometime in Nineteen Ten, General Thomas Phelan Tamerline a lake of plains, but treacherous enemy of God, a Glandelinian spy, a murder murderer of eleven thousand girl children, and the worse of criminals caused the loss of manuscript, either by stealing it, or destroying it, because he declared it trash, and refused to own up to what happened to it when asked.

At this time the child slave rebellion was raging. War with Glandelinia threatening. A few days later started new manuscript only to rescue it from destruction the next day. Phelan suspected. A feeling of enmity arises against him. First quarrel, then enmities. Twice destroyed pictures, alone with Annals Aronburgs. War on fiercely. Christians meeting disasters at the very outset. Two of Phelan's slanders which are fiercely resented. to bitter end. Clash in death struggle. Phelan is shot. In the meantime war progresses for two years. Terrible battles by the hundreds. Destruction of many cities and towns, and massacres of children.

Glandelinians of its successful at Aronburgs run and Angelina Agathia. Hundreds of thousands of acres of forests wiped out by seas of fire.

Christians are sorely beaten at Marcosello twice twice. Main christian commanders wounded at Braine run, Glandelinians commander reported killed. At the same time fierce battles rage at Jennie Vivian, or Sunbeam Creek, and Vivian Wickey. Christians repelled and roughly handled at Vivian Wickey. But victorious at Sunbeam Creek. All in war does not help christian nations. Aronburgs must be found, before the end of March or all will be lost.

Federal acting under Manley's orders. Making finally invasion of western Glandelinia. Angelina in general danger. Battle of sidights run raging. Concentration at Vandalla. Battles raging at Zoo Doe Hae Beck, and Evanses and St Clair.

Eighteenth report is as follows;

Prediction of situation of general annals;
March 12th. 1913.

Blain Nightingale christians armies in force. Mamudo Anna Glandeo commanding first foe armies in the east.

Hanson Vivian in command of western christians armies are operating against Ambrose Edwin Fuller. Kindornabe in general Vivian place operating in the north against Federal 1 at Van Vandalla. Glandeo in central Angelina with the christians armies under Bernard and Howell watching Tamerline's movements. Christian general Williams in the east watching phellon, and Shosanna Glandelinian armies. Battle of sidights run lost. Christians beaten in series of the most bloodiest conflicts. They still advancing. Danger more grave than ever.

NINETEENTH REPORT IS AS FOLLOWS:

Prediction and threat. March 21. 1913.

Grave situation. Made thirteen desperate attempts to locate said picture of Annals Aronburg without success. Out witted every time. Grave danger of the christians situation. Only five days more for chance though all hopes are almost already abandoned. Big six days battles at Mc-Hollester run. Frightful carnage on both sides. Hanson Vivian fully through a big battle of Mc-Hollester lanes. Results of the many failures. Another bloody battle at Costelloe run.

Twentieth report is as follows;

Prediction

March Twenty ninth. Nineteen Thirteen.

One army left in east to oppose the whole of Glandelinia. Situation still more grave. Crisis at its worse. Five christian armies disabled, three of which surrendered. War drawing to a close close. Battle of Vandalla soon to range. Four more days for chance. Then all will be lost.

Twenty First Report is as follows;

Prediction

April 12 1913.

Great christian victory at Vandalla. New christian armies forming. War along the boundary line, where the christians may surely get their downfall. Petition too late. Enemy of Annals Aronburg reported captured. Big battles raging along the boundary line with the Glandelinians victorious in every one. Great massacre of the innocent children. General Vivian repulsed at Viviana.

Twenty Second report is as follows.

Free Prediction

May sixteenth nineteen Thirteen.

The cause of general Zetwamm almost losing the battle of Gloria is as follows;
I. Glandelinians refusing to follow up his crushing advantage at Ophelia and Chade in a General Vivian's rash onslaught, on the garnation, Stanok, Mc-Whirt her, and Mc-Hollester ridges, and the refusal of Hanson advise to him of turning Manley's extreme right on the Mc-Hollester and White Rose ridges.

The result of Hanson's disastrous onslaught against the Free Hanson and Mc-Hollesterians, under Federal, phellon, and Shosanna. A loss of the Little n and Big Catherine hills, and the terrible destruction of generals Roswell Buster Johnston, and Kindornabe's armies, and also Hanson's along the Mc-Whirt her and Mc-Hollester Run.

The annihilation of Vivian's right grand division, and the disjunction of scores of divisions of christian troops during the Ophelia and phellon's engagement, and the main withdrawal of Vivian's army was a western wing by mistake.

Only the prompt arrival of the armies under generals Hanson and Robert Angelic Vivian, stopped the tidal wave of assaults made by the almost victorious foe.

Twenty Third report. is as follows;

April 26th 1913. Prediction.

Battle of Weeping Willow run threatening between generals Hanson, and Federal. Biggest assemblance of armies ever seen in northern theatre of great Glandeo Angelinian war. A situation very over the Aronburg register lanes dangerous.

No hope for christian west Africa unless bloodiest battle Angolians in full force. Battle of Chambers Orphan asylum with participation of christian divisions, besides capture of Glanville in force on its way to murder the children....

Twenty Fourth report is as follows;

Prediction.
May 6th 1913.....

Battle of Weeping Willow run, won by the christian armies. Also great victories, at Rauffman, Rouburg, Viviania, and Protestia. Battle of Courndorf lost, but the christian advance is not checked....

Twenty fifth report is as follows;

Prediction and threat.
May 15th Nineteen Thirteen.....

The only success is this
The battle must be increased but won by the Angolians at the cost of the lives of their main leaders, general Hanson, and his brother general Robert An Angolis Vivian, and general Jack Evans, or William Langhanger Zinner and to be placed in the supreme command.....
Armed, victorious army; the situation so, as the picture has not been recovered by March 1913. It already being May.

Twenty sixth report is as follows;

Prediction;
May 15th 1913.

Another report on Glorbia. Bloodiest battle of the great war; Hanley having attempted to raise the siege of Yonnu, Julo Callio, and Vivian Wyckeyl makes a stand of great assaults upon the christian lines, and for an hour or more since the christian center was crushed, victi victory for the christians seemed to tremble in the balance, but Hanley's armies were finally defeated after the most terrible slaughter, and so injured in strength that general Vivian was soon able to maneuver his main left grand division from the No-Hollost or Han, without another reorganization of the battle along that part of the christian line.

The first part of the conflict had been an appalling disaster to the christian armies. Six army corps embracing probably one fifth of general Vivian's entire force, that early afternoon was not only defeated, but routed in that engagement, the commanding officer killed, and the demoralized christian forces driven through the Mc-Harther and Mc-Pollester line, where they were rescued and rallied, by generals Kindernubus and No-Hollost. The new second part of the great conflict was fearful; Hanson's bloody but unsuccessful stand along the Wangollina St. Clair and Oholin saved the christian armies from the dangers of defeat and all disasters too great.
Fiercest conflict ever seen, the battle itself being a regular field of dead, Oholin, Chamberlane, and Wangollina St. Clair in flames; big and little Jabbosia fully captured, but not taken.
Third part of the battle had a fury that was incredible, indescribable, appalling losses both inflicted.

Christian columns a rising back and forth in the slightest breeze ever seen in the greatest of wars. Christian wings rolled up like and again, with one fourth their number killed or wounded, only to rally and crush their mighty wave of assaults, and thunder of hundreds of thousands of guns. Heaven in tumult from the din. God's son of christian times very serious. Christian center crushed and driven in. Last battle is won, christians being victorious. Hanson crushes Federal army by a furious headlong drive.
An exultation. End of nightiest battle. Joy throughout the world."

Twenty seventh report was as follows;

Prediction.
May 15th 1913.

On account of the loss of the manuscript in September 1911, it is found impossible to capture the Glanvillean capital, or Calver Indaby sea. The accounts of these wonderful feats, was in that manuscript alone, and only the return of the manuscript can cause these wonderful adventures to happen. Otherwise these wonderful feats will be willfully held back, some what say, fortification losses shall be avenged on the christians to the utmost extent.

Twenty eighth report is as follows;

Prediction
May 9th Nineteen Twelve.

On account of said articles being lost, Hanson will not be placed in chief command of christian armies. One thing that is true is that both the Vivian generals should be forced to retire from the great war, before it is too late. They themselves will never win it."

Twenty ninth report.

Prediction
June 19th 1913.

In case General Vivian fails to capture Julo Callio, the responsibility will be upon him, his own death, and the destruction of the armies. The transportation of the Vivian girls into Julo Callio as slaves until some other christian general causes the fall of Julo Callio.

Still another report was as follows;

Prediction.
August 1913.

Arms and went to crush. Great sum of savings lost or threatening to be lost. Loss irreparable. Incalculable. Neither Vivian girls or christian nations shall suffer if money is not recovered within January 1914.

No mercy will be shown. A enemy against the christian cause, and desire with all my heart to crush the armies, and win the war for the wicked Glanvilleans.

Losses of too many unjust trials. Will not leave them, under any conditions, and vengeance will be shown, if further trials continue.

thirteenth report.

Prediction.
June 12 1913.

Julio Gallo, Norma, Crowley, and the McWhirther fortifications taken by the christian bastions, though at the most fearful losses. Great battles at Anna Marie, or Francis At Lanta, and Glorinanna-Francis Atlanta a great christ ian victory. Gl Glorinanna at ill raging, decision known but still withheld. Great destruction of towns and cities, and extensive forest fires are raging. War at its highest fury. Battle of Glorinanna have many names, the chief ones being, McHollester Run, or McWhirther Run, Menoretta a or Chamberlano, Rosa, Evangeline St Clair, Topst, Bell Beppo Janbi, Aronhange Run or third battle of Kittens pische-ets. Raging long. Probably eighteen hours. Pierce in the extreme.

Thirty First report as follows/

Prediction.

In the whole two years of war, christians won one hundred twelve battles, as far as is known while the wicked Glandelinians won one hundred and two battles.

Thirty Second report is as follows;

Prediction.
August 11. 1913.

On August 17 12. Club the ugly reasons not stated here was broken up by mysterious explosion. Great loss in child pictures on account of it. Makes the situation for the christians worse. After thrown down. Gain to be paid to the christian nations. Christians to be saved now if God permits to gain the means of owning property so that I can adopt children, without suffering them the dangers of unsupport. Only a chance now left. There will be no other under any conditions so serious that progress in manuscript is delayed layed.

Thirty Third Report is as follows;

Prediction.
December 3th. 1913.

Invited into the Glandelinian army September 20th 20th 1913. in expectation of having chance to see the great war. Reduced in health if critical time, and wounded at Virginia Run severely, and desperately. Battle a devastating horror. Believe all in heaven could not describe its blood writhing bloodletting bloodcurdling fury. Failure of limbs and sight on account of shock received during the great battle, shoulder falls to support me to make further success in drilling.

Then go on the train. Rejected from military service
December 16th 1913. Receive discharge papers December 24th. 1913. Sent home.

Another and a very christian defeat is impending. Most serious break of all. Will not relent in threatening safety of christ ians. Will have operations performed on eyes, shoulder and limbs so I can rejoin into the army.

Another report at ill;

Prediction.
Late Withheld.

Frightful and human slaughter at the battle of ye williger or Marie Osborne woods. Will rage between christian armies, and the foes, under the leader ship of Wionetion, Vivian, Evans, the christ ians, and the foe Germania Vivian, and the three Hanloze. Battle if waged will be written writ t on October 24th no other time. Results is not known yet.

Still another report they read;

A GUE AND FINAL WARNING:

It is to be recorded, that the Glandeo-Abdoununur war raged for nearly three years, and already that a fearful battle occurred, and is still raging at Glorinda Zoe Rae Run.

The outcome is not yet known, though should the foe win the nations cause would be ruined, as its safety is now trembling in the balance. Since September 1913 A manuscript containing the Abyssinilian, Abbleannian, and Tripoligonian war had disappeared most mysteriously, and as long as they fail to be recovered, the christian nations now allied, against Glandelinia will have very little chance of winning the great war, and all will be lost.

The frightful situation at Glorinda, and the disastrous catastrophe at Aronhange Run gives evident proof of this. Calvarinia is desolated, its inhabitants almost annihilated, Angolinda is fully invaded and ravaged, as the frightful carnage at Francis At Lanta evidenced.

It is good to report that the McWhirtherian cities of for or fortifications which held out so long against the poor christians, finally fell, in cluding Julio Gallo, Jennie pische, Norma and Crowley, but ain't there danger of these being retaken?!!!!

The warning also concerns the Aronhange situation, the recovery of phelan tonburg, Big Girl Knool, and Cro Corbithin, and the recovery of the lost pictures of children. To avoid this tragedy, the prayers and petitions for the return of said articles must start before the glandelinians overrun all during their invasion.

March 16th 1913 passed. Little hope of christian success now. War may surely be lost. Year already 1914. Month of January and what is still worse the Plans No. Ten and eleven have not been carried out yet, and there seems an impossibility of carrying them out.

Tragedy at Brigano. Case of Aronburg Mysteries. Vivian girls almost fatally injured. Their lives will really be lost on July Fourth Nineteen fourteen if lost manuscript is not returned by that time.

Either they will be lost or their parent general Robert Vivian will pay the cost with the destruction of the christian armies under his own commands and others also. In this case, under this serious situation, there will be no more shown whatever.

The loss of child pictures, manuscripts, and rejection from army shall be revenged on the fullest limit against all the christ ian nations, and their cause will be hit as hard as they can be hit.

[illegible]

They were called the Great Glandolinian Conventions, and when during the outbreak of the present war, the glandolinians as it is reported found them unoccupied, and so used them, and so one can have an idea how hard

The sea was lashed wildly like a hell ocean by the storm of cannon fire. The island was entered the very first of them. The world had never seen before the McJollister gun which was shot with the greatest accuracy for five months. The Vivian Victory was battered in shell fire, and the author of the greatest line of scientific war was a fire. The battle in the world of a war over land fought in the world over made such a terrible choice and over produced such a far reaching shock. Thousands of children, in abundance, An Angelina, Abbeonville, Abbeonville and others in London Dondola and Tripoli in the most successful reported broken wisdom and had been there which looked about like hell, but no human were reported in it, except those named the heaviest of which were wrecked by the conflict in the shell fire.

Of course a terrible weather sent enormous battle in the war but there was no end, and never in the whole of war at war there over another such a battle so successful in all the world, however.....

It lasted fully a whole hour and three quarters, and was the most extensive battle of the northern theatre of war..... It is remarkable to note that only half of the number of the opposing sides were engaged in the first attack of the battle, which started along the Abbeonville range..... It is not worth while to state the story of the battle. The main description is of the choice. The sea was in possession of the Vivian, and the McJollister side, the Christians occupying the main Dondola range. Most of the struggle centered for the McJollister and Dondola ridges, where the cannon of both sides revolved either to the ground by the command of their commander. The battle there was a series of great artillery activity but most of the battle was fought in cavalry and infantry.

All these writings Violet and her sisters read as carefully as they could, and then deeming that most of it was written by either a Angelinian traitor, or a real glandelinian, decided to take them before general Tansen Vivian and did so. He was surprised when he read them, but he declared that it did not cause any harm to the nation, and that the letters were only mere threats, but that nevertheless he would do his best to have the race racial a run down if possible, and he proceeded to do so.

And I have a letter also here that was sent to me by a strange messenger or friend. He said showing it to them. I just received it this morning. Violet looked at it first and then read it to her sisters, and they were all surprised at it indeed. It ran as follows:

"It was reported time and again that the little Vivian girl called Catherine Vivian, was killed during the early part of the glandelinian or Abbeonville war. But her death is much disputed, some saying that the glandelinians shot her to death, when in reality a gang-gang shall did it they say..... She is one of the pretty Vivian girls, innocent as innocence can be, and as pure hearted as a saint.....

Her death if true will cause heartrending sorrow among her relations, parents, brothers, and sisters. If so her death must have been pitiful for it was reported that she died on the same day that she sang the hymn:

"Can a Boy Forget His Mother's prayers...."

Since that the general Vivian it is reported has issued a decree prohibiting death to any one, singing that hymn in the presence of the Vivian Girls.

The reason is that it would break their hearts to hear it, it bringing to their memory Catherine's pitiful death.

We have also known that Joice Vivian is one of the prettiest Vivian girls, next to Violet..... She is the eldest of the beautiful Abbeonville children. And as she is in looks she is as brave as one can be brave, having no fear of anything, not even rats, or mice. She is very religious like all of her sisters, good as an angel, and the slightest kind deed makes her happy for days.

But she has had many sorrows. Many times she had been taken prisoners by the glandelinians and even kidnapped. Sisters of children, the glandelinians treated her and her sisters with a cruelty which would take millions of dollars to show in pictures, or have acted for moving pictures.....

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The glandelinians were relentless in their brutality upon her and her sisters but they could not kill her, or even them, for she and her sisters seemed to bear a charmed life. She has shown great bravery during the severe war now raging, and still raging, and her greatest horrors were during the reign of terror in Julo Callio.....

Violet Vivian, is one of the prettiest of all the Vivian Girls. Her bravery in saving the Blessed Sacrament, from a glandelinian sharp-shooter, and in recovering the shot into her heart or lung, has made her the greatest heroine of whole Angelina. Fatal as the shot was considered by the doctors who treated her she did not die, being saved by a miracle, when the Priest who she also saved gave her Holy Communion immediately after she had recovered the shot.

Since then she was horribly treated by the wicked glandelinians, who were horribly incensed at her for preventing the horrible sacrilege, which their king it was reported attempted to commit. She was treated far worse than any of her sisters except little Jennie Vivian. It was she and her sisters who came near being among the butchered children at Andreu. Among the Abbeonville general or King's saved her. The color of her hair has

changed somewhat since I saw her last, her hair then having been golden brown, but now is as golden strings from heaven. She is really one of the dearest of general Vivian's daughters and with her sweet smiles spreads cheerfulness everywhere..... I have a picture of Violet when I sent to you in her best clothes where she looks her prettiest, and this picture of her has been taken two weeks before she was kidnapped or taken prisoner by the glandelinian spies, disguised as Abbeonvillians, but since that time a number of months afterwards as afterwards or years I even during the merciless glandelinian war, she and her sisters had more greater horrors especially since the extreme struggle at Cedernine or Stanck where over 45,678,998 fell on both sides in killed and wounded.

After she and her sisters had been taken prisoners again as it had been reported and held for several months, or had not been rescued or escaped until some time after the frightful battle of Pwngaline St Clair.

Jennie Vivian is one who suffered the most. Sorrowful as she is she is the strongest of her sisters, though delicate in shape. She has long golden hair deep blue eyes and is the sweetest of all the Vivian Girls. She is more fairer than Joice beautiful even in figure.

In the picture I have sent you she is in distress over the reports of the deaths of her brothers rumored to be killed during the battle of Aronburg Run, and all her friends who were really or falsely reported to be killed during the same battle. In the picture as you see she is struggling hard to keep back the tears but failed as she was literally broken hearted. Whoever cannot be affected by this picture as I must have quite a hard heart. I have also sent a picture of Violet Vivian in a cell at Andreu which had been taken by a reporter spy, praying for her deliverance from being slaughtered by the glandelinians. During those days there before the Child slave rebellion broke out there ensued a veritable reign of terror, which lasted for nearly a year. All child slaves reported unable to work, were slaughtered in a manner that would have been too shocking to put in moving cinematograph pictures. Violet and her sisters being captives also through their own sacrifice for those they loved among the child slaves had many a narrow escape from being cut to pieces by the blood thirsty glandelinians who hated them most. They suffered terribly however, through it all, and they almost died from sheer terror and sorrow.....

A friend.....

It was not long after this discovery that general Williamson's army had reached the region of the point near Brindis run called the sad La. Emma shore. General Vanley had known of his approach, and fearing that if he should arrive had ordered the glandelinian general Ansonia Lion Gatt with his mighty army to oppose Ziermann as fiercely as possible. He watched Ziermann's reported approach, and as soon as his army was seen started forward with his own to oppose Ziermann. Ziermann observed this opposition, and knowing that if his armies were held at bay he could not close the gaps still left by the besting Christian lines, and all would be lost he decided upon immediate action, and early the next morning struck a sudden and swift blow.

The left wing of the Chindian army was taken by surprise and over-
lapped retreated, but it retreated into an ambush and was destroyed. Turner
advanced forward without delay and struck the central portions of the
Chindian army sudden and repeated blows. "The two opposing armies
fairly tried each other out like two prize fighters, and finally Zimmerman
was so compelled to draw off and rest his arm for the night." Losses
had been severe on both sides, still heavier on the enemy, and so far
to encourage Zimmerman again Gatt withdrew, reporting to Huxley that it was
impossible to hold. 2. Since Zimmerman immediately pursued, and extending his
armies in a double curve at curved shape finally closed in on the fugitive
army and in another fierce action compelled General Gatt to surrender.
This was a terrible blow to Huxley's army.

This was a terrible blow to Manley Zimmerman captured over 700,000,000 Glatelinians the biggest haul of prisoners ever made besides 365,000 cannons, and over 200,000,000 firearms, and many munition stores and overwhelming quantities of ammunition.

"Anlar" was now apprehensive, and did not know what to do. He felt confident however that his army could hold out against a siege for a reasonable length of time, but then the Abkhazians were not wishing for any war; whatever, from the fact of the storm of shells that was being poured upon his works so incessantly night and day and which was doing dreadful damage in the beautiful city already, and the inhabitants had all taken to the cellars.

Three days later after his great victory Zimmerman arrived and swelled the beds besieging christian armies, and now the siege was in full army and general viviano (ann started a fusillade of over 1,000,000 cannon upon "anleys lines, whose batteries responded with great and violent determination. Several sorties had ben made by the christians to take a breach during the next day in the enners lines, and once general vlvian took all days work to storm the enners main central lines with his whole army so that incessantly every engagement of that bloody battle of "ach res was fiercer than ever expected, but general vivian finally had to withdraw his sadly desolated forces, and await a better opport opportunity. Nevertheless he had struck a telling blow which the enner could never recover from at that point, and his batteries night and day was fairly harassing the enners lines with a sunsplitting barrage of shell fire for the distance of fourty eight miles.

General Cannon was bound to make the siege as short as possible having declared to his officers:

"I'm going to force the Gladelinians to abandon the city of Gladelinia if I have to blow the place to kingdom come and destroy the whole Gladelinian army to boot. And I'll sacrifice any number of soldiers now to crush the foe and end this damn war. I'll not slacken any drives and will keep the foe in constant action no matter how much work there is."

"That the historical nations suffered on account of the Glandelinian war....."

"The greatest disaster of the whole Andean-Argentinean war did not strike the opoandian nations who were never engaged in the great struggle, but all those who had never taken any part in the great war whatever. The nation which received over 70,000,000 refugees every three months suffered in food matters only, but others christian and non christian, suffered fearfully in industry and many other things. Salverinia and Ancolinda alone provided most provisions to these nations, and while up to the great battle of Francis Atlanta, the christian losses in money and food provisions suffered was over ninety millions of dollars, these innocent on lookers suffered losses also of a magnitude to hundreds of millions of dollars. And what was the cause of the losses???? Subardines. These hellish ships upon waters sent thousands of craft laden for provisions from Ancolinda which not knowing the names of the Salverinians, and the Andian the Christians sent their cargoes into the hellish boats of these non hosts of christianized subardines.

Scarcely of food and provisions was also Abbaquadin let to suffer, for she was also hard hit. Prices for a pint of butter increased to five to ten dollars, apples and all kinds of food or fruits had astronomical prices, not percent of profit, but because they were so scarce, and finally before the fall of "Winter" hockey it was impossible to obtain any kind of fruit whatever.

prices in everything went sky high, and this was one of the cruelties that brought Abbecheville smoothly into the war, and not her to support the Glandelinian trade for sugar and to fit out the various christian fleets to storm the barricades of Vivian Whiskey. In many instances all the factories had closed on account of the war, and millions of working people were jobless, and were rendered desperate for want and poverty. In all however the main and victims were the children of the oratorians. In Galverinia and Angelina only was the substance of Candy made. With the closing of Mc-Furthier and Vivian Whiskey, and other christian seaports, and the seizure by thieftress of the Glandelinians of the Glandelinian and Dorking islands, all such provisions stopped, and soon no when all Galverinian and Angelinian seaports on both the east and west coast were blockaded blockaded by the enemy. Town persons also suffered from candy and sugar famine, no tobacco or any other was need was obtainable, and worse of all some nations were threatened with general famine. The whole world suffered the effects of this raging war. Building material was scarce, outside of wood, and all erections of buildings had to be stopped. All sea traffic was stopped Glandelinian ships were interned and not allow to leave or enter. The other nations were the sorrows of pitiless Christian days, and practically this latter was the saddest. This part of the tragedy started with the seizure of the Mc-Furthier fortifications, the cities of Aronimur, Muffmann, and Federal, and also that of Julio Gallico, Porru, and Vivian Whiskey, and of the closing of their ports by the Glandelinians at the outbreak of the great war.

Yixian "Molay" is the largest city in the world it having over 700,000,000 inhabitants, and covers an area of one hundred miles. It has one billion six hundred million houses of all kinds, and surrounded on the north and parts by a series of lines of great fortresses called the McWhitharian Fortifications which stretch for the distance of one both opposite shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, a north of the McWhitharian River for the distance of sixty three miles. The McWhitharian Fortifications were established in the year 1941, and was for the remainder of the year 1941 following, as noted by the Americans and Canadians the natives, and believed so strong as to form all the nations of the world, beside the other nations of the world together.

When the enemy landed, secured a titanic stronghold, which proved itself to be able to hold the very world of bay. All the fortifications combined had 385,999 heavy ten inch guns, added by three hundred thousand smaller ones, and 799,000 gun ammunition of the strong shore batteries supporting these fortifications all mounted on high salients. It is reported through the fault of over confidence and a carelessness the Galvarinos had not guarded the city and the fortifications, as well as they should, despite intricate defenses and a wealth of their national guard and several thousand Atlantic Division.

[illegible]

"It was only the cause of the high item of our carcases in Abbeville, the suffering of the other innocent nations, but probably the worse of all was the great suffering of toys and all kinds of other christ & christ-
ian property.

No one in the other nations had the talent of making toys, and no material could be obtained & either as such materials in these nations when tested for such means proved of no value. It made special sorrow and misery among the little children, who had the belief that Santa Claus was a prisoner among the "Glandelinians" as they called them, and that the "Christians" could not rescue him. The children of all nations suffered alike, Abbeaunna too. "Think how the children must have wept those three giftless Christmas days, and think how you would have felt if you had been one of those unfortunate kiddies. But then think of the unfortunate kiddies of Galverinia and Angelina who lived through an earthly hell of horror, or died the death of the damned before the fury of the Glandelinian soldiery.

The world was also surprised, startled and appalled over the news of the wars raddened hellish ferocity, and of the fiercest struggles, the most consuming fires that ever raged, and wondered what now would be the result when they learned of the series of most desperate attempts to recapture the "Mc-Thirther" fortifications, and the cities of Aronburg, Fedderat, Kauffmann, Crowley, Julo Gallo, and Norma.

It was more surprising and shocking to them especially Abbeaunna, when the newspaper reporters were too bewildered to place the many battles, for reports of battles came in faster than all baseball sports and other games could come in in a week's time. As fast as one or two battles was over at one place many others would rage somewhere else, keeping up thus a continuous complication of battles upon battles, horrors upon horrors, disasters upon disasters, and untold miseries, and terrible destruction to home and property.

They also learned of the world shaking bombardments of Mc-Thirther, the still fiercer conflicts raging throughout Galverinia and Angelina, and of the first bloody wreck of the hapless Glandelinian cause at the frightful carnage at Gen Cedernine, and Jennie's murder. All this, while the famine of all dainties that children loved was in full swing, and to add to it came the scarcity of fruits, and then altogether threatening pestilences, and general famines among the weaker nations, when Abbeaunna and others had to aid with provisions free of charge sent in ships protected by a squadron of battleships, and torpedo boat chasers.

Indeed those are dark darrowing days. Abbeaunna almost lost her temper at the series of vehement and violent attempts to take the "Mc-Thirther" fortifications and the others like Julo Gallo, Norma, and Aronburg becoming failures, with the results of inhuman bloody sacrifices and the sights of scores of thousands of Christian warships throughout the year torn in pieces, with cabins wrecked coming into her ports for repairs, and to unload the multitudes upon multitudes of wounded every day, and give reports of a conglomeration of evil tidings of the great war everywhere, and of the facts that the foe were driving forward and threatening to win the entire war.

This apprehensive that Glandelinia may wipe her sister nations out, as Galverinia was already dissipated, Abbeaunna redoubled her efforts, until Phillinashurger Zimmermann, had captured Julo Gallo, Norma and forced the foe from Loann Zoe Rae Run, and Virginia Zimmermann Run, and then with the fall of "Mc-Thirther" stormed her way into Galverinia and finally in a bloodcurdling battle crushed back the Glandelinian high tide at Aronburg Run or Gloribama.

BATTLE OF THE PARAPHASE. DUMPA. JOURNAL.

In the meantime the Christian armies were pushing on further and further upon the Glandelinian capital, and severe actions had occurred frequently everywhere, but not arrived to the fury of general battles, though they had been bloody skirmishes. Nevertheless general Anley seeing that the Christian armies were closing more and more on his armies and the great city which was now only ten miles away from the Christian lines, decided to make a desperate effort to break the Christian line at some point or other. Out of the conflicts he had waged during the commencement of the siege was only this single battle, and a skirmish, the last three general conflicts having not been of severe consequence, and resulted with hardly any real favor on both sides.

Anley decided at first to make movements that would baffle the main Christian army, and then when least expected, to hurl a tremendous assault either upon the Christian line under general Evans, Zimmermann, or general Anson, and Vivian. First he withdrew as much of his army as possible, for they were badly harassed by the Christian artillery fire of general Vivian's batteries on the ridges, and then he prepared for his movements. The Christian scouts however were always on the watch, and talked about the 100 Liberty boys of A61. But they could never beat these Abbeaunna scouts in watchfulness. They saw the movements of general Anley's army and reported each movement to the nearest Christian commanders, who conveyed the warning to the main generals.

Evans did deem it possible that his lines would be the particular ones that would be assaulted, and Zimmermann had the same apprehensive, and thus both warned each other to be on the watch, and not allow their forces to be taken by surprise. For three days the movements of the enemy continued, and then on the fourth day Evans reported heavy firing along general Anson's line, though whether it was a general battle or no or not he could not say. Evans was then moving his forces toward the region of the Paraphase Diema Lorelei River with the intention of driving upon the foe in that location, and found himself confronted by the largest part of the besieged army at this location, who presented a very hostile front indeed.

Evans' artillery had been brought up, and as he heard the noise of firing in the direction of Anson's army became suspicious and sent in orders to Zimmermann to watch every movement of the enemy along his own lines, hurried one quarter of his first grand division of Abbeaunnians upon the Glandelinian line in front of him. The attack was made with the utmost utmost determination and lasted fully three hours. So vigorous was the attack that the enemy commanders had to change front ten times on account of repulses of broken lines, and in bringing up new forces to take the places of the divisions which were threatened with annihilation from the terrible searching Christian fire. The Glandelinian general cheat money, then hurried forward a large force of Mc-Holstein and to follow up the repulse their main line had accomplished to the end results to the Christian forces, but in the frightful melee general Cheatingmoney was severely wounded, and his whole force cut to pieces, and routed clean back to their own lines, and driven from them, with the loss of two more generals, Frank payow and January who were killed.

Then there was a lull for a while, as Evans preparing for a final effort sent messengers to find out the reason of the noise of such heavy firing along general Anson's lines. Two hours of preparations, and then once again Evans drove at the Glandelinians confronting him, supporting the attack with all the artillery he had on hand.

The fire of the battle was now terrific, but the charge was beyond control of the officers, and after desperate fighting for over fifteen minutes hand to hand, Evans was in possession of the Glandelinian trenches, and had driven the forces of the foe southward to their capital.

Anson had been fiercely attacked by the Glandelinians early in the morning, and as soon as Evans had released the charge against his line, and then drove the main force of the foe back from its own works, all was still along Anson's distant lines, and the messengers came back with the report that Anson had been heavily attacked by the Glandelinians under swearing praise again and that he had cut the Glandelinian force of assault to pieces, and routed them helter skelter. Anson later reported that the Glandelinian general Swearingtonaise cut, Benidist Pantarabrooklin Bendict Fan Pantarabrook, Erinde Johnson, Pau Sanders, and Jandforde Johnston, Valian Yallen, Joseph Loma, Gu Gundy, Richeson, Ashington, Balde n, Joe Galsoothia and Adolende were all wounded during the great Glandelinian attack upon his lines, and that the remainder of the foe who had not been destroyed during the attack were fleeing in wild rout toward their main lines, and were beyond rally.

General Vivian, and Phillinashurger Zimmermann reported all quiet along their lines, but Vivian, and Constantin Aronburg had also been engaged, and reported that they had lost ground and that the foe along their front were still attacking in wild ferocity.

At this Evans decided upon immediate action. Zimmermann was nearest to these two and so Evans ordered him to hurl a part of his forces upon upon the assaulting attacking generals Henry Barker and Constantin Aronburg. This was done in fine still style and toward nightfall, the whole Christian line had advanced considerably, and were closing tighter on the besieged, and won another complete victory.

Evans was happy over the final triumph he was making, and expressed it to Vivian and her sisters who were also happy. During the night there was some desultory battles of severe ferocity, but not general engagements.

But the next morning the enemy resumed the battle with redoubled fury. Forty six waves of Glendolindians, under the able leadership of commanders, made a series of most violent attacks upon the whole of General Hamilton's line, while other Glendolindian forces, came heavily upon those under Vivian, Hanson, Evans and Barker and Concentration Kronburg.

General Vivian's batteries swept and tore thirty waves of assailants to pieces within five hours time, Evans crushed the main line of assailants along his quarter, and Zimmernann, and Barker, with Concentration Kronburg, swept all before them with a devastating fire, and promptly counter charged, and drove the enemy back with horrible slaughter, but general Hanson who was more heavily attacked was driven back for short miles, and his whole force outside the second division was in hopeless confusion.

General Hanson found it impossible to sent the last grand division to rally the charge in time, and so while he had his cavalry and other officers at work in trying to rally the troops who were panic stricken, he withdrew his second line to the Stanley hills, and awaited the approach of the apparently victorious Glendolindians. On they came, when they were suddenly swept by a most destructive fire, which tore their line to pieces, then the Christian line charged, and drove the foe back across all the ground they had won, but again the Glendolindians rallied ferociously and once more drove Hanson back to the hills. By this time the force which had been in confusion had been rallied, and they having taken up a new position to the south of the hills, suddenly poured a deadly flaming fire upon the Glendolindians who were about about to force Hanson from the hills, and again routed them from the field.

But having reinforced the Glendolindians again rallied, and swept to the attack, and though their lines were torn in large fragments would have again swept Hanson back, but Evans having known what was coming on had sent a large force of infantry and cavalry around those hills, and these toward evening came upon the scene, and the Glendolindians after the most hardest fighting yet were finally driven back to their works, with great loss, and with the deaths of many of their commanders, who had fallen amid that frightful struggle.

Hanson's army was wearied from their desperate efforts, and so general Zimmernann was asked to place his army at this critical point, as soon as opportunity came while general Hanson was to fill up the gap left by Zimmernann. This was done after all night work, and marching, and all this while serious upon series of desperate fights had gone on here and there without abate, until Hanson estimated that throughout the night there must have been about over 10,000 small arms' bullets.

Hanson had been slightly wounded during the second day of the fight, but he still retained his command, and ordered all the men necessary showed that should be made.

And coming there was a lull in the incessant fighting, and the army had a short respite. Nevertheless all the time the artillery of both sides kept up a continuous and thundering roar, and this was believed to be the prelude of the final issue of the battle. But general Hunter did not deem it wise to attempt any more assaults for a while and so the day passed with only slight infantry actions here and there, and the artillery duel which continued all day long without cessation, and desperate cavalry charges.

How many of the Glendolindians and Christians fell in this three days desperate fighting it could not be estimated, but it had been a hotly contested battle, and no doubt the struggle could equal some of those which were seen in the war during the American Civil War.

Violet and her sisters now indeed that the scene was being a very bloody one, for the enemy were bound at all costs to break the Christian line and that despite their only being four general battles the fighting during the entire siege already has been somewhat incessant day and night.

There were many great forests fires burning now too, but not near enough to be alarming, though it was enough to awe those who saw them at that distance.

The great Glendolindian capital was now in sight, and Evans decided to press his advantage, and give the enemy no respite. He knew that he could not force the besieged into surrender but by starving the city by starving them out because the enemy had no avenues of escape, and also that they were so well provisioned that they could have held out against a siege lasting over forty years, and also had plenty of arms and ammunition. He knew as well as his superior Hanson that the enemy must be given no rest, that the only way to force the siege was to keep up a brutal display of fighting, and not desist until the last fortress was paid, until the enemy either fled from the city, or the walls were captured.

So he pressed forward his battle after the action of the day before, and simultaneously kept his batteries pouring shot and explosives into the enemy's positions. Hunter delivered an assault upon his left wing that afternoon but the attack was only desultory, and finally ceased without result.

A general battle though of course the losses were very heavy indeed, and general Hanson was killed, and generals Gatt, Fox, Wolf, and Lion severely wounded in the desperate fray.

THE BATTLE OF YUKALOO....

Evans surprised all of the other Christian commanders, by being ahead of their own vigorous advance, until driven still more desperate Hunter started opposite against Evans at the town of Yukaloo. Evans had not expected any further opposition right away, and so was surprised indeed at the fury and desperation of the Glendolindians now. Evans delivered about three grand attacks in the morning, his forces rushing forward with tearing fury, and drove the foe from their last position, and then had to stand and repel that son of a gun and wild counter charges of the fiercest force. Of course the charges were repelled in quick succession but the Christian losses were terribly heavy and many Christian generals were reporting that their divisions were badly thinned through the whole of the day. Evans put the Glendolindians completely out of action, and then was able to progress in his advance once more, though the foe gave serious opposition at every step.

All this while at the orders of general Hanson, and the advice of Evans their grandest Violet and her sisters, and the other two little girls Annelise Riches and Jennie Hunter had remained out of range of the firing line, but S. Starring and the other boys were not so lucky and came off unscathed though they had faced the hottest fire of the Glendolindians while they did their signal work on the small and high hills, within sight of the fiercest battle Christian lines. Hanson and general Evans had been also fiercely engaged as they advanced but nevertheless they forced their way toward the enemy finding it impossible to start ground before the irresistible pressure of the fierce Christian advance.

Finally when there was a short lull along general Evans' line, the boys went with Violet and her sisters, and the other two little girls went out too with the intention of learning something, but found it impossible to approach the enemy lines without certain destruction for they were putting in so hot a fire everywhere a mile along the line that it seemed impossible for even the spirits to live in its way.

Evans warned the children to be careful, for he knew full well now the desperation of the Glendolindians who though not yet down were staying strong in the last stages of the conflict and about to fall. All of the various Glendolindian armies during the invasion had been so terribly depleted that only Hunter and those under general Killehill, Pemberton Federal, Pemberton Jensen, Marcus Hall and Linderman were left to oppose the Christian advance.

It was now a matter of probably a few weeks or another month or so when all would be over, and the foe beginning for their mercy. And general Hanson was very anxious to rush on and lose no time, for he was tired of the war which had lasted too long already for the faithful few it had. It was already December 21 the day before Christmas and it did seem that nevertheless though Jules Gallo, Vivian Vicker, and the others had not been at rest, but it was probable that the children of the nations would yet spend a rather giftless Christmas day and so he could be done to obtain anything yet to send to the other nations.

"I believe we are safe," he said, "but I hope we do not suffer any serious loss and have to all to do over again."

"I hope not too," answered her friend "but then your friends the great Christian generals must be careful and not have too much trouble. That is what general Barker said. And I think he is right."

"I suppose you will see your father for this Christmas after all," said Jules Gallo, "but then you can have it until you are old and some day we will be up for this too."

"It is always claimed by many that General Willibrodus was dangerous to the president of all the Christian generals, even better than you dear Byron." "And I am?" "No you believe it?"

It is no "Great Power." His rank is not higher, than mine, may be only a brigadier general, but him who did all he did? If it had not been for him the city of Virgin Falls would not have been retained yet and neither would the cities of Julio Galles and Norma. I have read history of the world, have read the history of the wars in the United States, and our their great civil war or rebellion, and of wars fought done by their great commanders. But I cannot conceive that there is any, could be any that ever was like general Abraham Williamson Zbarrman. For all he has done makes him a general that is feared by the worse enemies of God. He is a regular St Michael in human form. Abraham Zbarrman as she is called in all her attempts by storm and by foul, to retake the Mc-Wirthlin fortifications were really disgracefully beaten in all of her attempts by land or sea all along the coast. Abraham failed to force the foe from Virginia Pan, and from Logan Zos was gun, and the news of this made the world fear that Claude Zins would wipe out Galvorlin and make a direct invasion of Abraham and start something that would horrify probably her Lord himself. But Abraham with all her mighty armies and fleets could never accomplish throughout those three years desperate efforts Zbarrman accomplished within a three months fierce fighting and sieges. After Mc-Wirthlin and Julio Galles and Norma fell simultaneously before him, he also captured Crowley, forced the enemy to run like a maddened hyena from Virginia and Logan Zos was Pan and captured all of the Glanclinton navy in Galvorlin. He also recaptured the town of Phelanbury which I myself was unable to do, annihilated the force of Glanclinton that tried to attack him at Mc-Wirthlin, and held his ground in Glanclinton during the "break up of our Union" while all of our armies were driven out in a hurry. And before God Manley and all the others with their biggest armies found they could not dislodge him or Aronburg nor any other. They stuck like flies on flypaper. That is why I mention and the whole in entire world depend upon him to accomplish the ending of the Glanclinton resistance here at the Glanclinton on Capitol. If the war is won we will all point to Zbarrman and send ray to the face of the world.

"There is the man t who made the enemy fall upon his knees and beg for mercy. There is the man who opened the ports of L'Anse-au-Loup, who cleared all the Galveston rivers of the Chelak Indian fortifications within three months and who captured every strong old the enemy had in Galveston. There was he who wiped out the invasion of the foe in the southwestern part of Angolinda by crushing Taitay at Temula - Urner, and it was he who broke up the entire Chelak Indian invasion at Alorinda and finally caused the foe to ret ire as lustil as they could back to their own country a shamed and beaten nation."

Violat and her sisters were surprised at this statement, but they now believed this was true, and felt that they would give anything to see the great general. Even as if he was reading their minds and:

"If you like," I told you to him. I have a message to send to him and you can go to see him if you like."

"Oh, thank you are a dear," said Violet throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him."

"Your excellency there are a number of the prettiest children
 list little girls who wish to see you."

The speaker was an officer and he was addressing the great Philadelphiaer Edmundson himself.

'You don't say.' Observed the great titan of a fighter. 'Children to see me. Are they child refugees.'

"No sir. They are the vivian girls. One of them has a message to give you." Zimmermann stood agnast. The vivian girls to see him? Could it be possible? After recovering himself, he said

"Show the darlings in." I'll meet the lady over room. And see that
t they are escorted under guard. I have heard that Evans allows them a
guard for their protection."

"Yes sir." Answered the officer and he went out. Soon to come the little girls saw a bit shy as the great general had expected, and after giving a polite bow, Violet said:

"I've a message from General Evans to give to you."

He handed it to the great general who looked at them with great awe and love and then opened the envelope taking out the paper. He read:

"Our excellency general Zimmermann!

I wish you to push on with all your force toward the enemy position at Gerbride Hoffmann. The enemy are making themselves a nuisance there and they must be forced. If you succeed I will be able also to push on still further. Do not give the enemy any rest as delay will give them time to recover and strike you a blow that may jeopardize your army.

Your loving friend,
General Jack Evans.

"I'll do it!" cried Zimmerman forgetting himself or the presence of the little girls. "I was just intending to do it." Then remembering the little girls he said:

"You had better hurry back to General Evans lines for your own safety. There is no telling how fierce a battle they have to wage. If possible when an opportunity comes I'll come and see you little girls. This is not the first meeting we have had though I believe you dear little girls have forgotten it."

After saluting and bowing the little girls left having felt satisfied that they had seen him at last face to face. "So then he was not so fierce a looking man as they had heard of him, and they felt that he could be also one of their best friends. In the meantime General Picknell had arrived with his big christian army and also joined Zimmerman and now all was prepared to push on and force his way from the southern to Gertrude Hoffmann.....

Zimmerman had intended to strike the blow without delay but during the evening he had been forced to wait a while and so by morning while he was preparing to advance his front line to the attack, a report came to him that a very large force of Alandellians consisting of the Zboronians, Merians, Merian guards, Kurds, Domendians, "No-pollentians and Cargolans numbering about ninety two million had late that night and a part of the morning made about fifty two great assaults upon general Pichelli's lines with the result of ninety two divisions so badly mangled that they could not stand the Christian fire no longer and had given away while fifty three Alandellian brigades with all their commanders had been captured.

"It's a good thing," said General Zimmerman. "It shows that General Picknell knows how to command an army."

Then came more report of that during that terrific struggle that there had been four hundred dead and many more mortally wounded.

slightly hundred fifty six killed, and six hundred and eighty one more severely wounded, while three thousand four hundred eighty four other officers of all rank had been killed or wounded also. It was surprising to general Zibornanski but nevertheless Zibornanski did not intend to allow his lines to be annihilated if he wished. Then he fought in independently he never had allowed the enemy to start the battle by attacking unless it was a very good reason and so now he did not intend to also allow the enemy to attack him now when a good frontal drive could break the enemy resistance all the better. To make the first move at about ten thirty in the morning, and without a fight captured four hundred seventy million, seven hundred eight thousand four hundred sixty six rounds of ammunition, 70,000 pieces of artillery, 72,000 tank guns, and a line of anti-air towers and fortified lines stretching for twenty miles. Then he blew up after taking care of all the provisions and having it sent to the rear. Other parts of Zibornanski's lines were so engaged disastrously that morning but the gladiatorial losses were severe in the extreme, the battles being centered but nevertheless so exceedingly fierce and sanguinary that the losses were not known to the enemy generals, and although by the gladiatorial general's death known.

For the Floridia was a position of the foe to the right of the captured storm and ammunition but the enemy after showing a great deal of resistance fell back, and then fragments of the results of only demeritory fighting, and fearing intently that he was not taking advice as he should from his great friend Evans, (though already he did more than was ever as acted) he threw his combined forces under general Everett's true upon this glandelinian position called Zee Run Floridia and after fierce fighting threw all of the glandelinian forces here into confusion, and by a vigorous turning movement closed them in and captured not only the position but the whole glandelinian force as well.

At this time at another point Tannonia came up with the left grand division of Ziemer's army where the enemy had been making a violent counter assault to recover their lost stores, but a serious disaster had occurred, and taking advantage of it Tannonia threw his forces forward like an avalanche and drove the glandelinian forces forward in a wild stampede toward their own men the killing and wounding two of their main commanding generals. General Picknell having seen from report a the movements of Ziemer's army started forward himself to help in the great undertaking, and captured a large portion of the enemy's works along his own front and annihilating fourteen desperate counter attacks, ordered Shoenma's Francis Bank to move around to the left center and storm the enemy's position there which he did, and he soon had the enemy flying here also.

The battle was still in a demeritory fashion but now more severe than before but the engagement as yet between the foe and picknell was the most ferocious on yet. After he had cut up the glandelinian forces opposed to him and threw them into confusion that was beyond control Ziemer's army moved forward his own central wing, and stormed another portion of the enemy's works. Here the slaughter on both sides was terrific, generals falling dead and wounded on both sides by scores, but in due time the desperate glandelinian forces were badly shattered, and forced to recoil in a pandemonium of confusion.

In the meantime general Anderson had brought up his own forces, and while he opened a continuous barrage fire of cannon, he sent his forces forward to storm the enemy's position still held along the Anna Maria Francis Bank. Here the struggle was desperate, desperate and bloody, and most stubborn, for as fast as the glandelinian columns were cut down and shattered they rallied to the counter attack, and also about drove general Anderson's army from its own position, but their main general Fidderson was killed, the whole glandelinian command with the loss of all their general officers, was cut to pieces and routed also beyond rally, and nearly 23,000,000 glandelinians fell into the hands of the christians as prisoners.

An exceedingly severe fire was poured upon the Abbeismians under Ziemer's army as they tried to take the main glandelinian position at Gertrude's position, a fire that spread almost as much desolation as witnessed during the battle of Francis-Atlanta, but Ziemer's artillery was in good and fierce display and laid low all the glandelinians who dared face their ravaging fire, and the fury of this cannonading could be heard nearly fifty miles away.

Ziemer's army had already made good progress and he decided to keep it up and not allow the enemy to rally and make a general counter assault of any kind so he brought up the Abbeismians under general Henry Dwyer and Aronburg Dwyer, and with all the strength they could muster these forces made fierce and heroic efforts to capture the glandelinian position, all of Ziemer's available guns were covering this great attack upon the glandelinian position. For a while so fierce was the christian artillery fire that the enemy were unable to reply but by making a sort of a driving counter charge of their own they managed by dint of reckless courage to repulse the mighty christian attack, but the christian line batteries were at once massed upon these valiant glandelinian forces, the Abbeismian cannon committing the most incapable damage ever heard of.

Seeing every single division into scattered fragments, then the main line repeated another heroic effort to of the christian line to capture the works, and came forward to keep them back, the Abbeismian cannon once again let go with a new shocking thunderous roar, the blasting artillery fire tearing and shattering the main line through and through, and then as the christian infantry moved in a fire of the great's greatest bite mally, the left grand division of the christian center, beaten and routed the glandelinian army and so far that the whole line of survivors was driven into the greatest panic and chaotic confusion, and in one desperate dash the Abbeismian captured millions of prisoners, sent the others flying in a pandemonium, and were in possession of the glandelinian works and artillery.

It took great efforts to accomplish this but nevertheless it was done in fine style and on account of the crushing up of the other portion of the main glandelinian army confronting Ziemer's general picknell had to give way, but one portion of the line at all held firm to cover his retreat, until their own right and left was turned, and exposed to a blasting artillery and was sorry fate, and then finding themselves unable to withdraw, threw down their arms and surrendered to avoid further bloodshed.

The rest of the Free Mason line was now giving way in great disorder, and general Johnston Jackson's men becoming apprehensive did all in his loyal power to stay the fierce christian tide of advance, but a scorching storm of cannon and desolation occurred, many of his men were seriously wounded in that fierce battle, and after making thirteen desperate counter assaults the glandelinians were also finally withdrawn and in pursuing the Abbeismians captured thirteen million more of the free forces and as usually glandelinian soldiers.

The upsurge of this conflict was something terrible indeed, the country vibrating with the din and commotion but never nevertheless the christian line had accomplished a lot.

At Ziemer's right grand division the opposing armies still lay encamped before each other the foe being in possession of a shattered stretch of woods which later in the day the commander on the right was ordered to take possession of himself.

The force of glandelinians at this point was quite strong and well entrenched, but nevertheless general Conscientious Aronburg thought it could be easily won and so he sent forward his forces to storm the glandelinian position. There in the faint light was the most solid glandelinian force a shattered stretch of woods behind them, and here silent still as death the whole glandelinian left wing was clustered.

As the christian christian forces were starting forward, the Abbeismian batteries, thousands of guns starting a riving fury of the heaviest firing, but the foe closed in great masses to their position resisting the torrents of christian troops as fiercely as demons, hurling the christian assaults back with stupendous losses, but the left of the line of christian assaults was still coming on, and though shot down by thousands per minute gained as access to the work and overcame the glandelinians there capturing a huge lot of glandelinians and routing the remainder.

Other portions of the Abbeismian line rallied and swept forward once again into that fiery storm, and though their foremost lines were swept to pieces, they captured and surrounded a large body of glandelinians who recklessly fought to the last in that fierce fiery storm of battle horror, falling in in such great numbers that they lay in hills. Again and again monstrous glandelinian cavalry rushed on on the christians in terrific counter charges only to be annihilated.

Millions of the Angelical horsemen rode against the glandelinians, while at other points of the line the christian cannon mowed men down in such frightful numbers that they lay in the most monstrous windrows.

The glandelinian forces were now starting to give way in confusion and in the direction of Zee Run Floridia the very heavens appeared to burst into flame as a great conflagration arose the very firmament seeming to be ablaze, the hilltops seemed on fire as the forests caught, the very distant atmosphere seemed to turn into fire, and the smoke rolled in clouds, the valleys were channels of fire, and everything seemed to be burning up as the victorious christians were setting fire to everything in their path.

Explosions terrific and fierce and heard for scores of miles seemed to wither the very garments of the earth, the fiery blast of far distant cannon broke loose to add to the terrific clamor and din, and exploding storm of shells made a din so terrific that it was awe inspiring but now the glandelinians were starting to give way from the positions at Gertrude Hoffmann and like ten shattering storm waves of men the Abbeismians pressed on, and like at Francis Atlanta a large body of christian cavalry divided a rallying force of glandelinians from the main body and closed them in, but folly was everywhere for these fools would not surrender for all this portion of the glandelinian force six million strong fought to the last man, as none would dare surrender.

The remainder of the glandelinian force at this section however still remained firm despite the battering storm of both the hammering christian onslaughts, and their ravaging cannon fire, and with their own cannon and musketry again and again cut down the christian hordes as the thrashing machine does the wheat, but the foremost Abbeismian columns finally swarmed over the parapets and falling upon the glandelinians with greater slaughter finally forced them from the works pell-mell.

...determined to start the battle along the main center of general ... line, and so he ordered general Phelan Johnston to make the assault ... duty. This big glandelinian column poured upon the christian center ... front force and fury, and also took the completely by surprise. The ... assault was the most desperate that the Glandelinians had ever made yet ... during the siege, for all of Phelan Johnston's Glandelinian forces ... attacked with almost irresistible force, and finally succeeded in throwing ... a good portion of the christian line into a pandemonium of confusion.

The battle at this point raged fully all day long without ceasing, and it took ninety-two counter assaults which were made by the same number of brigades to stop the onerous attack along this portion, and fifty-nine others to drive them back. Like before all the Glandelinians who made the assault were Zimmermannians, Ovarian Curdes, Kurdes, Ovarians, Gargolians, Mc-Hollesstinians and Condencenians, and at other portions of Evans lines the foe delivered fifteen other great onslaughts, which were at first considered successful, but they were failures. This terrible struggle again took a frightful toll of general officers and they numbered about about three hundred eighty mortally wounded, with eight hundred forty-four killed, and six hundred eighty-one severely wounded making a total of many hundreds altogether. It is probable that the whole Glandelinian force which made the series upon series of assaults, and tried in vain to repel the christian counter assaults numbered about 56,789,999 attacking a force of four hundred seven million, seven hundred eight thousand four hundred sixty six Abbieannians which consisted of Evans army, the most reckless attack the Glandelinians had ever made during the war.

The Glandelinian losses were severe in the extreme, and during the series of attacks the fire along the Abbieannian line had been so exceedingly fierce that the losses of the foe was frightful. Manley was struck by his severe defeat after having raged the battle all that night and day, but never hopeless was not discouraged, and barring any efforts to advance in that direction on the part of the christians Manley attempted another assault which almost threw back the christian forces, but during the respite a serious disaster had occurred with the seriously wounding of general Phelan Johnston, and so Manley saw that it was futile, and sweeping upon his lines the Abbieannians delivered throughout the proceeding night over eight hundred onslaughts of the most savage description. The struggle was fearful general Phelan Johnston on the side of the christians was killed, and his forces swept back like broken waves torn to pieces by the resistance of a solid breakwater.

The battle was resumed the next day with exceedingly great fury, and general Hanson Federal of the Glandelinians made a tremendous and most ferocious assault upon general Evans left wing, and after fighting of the most ferocious character in which the slaughter was shocking on both sides, Federal was repulsed, his own left was cut up and thrown into a pandemonium of confusion, and hundreds of his generals had fallen dead, worse wounded, mangled and bleeding, but after desperate efforts he managed to rally his shattered divisions, and while his whole line poured upon the christians a withering fire, he delivered another assault which continued steadily for over four hours, but the christian fire shot his line to fragments, and though he rallied division after division again and again the troops could not stand up before that merciless christian fire, and threatened with annihilation they withdrew in panic, their general Hanson Federal being mortally wounded, his horse like Raymond Richardson Federal at Francis Atlanta being blown to pieces by the explosion of a single shell of a ninety pound calibre.

The Glandelinian forces under general Pickmellian Hanson also had delivered a great assault upon general Evans center but his own whole command with the loss of all his officers had been cut to pieces and routed, and hundreds of thousands of his Glandelinians fell into Evans possession as prisoners.

Fearful firing also prevailed along Whilliamsburger Zimmermanns lines, as he assaulted the enemy to relieve the pressure of assault upon Evans and he delivered a terrifying assault that caused exceedingly severe results upon the enemy, and within four hours Zimmermann had captured another important position of the enemy and held it against repeated assaults. A curtain storm of shell fire threatened to lay low the stretches of forest in this battle field, the din could be heard throughout the whole region, and the battle raged with such fury that it was shocking to behold. Zimmermanns forces to aid Evans and prevent too great a force of the enemy from concentrating upon him, continued their attack upon the enemy attacking in all their force. Ten desperate onslaughts were made covered by the bravest artillery fire, and while apprehensive over the din of the two sections of the battlefield general Vivian started concentrating his own

chain of batteries, which soon started with fire, pouring a barrage of shells upon the enemy's position, and the enemy tried to reply but they had been expelled so many of their guns upon Zimmermanns assailants, and so they were at a disadvantage and Zimmermann won his second drive before the enemy could rally, and while the Abbieannian cannon emitted fearful havoc Whilliamsburger Zimmermanns line rushed on closing with the retreating forces of the foe, tearing divisions after divisions and scattering the foe to the four winds. In the meantime whole armies continued their attack upon Evans until they were frightfully mangled, and as general Vivians batteries tore their assaulting columns through and through, they became confused and recoiled, and thrown into panic they finally gave up the contest once more and fled in the wildest confusion, and on after them dashed the Abbieannians capturing thirteen million prisoners, and taking their main line of positions and all the artillery they had abandoned.

Jacken Johnston's army of Mc-Hollesstinians alone still stood its ground, but Abraham Mc-Whirt's army was badly cut up and thrown into disorder, and so after holding firm for several hours, until both the left and right flanks were turned his forces also retreated, and the Glandelinians being exposed to a blasting artillery and masonry fire became stampeded and ran for their very lives throwing down their weapons so that they would not be hindered in their flight. The rest of the line then had to give way, and general Manley sending other forces to the rescue did all in his power to rally the panic stricken fugitives, and sent line after line with fresh artillery to stay the tide of christianity.

But in the seething storm of carnage and desolation, each line was torn to fragments, with their commanders down seriously wounded, and after striking the christian forces thirteen hard and decisive blows had to at last recoil, and then Manley had to give the order for a withdrawal and the forces of the badly beaten foe retreated slowly under cover of the night. It was the first lull in the conflict for over forty-eight hours, and the uproar of the battle all that time had been deafening and incessant. All night the hostile armies laid encamped before each other, and with the first dawn of day they arose again. Evans knew that he success was not complete for he had only captured a portion of the enemy's new position, and though general Vivian had shattered the stretch of wooded country in the rear of the foe, it did not dislodge them from their main position, for silent as the dead the whole Glandelinian army still clustered waiting for the resumption of the fray and evidently defying the christians to come on.

The Glandelinian forces were badly shattered, but nevertheless they were not daunted, and deciding not to wait to be attacked by the "Christian dogs" as they called them, came sweeping forward at nine o'clock, and though intending to attack Evans, swerved too far toward the north, and came head-on upon general Hanson's lines.

The fur of the attack was fearful, and despite the riving fury of scores of thousands of artillery which pounded the region into a seething hell of carnage, swept clean up to the muzzle of the christian guns, and in great masses, poured over the works, pouring upon the christians a fearful fire that tore their front line to pieces. For a time the christian line was in confusion, but general Vivian had soon which way the Glandelinian tide had struck and soon brought his artillery in full play upon the assailants, and either annihilated their front line, or hurled it back with shattered columns, and with stupendous loss in officers, until Hanson gained time to rally the christian forces that were in confusion, and had the opportunity to greet the enemy with an annihilating fire, as they rallied and resumed the assault once more. The uproar of the firing was ear-splitting, and excited Evans who watched for a movement on the part of the enemy along his own lines.

General Suetonius Putterfield at about ten o'clock made a storming assault upon Evans central lines, but after a bedlam of horror his force of 10,000,000 10,000,000 men was swept to pieces, and he with generals Bellen, Pickmell, Blasted, Blank, and Pickmell Manley mortally wounded. This Glandelinian force was caught on all sides during this frightful fiery battle storm, and though crushed as they were they charged sixteen times, in ten until they fell in such great numbers, that it would have taken ten years to write their names on the vast hills of tombstones made out for them. Again and again, and still again these monstrous Glandelinian columns crushed their way through Evans lines only to be vanquished with such terrible slaughter as to appall the survivors themselves. General Francis Scott on the side of the foe was killed, and so was general Agricollia and Carcollia Johnston, while general Galedina and Severus Henrysonia were severely wounded.

Manley driven to a fury of desperate sent a force of 13,000,000 cavarly supported by artillery to storm general Vivians lines, and these horsemen rode again and again against general Vivians thundering batteries, like a sweeping, screaming yelling cyclone of the infernal regions, suborning many thousands of the gunners every time they rode over the christian works, and through the christian infantry lines, but all that time and the dreadful carnage the christian machine gunners mowed men and horses down in such fearful wholesale numbers, that they were used by as breastworks by the fresh christian columns who came to their relief.

It was indeed a desperate struggle, the battle being so fierce that the noise became unendurable. As the glandelinian infantry swept upon general Vivians lines, the whole christian line appeared to burst into flame and din and the storm of death and despair destruction annihilated the first Glandelinian surge exposed to it, but while the firmament above the christian lines appeared to be blazing from the intensity of the christian fire, and while the woods and low hills became hidden in clouds upon clouds of smoke from the crashing fire of cannons, Manley brought up larger forces and while concentrating a most desperate assault upon Zimmermann, and Evans paired the remainder upon general Vivians position in the most fearful array, and just as they got within range general Vivians batteries opened up upon them in full sway and all about the reckless charging glandelinians the explosions of shells that galled them seemed to tear the fragments of the earth into hellish destruction, and as the fiery blast of cannons grew a surge and increased the din, the Glandelinians swarmed close to general Vivians lines, when suddenly the whole infantry became hidden in smoke there was a million cannon like crash as nearly ninety million muskets broke into an unceasing uproar, and torn and tangled with their many divisions all to fragments, the Glandelinians began to give way, and the christians began to press forward, there was a shattering storm wave of men along the foe in a moment, and reinforced by other portions of the main body the Abbieannians pressed forward victorious once again, while a foremost divisions of the foe fell to the last man as they would not surrender and so received no mercy.

The Glandelinians storming Zimmermanns lines went to it with great fury, but his army heedless of the battering ran like assaults, remained firm and cutting down the multitudes of Glandelinian waves like grass, the Abbieannians counter charged, closed with the enemy and sent them flying to their own position, which the Abbieannians speedily carried, and falling upon the still resisting glandelinians with great slaughter finally dispersed them also.

General Tamerline Francis was wounded in the eye as he led a charge upon the foe but he was not mortally wounded, though there was danger of losing that eye.

General Evans now learning that the forces of Zimmermann and Vivian, and Hanson were advancing first repulsed his assailants, and then ordered a general advance all along the line, and this great christian attack broke in full sway late in the afternoon.

To stand against this gigantic christian assault was useless. Fourteen counter assaults were made upon the christians only to be cut down or annihilated, and the whole Glandelinian force confronting Evans was compelled to withdraw leaving the field once more in possession of the christians.

One tenth of all the Glandelinian generals in service were either killed or wounded.

The total number of assaults made by each side during the whole battle as far as it already raged were about fifteen hundred. The Zimmermanns lost about one quarter of their number during the fearful three days engagement, nearly all the serving Quarians confronting Evans was annihilated, the Quarian guards, suffered such heavy losses they they could not take part in any further engagements for a while, and while the Kurds were completely annihilated, the Col Condencians, Mc-Hollestonians, and Gargolians suffered greater losses than ever experienced during the invasion of Glandelinia by the mighty christian armies. The Mc-Hollestonians had made about ninety two assaults, and were every time repulsed, and the Zimmermannians had made fifty nine.

There were fifteen onslaughts made by the Gargolian cavarly upon general Vivians lines and one hundred and sixty six which had been made by the Condencians. There had been about three hundred and eighty eight assaults made by the christian army under Evans alone, and Zimmermann himself had repelled eight hundred and eighty four great Glandelinian attacks, while general Hanson for those three days had repelled four thousand, four hundred and thirty four Glandelinian assaults along his lines within three days fierce fighting.

While losses of officers on the glandelinian side of all rank already were about fifty hundred two hundred twenty two of which were killed. It is probable that the whole Glandelinian loss in killed and wounded during those three days fierce fighting including those taken as prisoners were known by Manley but he refused to give out the reports. Severe as the assaults were in the extreme, and still more severe as were the losses Manley had not been daunted, and though the conflict had been so exceedingly fierce that his losses were either withheld or not correctly known, he nevertheless was bound for the sake of the preservation of Glandelinia cause to retrieve all what he lost, and started the resumption of the battle the next day along the whole of general Evans lines, making a series of most desperate assaults which finally threw the christian line into the greatest confusion, but the vigorous turning movements which he had intended had been observed in time by Evans who prevented a serious disaster by bringing up Hanson's Stacks divisions of Conventinians and Calverinians which checked the enemys advance for four hours, until general Huddle came up with a force of Abyssinians, and then the Glandelinians were thrown back with the loss again of a great commander, General S' Shephir sharpshooter.

Fourteen other desperate assaults as incessantly as charges of waves on the beach were delivered upon Evans whole line by Manley himself in person but the result was in favor of the christians who stood their ground to the very last, and raging the battle all along the line with the utmost stubbornness, and finally cutting up the whole of Manleys assaulting line and after throwing it into a pandemonium of confusion carried all before them, capturing a hundred Glandelinian generals, and shattering division after division again.

Simultaneously a great assault was again made upon the christian line under Zimmermann but all day long his whole line poured upon the series of Glandelinian assaulting waves a terrible fire so destructive, that it tore the whole Glandelinian surge, which though it rallied again and again had to finally yield and give way, and Zimmermann following with great fury cut up the whole force and routed it with the greatest stampede ever seen among the Glandelinians before.

The whole christian line kept up an exceedingly severe fire during the whole battle and again like at Francis At Lanta, had spread worse desolation than any typhoon could have done, laying stretches of forests into splintered wreckage, or setting the afire, and the firing could be heard for fifty miles very plainly.

Along general Vivians line the struggle was again exceptionally severe and sanguinary.

General Carnet had ordered his strongest force to storm general Vivians line, and this great charge he covered with every available battery he could bring to bear on the christian lines, and while general Vivians lines was under a perfect hailstorm of shells, and explosives, that made a bewildering din, the Glandelinian forces swept forward with all the force they could muster, but nevertheless though general Vivian could not man his biggest guns upon the assaults as he had to reply to the Glandelinian batteries, he nevertheless had been prepared for this. He gave the enemys batteries the hottest reception, and passed his chain of machine guns upon the Glandelinian assailants and this terrible fire ate its way through the surging Glandelinians, division after division coming on to the charge was cut to pieces, whole armies rushing forward to storm the works were tangled beyond recovery, and then as the main line came on to make the charge redoubled in fury, its massing artillery and masonry fire that plowed it through a charge, and reduced it until only one quarter of their number was left, and then the survivors recoiled in utmost panic, many throwing down their arms and surrendering, while the remainder sought safety for themselves in precipitous flight, the remainder falling flat on their faces to escape the horrible merciless fire of masonry and cannon. At another portion of the line however the christian army under general James Cannon general Vivians right, had been banded back to far by the pressure of the assault of the foe along that portion, that his whole army was thrown into confusion, and only the desperate dash of general Conventinian Aronburg army saved the day, and caused the Glandelinians to give way before day became possessed with such fury as to be beyond checking, they had been in possession of general Cannons artillery, but nevertheless they had soon been driven off and on account of the swarming up of general Gunders front line general Cannon had nevertheless held his lines together and stood firmly, and finally had turned the left and right wing of his desperate assailants, and opening a blasting masonry and masonry fire on both sides had finally forced the enemy to withdraw, and the whole

Glandelinian surge at this position was rolled up in great confusion. The rest of the glandelinian forces still attacking Gannon's line then had to give way or be annihilated, and General McFarther calling up with his forces rallied them and after standing his ground against thirteen onslaughts of the most savage fury tried all he could to recover the lost ground, and succeeding after most desperate efforts, stored general Gannon's lines, and was able to carry the position with great success, but amid the dreadful carnage he and General Gannon both together fell dangerously wounded. The Abbiecians made thirteen other desperate assaults in their efforts to regain the lost position, and so fierce was the assaults that in their desperate headlong dashes the Abbiecians captured a million prisoners at every assault, and finally drove the foe headlong from the works, with the loss of two other generals Clinton, and Gordon.

The firing along Gannon's lines had been something terrible, and again the ground for scores of miles had river liberated with the din and commotion. Jackson was also fiercely engaged. The glandelinians had not paid any attention to his line during the other days of the battle but today they swept upon him in overwhelming forces. The Christians with any fire tore them with fearful slaughter that was devastating, but the glandelinian survivors seemed to care nothing for the showers of Christian shells, and barrage of musketry fire, which tore over division to pieces, and though they were writhed back with stupendous losses, and with every column shattered they nevertheless swept forward again and again, storming vainly with greater fury the central line of Jackson's army, and though six Christian divisions fought to the last in that fiery battle storm, the survivors nevertheless held firm, and as the glandelinians again rushed there, vanquished them with the greatest massacre of soldiers ever seen during the invasion.

Millions of glandelinian horsemen were slaughtered during this fray in attempting to flank the Christian line, and when millions more rode against the Christian position with the speed of racers the Abbiecians cannon and musketry mowed men and horses down in swarms. It is seen that the cowardly dashed clear among the Christians but it did no good for they were threatened with annihilation and withdrew.

At one point of the battleline the Christian line had been forced to give way before the pressure of the wildest of all the glandelinian onslaughts, the heavens were aflame, with explosions, and burning foliage, a storm of death and destruction was pouring and swooping everywhere all along the line, again the glandelinian assaults were threatened with an annihilation, and as the very atmosphere seemed to turn into fire and the battle fields covered and hidden in clouds of smoke, and as the breastworks seemed to be cone channels of flame and smoke, and the living garments of the earth seemed again to wither and fly off before the drum drum artillery storm, and amid the terrific din that seemed to drive all men who heard it the foe still continued the desperate attack, in regular devilish style rain; once more their loud devil yells, until it seemed probable that they would carry all before them.

At the moment the Christian line started to give way before this shattering storm wave of Glandelinians, the foe thinking they were victorious started to press forward with exultant and derisive yells, but General Zimmerman had observed this great assault, and he sent all his fleetest cavalry to cut off the glandelinians who were moving around Jackson's flank, while he sent the infantry who soon rallied those who were giving way, and once more they faced the exultant foe, while Zimmerman's cavalry divisions surrounded the glandelinians who had been moving around Jackson's flank with the intention of attacking it, and massacred them all.

It was difficult however to drive the main body of the assaults back as yet, for the battering storm of Christian cannon could not daunt them, but Zimmerman put his own artillery in action once more with a fearful thunderous roar and while his guns cut down the multitudes of glandelinians like swaths of wheat, General Zimmerman moved a portion of his left wing forward, and closed down upon the left of the glandelinian flank, and drove it upon the bayonets of the Christians in front with great slaughter. Another glandelinian general was killed, and seeing that Zimmerman's forces was advancing Jackson ordered a general counter charge which was promptly made. This attack was successful, and later in the day the foe made fourteen other desperate onslaughts which were only cut down, before Manley resisted in his fierce efforts, and then he was compelled to withdraw his army doleful armies, and retreat nearer to the capital as action being closed in all the tighter, and the only rest he could see was through the city of Glandelinia if possible.

The field was again left in possession of the Christians, and thus went the battle of Tarentello Siciliano, where scores of millions again fell in that frightful war. All of the glandelinian generals in this army suffered from wounds, and scores upon scores of men-generals had

been killed or wounded. Long after this frightful battle the war correspondents could see as at Florinla or Francis Atlanta the desolated fields, the countless hastily erected graves for the dead, and miles upon miles of shattered and burned villages and towns. The number of Christians engaged in this battle out of an army of 600,000,000 million closing on the city of Glandelinia was about 100,000,000. The total number of charges made by the glandelinian army all the throughout the four days battle of the third day four day alone was about one hundred and twenty three indeed a grand total to the one hundred and twenty four made by the Christian divisions. Nineteen assaults of the foe alone were slightly successful during the bloodiest battle of the invasion as it was.

Not long after fierce efforts was made by Manley to drive back the Christian army at Armeekarsch. It was another bloody battle especially for the size of the armies engaged, the battle starting along the left wing of the Christian line, and the firing seemed to tear the air from the tremendous din. The glandelinians made assaults upon Zimmerman in monstrous waves, the fury of the battle turning the whole field of strife into a volcano of flame and din. The firing on both sides roared like a thrilling cannon, as the Glandelinians assaulted Manonians Abyssinians, the attack being of four hours duration, and though the assault of the enemy for a time before so irresistible that a portion of the whole Christian line was forced from their works, the glandelinians were never nevertheless counter assaulted by the main body, and when almost annihilated and outflanked the glandelinians gave way. The timely arrival of reinforcements at this point checked the fearful glandelinian storm and the battle for the rest of the day raged with fearful fury at this section of the line, the Christians holding their ground to the very last until General Vivian came up, and repelled assaults of such tremendous fury that he had to concentrate all his available guns to stop their fifteen hundred maddened hammering onslaughts. All day long hundreds of thousands of cannon of every calibre was concentrated upon the glandelinian columns who continued the assault and committed such incapable havoc as never seen before since the recent great battle, whole portions of the main line of glandelinians being torn to fragments by the torrents of shells as they still came on and only when threatened with annihilation did they withdraw.

THE BATTLE OF LA BOHEIE.

Here at LaBoheie there staged another bloody battle another of the bloodiest battles of the invasion. So frightful was this battle that it would take too long to give it a full description, but General Vivian who assaulted destroyed the left grand division of Manley's army, with the deaths of the Glandelinian generals Twerline Hanson, and Federal Storning. Then General Vivian concentrated toward the left of the position in full force and the sound of battle now was very terrific and could be heard for a hundred miles.

Some of the most marvellous events occurred along the glandelinian center where the worse of the struggle raged in full sway, moral vivians center being the foremost engaged of the whole entire battle, and it was he who though his best and stern strongest divisions were cut to pieces and driven back in confusion stayed a thrilling tide of success for the enemy, and drove the enemy back time and again all crushed to fragments. The Glandelinian general Callahanna was responsible for a disaster along Manley's extreme right wing which caused the annihilation of thirteen divisions and captured Manley's strength a good deal. One of the bloodiest scenes of the battle was when a drum drum fire was poured upon a charging column of over 10,000,000 Glandelinians, which though crushed them to fragments, had he he massed upon another ten million which rushed forward for hours during that amazing assault before they were finally decimated and driven back in the wildest confusion. Then a third time a column of glandelinians the same strength rushed forward to storm the Christian line, but three hundred thousand cannon tore the main line to pieces and sent them flying back in panic to where they had come before it got into close quarters with the Christian line the hundreds of thousands of Anglo survivors retiring in fearful confusion. These scenes however were no the worse as more terrible ones occurred elsewhere. The battle raged all all day without the slightest intermission the cannonading being exceedingly terrific, and the very air had seemed to be thickly blasted from the din.

"It's doing it for their own good." Answered Hanson. "If they don't want to, well then I'll have to let them stay for I'll not force them." Hanson and Hargor then rode to general Evans headquarters and asked him what he thought was best to do.

"On what?" Asked Evans.

"On forcing the quick surrender of general Hanley and his whole army." Answered general Hanson. "There are fifteen other glandelinian armies at large and we fear that they would come upon us in the quickest time to save Hanley and his army from capture. If those fifteen armies come even one after another they may save him, though unable to whip him as feared, and the war will then have to be continued for probably another two ya years. And I'm tired of this darn war now."

In the meantime general Evans had received this message from one of the christian generals:

"Dear general Jack Ambrose Evans; Your little step-sisters were with me last night, after general Hanley's whole army became captured, surrounded, and I must have told you how they looked over the outcome of the series of great struggles at the Glandelinian capital. They saw everything that happened and I did not. Violet and her sisters missed nothing during the great conflicts from the rise of the curtain to its fall. As for myself I have spent most of the time watching them to night. They were sitting motionless for hours, their bodies at least were motionless--gazing at everything going on within our camp as it seemed to come. But their faces. You ought to have seen them. You should have seen the changes--start, laughter, awe and enthusiasm. I could never get it into my mind to begin to describe the emotions that we were sharing one another so frequently upon their pretty faces. During the time that there had come rumors that general Hanley had found his means of escape cut off they seemed to be still more changed, and still motionless, save but their eyes and their faces. That's it their faces and eyes were dancing with some strange delight, and when general Zimmerman's message came the little girls looked as if the little girls ought to look when they are safe in heaven. They were eight certainly. All of the soldiers around who were talking over the threatening downfall of general Hanley, and of Glandelinia turned their eyes to watch your little girls. Even a few sitting in front of Violet and her sisters turned around to look, but they took no notice of their glances, for they seemed to be up to some seventh heaven of childhood's bliss. These few children's faces. You had better come and see the little girls before their happiness slackens."

Your true friend;

General Beronette
True Commander of
Richville Militia
why....

Evans then rushed off to find the little girls but to his surprise they were gone, and no one knew where they were. The real mystery was this:

The only city clock tower since the bombardment of Glandelinia had not been was striking half past five as general Hanley defected and his army turned into the only headquarters he could find safety in selecting. He had scarcely entered the yard when five windows of his selected private office, an unusual and most astonishing sight caused him to rub his eyes. It was a chilly cold day, but the five windows were open from the bottom all their way, and out of each were leaning with their heads stretched out as far as possible fifteen of his general staff officers, all of them seeming to be sneezing most violently, sometimes all at once, sometimes in unprovoked snorts and snivel and occasionally so as to sneeze in a snoring note. One sneezer or not each general wore a look of extreme distaste. Doubtless the sneezing of the officers' noses as he did could cause a headache in a moment. The windows of the little girls' room were also open and a unknown contribution to their sneezing was made by like stretched heads looking out of a rear door, he turned the knob of the door and, and the door opened, and out his face, general Evans entered. The room looking like an ordinary office had no look of any kind but a strong

but a strong rope was fastened to the knob and tied to a chair in such a way that those inside were effectively type imprisoned. It was the work of a moment to unfasten the rope.

"Generals!" He cried sternly "What is the meaning of all this?"

"Your excellency!" began one of them and sneezed with a roar.

"Answer!" Said general Evans. "It was--sneezing."

"It was those darn Vivian--sneezing!" supplied general Roeder.

"Those little bilious--sneezing--balls!" Added general Tacko.

The whole thing was indeed incredulous to general Hanley.

"Do you mean to say..." he began "that those dodgasted Vivian girls, Violet and her sisters--sneezing, sneezing, as sneezing, sneezing, sneezing..."

"Sneezing, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing. Chimed in the generals, in the relays of two and three.

"It is true that those Vivian girls forced you big generals into this room and--sneezing--sneezing--sneezing..."

"Sneezing, you sneezing, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing, sneezing..."

Went all of the generals.

It was apparent to general Hanley after he made an examination that Violet and her sisters had been there, and when after making his plans which he intended to use to effect his escape through the christian lines, they were discovered by the generals they had threw boxes of stuff right into their faces, and fastened the rope to the door knob and the bench so they could not get out of the room, and so had effected their own escape without even detection and pursuit. Realized the truth general Hanley though he almost laughed at the plight of his generals felt apprehensive nevertheless. He saw that he had personally made out of Violet and her sisters his most dangerous enemies, and he realized it too for many times when he had faced them they had looked daggers at him. Now he realized that his persecutions of those little girls had caused him a hell of trouble and even now when his army was threatened with disintegration and he himself threatened with only God knows what those little girls humiliated him still further by daring to spy on him again, and cause all this sorrow after making his plans and getting away. His accounts for general Evans not finding them later they came straight to Evans to his surprise and showed him to this astonished eyes what they had secured within the enemy's lines. After Evans heard of what had occurred, and then sending for the little girls he waited for them to appear, and then ordering them to come with him he hurried into his office, shut the door, and set the whole place shaking for five minutes with a clatter of laughing, while Violet and her sisters though not knowing what he was laughing about screamed out their own laughter because they could not help it.

"Violet and your sisters!" Said Evans at last "Do you little girls know that you can beat the most cynical humorist?"

"No Evans I did not know that." Said Violet still laughing. "What has the trouble been that you laughed so loudly and caused us all to join in without our being able to know what it was all about?"

Evans showed him the document stating of what occurred within Hanley's headquarters outside the captured city of Glandelinia.

"Did you little girls do this?" He asked.

"Yes yes." Admitted Jennie. "It was the only means to escape."

Evans again laughed, and then said:

"Pretty as you little girls are I believe for the Glandelinians you are worse than even the Sherburne kids. Worse than Charles Chaplin we have ever heard of."

Violet and her sisters did not say anything to this, and finally when Evans so troubled himself he said again:

"I believe you little girls have scared general Robertson still more, and if we capture the whole Glandelinian army soon the whole will be given to you little girls and no one else."

"But how can we capture the whole Glandelinian army?" Asked Violet herself. "We are not soldiers but only little girls."

"I did not say you little girls would capture the whole Glandelinian army." Answered general Evans. "You are the cause of it if it happens."

"Oh!" Was Violet's rejoinder and then after laughing Evans and thinking that they left to stroll the camp for a while before the passing of the evening. Three days had passed and general Robertson Jackson Hanley had made more fierce efforts to break through the christian lines in a terrific battle lasting three days at the point of the Glandelinian coast called the city of the Fair of the snows. For many times Hanley almost succeeded in pulling his armies through the christian forces and the most frightful slaughter of the war, but finally the Glandelinian armies were so badly reduced and so many officers had fallen that the survivors so far had refused to continue the slaughter any longer and were for their themselves

up to the christians. The loss is all over it with. "Anley ran filled with
brandy, and recoiled from the fiery christians lines with the aim of over
45,000, and he killed and wounded and pris him to that of the christians loss
of 300,000 only 3,400,000. Two of "Anley's generals had surrendered their
own arms, and one of the soldiers now said that the Glendalins' cause
was really lost, time to desert in fold the numbers put on over to the
christian lines to surrender themselves and to bat for more. General "Anley
now realized that the cause was really lost. The other christian armies had
been burned of the state, and of in outcome, and "Anley that the armies
of Abbaquah in the south had made not forced marches that they had burned
all approaches to Glendalins and no "Anley could not expect any help
whatever." The Glendalins in the end a cannibals and body words and
fled and deserted to to his fate, and there was no end, all this.

On seeing that there was no hope of securing the Christians decided to end it all, and three days later after defiantly refusing to surrender he went into his headquarters, and before his officers attempted to take Araratik but by desperate efforts they prevented him, telling him that it was "foll" and that he would not take it worse for him self in hell for he had a lot to pay for to "Abidg" God for all he committed during the four and a half war. The attempt to end his life was made over six times but a 1 the attempts was discovered and frustrated by his officers, and so seeing that he could not end it this way he decided to risk battle again even if it would cause the loss of his own life, and the destruction of his army. But his army were not fools and they refused to resume any actions against the Christian lines, the officers declaring that they did not wish to unite the army could decide because he wanted to do so.

So seeing every plan useless, he made preparations to bring an end of the error as possible through the Christian lines, and finally that night he met about 700,000 men gathered to escape through the circling Christian army, but was pursued by over a million Abh cannon cavalry.

"Now that General 'Bule' Manley was gone the commander who was in charge of the army decided to surrender. He sent this note to General Zimmerman who was in control at this point:

117000 excellence

"I have received notice from General Evans on and Evans to surrender and now that Truett is deserting, I believe we shall do 'so.' We wish to know what terms are the conditions of surrender?"

Genrl General 'ic'hon.

Phillipsburg or Zinner and received this note from Claudelinton messengers who were sent with it, and after consulting his officers he wrote back.

I for one would receive no surrender from any Glandelinian dog. If you wish to surrender as I proposed request General Hanson or General Evans to accept it. I for one will receive no surrender, and would not do so either if I was the commander of the world. So don't write to me again on the subject. General Hanson.

Willinger, or
Zhang, Ann.

[illegible]

"The report" of our policy which to surrender our commitment to a workplace to avoid further alienation. Was the situation however.

"The young General has come to his senses at last but he doesn't want to surrender." "Tell them I'll call it true but he will have to surrender or else we're going to kill him." "We'll wait, no longer." "The sooner you surrender the better it will be for you, and the loss of your country will be devastated." "Tell him to come to my headquarters at eight o'clock at night and sign the surrender."

The two spokesmen then parted and the two grides lay more silent than they had ever been except that they were forming in two night-kill lines with crossed flags exposed in positions. It was the property for the capture surrender. The christian captives were all assembled together in "ransom headquarters, and violet and her sisters were there too to witness the surrender of General Mahood. At about eight o'clock the Gladiolus general with domestic eyes was seen approaching between the two drawn up lines, the Gladiolus general at one side, and the christian general at the other with presented arms. Behind the general came his officers to witness the surrender and another squadron with the flags and standards which were to be surrendered. He rode slowly and melancholy up to "ransom headquarters, dismounted, and strode up the steps, untill confronted by the great christ-ian christian general. Violet and I followed him in to the room where the generals were all assembled.

General Westcott was a doleful but handsome looking general fatherly in appearance, and as soon as he confronted General Benson he said: "Your excellency before I surrender I wish to submit that I never allow a child to die in the war, nor neither the soldiers under my command. I have proofs to show of this."

"It is true and I have discovered," admitted General Benson, mildly; "but your innocence of my crime does not exempt the military officer of the soldiers for 12 miles," General "Bunker" who like a monk deserted them in time of dejection which he has feared "to save Glendelinda from being possessed by Abi" Glendelinda the terms of surrender are:

"Prisoners will have to stop the remainder of child slavery. Second, all property in Calverda, in the northern section will be given over to us as our own for the destruction of Calverda and property during the remainder of the Month, and as many children as had been slain during the war. And the date of the war will have to be replaced by the children of your own nation orphans or not. And also a fine of one million dollars shall be paid for the destruction of property in Calverda which will be the highest fine we can impose as we shall keep all prisoners we have taken during the conflict to make them rebuild the ruins, fix up the farms and so on without pay until all work is finished and the scars of war are compelled to disappear. Then the prisoners will be allowed their freedom, and only those who can prove they never took part in the entire destruction of children's lives.

"These are the terms I would upon Ghanaian. If she wished wishes to have peace, and wishes to retain her freedom which we were forced to give her when she rebelled against us so long ago. Otherwise we will take possession of her country and make everyone our subjects and slaves for twenty years."

For a time the gladiolus general was silent as he pondered on this
problem. Now, but there was no way out of it and the gladiolus general
could see it too. So fearfully did the Galvianian country have desolated
and only during the war that it was considered almost wiped out. As lives
and property, Amvethin had also been horribly desolated, as many of their
people died out so terribly that not over a million men survived out of
all those that served during the three years of the war. So finally wished
an hour's time to make his decision but General Hanson said:

"As I stated before I cannot and will not tolerate any delay
any longer. You must decide at once, and at once it shall be. It is necessary
for you to go as good as well as ours that there be no delay. We wish the both
of you to see this war is finished and the sooner you accept the better. There
will be some leniency shown by the fifteen years to me. The fine same.
And your action is so far that it cannot say that the fine cannot be paid.
If the fine is refused then the prisoners of war you shall give the life
of the children who were in slavery under your wicked owner for all these
fourteen three years, and therefore this will be in consideration of Abraham's
life is given to me and is ended. The acceptance the surrender in Abdomin
was not for Gola sake don't be a fool and delay it. If you are not so
of the other women in you will listen to reason and would as soon as me
wish."

"Will do so," was the answer, and General Wickham presented his sword which General Hanson very graciously returned as well.

"We do not wish to take your sword." "I don't want it." "We wish you to sign your name on this slip of paper." "This is the method we have for

...and enter the city and set up your silver standards, and then your standards
...and then your standards.

The defeated Glandelinian general took the city of Glandelin and reeling
...and then your standards.

"I heard 'Hickoo' as sure as I'm in the Glandelinian army, for only under
the command of Hanley who deserted to the ... and
the surrender is witnessed by three hundred Abbeannian commanders, the
Vivian Girls, and my own officers. Signed.....

Finally signed his name with slow but sure and steady hand. Then he
presented his sword to general 'Hannon who again returned it to him.
"It is I, I am not general. For you and your army the war is over.
"I'll allow you and all of your officers the kindness of freedom
but the army shall be retained as prisoners until the city of Glandelin
and children confesses themselves, and allow allow themselves to be slaves
until all the havoc in Calverinda and Angolinda is atoned for. You may go."
Then the Glandelinian generals after placing their swords and pistols, and
cartridge belts on the table withdrew in double file with down cast heads,
and finally left the building, looking toward the army in gray with eyes so
and not so noble that it touched the hearts of their own enemies
and striking their bad shaven heads several times violet and her sisters
saw the defeated generals led their horses away through the silent
and profound respect of his christ i their christian enemies, and
the respect and careful war worship of their own men who were filled before
and among broken debris of wagons and runw and past skeleton horses
and skeleton men. Then came the surrender of flags, artillery and
firearms, and then of buildings and army tents.

It was the greatest surrender of a Glandelinian army that had ever
occurred. It was reported that the number of men captured was incredible
and of the provision and other things at all more incredible. The reports
of the capture are as follows:

Glandelinian privates captured after surrender of general 'Hickoo;
177,999,999.
Artillery: 100,000 guns of heavily calibre.
Small artillery. 45,000 machine guns.
Field pieces. 10,000.
Glandelinian provisions trains. About forty. Wages about 10,000,000 wagons.
Rounds of ammunition. 800,000,000.
Muskets and pistols. 98,979,976.
Force of cavalry. 10,000,000
Surviving officers. 17, (17,962.
Artillery cases - caissons. 156,666.
Horses. 178,888,888.

It was indeed the biggest haul the christians had ever made. The armies not
needed for further battle was detailed to guard these prisoners, in their
northern march for Calverinda, while others were sent to help the
distant christian armies to move against the remaining fifteen Glandelinian
armies and 11 standing firm, while Evans, Zibermann, Vannon, and
general Vivian proposed to go after 'Hannon and his one hundred thousand
before he could retreat.

Soon after the great surrender general 'Hannon said "Forward"
The day he crossed the great Eridula, he said it to the armies operating
against the fifteen other Glandelinian forces. After another battle south
of Glandelin he said it again, and the last brutal report of howling
down the southern battlements and sea wall of the Glandelinian struggle, was
again well under way. Throughout those bloody days violet and her sisters was
still with Evans, and Zibermann making a swift two weeks tramping march
toward the men refused to intercept 'Hannon, and cut off from enemy though
'Hannon had managed to swell his scattered force up to a full million
men. In January the city of Glandelin held by 'Hannon fell under the
terrifying blows and in that same month violet and her sisters saw all of
their recent conquests Glandelinian and everywhere after the battle
of 'Hannon. Later in the last of January the Glandelinian Confederacy toppled
at the western part of the 'Hannon line under Zibermann's blow at the
battle of 'Hannon. So after many months, three more battles, and
many a skirmish, the nation of Glandelin and the million and hundred

All the statements that was demanded upon Glandelinian could not be placed
here, and would have to fill a thousand books twice the size of this story
to describe the all. For every prisoner had been captured their number was
withheld by the Abbeannians, but nevertheless they were already marching
through Calverinda to its northern part for the internment a camp and work
soon was planned in which the Glandelinians would have to do without pay
for the havoc committed in Calverinda and Angolinda. It was fair to make
them do it, for Glandelinian had ruined property of the christian countries
and it was the duty of Abbeannia to make them repair it and under the lash
too if necessary.

About four weeks after the surrender of general 'Hannon,
general 'Hannon Vivian himself decided to march his own personal armies home
ward bound, his brothers was to follow, but Evans and Zibermann and the
others were to remain in Glandelinia until given further notice. Violet
and her sisters was requested to follow but as general Vivian declined to
leave Glandelinia as long as Evans remained, general 'Hannon decreed that his
brother concentrate with Evans, and that Violet and her sisters were to remain
until the purpose was started in which to pursue the rascally Glandelinian
Eric 'Princes and Queens who had escaped at the approach of the
christian armies.

'Hannon's armies and some others were soon on their way back through
Calverinda by train, having passed on series of trains through Angolinda,
and thence through Calverinda, and so complete was the victory of the
christian nations that though they witnessed the ruins of the Glandelinian
and Angolindian soldiers, the towns meant the soldiers only as a hymn
and other songs, besides the very pieces sung in 'Meriv America as the
"Red White and Blue," "The Star Spangled Banner, Battle Cry Of Freedom,
and many others, as well as "Marching through Georgia. Also by Abbeannia
in the meantime preparations were being made to relieve the suffering victims
of the cruel war, ships laden with goods of all kinds, toys and presents
and the like which had been interned in the Glandelinian ports for four years
which were forwarded to all the nations that had suffered. The ships
had been rushed by the thousands, so as to make the work as quick as possible
and not allow another sad Christmas day come for the innocent children of
the other christian nations.

It was indeed a great joy to these nations to learn that the
mighty power of wicked Glandelinia had been crushed, and the rejoicing
throughout the world was tremendous. All the suffering victims in Calverinda
and Angolinda had also been fully aided even during the war, even when
the Abbeannians first burst through the barrier on the boundary line of
Abbeannia, where unnumbered tremendous battles had also waged until nearly
a hundred more had been fought, and now all seemed more happier again.

The ruins in Calverinda however was fearful. The wreckage of cities in
Angolinda was greater in dimensions also but not so severe as Calverinda
which had been overrun a hundred times like Serbia in the great world
war.

And during and after the war Glandelinia had been justly punished.
In fact the christian side suffered the most, but that was in the loss of
property. The slaughter of soldiers during the war had been greater among
the Glandelinians who had shocked the christian armies so frequently with
their millions of tremendous onslaughts, and also a good portion of their
own land had been frightfully devastated.

Their best leaders had fallen, nothing survived of any of their
most abled bodied generals, except those who had resigned in the war, or
general 'Hannon 'Hannon, who had been captured, and then forced
to surrender. And worse of all their capital had been hammered into
total ruins. The whole city of Glandelinia which would hold three Chicagoes,
New York and London put together, a city nearly as large as Vivian
'Hickoo had been intirely smashed into fearful wreckage, and their capital
building had been ransacked, and all its belongings carried off by the
victorious christians and then burned to the ground. The kings palace
had also been demolished, and about as one quarter as much forest as
in Calverinda had been burned in Glandelinia. Great floods as predicted
before had been let loose, drowning hundreds of thousands, and rendering
scores of millions of per people homeless, and the losses in every other
material had also been heavy.

The war had raged for those four years and seven months with such
unspeakable fury that indeed it could have seemed as hundreds of millions
of those Abbeannian typhoons had raged on every battle field, and every
battle itself had caused more widespread devastation than any number
of typhoons in a more certain point....

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3529.

It seemed to me that the catastrophe struck not the world when it was launched but at the very beginning of the Christian faith. The Jewish nation was captured and fallen, and that general Herod was left with only a fragment of an empire and not the whole. The whole Christian nation was left to speak over the ruins. In every Christian until a few years were flowing, thousands of celebrations went on, "Millions of houses were built by thanksgiving in the Catholic church, and the children cheered and were once again happy for now a time all the western and eastern Catholics and Anglican reports were made, covered the Christian's Christian's horrors would come to over."

Abkhazians felt happier too, and their population was fairly wild over the news of Glendwinas fall, and celebrations were about as noisy today in Abkhazania as in the Glendwinian war was raging at her very doors. In Gvarkavia there was very little celebration as it was too desolate to cheer the surviving inhabitants, or returned wounded soldiers, but in Angulud Angulinda there was also some excitement.

7. It was as if the whole world was cheering at one time, and to many nations were joyful all factories in every city of the world closed for a week, and fire crackers were used so freely that the din of their explosions was terrific. The most remarkable part of the celebrations was of the numerous objection flags bearing from every window, or across the streets, in the cities of the nations, the flags on staff and of the school children in their own protest celebration, which made a scene which would have amazed and thrilled any one who could have observed it. So a week at these celebrations following at first that all their good news about the fall of the Glendalvin captives was false, but it was not until the news also came in that all of eastern and southern American Glendalvin was in possession of the children, and that very evening of the fire had been destroyed or captured, the whole world went wild with joy and excitement.

"Gloria! Gloria! Gloria!" they heard everywhere in the streets of
Abbeville as they called themselves. "The war will soon be over. Gloria!
Gloria!"

Of the celebration mentioned Abbe's name was the noisiest. Her fleets of ships continued to fire shots over the offu occurrence, and all shore batteries also joined in, schools were closed for the celebration, and all the convents and hospitals, and other great institutions were dressed in the building and place of Abbe's name.

And so your flag flew from the windows that it made a very pretty sight and sometimes fell occasionally so that when thrown from every window and roof of the buildings that the houses at the distance of one hundred feet could hardly be seen, and the celebration took place in the area which was over three feet deep in ash, snow.

It certainly was indeed great news, and was a great cause for all the celebrations that were going on. Violeta, sister and Aunt who were then settled in Abbeinnia also took part in the celebrations, not only of the room next but because so many letters had informed them that their beloved little girl, Carlos was just as safe as if she had been in Abbeinnia with them all the time. Of all the excitement during the celebration, all of it cannot be told. The ten "border" or "border" soldiers who were wounded beyond chance of recovery in the to rejoice their work, were cheering with the rest as the train pulled into the station, and all the visitors, made an immense cheer. Great fires were even made purposely on account of the celebrations which had the firm departments on the trip, but nevertheless the joy was so great that it did not seem just to punish the men dancers, who anyway did fire to the silent abbeinn, and hence what other did not seem to punish or what were of no use to the owners, to not cause a wrong had no. The firm "border" men.

The building was the site of the first meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers, which was held in 1882. The building was the site of the first meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers, which was held in 1882.

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The brave stand of general Everette True and his routing the gladiolabium saved general Humsan with him from apparent disaster of a free - seriously jeopardized condition. And general picknell not being wounded at the highest fury of the fray along his lines his army could probably have made as great a success as Everette True did but with a good part of the assembling; and his line of gladiolabium had been frightfully shattered and torn and mangled and driven into confusion general picknell fell severely wounded while urging his men forward to make a further counter charge, and so his whole line gradually went to pieces, and only the main efforts of Everette True and his other commanders to resist that tide of gladiolabium managed to prevent them from winning from picknell's badly torn lines with a terrible fury that forward does upon a shattered army, until he had armed the remnants along his lines, and then forced them to retreat back to a counter charge, and the gladiolabium rear line, finally routing picknell's assailants like sheep a full forcing them to retreat without any hope for further reorganization so good the best to stop picknell and Everette True's lines. The bloodied battle that occurred in the center of gladiolabium. The gladiolabium before they had been slayed had mangled against picknell's badly crushed lines like the thousand horses of the Argentine army, the thing all day long coming and going, and still along like a million steam, the explosions by the hundreds of thousands and the main number of an unliking orptions by the hundreds of thousands, and the whole battlefront was a scene of the hideous and carnage. And the millions of the armed all general givem batteries around an ridges of mountains, and the columns of the Mt. Colerian line, the plains and mountains as if in conflagration and the ground was covered with a general all from the last terrific day.

At this critical moment General Phillippshurger Zimmermann had arrived with his army of Abyssinians and Calverinians, and observed the disaster to the christian army under general Hanson yivian. It was too late to rally them, and Zimmermann's army stood its ground all the rest of the day covering Hanson's retreat, and then held the enemy at bay until Hanson's badly crushed army could be reformed. Night closed the scene, and it was believed that general Zimmermann would change his position and withdraw his forces from the foe: Zimmermann did change his post positions that night, but brought his army so close to the enemy, that in apprehension they had to storm his lines most unmercifully during the whole second day. The battle had raged on that second day with the most frightful fury, but it was of no use to attack Zimmermann's army, which not only held its ground like grim death, but made such a storm of crushing counter charges, that general Hanley was glad to withdraw his army from the frightful butchery, and escape to save his army from destruction.

Phillippshurger Zimmermann was the most trusted general that Hanson yivian or even the whole nation ever depended upon. Even when his army even though victorious at the battle of Catherine Jackson, and also reduced to remnants and crushed was reported as annihilated and annihilated, and when the last stand of Christianity was on, he did not give up hope, but drew from Angelinia the many standing armies not yet in action, and when his armies were filled with reinforcements from the suddenly approaching Abissinians and Angelinian troops from Angelinia who had succeeded in breaking through the barrier near Calverine he crushed his way through every opposition and met from the enemy, proving a veritable human cyclone like Federal himself only worse and made such cyclonic attacks that he finally broke up for good and all the glandelinian invasion at the bloody battle of Gloria or Aronburg Run.

Even after the end of the war approached, Zimmermann was left in command of all the christian armies who were to remain in glandelinia with the intention of overpowering small bodies of glandelinians who may be still causing trouble, as all did not as yet surrender, and also to prevent any further uprisings from the main nation, and to suppress it should it occur. For all he had accomplished during the war Zimmermann was now trusted to this great work and his armies were as numerous and as strong as when the war was brought to a close. Other armies had also been left in glandelinia and also one was left to keep in possession of the wrecked and devastated city of glandelinia until the governments who had moved to the city of purkellin agreed to the fines which was imposed upon glandelinia for the brutal slaughters of children and damage done during the long and bloody war.....

Though all was quiet Zimmermann has had occasionally reported that heavy conflicts still occurred, with armies of glandelinians in small bodies which were still at large, and he had received instructions to run them down at no matter what the cost, and to use all the harshest measures possible. Violet and her sisters since they returned to Abissinnia, at the close of the war, and who were now in their old fashioned garden where they had kept the young plengiglomenean serpent, but which was full grown now felt happier than they had ever been before and during the war, not because the war was over, but because of their share of the fun and excitement they had during the strife itself. They had as yet not forgotten the scenes of the far war, the havoc committed, by the battles and the enemy, and also the great forest fires, several of which were still burning, but nevertheless it was the same as allowing by-gones be by-gones, and though they could never forget all these horrors, they nevertheless did not feel so bad about it any more and felt almost proud that they had been the chief heroic heroines of it all and done more than any soldier on either side, and went through more excitement also. They also thought of the young young plengiglomenean creature they had left in the garden and of the many they had seen during the war especially those they had observed attacking the wicked wicked glandelinians for their misdeeds.

Though the war was ended in glandelinia itself the foe had yet to be conquered in Calverinia. It was the purpose of the christian generals to crush glandelinia by an immediate driving invasion while her armies most of them were in Calverinia, and thus by weakening glandelinia render her too helpless to support the armies fighting the Abissinians and Angelinians in Calverinia. This plan had been carried out most successfully though already the war was in duration over four years. But the shooting of the two Manleys as had been reported had not been fatal after all. There were two other Manleys called John and Guebaum and these had conducted the defense against the christian invasion, while the other christian rascally Manleys had been operating their armies in Calverinia. Federal it is true was put out for good but there was another Federal still surviving by his very same looks though not so dreadful in his ways.

Violet and her sisters felt disappointed when they learned that they had never shot the two Manleys but then on other occasions they also felt glad as they felt sorry for them more than anything else and the little girls believed that this was a sign from God that their prayers for the conversion of the Manleys would soon be granted. General Hanson and his brother with Zimmermann and others had left the immense christian armies behind to guard glandelinia and her provinces while they went back to Calverinia to once more resume command and to help crush the glandelinians in Calverinia and end the entire war. The armies left in glandelinia were commanded by thirteen high generals and sixteen hundred other lower generals and so they were well supplied with good officers and did not fear that glandelinia could crush them out of their country and give more support to the fighting glandelinian armies in Calverinia so that badly depleted in the end the glandelinians would soon give in and Calverinia would be free.

The enemy it was learned under the three original Manleys were concentrating three large separate armies toward Mary Mc-Allister Run and Violet and her sisters desiring to see the outcome went there with some of the better christian armies, and with Jack Evans.

[illegible]

General Hanson -ivian.

~~SECRET~~ B 313

Wang was not alarmed at the note and so was "Jolet and her sisters" who had been surprised at the fury of the old wife. She had fairly thrilled them to the heart's full of general Chinese soldiers had been excited when word of the distant foe forces threatened with demonstrations, and some spiritual enervating but nothing serious had occurred. Wang responded to Hsiao-mo's telegraphed note by telegraphing back:

"I have heard the fierce conflict all day yond yesterday and was surprised and so were the little girls that so fierce a battle should have been raging when we had hopes, all of us that soon the fighting would cease, and the war come to a speedy end. My lines a have been severely tested by the fire of Glandelinian batteries, and also we have been threatened by a portion of the Glandelinian army when I learned under general Ignorance Wickey, but no assault occurred any where, though I received constant reports that firing of heavy consequences was heard among the railroad lines of the Pandora and Ho-Hollerster east of Glandelinia.

It is true that I have escaped a general battle, and I believe it is wise that we do something to lighten the capture of the so called Manley before those other fifteen Glundelinian armies manage to break through the southern Christian armies, and crush us altogether.

I have heard that those two armies came from an unexpected direction, that they never came from those other fifteen armies, and were under two other generals whose names we know not among those fifteen armies. So it may have been some other Mandelintian armies, who had escaped the christian forces in the east, and rushed to the attack after arriving here in their fierce endeavor to rescue Hlan'ey and help prolong the war.

We can hope and pray your excellency General Hannon that the this will be the last battle of such horrible fury, that the war despite all the way it seems will have a speedy end, and not prolong too

Your friend and loving
MOTHER

General Jack Ambrose Evans.

The next move on the part of the christians was intended upon Hanley. Hanley had a strong full foothold upon the neighboring hills, which though he had a mere handful compared to the size of the christian armies, was able to hold out for weeks if possible. Violet and her sisters felt disappointed at the slowness of the capture of this great glendellian chieftain, but then overhaste would mean disaster and they waited. They had decided to go and spy on the enemy, and see what general Hanley intended to do, but just now for fear that something might happen to o then, as the foe were ever more watchful general Hanson himself would not permit anyone to let them go, and so the little girls decided to wait circumstances, and see what would turn up. Demand after demand had been sent by wireless to general Hanley to surrender, but he had continually sent defiant refusal, and the only answer many a time was:

"Don't let me to surrender you dirty christ fan curs. Who in hell don't you come and take me. I'm ready for you an' thins." It was finally intended by the christian officers to make an assault upon those foot hills at all points at once, with as many divisions of Abyssian killans and Abhionnatus that could be spared. General Zee Rae was to lead those assaults. The assaults were ate attempted, an' their ends by the most overwhelming numbers was repulsed by the ononys withering fire and they fairly ran back to their lines leaving those hills strewn with myriads of their dead and wounded.....

Violet and her sisters had succeeded however in maintaining the position of ambush on the enemy, surrounded by the christian armies, and after having crept around the enemy lines unseen for some time without learning any information they were now aroused with a sudden start, and with a frightened sense that some one was near them, though at first they could not hear a sound except signal rockets which were then shooting into the sky. But being suspicious they lay very still in their hiding places, their hearts beating high—and so sure that their instinct was true that they were not even surprised when they heard a voice in a thicket above—a low voice but one they all knew perfectly well!!!!

"I tell you general Manley those Abbeinnian cavarly sent by Evans and who is commended by Wrigley is coming up the Brimnie River now. They are going to stay in the hilly region of planks to night, and those crazy Abbeinnian cavarly men will be coming through the hills tomorrow about the first streak of daylight by tomorrow or the next day sure. That christian cavarly leader has not a lot of men, but we can lawmy them fool in the cap and get away all right. We'll tothen like a most desperate effort to break through the christian line at their weakest point."

It was the fierce Glandelinian general Ned Dillon speaking, general Evans Dillon's brother answering:

"I don't want to kill anybody but that damned general Wrigley—Wrigley Buford as he calls himself."

"Well we can get him all right if you do as you are advised. Get another which the little girls recognized as Manley's voice. The heard that day they were a looking for us, and was going to catch us if they could. I'll never surrender and I'll make sure if possible that those christian dogs will never capture me alive...."

"I wish I knew that that was so!" said general Evans with a profane oath. "I have a one of those damned christian dogs would get away if I knew it was just so. But we'll get general Buford as sure as hell. You go tell the boys to guard the gap to night brother dear. The dirty christian dogs might come through before daylight."

And then the noise of their footsteps faded out of hearing, and the little girls rose and sped for the distance of the christian lines. They however sped quickly toward the direction of the gap. "Any times the little girls had to dart into the bushes while unknown men on horseback rode by them furiously, and once the little girls came near being caught by a swarm of Glandelinians on foot all hurrying at Manley's order to the gap through which the brave little girls must go."

Then the saddy road turned from the river, they went slowly along the edge of it, so that if discovered by any of the Glandelinians they could leap with one spring into the bushes. It was raining a cold drizzle that began to make the little girls realize the comfort of heavy rainstorm but it did not chill them as they could even on their naked bodies stand the heaviest cold. But once when Violet swallowed a fly it bothered her so violently so that she was half afraid that she might betray herself and her sisters. At the mouth of the gap it being now night the little girls could see fires on each side of the road in low struts, and could hear low talking, but being cautious the brave little girls had no difficulty in passing the fires on the other side. But on where the gap narrowed there was trouble. It might have been an hour before midnight, when they tremblingly neared the narrow defile of one of the gaps.

The rain having ceased, and as they crept around the boulders the little girls could see by the light of the moon between two black clouds sixteen sentinels beyond. The crisis was at hand now. The little girls slipped to one side of the road, climbed the cliff as high as they could and crept about it. They were past one picket now, and in her eagerness Violet's left foot fell or she slipped and she half fell. She almost held her breath and lay still. So did her sister sisters.

"I hear something up there in the briars." Shouted the second picket. "Wait!" The little girls kept still more quiet and the picket who had passed in laughed aloud.

"Going to shoot empty air are you." He said jeeringly to the second guard. "It was only a twig that fell." A moment later Violet and her sisters moved on. For another half hour they continued on their way near the top, and when they peered out through the bushes no one was in sight, and they leaped into the road and fled down the mountain. At the foot of the spur another picket saw a note the darkness in front of her or the little girls rather.

"Wait who goes there. Do not advance another step or we'll fire without warning."

"Don't aim shoot." cried Jennie as she recognized a red uniform among the distant bushes. "It's only the Vivian girls."

"Advance little Vivian girls then." said the picket astonished to hear the voices of little girls. And into the light of his fire eight beautiful half smiling little children, with wet clinging dresses, and masses of yellow hair surging out of their bonnets underneath stepped the little girls. The startled picket dropped the butt of his musket to the ground and stared as if he saw the colonial beings as it was his first view of Violet and her sisters.

"I want to see your general." said Violet.

"All right." said the soldier very courteously. "He's just below there and I guess he is up. We are getting ready to start now. Come along!"

"Oh no." said Jennie hurriedly. "We cannot go down there as we have important papers to take to our guardian general Jack Evans."

"All right." said the picket kindly. "Give me your messag message, little girls and I'll take it to him." He smiled. "You little friends of God can wait here and stand on guard."

Violet herself told him hurriedly how she and her sisters had come over the mountain, and what was going on over there, and the picket with a low whistle started down toward his camp without another word, and when he heard of it the christian general could not doubt the accuracy of the information—as the picket had names and facts.

"Those dear little beloved Vivian girls did you say?"

"Yes sir." said the soldier hesitatingly. "And they are very pretty little girls too." They came over the mountain alone, and on foot through this dark mess through the enemy's lines. And her sisters passed the Glandelinian pickets on the other side, pretending to be something else besides little girls. "I'm sure."

The general smiled. He knew that trick.

"Where are those dear little girls?"

"They are standing guard for me."

The picket turned at a gesture from the general and led the way. The general thanked the brave little girls for the information gave some information for Evans himself, and then bidding the general good bye and hoping him and his cavarly good luck the little girls fled up the mountain toward Evans' lines. Before daybreak she and her sisters were descending the mountain on the other side facing general Evans' lines, but along the same road thinking some sheep bells they found, and creeping past other Glandelinian pickets. It was raining again now but nevertheless in they did not mind it. As they passed the Ford below the Turner Run she and her sisters heard the splashing of many scores of thousands of horses, and they ran on almost frightened and wondering, the splashing of those horses being made by general Daniel Deener and his men guided by general Jerry Dillon.

As the little girls were continuing on their way they came to a ravine on the right, and a stone rolled from the bushes into the road.

Violet and her sisters immediately halted with their pistols drawn and stood motionless. A moment two crouching figures in gray, with long squirrel rifles slipped out of the bushes, and started noiselessly across the ravine.

Violet and her sisters knowing their wicked intention to shoot at them or at her and her sisters from a hiding place at once leveled their pistol and "Violet screamed loudly."

"Top where you two fellows are?"

The figures crouched more and turned a horrible screwed face toward the little girls. It was two Glandelinian officers who had been seeking the little girls in ambush having known that they were outside the christian lines, they being Dillon and Dillions.

"Oh it's you two fellows is it?" cried Violet. "All drop those guns and come down here."

The two Glandelinian officers arose leaving their guns on the road, and came down babbling.

"What were you two men doing sneaking around the bush?"

"Nothing." The first speaker had to make two efforts before he could speak at all. "Nothing just a hunting for christian soldiers who escaped Manley's line."

"Hunting christian soldiers?" repeated Violet. "She alone lowered her pistol and looked at the sorry figures silently."

"I know what you and your companions were hunting you two dirty rattlebrains." Understand you two are captives of the Glandelinian child slave searchers who go prowling after escaped child slaves. I believe you had something to do with the shooting of general Zimmerman."

The two Glandelinian soldiers shook their heads and fumbled with their hands. "If I and my sisters knew it we would kill you two where you stand now. But I've got one word to say to you though I am only a child, a mere strapping as you Glandelinians may call us if you please you two hell-japs. I hate to think of it, and so do my sisters, but if you make another attempt to shoot at us as it was your intention of doing I'm going to kill you -- she raised one hand to make the Almighty a witness to her oath! I and my sisters will kill you two if we have to follow you both to hell to get you down."

"There is no use in making threats they'll do it any way," said Jennie with a sneer. "We might as well take them prisoners."

"We will said Violet. Then turning to the men she said;

"Turn and march with us."

The two men hesitated.

"Turn!" cried Violet savagely raising her pistol. "In front of us and if you attempt to make any break we'll shoot you where you were sneaking around to plug us---In the back you two cowardly fiends. Throw down your pistols as you'll not need them."

Violet and her sisters arrived within Evans' lines with the two prisoners and the two packages of information toward evening.

Violet and her sisters by their timely warning had saved the camp from disaster and later in the day general Evans got this report from general Frigley;

"Your excellency general Jack Embrose Evans;
Of the army of Abbiennians;

"I've received word from your little girls that the enemy planned to ambush us in the gaps and so the foe really have tried it and we have fully wiped them out of the gap and have the Glandelinian forces still more strongly bottled up. I'm going to make my most desperate efforts to seize 'n 'anley if possible and end this hushhacking fight."

Yours truly
general Frigley.

Thus it proved that the mission of Violet and her sisters had been completely successful in that the enemy had been frustrated by the little girls themselves in their plans, and that also the little girls had secured important papers from 'anley and captured two generals of the foe who had intended to shoot the little girls in the back from ambush. Indeed 'anley himself was astonished that his plans should end so fatally, and as he had missed his aim he fully realized who had caused him to be so frustrated and he felt like killing himself once more, but something restrained him though what it was no one knows. Whether he felt apprehensive of his past deeds or whatever it was it could not be known but nevertheless he did not yield to the temptation and decided to fight it out to the bitter end, and not give up unless he was either seized by force or killed outright in the battles he intended to make. He felt fully safe in his hill refuge however and defied every command of general 'anston or Evans to surrender and finally sent this note by a courier;

"Your excellency 'anston 'vian;

It's only wasting your breath to ask me to surrender. Please do not do so again. I've told you before if you want me come and take me. It's the only time I'll give up. For I'll never give up while there is fighting blood in my veins.

General
Johnston Jackson 'anley.

Violet and her sisters were well informed of the statement of the stubborn and reckless Glandelinian general Johnston Jackson 'anley, and general Evans asked them whether they believed it would be right to annihilate his men or not. "Now Violet and her sisters were getting mighty tired of this long and horrible war, and for a time they hesitated in answering, and then Joyce said;

"For one am for the annihilation of the Glandelinians if the crazy boob won't surrender when he knows well that he can never escape."

Her sisters finally agreed, and so general Evans told of his purpose to general 'anston.

"You see your excellency that the Glandelinian general 'anley has set us so many defiant and insulting refusals and so it is my purpose to warn general 'anley for the last time, and tell him even what will come if he refuses once more. Violet and her sisters are more tired of this darn war than we are ourselves and so I think it is best to do so and not wait any longer."

"I think so myself," said general 'anston 'vian. "We got to end this war before it lasts forever as it seems anyway."

Evans directly sent this note to general 'anley;

"Your excellency general Johnston Jackson 'anley;
Of the besieged Glandelinian army;

You have told us not to write and ask you to surrender again as it will do no good. Well sir it will do good. We will not demand but this once more and you are a big fool to stand before us when you see how surrounded you are by such big armies. We do not wish to do it as it seems a pretty harsh measure, but if you don't comply with our demands, and send us another refusal we'll annihilate your army. This is surely the last time we'll ask you to surrender yourself to avoid further bloodshed. This war has lasted longer than necessary, your cause as you know yourself is lost, and you had to admit it to your soldiers as the 'vian girls who spied on you told us. So if you are not a fool you will surrender as demanded and avoid the annihilation of the small army you have. It is the last straw and we won't tell you again.

General Jack Evans;
Commanded by general 'anston 'vian..."

The messenger brought this to general 'anley by night fall, and 'anley realizing that general Evans would really do it did not know what to do. He did not wish to see the mere hand full of men slaughtered by the fierce Abbiennians. 'anley knew that next to general Phillamur Aronburg Zimmerman Jack Evans had long been the most notorious Christian fighter of their all, having never gave quarter on his expedition of personal vengeance when he caught the foe murdering children, and it was said that not even he knew how many Glandelinian child butchers he had killed, or how many Glandelinians his armies had slew in the many terrific battles he had fought even during the invasion into Glandelinia. Every one of the Glandelinian generals had heard of him, and he was greatly feared. One statement had even been made about Evans by the government of 'ormonia; "If that Christian general Jack Evans had not been placed in command, with the great 'Wrath of God Aronburg Zimmerman' helping him the Abbiennians themselves would have never won as far as they did before the frightful carnage at Francis Atlanta. It is a good example to see how he four or five times vanquished the mightiest Glandelinian armies pitted against him in the fearful battles along the 'o-collector Run, called the battles of Fazzan or 'arie Osborne wilderness woods. The main credit for the fall of the most important cities can be given to both he and Zimmerman who worked hand in hand at this time though at great distances from each other, and this gives rise that his excellency general 'anston 'vian did the wisest thing in placing these two main commanders in independent armies, allowing them to engage as often as possible and once for all or at the enemies of God at the battles of 'ronburg Run and also at 'o-llister Run.

anley decided that the best thing to do was to gather a small handful of cavalry, and have general "Ingdon surrender the army while he himself made his escape. It took some time for him to get this Glandelinian general to comply with his command, and so in the evening "anley disguised himself as some christian general and started through his own lines to the lower foot hills, while the general called "Ingdon made a parley with Evans, and surrendered the army. Evans at once knew the trick of general "anley and ordered the christian sentries to keep on the best watch.

"anley saw indeed that he could never break through the christian lines, at the southern section of the line,, and did not know what to do to avoid capture. It was dangerous to make a dash for a terrific volley would surely lay him low and he knew it. "anley had tried at many points to escape but saw in the distance solid christian batteries, and tremendous cities of tents and breastworks upon breastworks. But just when he had reached a point which had seemed clear he saw gleaming ahead of him a picket fire, and not thinking of anything he galloped on. When fifty yards off a cry came:

"halt in the name of heaven. Who comes there?"

"Friend!" "halted "anley retreating in. A bullet whizzed past his head as he pulled up outside the edge of the fire and "anley thinking they were some other Glandelinians as the soldiers were hidden cried: "Don't shoot you damn fool. I'm a christian officer and I have a message for general Evans."

"Oh all right come on!" said the x sentinel but his hesitation and the tone of the mans voice made "anley alert with suspicion. The other pickets about the fire had risen and grasped their muskets. The wind flared the flames just then, and in the leaping light general "anley saw that their uniforms were really gray but their style showed the soldiers were the fierce Calverinians.

"anley had almost gasped. There was need for quick thought and quick action now or he would be shot down.

"Over that rifle." He called out jestingly, and kicking loose one stirrup he touched his horse with the spur and pulled her up with an impatient "Thoa as though he was trying to replace his foot.

"You come on." Said the x sentinel but he dropped his musket to the hollow of his arm, and before he could throw it to his shoulder again, fire flashed under the feet of general "anleys horse, and the astonished Calverinian saw horse and rider rise over the fence. A storm of bullets went overhead as "anley and the horse landed over on the other side,, and the pickets at the fire joined in at a fusillade at the dark shapes speeding across the fields. A moment later "anleys mocking yell rang from the edge of the woods beyond and the disgusted sentinel split the night with on his.

"That beats the devil." He never to a touched him, and it must have been that "anley trying to make his escape. I swear I believe that horse had wings."

General Morgans Calverinians. The flash of that terrible news across his brain cleared the mystery for "anley like magic. Nobody but Morgans Calverinians could rise out of the ground like that, in the very midst of Abbiennians, when they were supposed to be hundreds of miles away in the northern part of the city of Glandelinia or its vicinity I mean.

Then within thirty yards from the sentinel line of Calverinians a purple coated Abyssinkilian suddenly rode out in front of general "anleys galloping horse and saluting said:

"You are my prisoner."

"Prisoner-----hell." "anley said clearly and skinned away like a bird while the men behind a hedge, paralyzed by his daring fired not a shot. Only general Deener started through the hedge and down the road in pursuit. "I'll get him!" he said savagely.

"Who was that?" Asked another christian general riding up. It was the Calverinian general "Oragan.

"That was a spy." Laughed general "unt. "Or maybe it was general "anley trying to make his escape."

"Why did you not shoot him?" asked the general.

"I don't know." He said looking around at his men who were smiling.

"That's the Glandelinian general who gave us so much hot times in Calverinia with his two sons." said a soldier. "It's general Johnston Jackson "anley."

General Deener in the meantime was gaining on general "anley now, and "anley in the middle of the field beyond the fence turned his head and saw the lone Calverinian officer in pursuit. Deliberately he pulled his weary horse in faced about, and wheeled. Then he waited.

He drew his pistol, raised it, saw that the Calverinian was general Deener, and dropped it again to his side, and four attempts to shoot the Calverinian down brought no success. Deeners horse refused the fence, and the Calverinian general in a rage pulled his own pistol and fired. "anley fired his own pistol just as Deener fired again, and ended fire once more himself. His time the Calverinian general "anley lurched in his saddle, but recovering himself turned and galloped slowly away, while general "anley---his pistol hanging at his side-----stared after him, and the wondering Calverinians behind the hedge stared hard at Deener.

Indeed it did seem almost impossible to capture the desperate Glandelinian general Johnston Jackson "anley. He had now only about 23,000 men with him but nevertheless he and these seemed to elude all of the christian pursuers, and it seemed possible that he would break through the christian lines. And by back he did.

It was early in the next morning that he managed to discover a sort of gap in the incrooling christian line, and taking advantage of it he passed through before he was discovered. Evans learned of his escape and decided to pursue in person. It was indeed surprising to him that general "anley managed to break through the christian line but nevertheless he decided that "anley must be taken. For if "anley remained at large he could in no time gather other armies and prolong the war for over another year. And all of the christian nations wished to see it end this very year if possible and Evans was bound to see that it did.

He gathered his whole entire force of cavalry and sent it out in separate squadrons, and then preparing his infantry also ordered these to join in the pursuit. Violet and her sisters wished to go along and so Evans seeing that they desired excitement decided to grant their wish, and the little girls were included with them.

It was first investigated in which direction general "anley had gone with his twenty three thousand men and so when this was found out, the pursuit at once began. General "anley however was still undaunted and soon learning that he was pursued by a whole army decided to gather as many men as possible and repel his pursuers. He was unfortunately ignorant of whom the pursuers were, and so did not make the haste as would have been made other wise, and which if he had done so would have enabled him to escape his pursuers. He learned vaguely that only a small body of christians with the Vivian girls along then were making the pursuit and so general "anley laughed haughtily to himself, and decided that instead of being the one captured, he would do his best to make every effort to capture Violet and her sisters.

Several times he halted in his swift retreat, and then on a final halt decided to investigate and see who his pursuers really were. He wanted to make sure so as to be on the safe side, and so taking a small party of officers with him he went out to scout. He could see nothing but he got in formation from a town that separate bodies of the pursuers were swarming from many locations, that their numbers were hundreds of thousands and that rapidly and surely he was again being hemmed in as the christians made all kinds of long circuits to catch him.

Then of course general "anley grew worried. He was already worn out with all his desperate efforts to escape his relentless pursuers, and he felt sure that suicide was the only escape out of the situation, but then he wisely overcame the temptation, and decided to risk capture, but that nevertheless he would never surrender. If they wished to capture him let them fight him first. He would never allow himself to be taken alive any how and he was determined to fight to the death if too closely pressed by his Abbiennian pursuers.

And on pressed the christian pursuers again after him. He made greater efforts to learn if really the Vivian girls were with his pursuers, and finally when he inquired through a small town which had observed the christians passing, he got word that it was sure that the Vivian girls called Violet and her sisters were with the pursuers, but who the commander of the pursuers were he could not tell, though they saw and heard that the christian general "uckwick Baldwin was the commander of the hard pressing cavalry. "anley kept on retreating as fast as possible and later encountered some of the christian cavalry and after sharp fighting managed to drive the off. Finally one night when his men were badly fatigued and he had to stop because they could go no further, for a while, "anley made more efforts to learn who the main christian commander of the pursuers were, and finally he got this answer from the small town of "Soldlocks:

"Our excellency general Hanley Hanley
 "fear all is off off. The king our beloved king in fleeing into Argolia
 has already been captured after he and his army of 70,000 men had fled
 for days before his one million pursuers, and now all hope is a lost
 for our cause." On your excellency and your men are pursued w by at least
 a whole army of Abbieannian, and Conscientian cavarly, and by infantry.
 The cavarly is mainly commanded gen by general Jack Evans, and Baldwin
 commands the pursuing infantry and other portions of your pursuers. "We
 advise you to try to make for the town of Spearasin where some good sized
 force of Co-llentinians will await you. They are not a large force but
 then they are enough to help you hold out untill one of those fifteen
 armies which are now advancing hastily can come to your aid. Hurry
 and try to reach them before the christians reach that town or all will
 be off. The christians are after you a-tearing like a roaring ripping cyclone
 of yelling yelling demons."

A friend.

Hanley was dumbfounded when he received this report and nevertheless
 taking the advice which had been given him he retreated swiftly toward that
 town mentioned and decided it was the best plan to follow out. But genera
 general Hanley's days were reckoned now. God's fearful vengeance was about to
 be hurled upon him. As he was reaching the neighborhood of the town, he
 got word from another telegrapher;

"Too late your excellency, the christian dogs have gotten ahead of you
 and your escape is totally out off. The Abbieannians are closing on you
 more and more and it does seem impossible for you to get away. The force of
 Co-llentinians there which were about 700,000 in number however have
 escaped the christians as they came dashing into the town, and may reach you
 yet if they are not overtaken by their pursuers."

Hanley at once realized this, and so he waited untill those Glandelinians
 came up. Ward the next day they appeared about one hundred and fifty in
 number, and now Hanley sped toward the direction of the great "rubbie" Han
 River. It seemed his only chance to escape his pursuers. Several times he
 had fancied that he could see them in the distance, and several times he
 almost fancied that he heard the shout of their fierce voices and also
 the cheers of Violet and her sisters. Once a party of Abbieannians on horse
 back did see him and at once dashed upon him but his force had overwhelmed
 them and the pursuers so small in numbers were readily dispersed
 hither and yon.

But nevertheless Hanley felt that he would be captured. He knew that Evans
 was bound to capture him no matter what comes. As for general Evans when
 questioned by Baldwin on the way Hanley kept the pace Evans only had
 answered;

"I'm going to capture that general Hanley and his band if I have
 to erase him to the very uttermost depths of hell to do so. He keeps
 his distance from me but nevertheless I'm going to capture him. I have
 warned Hanson to watch for the advance of any one of those fifteen Glandelin
 linian armies still free so that they would not come upon us and pre
 vent our capturing Hanley. So I'm sure nothing unusual will happen to
 prevent his capture."

It was evident that Hanley was hoping anxiously for the coming of one of those
 remaining fifteen Glandelinian armies, and this was the reason he had been
 fleeing in that direction as to bring his pursuers closer to danger, but
 the cavarly had intercepted every movement Hanley made, and so Hanley felt
 that the great "rubbie" Han River was the only means to afford his escape
 from so relentless an army of pursuers.

Now many were pursuing him no one knew but nev nevertheless he was
 pursued by a whole army and he knew it.

B 317

"I believe you are about down to the buried a package now." Said the
 colonel. "But goodness I smell the war myself. I indeed wonder what it is!"
 After the men had worked for another minute the one who was lowest among the
 bay cried out;

"This odor is terrible. We gotta work fir fast of we'll faint."

Then another said;

"I Ah I feel the package now. FIEEW"

Then with a exclamation he produced the package and held it far from him
 at full length while a peculiar odor as if something dead came to Evans.
 "PHOOEY!" Cried the man who had the package. "There must be a dead cat
 in this package."

Evans quickly took the a a package and opened it and then looked
 astonished and said;

"What do you mean dead cat? It's limberger cheese. I was the thing
 buried by the fool so it would get ripe enough no doubt to make a strong
 offensive odor to disfigure the ylvian girls. Thor Throw it in the fools
 face."

This was done by the soldier who then with the others left the scene enraged
 over the joke that had been mostly played on them.

It was not long after this that general Evans himself received
 this note from a strange mysterious place;

"It is requested that your excellency general Jack Evans, will look
 into the affair of a said general Henry J parger that worked at St Joseph
 hospital Abbieann about seven years ago, whose wife had died leaving him
 two little babies which through his foolish grief he has neglected and left
 them at your institution. They are as we have found out two little girl child
 ren of pretty style, and we advise you to notify the sister superior at St
 Joseph's hospital in Pandora Abbieannia and see to it that he is made to
 take them back which if he will refuse, and returns them we'll see to his
 immediate arrest. If you do not know the children he does and you had better
 see to it that he sends for them, for he can describe them as he has their
 pictures. We are two detectives who are writing this. We'll give him about
 two months to recall them or he will go before the court."

Detectives Fox and West....

Evans was indeed surprised at this letter and did not know what to do. There
 were sixteen general Henry pargers in his army and he did not know which one
 this note was addressed to. He showed it to first many of the christian
 generals in his own command, but none of them knew anything about it, and
 when all the pargers were asked about it they did not know what he was talk
 ing about.

"We have children of our own and wives too." Was their answer. "The
 "There are no dargers in your army your excellency that would desert their
 own children and then w the guilt on their soul serve the christian army
 like we are doing. We have to do that all we say is true. That note
 must be about a certain Henry J parger who is serving in general
 Hansons army. But none are."

Evans showed the letter to Violet and her sisters and then Violet
 said;

"I heard a lots about this man. He is a Glandelinian general
 served with Hanley. As long as he is protected by the higher Glandelinian
 authorities no one can prosecute him for his misdeeds. He will not be
 cannot do anything as he is not in our ranks."

"I'll send the letter to the main headquarters, and have the w
 writers informed where to send this." Said Evans. "The matter is off my
 hands and so the matter is dropped..."

A Glandelinian army under general Franklin Hanley was already besieged
 at Plattenburg in Calvernia and general Evans was immediately dispatched to
 go and see if he could capture this one Hanley and reduce the number of Hanleys
 for the Glandelinian army.

B
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When another great army, and while general Brantlin was besieging the wicked
"Landelinian" confederacy at the city of Landelinda and Plattenburg, by opening
the gates of the great Erminie gun, and general Francisushman was preparing to fight
the for at Anglerland, Evans and Baldwin still continued the chase. Manley and the
remainder of his army, who even though pursued had gathered a horde and larger body of
glans for his last daring venture to cross the great Erminie, and strike the
pursuing christian armies in their own flanks, and thus give the Abbieamians a little
taste of what the Landelinians had long known from border to border. Permeated by
the fierce abbieamians general Manley succeeded in getting across the many bridges
over the wide river and his officers waved a farewell to the pursuing christian
enemies on the other bank and were off to receive bigger armies from the eastern
part of Landelinda.

of all disasters to the christian armies this is the worse/

For all the time that he had been pursued o e million one hundred thousand
Abbieamian cavalry consist consisting of lancers, the same number of Abbieamian
infantry and twenty three million other Angelinian cavalry were still after him and
his one hundred and ten thousand devil dare devils. Evans men cut down trees behind
him, blew up bridges, and ravaged the co' country behind, flanking Manley and his
small body of "Landelinians, always getting on his front, but on the "Landelinian
general went, un caught, and spreading terror for a thousand miles, while behind him
for six hundred and eighty two miles other christian armies coming up lined the dusty
roads and farms singing "Hail round the Abbieamian flag boys!" and howling out
fried chicken and Jack perry pies to his pursuers. Wounded in a general battle
was Manley gave serious and sanguinary resistance and inflicted severe and most blood
losses upon his pursuers, and it seemed apparent that he would have been apprehended,
but the coming of a heavy rainstorm which fell in such torrents as to make a work
like a heavy fog, made the Angelinian forces miss the crossing of the mainline a
second time, and for the further reason that the first rise of the river in that
month for two years made it impossible for the christian troops to cross, and the enemy
had destroyed the bridges just as soon as they themselves succeeded in getting
across. Other glandelinian armies arrived, the Angelinians themselves were
co p completely surrounded, and Evans and his for es fought fiercely for two weeks and
hill locks, dens and ravines, and in wooded country forming deadly ambushes, and
inflicting the heaviest heavy losses upon the fiercely attacking "Landelinians until
their el entire ammunition was gone. Many of the Angelinians did manage to escape
in the series of the conflicts, but the christians who were surrounded received no
quarter and about three million troops were massacred and general Evans was the only
one who managed to escape. He swam the wide river on his horse, followed by a negro
servant on another, and he turned deliberately in the middle of the stream, when it
was plain that his hard batt' ng command could not escape destruction, and made for
the Erminie shore to share the fortunes of his beloved officers who were left
behind out of reach of the pursuers. It seemed evident alright that general Evans
could not escape. "Any A "Landelinians rode in after him covering him with their
pistols and a "Landelinian general by the name of Baldwin followed and was shot for
his rash at attempt upon Evans.

Soon w all was over in the country of "Landelinda. disaster had followed
disaster for every christian army there, and within another month Manley had
obtained a new more immense series of armies h and had cleared the whole country
of "Landelinda of christian forces, and had sent them flying back through Angelinia
and even to galverinia in the most disasterous of any routs ever known inwar before.

After being driven to Calbrinia the first of
the big forces of christians to be rallied, were reformed, and made up positions
at a town known as Mary Mc-Allister gun to withstand the advance of the foe. at that
point. Thus as seen in next volume comes the bloody battle of Mc-Allister gun,
which if it had not been a christian victory after such series of disasters just past
would have enabled the foe to win the entire warright then and there.

CAPTURED AND RESCUE.....

IN THE resulting adventure with the fiercest of all the wicked glandelinians known as Scoddlers because they are too faced and are treacherous, Penrod through some mishap had become separated from the Vivian girls he was escorting to General Hanson's lines and though they escaped after an exciting conflict in which sixteen glandelinians were killed and forty injured he was captured.

The rebels brought him to their camp and to prevent him from escaping tied him to a large tree and even to use extra precautions placed two watchful guards over him.

Though they themselves had escaped capture through such desperate efforts as almost using up their ammunition in shooting it out with the glandelinians poor Violet and her sisters in one day around after the battle, from found themselves cut off from escape to the Christian lines for they were surrounded by more than two thousand rebels, a thousand perils seemed to be staring them in the face and for a time they were bewildered and did not know what to do.

Yet as we all know that the Vivian girls are determined Angolians and also of a most stubborn nature and who would not let anything whatever frighten them they refused to give up or lose hope, for they knew from their many recent adventures and experiences that they never failed in anything they tried to accomplish yet.

Even in spite of all the tremendous odds against them the brave little girls had resolved not only to escape at any cost but also to rescue Penrod from the Glandelinians or die in the attempt.....Knowing near how near these temporary rebel encampments were Violet herself went forward a little distance to do some scouting of her own using her field glass to view the more numerous glandelinian encampments in the far distance with more better results. Finally in looking over the others surrounding her and her sisters she was able to see Penrod plainly.

"My girls

"My gosh how I do hate to let any of these Glandelinians especially the Scoddlers get their hands on me," she said to herself nervously. "And I wonder why some of those Glandelinians are carrying so much wood for."

Then suddenly the horror of the situation dawned upon her, she realized that the fierce Scoddlers intended to burn her boy friend at the stake, she then grew determined.

"Well," she decided, "if I can help it they won't harm him if while I and my sisters are alive. I'll see what we can do." She went a back to her sisters and told them what she had seen. Joyce herself then said:

"These Glandelinian Scoddlers believe we have escaped or that they have killed or surrounded us or something. Or they may know that we are hiding. These glandelinians though fierce are perfect strangers to us and therefore do not know who we are. Therefore they would never dream that we would ever risk danger to rescue Penrod alone. I heard one of the glandelinians say that we look more timid than the most cowardly child. Well let them think it is true. We will be cowards in a way they will be sorry for. If we can only sneak into their camp while they are asleep we can surprise the two guards, and set Penrod free. Then we will hide in the dark woods till the Scoddlers give up searching for us."

For a few minutes her sisters hesitated not knowing what to do and wondering if they would have the nerve to dare this attempt or not. Then Jennie herself said:

"Before we start across the open ground, I'll find out if there are any glandelinians lurking around." The old fashioned trick of sticking this hat above the defense works will fool them I'm sure. If there should be rebel watching for us they will fire at the hat. That is if they are not used to any such trick."

Putting the action to her words she approached the bulwark of six foot rocks and placing her hat on the muzzle of her small rifle raised it far above the top of the rocks. There was however no result and therefore she first took the chance of going above the rocks and seeing no glandelinians in sight went back to her sisters and told them it was safe to proceed. Then she and her sisters took the chance of jumping from their shelter but they saw to it nevertheless that their rifles and pistols were fully loaded. From their new point of observation the forest lay in view and they looked over these scenes cautiously for several minutes. ...

"If we can reach that thick wall of undergrowth yonder we will make ourselves a more harder for the enemy to locate than a pin in a haystack," said Angolino. "But to insure our safety we must make a dash for it with our guns at the ready, and run as fast as it is in our power, and we can hope that none of the Scoodlers or other glandelinians see us. As it is so dangerous I feel pretty scared and so may you as those Scoodlers are too serious to be trifled with, more dangerous than rattlesnakes, but we will not hesitate on that account."

With that, she cautiously led the way, and her sisters quickly followed. It was a painfully long distance to the wall of underbrush and to violet and her sisters as they dashed across it seemed a hundred miles. Yet with their small rifles at the ready they dashed madly for the underbrush and fortunately they reached it without encountering any of the enemy. As they rested and stood behind some trees for several minutes, violet thought to herself:

"If we ever get back to dear old Abbionnia and tell all the children in school and elsewhere about our adventures with the insurgents, I'm afraid they will never believe us even though we are the Princesses of Abbionnia. Gosh, how I do wish I and my sisters were safe with our father and mother. How indeed I would like to make up in my little white bed at home and find that this awful war was nothing else but a terrible dream."

After resting for several minutes they slowly continued on their way toward the long distanced rebel camp but keeping themselves between the trees for fear of being fired at from ambush. They traveled this way for quite a while and then as they continued on without meeting any foe they all must have thought this altogether to themselves.

"Why I think how nice poor Penrod has been to me I feel ready to risk my life a thousand times for him. He had helped me often through the greatest of dangers and saved my life when I had been injured or pursued or nearly slain and when we all fell off the steep bank of a large stream unknown to us and almost as sunk under quick sand he threw a plank across and saved the risk of being caught himself drew me out with ropes at the risk of his own life--I and my sisters will just have to save Penrod, that is all there is to it."

For an hour they plowed through the thick undergrowth and woods without any adventure with the glandelinians so far and had just reached a large clump of trees when they began to be conscious of a strange stealthy noise like someone creeping upon them from the rear. For a time they did not pay any attention to it but as the little girls reached grass taller than themselves, nay taller than even the tall oak--an strange noise grew louder and louder. Finally Jennie whispered to Catherine who was by her side:

"I wonder what is that noise? Is something or some one is crashing their way through the underbrush. I could hate to meet a fierce Scoodler or even a fiercer Zimmermanian glandelinian here."

The little girls quickly placed themselves behind the trees and awaited the approach of whatever was causing the strange noise. Presently presently a squad of wicked looking glandelinian soldiers crashed into view. They were not Scoodlers at all but the fierce Zimmermanian soldiers known as the gargoylian guards. Violet and her sisters believing they would be soon were ready to open fire on the instant but fortunately the insurgents did not look there way and therefore they were not seen. However violet and her sisters watched until the rebels had passed--out of sight before they emerged from their hiding place.

These glandelinians saved their own lives as well as ours by not finding our hiding place or by seeing us," said Daisy. "If we would have been compelled to fire a single volley the other glandelinians in the distant camps would have heard it. When a whole force with no blood hounds would have been on our trail trail and our chances to rescue poor Penrod would be lost."

It took the brave little girls until it was nearly evening before they came within sight of the very edge of the glandelinian encampment. The vivian girls hid themselves behind some rocks and took a good look at the rebels and their many hundreds of tents. Then violet said to her sisters in a loud whisper:

"I wish we had some way of letting Penrod know we have not deserted him. The easy things look we cannot do anything to help him until it grows dark. Gosh I hope it got's good and dark to night and even a storm break breaks out. In the confusion of the tempest we may be able to accomplish our purpose. That stake is right in the center of their camp. One false move on our part, or any noise now, means death for all of us for all these Scoodlers are crackshots, and we are out here in the open."

They did not find voice for answer but took a long searching look of the rebel camp and observed where the stake and Penrod was. It was however a very long time before the darkness of night finally settled down and nearly fifty times violet and her sisters had nearly been discovered by passing squads of glandelinians either on foot or on horseback.

It turned out to be very dark indeed as huge dark clouds were overspreading the sky and there was no moon. For a long time violet and her sisters hesitated to dash forth hoping and waiting for the time when most of the glandelinians would be asleep. And it was pretty close to midnight midnight before the vivian girls started to leave their hiding place behind the trees. There was a large stretch of tall grass and scrubby before the rebel encampment and as the little girls worked their way through Catherine said to Jessie in a low whisper:

"Oh, gosh, I do hope none of the Scoodler glandelinians are still awake. If you if any of their sentries catches us trying to rescue their boy captive we won't have any more chance for our lives than seven little lambs in the den of famished lions."

All through the sack cloth darkness of that gloomy woodland night and surrounded by countless dangers one of the brave vivian girls while her sisters remained aimed on guard on the edge of the camp crept silently onward into the rebel camp knowing full well that to be discovered means capture and a most ignominious death for herself and her sisters and Penrod too.

Golding her breath and fearing the loud beating of her brave heart would catch her downfall and the capture of her sisters, brave little Jennie crept nearer and nearer to where Penrod stood bound and helpless in the midst of the sleeping scoodlers. She had a distance of nearly five hundred feet to creep on her hands and knees. It took her a long time to reach him and many times she feared for her life. Finally she reached her goal. She cautiously drew her sharp knife from its sheath and within a few minutes time had without detection cut the boy free. Then noiselessly and cautiously she led the boy to where her sisters were hiding and together they all made their way into the deep recesses of the big woods beyond. Here they sat sure the enemy would not find them too soon. And here they remained until the approach of morning being kept awake by all myriads of sounds which all night long filled the forest. As soon as it was day light Penrod himself climbed a tall tree to see how their situation was. The tree was forty eight feet high. From that high point he saw that scores of handsomely uniformed glandelinian soldiers were coming from every direction through the woods. He hastily descended, warned the vivian girls and they all hastily climbed to the top of the same tree which was thick with foliage. It was evident to Penrod that he and his most beautiful companions were besieged by the infuriated glandelinians who positively knew who had rescued him and that hence they were hiding in the woods, and therefore they were scouring the forest with a vigilance that was even unusual for them.

The glandelinians were extremely determined that their fugitives should not escape from them and therefore were doing everything in their power, even risking any dangers to prevent it. For a long time the children hidden in the treetop continued to remain very still and then Penrod feeling very grateful to violet and her sisters for rescuing him from the rebels said:

"I shall never forget how you brave little girls risked your priceless lives to save me from the clutches of those fierce Scoodlers. Yet I cannot see why you did it, knowing that I am a very common person compared to you brave little Abbionnian Princesses."

"You are not a very common person," said violet almost indignantly. "No matter what we are, you are just as good as we girls are, and maybe maybe not better. And we are more than glad to have a chance to help you, because we know that if the time comes you will do the same to us again, and though you are not of our country you are always nice to us, and respect us for our own character more than for our old beautiful faces."

"That may be true," replied Penrod. "But even now if the glandelinians ever get us into their possession I guess we might as well say good bye to the world."

"It is said however," admitted Jessie frankly; "that a brave man can conquer a thousand foes single handed providing he knows how to do it and has the strength and means. And the spirits of heroes have driven away harm and dangers from the pathway of the fearless persons. God loves the brave and spurs the cowards."

There was now a few minutes stillness, neither one of them speaking. From that height they could see a long way and therefore they kept a good watch for what the crafty glandelinians might do seeing they have escaped. Below them the glandelinians were swarming as gray flies on the body of a dead horse and Penrod looking carefully down from his high perch said:

"Gosh, violet, the way it looks down there, there must be more than a million of them in the woods below us."

Violet and her sisters smiled at his exaggeration.

"If there are a million of them below us then we are tread for a month," said violet. "If you will look down carefully Penrod, you will see that the woods are not even large enough to hold one hundred thousand soldiers. You are so excited my dear Penrod that you exaggerate too heavily."

"When the great African Lion roars, the brown dogs soon tremble. Now suppose there were a million glandulins in the woods below us. It is well known that one row of swiftly working scythens will now do countless swaths of grass in a single day," said Johns.

"I was busy who spoke first this time."

"I know how we can fool those glandelinians," she said.

"My ear shall not refrain from listening to the wisdom of those o your inspired words or those of your sisters," said Penrod. "what is yo r your plans I pray?"

"Wc girls can work our way slowly from tree to tree when close together like the monkeys do," she said. "I mean from tree top to tree tops. But Penrod can you do it too?" he afraid not."

she explained it in careful whispers and he listened attentively. "It's a good idea and I'm sure I can do it," he admitted, "and it is better it should be said 'here we retreated' than 'here we were slain'."

"Well with rage when w they find we have escaped them."
 "But we will have to be careful," said Jiao as they all started. "It is written
 the pack of wolves may howl but the moon remains as steady as before."
 In the single minute they had reached another tree by working their way from branch
 to branch like monkeys do swinging from one to another. The rebels not looking upward
 had not detected them as the tops of the trees being poplars were very high and thick
 foliage covered or hid every branch.

"Never mind we will soon approach the end of the woods," said Perrod. "If they do see us they will have to follow us in the same way, and I don't believe they can, and if they catch up after us we can sink them off again."

"We could shoot it out with them up here to a good advantage, but we will probably get away while the glandslinians are busy watching the interior of the woods. would it not be swell if we should find a force of christian troopers looking for when we dropped at the edge of the woods, would

It was indeed dangerous and most difficult work for them to perform this stunt but after four hours of it between resting and hundreds of narrow escapes of falling from that height to the ground they at last reached the last tree and seeing not a single glanduliferous hole they hastily climbed down and had just started forward when Peinado suddenly exclaimed excitedly:

"They must have been waiting for us to appear. I never saw such rotten luck before."

violet and her sisters went first, Pemrod covering their retreat. Indeed followed by the fierces glandelluAn horsemen from the open the fugitives made a desperate dash for the forest they had just left hoping also to elude the cowboys who also were in the forest. they hastened onward being resolved to die fighting rather than to surrender to these cruel foes.

"It is written, those who would have no trouble in this world must not be concerned in it," declared Jennie. "If we seek adventure it is our own doing. We placed

The giardinian horseman seeing that the fugitives were reaching the woods
 loosed a volley of shots but violet and her sisters or their boy companion were not
 hit. As they reached the edge Penrod said::

"We cannot call the tiger to chase any the dog," said Violet. After some desperate climbing almost beyond their exertions, Violet and her sisters reached the selected tree without being seen and when the glandelinian horsemen came up on the gallop and then halted suddenly not one of the heroines or their boy companion were in sight. To the glandelinians who observed the tops of the trees they appeared to be free of every one but the crafty glandelinians knew that sheltered by the friendly branches of one tall popular tree were the fugitives hidden even from their sharp eyes and knowing they were hidden in this fashion the rebels belonging even the outskirts of these woods sent many of their companions to climb all the trees possible, to continue their entire search for them and with a band of them and savage bloodhounds, and with loudly beating hearts the beautiful ladies were perched among the branches of their trees secure, being to even breathe as they knew only too well that discovery meant torture and death in the most horrible form.

It seemed impossible however for them to think of such good luck. All day long in the hot sun they were forced to remain there tortured by thirst and almost burned by the hot sun.

Indeed with no protection whatever from the burning rays of the hot sun which beat pitilessly down upon them hour after hour during that sweltering day the eight little fugitives were dead then alive, suffering from the terrific heat remained hidden among the branches, not daring to move, even to sway a branch, with swollen lips, and parched tongues, they could only wait and pray for the night to come and bring their torture to an end. Fortunately none of the gladiolusians who had been sent to climb trees in search of them reached their tree yet.

In the meantime general Vivian had sent soldiers out for his missing friends but they had not found any trace of them. Finally general Vivian summoned the German officer general parzer, when the latter arrived general Vivian explained what he wanted him for. Then parzer summed his officer and soldiers.

"Thank you general," said the chief commander. "Your friend and assistant shall earn my ever lasting reward and friendship, and the loving gratitude of the Vivian

"How do I know if they are nodding in those woods? Well, if I see a tree
that looks nodding, and little plow plow flound and me a me a me, in the woods
dove only this morning, they do write them in the nodding. Here no tree no
tree than morning, they do write them in the nodding. Here no tree no

"Every place on the map for two days in vain." and the general showed him the map.....

"Every place on the map was said it!" demanded the co. colonel. "but how should these maps that are drawn for the purpose of showing the location of the enemy be used?"

"Then you believe the yivian girls are besieged with their boy friend in some woods

any sign of them. 'Well zee show me zee map or zee chart on zee map and zee spot on heem where zee children heeren were last seen and I'm zee Mexicanin who will lead zee toze child

mexican you seem to be a thrust worthy soldier for our holy cause and I suppose you know the nature of their fierce landelinians."''''''

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"Know the nature of the Glandelinians? I know them all right, and I can tell you the lie, sir, I was prisoner among them for many days, and if I don't know the rebels you may allow me to be called the greatest liar in the whole world."

I am burning with the greatest anxiety," said general "Vivian." Violet and her sisters mean more to me than life even though only dear friends. How soon will you be ready to join us in our search for them?"

"How soon? These minutes, and the quicker if you say so," said Vivian.

I am indeed glad to find you a man of instant action," said the general. "I'll inform the troopers now getting ready to be prepared to start immediately. You shall lead them in person. Every order will be yours until they are found."

"I'll find them sir," said the colonel.

"I believe you have done a most wise thing to trust this Mexican," said general Parger. "In spite of his queer clothing or uniform which he insisted he wanted to wear only, and gruff manner of his speech as he can not talk our tongue hardly you will find him honest and capable and as daring as any one of us."

"I have the utmost confidence in him," said general Vivian. "I believe he will help us find them. Then turning to the cojole colonel who was about to leave with general Parger he said:

"If you find the Vivian girls and their boy friend and bring us to their rescue you can name your own reward. No price shall be too high. Anything that money can buy will be yours for the asking, and in addition to any reward you may ask you shall have my undying gratitude and also theirs. They mean more to me than life to me. I am like a father to them and they like daughters to me. So spare me no effort to find them."

The Mexican first saluted, then made his old-fashioned profound bow and then withdrew.

Indeed Violet and her sisters with Penrod were trapped and besieged in those woods for a full week. They had been forced to remain in the high tree tops to escape the fierce Glandelinians who while out on a forage had discovered their presence in the woods near their camp and finally on the following morning they discovered that the Glandelinians for some reason or other unknown to them had vanished and their hearts filled with thankfulness they prepared to leave the woods and if possible return to the Christian lines.

"Gosh, gosh I'm certainly glad those Glandelinians have left the woods," said Penrod when he was the last to reach the ground. He looked around cautiously then added: "I'm tired of remaining in the trees like if I was a bird only depending on those frequent rain storms to supply us with water for drink and almost facing starvation."

"I do certainly rejoice to know that the degraded rebels have gone," answered Violet as she decided to lead the party. The party stole cautiously through the woods for a certain distance stopping once in a while behind the trees to shield themselves from any unseen foes should there be any. Violet herself saying:

"We don't want to take any chances here. Some of those dreadful scoundrels may be still hiding in the wooded woods."

"It is written that he who does best must always be gentle," said Jennie. "We have seen ourselves that patience in very bitter, it's but its fruits are sweet."

"I was afraid we would starve or die of thirst while we were hiding in the tree tops," admitted Penrod. "All I could think of was good things to eat."

"My mind sees what my heart desires," ejaculated Hattie. "We have secured water. What we want now is to reach the spot where we had securely hidden our provisions. I hope they are not gone or that they did not spoil; still moist."

After a short time of following through thick tangled brush and high grass, and clambering over fallen logs and trees and looking out for swarming and crawling branches they reached the spot where their horses and provisions were hidden. These fortunately had not been seen or molested by the enemy. For a few hours they remained here enjoying a hearty meal having not hardly hesitated much for a week. Penrod said:

"You beautiful little girls were wise to think of hiding our provisions here for a time of need. And I am so hungry too."

"Those who come not must hunger in time of famine," said Jennie. "What advantage God offers us we must receive with utmost thankfulness."

"And I can hardly wait to mount our horses after leaving them here there no longer. It's a good thing there was plenty of grass here," said Emma. Evangeline.

"I was hoping all through the week that they did not starve, or the enemy take possession of them."

"A good hope is always better than a poor possession," said Catherine.

"Once we mount our horses we can ride away, and keep on riding till we find the Christian lines or some column of National Guardsmen," said Violet. "And I'm glad we did not lose our guns. If the Glandelinians should attack us from ambush after we are riding out of this place our weapons will come in handy. We don't want to be captured by the Scoundrels if we can help it."

"He who has once been bitten by a Rattlesnake lives by doing so - nothing for it on time, fears every snake hereafter," declared Evangeline.

"I thought we would never escape those Scoundrels," said Penrod musingly on a piece of bread. "So exciting was our adventure that I guess we must have had a million narrow escapes in the past week but we always found a way to fool the Glandelinians."

"It is written that while one door is shut there is always some other door open," said Catherine. "But let's get ready to make a start."

"Oh boy!" said Penrod mounting his horse. "I can see ourselves riding forth now. I'm glad the rebels didn't come here."

"I feel no good I could dance with joy to think we were lucky enough to escape the Scoundrels so far," said Daisy. "Won't they be surprised when they come to the woods again and find us gone?"

"Saying farewell to these woods will not cause us to shed tears," declared Hattie.

They all had mounted their horses, with the provisions on behind and then rode slowly forward. Most of the way in the woods that was open before them was covered with tall grass and ferns and flowers. Through the whole they urged their horses slowly. They had traveled for about two hours and a half when they finally left the outskirts of the woods altogether. But now before them was a large open plain also covered with high grass and in the distance appeared high hills and most dense woods. Over and over as this plain they traveled but more swiftly. But happy and unsuspectingly they rode into the trap set for them by the ugly Glandelinians. Glandelinians. About a moment's warning a horde of armed Immammanian soldiers appeared suddenly from their very hidingplace in the tall grass. What could they do now surrounded as they were by the Glandelinians. The winds of death seemed to flutter near them.

They now found themselves prisoners in the hands of the cruel Glandelinians and Penrod himself feared that at any moment their enemies would at least destroy him. However not understanding the character of these fierce Scoundrels Penrod believed they would fear to harm Violet and her sisters as they knew that they were the very daughters of Emperor Vivian, and that if they were harmed, and he overthrew the rebellion, Glandelinia would pay dearly for it.

They were brought into the temporary rebel camp and compelled to go separately into eight tents, and guards were placed over each one.

"I wonder what they intend to do with us," said Penrod to himself.

"They surely won't keep us in this all camp forever. It is too far away from the main rebel lines. Anyhow the plans of these wicked and unworthy Glandelinians are beyond the perception of my own intelligence, and we were each put into a separate tent. I wonder why that is, and if only our friend the Rattlesnake boy with his scouts would only come. I'll bet he would make these Glandelinians very sorry for what they have done."

It was only a few minutes later, when a tall soldier entered his tent and ordered him to come out immediately. Penrod seeing no way out was compelled to obey and stepping out of the tent, he saw the Vivian girls under a strong guard waiting for him outside.

As he came out one of the soldiers said:

"You and your girl companions are to appear before our general at once."

"I'm not afraid of your general," said Penrod defiantly. "My general's army could lick dozens like yours," and Penrod stood up straight.

"You spoke up clear and loud my courageous boy friend," said Violet proudly. "It is bravery that makes the wicked tremble with superstitious fear."

"But up the two of you," demanded the officer in charge. "Forward march."

This small force of Glandelinians had broken up their camp and with their prisoners in their midst started toward the main lines far in the distance. As they were marching on Penrod said to - close who was nearest to him:

"If that bone-headed Glandelinian captain thinks I'm afraid of him he is greatly mistaken."

"But these Glandelinians are very dangerous," she answered. "And who can tell what will happen to us tomorrow? We are as helpless kittens in their possession."

One of the nearest of the rebel officers overheard them and said:

"You may converse secretly among yourselves but nevertheless we are to take you all before our general and you will all die as spies you dirty Christian dogs."

"It's that so? Well let me tell you something," retorted Penrod. "The Vivian girls are my best friends. They once saved my life. And if you insulting pussy cats harm them their fathers and the whole nation will do all in their power to destroy you and your nation."

"That may be probable if he wins the war," answered the officer sneeringly. "You seem most amiable and fearless for a boy of your age. But you need not think your words have shaken me in the least. I fear Emperor Vivians terrible anger as much as much as I fear that of a baby. We soldiers will take you to our general and let him decide your fate."

There was silence for a while now and as they continued on Violet said to Penrod; "The girls offer you thanks for defending us. But we warn you not to say too much to these Glandelinians. They are exceedingly dangerous."

"We have to stick to our defense," declared Penrod. "If we can trick the insurgents by giving them any argument everything will come out all right."

"Yet it is written, they who ride the tiger or lion are afraid to dismount," exclaimed Violet.

"Anyhow I wish I knew where they are taking us," said Penrod. "I wish a force of Christian troopers would come up. I do not like the looks of these Scoodlers. Their action and manners are like the meaning of their names."

They continued their journey to their unknown destination. They were now wondering what would become of them. Far beyond the Christian encampments help- less prisoners in the hands of fierce Glandelinians their situation was enough to cast a shadow of fear in the hearts of the bravest persons.

It was now a week and three days that Violet and her sisters and Penrod were missing from the Christian lines. Colonel Cotyknol and many others had large scouting forces out searching for them, combing the whole region for them, but no trace of them or even of a scouting Glandelinian force could be seen. General Vivian himself who led the search in person could not sleep nights from worry worrying over them and their safety. However he was by this time and day sitting again by his table in his headquarters and he was thinking to himself;

"My goodness but this suspense is terrible, even unbearable. It seems to be that they were swallowed up by the earth. I would only be too glad to give all I have to hold Violet and her sisters safe in my arms again."

About half an hour passed, and then general Varger himself appeared and learning that the Vivian girls were still missing felt very bad about it but nevertheless felt sure that they would be traced, or would succeed somehow in escaping, knowing that they had succeeded in doing so very often before, and therefore he said;

"Never give up your hopelessness, Violet and her sisters and the boy will be found safe and may even escape or my name is not general Varger. They have often escaped from the enemy you know."

"You have such sturdy faith that it renews my ardent hopes," said general Vivian. "If my searchers do find the party of royal children and their boy friend there is no gift no reward however costly that may not be yours for the asking."

"I do not ask for rewards," answered general Varger. "It is my duty to find them and I will do so at any risk."

Just at this moment an officer appeared and saluting said;

"The woods colonel Cotyknol mentions have been located sir."

General Vivian arose from his chair and exclaimed;

"Are you sure?"

"Yes sir."

"Well have my horse brought to the entrance at once captain Shepard. Maybe they have discovered the right woods at last."

The captain went out to obey the order to have the horse brought, while general Vivian getting ready advised general Varger to take charge until he returned.

Mounting his horse general Vivian started out with a very large force of more than forty thousand heavily armed cavalry men for the woods mentioned by the captain who was to show the way. It took them about an hour and a half to come within sight of the woods. General Vivians direction a movement of the troopers was made to surround the forest while the general himself scanned the woods with his powerful field glass. After a few minutes of close scrutiny he said;

"There is a sign signal flag either of distress or of a trick flying over the tree tops. I'm surely hoping our search is now at an end. I can hardly wait to reach the glen. Also the woods seem to be entirely deserted but maybe this dense forest has prevented the beautiful royal children and Penrod from seeing our approach. Or maybe rebel are hiding the re in ambush. If anything has happened to Penrod or Violet and her sisters my heart will break and I'll massacre all the Glandelinians taken prisoners in battle and make the whole nation pay."

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"There is a small entrance into the woods at the left," said the captain.

"There don't appear to be any rebels hidden in these woods."

"We are on the right to a trail," said another officer. "We will find them if they are still in these woods. Some of my men are like bloodhounds. We will just follow them."

General Vivian gave the word forward and into the woods they went. They had ridden into the woods for some distance when the densest calms halted anyone of the soldiers dismounted and picked up something from the ground. The captain at once rode forward saying;

"Hold fast there comrade and tell me what that slip of paper says."

He handed it to the captain who looked it over carefully and then bringing it up to general Vivian said;

"This is a written code code that says that the lost ones have been recently besieged in these woods for a week but that the Glandelinians have not caught them yet. Everything is as clear as print to me."

The general put it away and ordered with the search continued. They traveled a long time through the woods hoping that they would soon come up with them and being determined not to give up hope while life lasted. They finally came to a tree to which a note was fastened and it read thus;

"Who ever finds this note please notify general Vivian that Penrod and we the Vivian girls are captured by Scoodlers and taken to their small or main camps. They ambushed us when we thought we were easily escaping and are taking us to their lines and before their general."

Violet Vivian."

This now started the search in a new route.

"Do you think we can find the camp?" The general asked.

"Safe and sure. If the Glandelinians think they can outwit us they are mistaken. Never fear we will find them. Just keep a brave heart," said the captain.

Ever since Violet and her sisters and Penrod were missing the entire country had been scoured for them, but after searching every section outside of the enemy's encampments for more than a week and two days the other searching parties telegraphed reports that they could not find any trace of the missing ones or any signs of scouting Glandelinian parties. The search in the woods had been abandoned for the night by general Vivian and his troopers while guard parties were stationed at all parts of the woods to prevent the escape of the Glandelinians should there be any trying to get out.

General Vivian declared he was positively convinced that strong forces of Glandelinians were in the woods but there were so many hiding places that an ambush was probable. All that day they had strove to force the hidden foe out, tear bombs and smudge fires being used in the efforts to drive the rebels out of their probable hiding places. It was later said that some hidden marksman fired a shot at general Vivian. Following the ineffective shooting the would be assassin disappeared into the darkest portion of the woods. The troopers believed it was one of the Glandelinians who had threatened to get general Vivian if his search for the Vivian girls and Penrod was as vigorous as he had intended it to be. One of the guards was on duty at the edge of the woods and suddenly saw a strange man trying to slip past him.

"Halt what do you want here?" he quickly demanded.

"I'm a non-combatant and I'm lost here," the stranger answered.

"We'll get out of here and get out quick or I'll shoot you and call the officer of the guard afterwards," the sentry said to him. The stranger ran back into the woods and so on the officer of the day was notified. More sentries were therefore placed on duty, the officer of the guard having been informed that another sentry had been assaulted in the dark and the assailant escaping when captain Varger and squads of soldiers from the camp hurried to the scene. Furthermore he reported he had seen six men dash down a road and disappear into the woods. That was sufficient to satisfy general Vivian that many foe spies were lurking around the camp.

In the meantime a hundred guards had reported being fired on from the distant part of the woods. That added to the consternation already serious. On the following morning general Vivian's first move was to place strong forces all around the woods, then telegraphed to the main lines to send an extra division of troops. They soon arrived and a large force was therefore assembled to move into the woods.

This was recognized as one of the most dangerous tasks the forces of troopers had ever undertaken. The woods even in day light was dimly lighted.

The woods even at midday was dimly lighted and was filled with ravines and dark nooks in which any force of Glandelinians could lurk in ambush. In fact general Vivian at first hesitated about sending troops into the woods.

through the woods," he explained. "A hundred men could be slain at many points before we could get finally however it was decided there was no better methods and the troops began to work their way through the woods, armed with grenades, rifles, pistols and tear bombs all setting out in diverging paths through the woods, with the orders to take no chances whatever, to shoot first and ask questions later. Yet the woods apparently seemed to be deserted. Not a Glandelinian could be seen, not even an animal of any kind. Half an hour after they had entered the woods, sixteen rebels suddenly appeared, and opened fire with the purpose to shoot down general Vivian who was leading the Angelinian soldiers slowly through the forest. The Glandelinians yelling like demons and uttering cries of defiance fairly emptied their rifles at the general but missed, bringing down his horse instead when they began a quick retreat....

General Vivian did not like the looks of these wicked Glandelinians but nevertheless he ordered the troops to press on and capture them if possible. The pursuit continued through the woods for over a mile. After this, reaching an open glen the pursued rebels made movements as if they were trying to double back on the Glandelinians then suddenly halted apparently intending to place themselves behind the trees. The pursuing Angelinians were right at the very heels of the retreating Glandelinians and one of the Christian officers shouted an order to them to surrender immediately.

Not another shot had been fired since the beginning of the pursuit. As the foremost of the Angelinians dashed up a swarm of fresh Glandelinian soldiers appeared, and all of them started firing like mad at close range. It was a sudden deadly withering fire. Captain Algo Turner fell from his horse fatally wounded, Colonel J. By Geranna collapsed shot through the head and two other officers fell dead. Three scores of Angelinian soldiers were killed at the sudden blast of rifles and over a hundred of them foremost were wounded all of them fatally. General Vivian though far in the lead was not hit. Though he was exposed to the enemy general Vivian with his revolver in his hand went for the nearest of the rebels, the other Christian troops following.

The Glandelinians though increasing in number fired now at random for several minutes and then slowly at started retreating. The first swarm after fire firing once more fled through the glen while the other columns quickly separated, firing incessantly as they rushed forward the Angelinians went after the Glandelinians. One of the Glandelinians then halted for a few moments and poured in a murderous fire mowing down another score of Angelinians. A number aimed at general Vivian but missed.

After a quarter of a mile of this the foremost of the Glandelinians dived through the thicket planning to seek refuge in the thickest portion of the woods the others going toward a large ravine. The Angelinians following them did not hesitate. Though now they could not hardly see the numbers of these wicked and furious Glandelinians and the rebels presumably had the drop on them, the Angelinians were in the same spot yelling like demons. But at this moment these Glandelinians had not stopped to fight it out. They went past the ravine and into a series of fenced fields of small and large size. The pursuing Angelinians were at their very heels as they ran across another long fence of barbed wire stopped the retreat of these rebels who numbered two thousand one hundred and thirty five Scodlers and some Gargyllians.

With savage snarls they whirled about, threw up their muskets and pulled the triggers with the muzzles almost in the faces of the foremost of the Angelinians. Very shot told as many men fell as were shots fired. At first the surviving Angelinians were horrified but the remainder of the Nationals opened fire with more murderous effect many of the Glandelinians dropping dead. They all fell fighting to the last. The survivors of these Angelinians left these Glandelinians lying there without a seconds look and went off to join their comrades in the pursuit of the others. But another portion of general Vivians squadron beat them to it. Hearing so many shots and ten thousand of them were fired before the first column of rebels was destroyed, Major general Michael Giovanni and two regiments had raced from an opposite direction toward the scene of the battle.

They got to one part just in time to see an enormous platoon of rebels with blood dripping from some of them race through high brushwood. In a minutes time these Glandelinians were captured. Colonel Stepton of the rebels killed two Angelinian officers, wounded two in this desperate battle before he himself was shot dead in the end by the lone survivor of a platoon of Angelinians he and his Scodlers had fought. Lieutenant Hermann a young Angelinian officer downed him with a shot as the rebel officer flung his empty pistol at the lieutenants head. His Glandelinians were forced to surrender to a fresh Christian force a little later as they fled toward a ravine after annihilating the first Christian column.

It appeared, that knowing the Angelinians would be looking for the Vivian girls these Glandelinians had remained in the woods in a strong force with the purpose to take revenge on the searchers and if possible prevent them from locating Vivian and her sisters. They killed many of the Angelinian officers in that deadly ambush and wounded a score and killed more than two thousand Angelinian soldiers it being one of the most spectacular and bloodiest skirmishes ever occurring in a woods or during the war so far as it was. Also two of the best Glandelinian officers fell dead, three of them generals of high rank and four colonels in one major and other of lower rank. Three thousand of their soldiers were killed and forty two captured and six hundred wounded altogether. And yet in the meanwhile the other parties of the Angelinians were hunting through the west end of the woods for many other Glandelinians believed to have been wounded in the battle, but to have escaped. Three colonels more two captains and a

major and other officers on the Christian side had been killed by the desperate fire of the retreating Glandelinians. Acting general Peter Scuncio commanding the front line of the pursuing Nationals was so seriously wounded that it was said he would die. The main Glandelinian leader killed by general Vivian was not known as the surviving rebel had carried him away. Two Glandelinian officers were captured and being Glandelinians of most dangerous character were ordered held under heavy guard.

"These Glandelinian ambuscaders got my unfortunate officers quick," said general Vivian "but we got them quick too. I will this minute if necessary lay all other searching aside and clear these woods of all other Glandelinians. These woods must be cleaned out before we can locate the Vivian girls and their boy friend Penrod. And that also must be done as soon as possible. And as this was an ambush I will assist the Army Tribunals to convict all these Glandelinians captured of murder in the first degree. Their evidence will be taken before the court Marshall as soon as the can be ready. The wheels of justice will be grinding exceedingly fast and exceedingly small in this case."

Immediately word of the battle in the woods reached Colonel Colina and therefore he ordered the rest of general Vivians command to break camp and move into the woods with the purpose to get every Glandelinian there dead or alive. The second force armed and ready to shoot to kill started forward. Major Devana and Captain Depero Lieut. George Caruso and Sergeant Francis Marcellio incensed by the ambush fire of the rebels and the killing of so many officers and Angelinian soldiers immediately sprang into the woods with their men declaring also that the woods must be cleared of the enemy if it takes war to the death to do it.

"We are going to clean out these woods and find the Vivian girls if it costs us life after life including ours," one of them said.

Indeed this tragic battle followed a fierce and sanguinary attack by the rebels believed to have been a part of the same force which had seized upon the Vivian girls and brought them to camp while this force remained behind in the woods with the purpose to hinder the advance of the rescuing party of the Angelinians.

In the meantime Colonel Colinas force of Angelinians had reached another portion of the woods when suddenly to their surprise a large force of Glandelinians sprang out into the open and started a heavy fire upon the Angelinians. Two officers and a score of men fell but wounded fatally or not it was not to be learned as they rose and disappeared to the rear.

As the Angelinians nevertheless pressed on the rebels recoiled and ran knocking down the Angelinians who caught up with them and tried to stop them or capture them. The Glandelinians who had been wounded in this fray staggered dripping with blood into a large glen and crying curses and threats of death if they were in any impediment in their retreat disappeared. The other Glandelinians continued their retreat in another direct direction the Angelinians now giving chase pursuing them through the west end of the woods. Tearing in and out among the trees, through brushwood and crashing through vernal brush in their mad flight these Glandelinians came also upon a barbed wire fence six feet high and here being stopped the cornered Glandelinians wheeled as the pursuing Angelinians drew up and opened fire mowing the Angelinians down like corn. Coc Colina gasped and sank to the ground killed instantly. The Angelinians blazed back now as fiercely fiercely but these Glandelinians had things their own way this time and Marcellio and Devana lurched to the ground and a quarter of the Angelinian force was also shot down. Another officer had his jaw shattered but he raised his arm and returned the fire of the desperate Glandelinians and hit one of their officers in the left leg. Many of these Glandelinians also had fallen two of their officers wounded in the abdomen.

By this time this part of the woods was in a terrific uproar, the wounded shrieking frantic soldiers yelling and cursing as they fought hand to hand, a tumult of shots and the yell of other troops tearing to the scene. The Angelinians still pressed on facing the fierce Glandelinians who were frantically jamming their rifles and loading and firing as fast as they could in an attempt to shoot down all of the Angelinians.

The Glandelinians then turned and fled in another direction the Angelinians after them their hot rifles still spitting a tempest of bullets after them as they retreated. Some of the Glandelinians dashed across a small stream to another glen and dived in among the thick high brushwood. The Angelinians raced after these and soon speedily captured all but one man, who raised his gun and yelled some blasphemies at the Angelinians. But his gun did not go off and the closest Angelinian fired at him and then chased him as he ducked and ran. He darted across another small creek and toward a small wooden house in the woods and dived through a window there carrying the smashed pane and fleeing with him.

This lone Angelinian fired again as he reached the window and the rebel received a bullet in the back and was killed instantly. Without waiting the Angelinians raced back to his comrades who were not after the other Glandelinians. They finally captured all of these Glandelinians forcing them to surrender but not until every one of the Glandelinian soldiers had used up all his ammunition. One rebel officer however was treacherous and drew a concealed weapon and it took five Angelinian soldiers to knock the gun from the frenzied rebel's right hand and another lunging out to give him a crushing blow on the jaw that felled him to the ground. The Glandelinians who were captured were brought to the main Christian lines by a large squad of armed soldiers, the many prisoners being black and blue from the beating given them by the infuriated soldiers who almost tore them from the hands of their captors when brought into the camp. One soldier jumped high into the air over the captors and screaming curses at the rebels and denouncing their cause smashed the teeth out of the mouth of one of them with a blow of his fist.

One of the Glandelinians it was noticed wore a ten carat diamond earring as he walked into the Christian lines with his captors. Every one of the prisoners were subjected to a fiery barrage of questioning concerning the where whereabouts of the Vivian girls and the boy, under which the Glandelinians repeatedly flinched and demanded fiercely to be let alone.

"Apparently," general Vivian said when he succeeded in getting his rage at his loss under control, "these Glandelinians were at least a part of the force that captured Penrod and the Vivian girls and tried to stop us from locating the camp to which they were taken. After their attack upon us they split into two main sections one covering the retreating of the other. My loss is fully four thousand four hundred killed, and nearly six thousand wounded a thousand fatally."

The general as he regretted his force clinched his fist and muttered curse upon curse upon these rebels and it was then that he gave the order to clean out the woods entirely. That witnesses who reported the rebels to be "Hollers" might have been mistaken for it was probable that they were Scoodlers or Gargoylians. The confusion aroused by the battle had not died down before more troops from the main line arrived and the officers were working furiously, furiously fast checking every angle of the two battles. The main army did not have to wait for the return of scouts to learn of the conflicts. News of the battle leaped like flame throughout the whole main army, even through the neighborhoods, and by noon the many generals were besieged by calls asking if the main Glandelinian army was advancing to make a general attack upon all parts of the Christian lines.

"I'm worried terribly more than I can ever explain," said Gertrude Angelina who was returning into the Christian lines with her party of girl scouts.

"Worried about what?" asked her friend Jennie Aronburg.

"About the Vivian girls being gone so long. It has me all upset and also scared. This anxiety is worse than even a terrible nightmare."

"Ave we girls usually wogry over nothing?" said Angelina Aronburg. "I dreamed last night that I and the Vivian girls were witnesses to the entire overthrow of the Glandelinian rebellion. And yet I woke up to find it all a dream."

"But their peril is to realize realistic," said Angelina Aronburg. "and they have been gone for three days longer than a week and general Vivian has searching parties out looking for them."

"If you did not worry so much you would have more confidence in them," said Mildred Maxwell.

Angelina Aronburg produced some pictures of Violet and her sisters.

"Just look at these," she said. "Just take a good look at their dear little beautiful faces. Their sweet little lips. How could the Glandelinians have the heart to be so cruel to them?"

"Well that does not matter to the enemy," said Jennie. "They are unusually beautiful no body being able to match them not even in their ways, but the wicked Glandelinians care no more for them than if they were ugly worms. It is a good thing they took after their brave daddy or they would not have been able to stand the horrors of this awful war. They will grow up to be very beautiful queens."

"If anything should happen to Violet and her sisters while they are gone so long I would never forgive myself. I should have gone with them. Their boy companion is not enough. The Glandelinians are afraid of me and every one knows it."

"The only thing that can happen to them are good adventures and no harm at all while God is watching over them," said Mildred.

"Their dear little horses are still within their stables," said Angelina Aronburg. "When Violet and her sisters come back they will be glad to ride them again."

"When they go a back they will have more time giving information to their generals of what they discovered than of going horseback riding just for fun," said Angelina Aronburg.

"I know but I cannot help worrying," continued Angelina Aronburg. "When I looked at their beautiful horses I could imagine hearing their little hoofs clattering on the road and see them riding forward dressed like little Princesses. I surely hope nothing has happened to them."

"Now Gertrude dear," said Jennie Aronburg encouragingly, "cheer up and remember how many times they have already outwitted the enemy and saved and rescued so many girl and boy slaves and even us from the enemy."

"Oh if they were only here just to ask us to go out on a tour with them," cried Gertrude.

"If there are any scouting tours to be done leave it to us," said Angelina Aronburg.

"Going on a scouting tour with them would be like eating ice cream. If you feel no blue about them Gertrude, why not all of us tour the region in search of them. We have girl and boy scouts in our own regiments who could watch out for them like an eagle watches its nest. If Violet and her sisters are real y in danger general Vivian will send out in search of them every member of the Gemini in the world."

"But suppose we discover they are prisoners of the enemy," Gertrude argued. "And in the heart of the enemy's lines. What should we do?"

"Prisoners of the enemy-- don't make us laugh," said Jennie. "I'll bet they are in Hanson's lines somewhere and suffering suspense because each day has not fourteen hundred hours so they could have more time to go out and seek information concerning the actions and intentions of the enemy. I know they have not told us anything before they left general Vivian's lines a week and three days ago, but remember how busy they may be. You know as they are Princesses they are bent over studying maps, in plans, reading important letters or giving advice to the generals and directing where to scout on the enemy next. Why just scouting around the enemy's positions would take lots of time. When they come back to general Vivian's lines they may have lots of very important information for him. Well we will all be glad to see them again. I always loved Violet and her sisters since the first day I met them. I always desired their company. Let's search for them Gertrude and perhaps we will have an exciting adventure and you will forget your worries."

The girls first returned to camp to get all their scouts and the whole force then started out. If these three girl heroines only knew that Violet and her sisters and Penrod were captives in possession of the foe the fierce and treacherous Scoodler Glandelinians what desperate plans they would think of to effect their rescue.

Violet and her sisters were now in the enemy's lines for over twelve hours. They had been in the possession of the Glandelinians many times and had been prisoners of various kinds but it was the first time they ever had been captives of the strangely uniformed Glandelinians called "Soodlers." These Glandelinians are very savage in character, crafty, and usually two faced in nature, and as treacherous as wildcats. Most of these soldiers however did not look as bad as they really were, but Violet and her sisters knew them well. To try to escape them when once in their possession would be suicidal for all these soldiers were crack marksmen and could shoot a small object throw up into the air. They were closely guarded by a number of bob haired Scoodlers with bayonets two feet long on their guns. They were as watchful as eagles and refused just now to talk to the prisoners under any conditions.

"I know those mean old Scoodlers are going to make a lot of trouble for us," said Penrod to himself. "If their general believes we have been spying on his army we will be out of this world in a jiffy. Our pathway since the war began seems to be the road of a thousand perils a day. I have heard that it is written that he who rides a tiger is afraid to dismount. We are in that kind of a situation it seems. The Scoodler officer who took us to the camp told us or told their chief executive that we are taken as most dangerous spies and demands that we are to be put to death for if we escape we will bring all kinds of ruin to every one of the Glandelinian armies. Yet the evil tongue is never at rest. But I know it is said that the wicked are often burned by their own worthless fires." He had just finished speaking when he and the little girls found themselves before the general who looked very much like Andrew Gump in the comic pictures of the Chicago Daily Trib Tribune. The Scoodler captain spoke to the general for more than half an hour and then the general turning to the prisoners said;

"You are said to be spies, especially you seven beautiful little girls and therefore sentenced to die this very hour. Forward men with them to the execution grounds."

A large squad of Mandelintian soldiers came, placed the prisoners between them and off they marched almost at the double quick. There were about a hundred Woodlarks behind while the prisoners were between thirty of them. "Oh Boy!" said Penrod again to himself. "I surely wish we had stayed within the Christian lines. Any one who knows Mandelintian scouting parties are so numerous should never leave the protecting camps, and who can escape these fierce Woodlarks or Pinnernians. Then he said to Violet in a loud whisper: "Farewell my beloved friends."

Violet only smiled.

"Don't give up hope yet," she answered. "I saw a big force of Abbieannian cavalry approaching in the distance. They will save us yet."

They had not gone very far when all of the prisoners heard a roar as if a tornado was suddenly striking, and the Mandelintians who were escorting them as suddenly drew off and opened fire their crash of rifles being like one explosion.

Then with one accord they turned and fled. In another moment a wave of lavender uniformed mounted cavalry men came up and swept into and through the camp with a speed and fury that nothing could resist. Another minute and a part of the camp burst into flames while a wild conflict raged. The Mandelintians who were strong in numbers fought like drunken madmen though evidently they knew that resistance was in vain.

"I'm glad they did not come too late," said Penrod as he viewed the savage battle in the camp. "Before the Mandelintians who are overwhelming in numbers recover the camp and repulse the attackers we will escape the rebel lines. And I shall praise the one who led the force to the Mandelintian camp."

They had only run a block when Violet halting said;

"There is another squadron of Abbieannians coming like the wind. There seems to be a myriad of the soldiers at this time. The Blessed Virgin has at last smiled upon our most unworthy efforts. Now my look at them come."

"See I hope it is general Vivian's," said Penrod.

It was general Vivian's army of cavalry alright and Violet and her sisters and Penrod were now with the soldiers of Christ once more leading the troopers to the very attack themselves.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," said general Vivian clapping them one after another to his heart when the conflict was over and the enemy had fled.

"Safe at last. Thank God! I should wish to never let you little girls out of my sight again."

"Oh general. We are so glad to see you again," cried Violet. "How did you find us out?"

As they were on their way back to the Christian lines general Vivian told them everything.